

Oscar Brand, For Jefferson And Liberty

The gloomy night before us flies,
The reign of terror now is o'er;
No gags, inquisitors, and spies,
The hordes of harpies are no more.
Rejoice, Columbia's sons, rejoice!
To tyrants never bend the knee
Join with heart, with soul and voice
For Jefferson and Liberty.

No lordlings here with gorging jaws
Shall wring from industry the food;
No bigots with their holy laws
Lay waste our fields and farms in blood.
So rejoice, Columbia's sons, rejoice!
To tyrants never bend the knee
But join with heart, with soul and voice
For Jefferson and Liberty.

Here art shall lift her laurel'd head
Wealth industry and peace divine;
And where dark pathless forests spread
Rich fields and lofty cities shine.
So rejoice, Columbia's sons, rejoice!
To tyrants never bend the knee
Join with heart, with soul and voice
For Jefferson and Liberty.

Here strangers from a thousand shores,
Compell'd by tyranny to roam,
Shall find amidst abundant stores
A nobler and a happier home.
Rejoice, Columbia's sons, rejoice!
To tyrants never bend the knee
Join with heart, and soul and voice
For Jefferson and Liberty.