



Patriotism !

Call him not patriot, who free himself, in Freedom's
 name
 Would upon another soil impress the chains of
 slavery.
 No true man would in such a way acquire a wreath
 of fame,
 Might 'gainst right can never feel one spark of hon-
 est bravery.
 The man who for his hearth dies call him what you
 will,
 Who from his dear land to drive a foreigner would
 gladly rise
 Brand him rebel, black or white, his pulse's beat is
 freedom's thrill,
 Crushed betimes, his cause one day shall shine res-
 plendent in the skies.