
A n O d e

Of our Land's youth ;
Of ways the Puritan went,
With soul love-spurred
To suffer, die, and live
For faith and truth.
Here they the corner-stone
Of Freedom laid ;
Here in their hearts' distress
They lit the lights
Of Liberty alone ;
Here, with God's aid,
Conquered the wilderness,
Secured their rights.
Not men, but giants, they,
Who wrought with toil
And sweat of brawn and brain
Their freehold here ;
Who, with their blood, each day
Hallowed the soil,
And left it without stain
And without fear.