

The Rebel horde is on thy shore.

Maryland, my Maryland!

Arise! and drive him from thy door, Maryland, my Maryland!

Avenge the foe thou must abhor, Who seeks thy fall, oh, Baltimore! Drive back the tyrant, peace restore,

Maryland, ray Maryland!

Hark to a nation's warm appeal.

Maryland, my Maryland!

And sister states that for thee feel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Gird now thy sons with arms of steel, And heavy be the blows they deal,

For traitors shall thy vengeance feel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust, Maryland, my Maryland!

Thy gleaming sword shall never rust, Maryland, my Maryland!

Thy sons shall battle with the just, And soon repel the traitor's thrust;

For in their strength our state shall trust, Maryland, my Maryland!

Come, for thy men are bold and strong,

Maryland, my Maryland!
Drive back the foe that would thee wrong,

Maryland, my Maryland!

Come with thine own heroic throng,
And, as thy army moves along,
Let Union be their constant song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Virginia feels the tyrant's chain, Maryland, my Maryland! Her children lie around her slain, Maryland, my Maryland!

Let Carolina call in vain,
Our rights we know and will maintain,

Our rights we know and will maintain, Our rise shall be her fall again, Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant battle's hum, Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the bugle, fife and drum,

Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou art not deaf, thou art not dumb,

Thou wilt not falter nor succumb;
I hear thee cry "we come! we come!"
Maryland, my Maryland!

Ten hundred thousand brave and free, Maryland, my Maryland!

Are ready now to strike with thee,
Maryland, my Maryland!
A million more still yet agree,

To help thee hold thy liberty,

For thou shalt ever, ever be,

Maryland, our Maryland!

SEP. WINNER'S MUSIC STORE,

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