

The Liberty Song

Arranged for harp
by Anne Sullivan

Music by William Boyce
Text by John Dickinson

Introduction

4 *Verse*

8

Chorus

17 *Coda*

The Liberty Song

Come, join, Hand in Hand, brave Americans all,
And rouse your bold Hearts at fair Liberty's call,
No tyrannous Acts shall suppress your just Claim,
Or stain with dishonor America's Name.

(Chorus)

*In Freedom we're born, and in Freedom we'll live.
Our purses are ready. Steady, friends, steady,
Not as Slaves, but as Freemen our money we'll give.*

Our worthy Forefathers—let's give them a cheer—
To Climates unknown did courageously steer;
Thro' Oceans to Deserts for Freedom they came,
And dying bequeath'd us their Freedom and Fame.

(Chorus)

Their generous Bosoms all Dangers despis'd,
So highly, so wisely, their Birthrights they priz'd;
We'll keep what they gave—we will piously keep,
Nor frustrate their Toils on the Land and the Deep.

(Chorus)

The Tree, their own Hands had to Liberty rear'd;
They liv'd to behold growing strong and rever'd;
With Transport they cried, "Now our wishes we gain,
For our Children shall gather the Fruits of our Pain."

(Chorus)

Swarms of placemen and pensioners soon will appear
Like locusts deforming the charms of the year;
Suns vainly will rise, showers vainly descend,
If we are to drudge for what others shall defend.

(Chorus)

Then join Hand in Hand brave Americans all,
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall;
In so righteous a Cause let us hope to succeed,
For Heaven approves of each generous Deed.

(Chorus)

All Ages shall speak with amaze and applause,
Of the courage we'll shew in support of our laws;
To die we can bear—but to serve we disdain—
For Shame is to Freedom more dreadful than Pain.

(Chorus)

This bumper I crown for our Sovereign's health,
And this for Britannia's Glory and Wealth;
That Wealth and that Glory immortal may be,
If She is but Just—and if we are but Free.

(Chorus)