

America

Ross Winn

1895

America! Once land of liberty
And of the brave;
Dark tyranny now shackles thee,
No longer now art thou the free,
Thy liberty is dead, and thee—
Thou art its grave!

America! Thou gem of all the seas
And light of the earth;
Though ruled by tyrants, yet the leas
Of the proud people—the working bees
Of human hive—bend not their knees
Nor forget their birth.

America! Thou shalt be free!
Proclaim it from sea to sea!
The tyrant's heel
Shall never feel
Thy soil again, nor know thy clime,
But once again will freedom twine
With live oak, olive and the vine,
And none shall kneel.

AMERICA.

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Dallas, Tex.

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