

Age upon age ago, Judah's bright star  
 Glowed in the zenith—its light spread afar,  
 O'er mountain and valley, turret and tower,  
 And woe to the nation that questioned its power!

Holy her nation's cry,  
 Piercing the vaulted sky!

Sweetly and gloriously earth's anthems ring,  
 With "Glory to God our Father and King!"

O'er the warm hills of France rises a strain,  
 Merry old England's shores echo again  
 With the same choral chant,—most loyally given,  
 For through signs and tears it upward has striven.

Sorrow is in that strain,  
 Yet loud it rings again,

And merry *faces* hide the *heart* sting  
 Of "Vive le Roi! Long live the king!"

What was our dear, cherished fatherland's song?  
 What favorite theme did its voice prolong?  
 Children of peace! to you 'tis unknown,  
 The many sad cadences wrought in that tone!

Far from their native home,  
 Tossed on old Ocean's foam.

Sadly yet gladly they clasped the drear shore,  
 Those godly men of old,  
 Loudly their anthems rolled,

Where the wood echoes were ne'er waked before!

Garlands their mother-land wove for these braves,  
 Manacles—traitor's chains badges of knaves!  
 Not long was the time e'er they knew which they would be,  
 Freedom or bondage—no taxes or tea!

Ah! The "Old Man Eloquent,"  
 Truly by God was sent,

To cry with that million in time-honored halls,  
 "Freedom or death—'till the dread tyrant falls!"

Right conquered might,—freedom was their's,  
 And the glorious legacy ours as their heirs;  
 Milder the strains, and more peaceful the sound,  
 Of the "vox populi" that echoes around.

Noble our nation's song,  
 Raised by the joyous throng,

Resounding from Ocean's shore, forest and plain,  
 Genius has found a home,  
 Science no more shall roam,  
 Encircled as now by our national chain.