

When great Columbus heard the voice
Of the New World, saying, "Come
And tread the land which ne'er before
Was pressed by Eastern son;
Come see the clear lakes glitter,
Come mark the river's flow,
Come view ice lofty mountains,
And the green valleys low;"
What obstacle could now prevent,
What voice should utter No,
When once the daring Genoese
Had answered back, "I'll go?"

When oppression sealed the bonds
That tyranny had wrought,
And checked with bonds and fetters,
Free liberty of thought,
The Pilgrims launched their bark,
Tho' wild the winds did blow,
And a blessing fell from heaven,
As they blithely sang "we'll go."

When freedom's bird was fledged,
Rocked in the raging storm;
He shook his rustling wings,
And his red eye glared with scorn;
Then in the tempests marched,
A voice spoke soft and low,
And the eagle's proud neck arched,
As he wildly shrieked "I'll go."
"King of the air I soar,
Who shall dare fetter me?
My mission is from God,
I go to guard the free."

When the inventor views complete
The product of his skill,
He hides it not away from sight,
To enjoy it at his will;
But while the flush of honest pride,
Upon his cheek does glow,
He sends it forth to win its way,
With a trembling, earnest "go."

The swain whom Cupid's darts have pierced,
Can never find relief,
Unless he will resolve to go,
And tell HER of his grief:
And if she takes no pity,
And coldly answers "No,"