

A SONG
ON
OUR COUNTRY AND HER FLAG.

BY
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WRITTEN IN 1861, AFTER THE RAISING OF THE FLAG ON COLUMBIA
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TUNE—*Gaudeamus igitur*; or, *Ein freies Leben führen wir*.

1.

We do not hate our enemy—
May God deal gently with us all.
We love our Land; we fight her foe;
We hate his cause, and that must fall.

2.

Our country is a goodly land;
We'll keep her alway whole and hale;
We'll love her, live for her or die;
To fall for her is not to fail.

3.

Our Flag! The Red shall mean the blood
We gladly pledge; and let the White
Mean purity and solemn truth,
Unsullied justice, sacred right.

4.

Its Blue, the sea we love to plow,
That laves the heaven-united land,

Between the Old and Older World,
From strand, o'er mount and stream, to strand.

5.

The Blue reflects the crowding stars,
Bright union-emblem of the free;
Come, all of ye, and let it wave—
That floating piece of poetry.

6.

Our fathers came and planted fields,
And manly Law, and schools and truth;
They planted Self-Rule, which we'll guard
By word and sword, in age and youth.

7.

Broad freedom came along with them
On History's ever-widening wings.
Our blessing this, our task and toil;
For "arduous are all noble things."

8.

Let never Emp'rour rule this land,
Nor fitful Crowd, nor senseless Pride.
Our Master is our self-made Law;
To *him* we bow, and none beside.

9.

Then sing and shout for our free land,
For glorious FREELAND'S victory;
Pray that in turmoil and in peace
FREELAND our land may ever be;

10.

That faithful we be found and strong
When History builds as corals build,
Or when she rears her granite walls—
Her moles with crimson mortar filled.



Between the Old and the New World
From closed the world and closed to open

The Blue before the evening stars
Bright illumination of the Sun
Come, all of ye, and let it pass—
That lasting piece of poetry.

Our fathers came and planted fields
And made the Law, and whole and truth
They planted fields that, while we'll grow
By food and strength to age and youth.

Good Fatherland, now along with them
We through the new morning stars
Our morning life, we look and tell
The "children" are all under them.

Let other Fathers rise this land
Our Field Guard, the western Front
The Master is our Father Law,
To the we live, and some health.

Then sing and shout to us the Lord
For glories FREEDLANDS return
Pray that in heaven and in peace
FREEDLAND we had say and be.

That Fatherland we be loved and strong
When History truth to words build
Or what the song for Fatherland
The only with others under them.