

# INDEPENDENCE.

OUR Freedom seeks no pathway strewn with flowers,  
She treads rough roads and guards uneven coasts,  
And battling with the might of adverse powers,  
She dares war's blood-red hosts.

Her children must be earnest, calm, and thrifty,  
Not quick to wrath, but ready at her call;  
*They* knew her well, the dauntless five-and-fifty  
Of Independence Hall.

They counted and accepted each privation,  
The sacrifice of self, by which they won her,  
When to the truths of that old Declaration  
They pledged their lives and honor.

Freedom to us to-day is no new-comer;  
Full oft, despondent, gazing in her eyes,  
We've gained the faith that draws the warmth of summer  
From winter's tempest skies.

Yet more than all before are we her debtors;  
'Tis good and proper that we chant her hymns,  
For at our call she struck the galling fetters  
Off from four million limbs.

To us 'twas given to know the way of duty,  
To find within the battle's heart one gem  
Of priceless worth, and of eternal beauty,  
To deck her diadem.

She is our love. What though her breast be gory  
And thousand-scarred? What though the tyrant scorns  
Was not the Head, ineffable in glory,  
Once crowned with cruel thorns?

Anew upon this birthday of the nation  
We pledge ourselves through years of peace or strife  
To those great principles which give duration  
To Freedom's generous life.

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