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,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark at an exiled son’s appeal,  
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,  
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,  
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,  
Maryland! My Maryland!
Thou wilt not cower in the dust,  
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,  
Maryland!
Remember Carroll’s sacred trust,  
And all thy slumberers with the just,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come, ’tis the red dawn of the day,  
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,  
Maryland!
With Ringgold’s spirit for the fray,  
With Watson’s blood at Monterey,  
With fearless Love and dashing May  
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant chain,  
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain -  
Sic Semper! ’Tis the proud refrain  
That baffles minions back amain  
Maryland!
Arise, in majesty again,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come, for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come, for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng.
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chaunt thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland! My Maryland!
I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
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 Naudal toll,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee role,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
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 Coupee, La, 1861. by
James R. Randall