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James Randall poetry manuscript

James Ryder Randall

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My Maryland!

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!

His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!

My mother-State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!

For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveals,

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Thy peerless chivalry reveals,

2
They will not cover in the dust,
Maryland!

They bearing sword shall never rust,
Maryland!

3 Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy members with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

~ o ~
Come, 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!

Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!

4 With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Love and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

~ o ~
Sear Mother! burst the tyrant chain,
Maryland!

5 Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!

6 She meets her sisters on the plain—

Sic Semper! 'Tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back again
Maryland!
Aye, in majesty again,

Maryland! My Maryland!

~ o ~
Come, for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!

6 Come, for thy dalliance doth thee wrong,
Maryland!

7 Come to thine own heroic throng,

Stralking with Liberty along,

And chaunt thy dauntless Mogan-song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

~ o ~
I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!

8 For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!

9 But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,

Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!

Better the fire upon the roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowel,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

~ o ~

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland!

The Old Line bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!

She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzza! She spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

Written at Pointe à la Pêche, La., 1861. by

James R. Randall.