

DEAR LIBERTY

OR

MARYLAND WILL BE FREE.

TUNE.—*Carry me back to Old Virginny.*

BY MISS R. L., A DAUGHTER OF DIXIE.

Farewell, dear Liberty, farewell for awhile,
E're long we'll greet thee again;
To bear with oppression, and in God put our trust,
And the Sons of our home will proclaim
All is now well again ;
And Maryland is free—
The chains of Liberty is unbound,
We'll cast our destiny.

The siege of oppression is now near an end,
The usurpers are men of our homes ;
The vilest of wretches that infest our soil,
To make laws to predict our doom.
All will be well again, &c.

The loved ones in battle will return to their homes,
To be cherished by them that are dear ;
Our Fathers now in prison will partake of the feast,
And I am sure they'll have nothing to fear.
All will be well again, &c.

In silence and peace we'll repair to the box,
There to make known our doom ;
And then we'll proclaim to the world in one voice,
The South is forever our home.
All is now well again, &c.

The grottoes, the rivers, the hills, and the plains,
Will abound with mirth and great glee ;
And the love of our Country forever is dear,
Where the heart of her people are free.
All is now well again, &c.