

POEMS OF JAMES RYDER RANDALL

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET*

By blue Patapsco's billowy dash
The Tyrant's war shout comes,
Along with the cymbal's fitful clash
And the growl of his sullen drums;
We hear it—we heed it, with vengeful thrills,
And we shall not forgive or forget—
There's faith in the streams, there's hope in the hills,
There's Life in the Old Land yet!

Minions! we sleep, but we are not dead,
We are crushed—we are scourged—we are
scarred—
We crouch—'tis to welcome the triumph-tread
Of the peerless Beauregard.
Then woe to your vile, polluting horde
When the Southern braves are met—
There's faith in the victor's stainless sword—
There's Life in the Old Land yet!

*Not to be confused with the song by A. F. Gibson, and dedicated to Severn Teackle Wallis. This poem by Mr. Randall was set to music under the title, "We Sleep, but We are Not Dead."

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET

Bigots! ye quell not the valiant mind
With the clank of an iron chain;
The Spirit of Freedom sings in the wind
O'er Merryman, Thomas, and Kane!
And we—though we smite not—are not thralls,
We are piling a gory debt;
While down by McHenry's dungeon walls
There's Life in the Old Land yet!

Our women have hung their harps away,
And they scowl on your brutal bands,
While the nimble poniard dares the day
In their dear, defiant hands!
They will strip their tresses to string our bows
Ere the Northern sun is set—
There's faith in their unrelenting woes,
There's Life in the Old Land yet!

There's life, though it throbbeth in silent veins,
'Tis vocal without noise—
It gushed o'er Manassas' solemn plains
From the blood of the Maryland boys!
That blood shall cry aloud, and rise
With an everlasting threat—
By the death of the brave, by the God in the skies,
There's Life in the Old Land yet!