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# COUNTRY, HOME AND LIBERTY

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Freedom calls you! Quick, be ready,—  
Rouse ye in the name of God,—  
Onward, onward, strong and steady,—  
Dash to earth Abe Lincoln's rod.  
Freedom calls! ye brave!  
Rise, and spurn the name of slave.

Grasp the sword!—its edge is keen,  
Seize the gun!—its ball is true:  
Sweep your land from vandals clean,  
Haste, and scour it through and through!  
Onward, onward! Freedom cries,  
Rush to arms,—the Hessian flies.

By the souls of patriots gone,  
Wake,—arise,—your fetters break,  
Davis bold now bids you on;  
Beauregard now cries awake!  
Rise, and chase the despot far,  
Rise, and dare the unequal war.

Freedom, calls you! Quick, be ready,—  
Think of what your sires have been,—  
Onward, onward! strong and steady,—  
Drive Abe Lincoln from his den,  
On, and let the watchwords be,  
Country, home, and liberty!

Grasp the sword!—its edge is bright,  
Seize the gun!—its ball is sure;  
Sweep your land from Lincoln's might,  
Haste and scour it—make it pure;  
On and let the watchword be,  
Country, home and liberty!