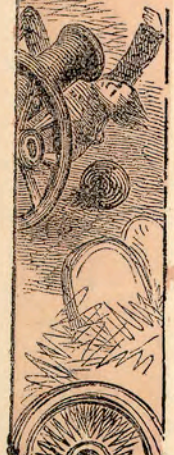
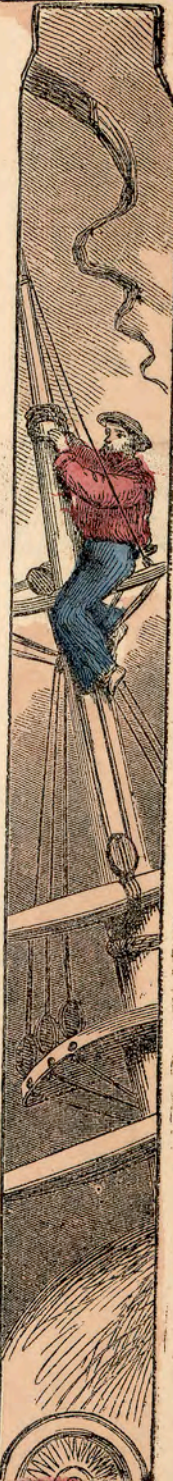
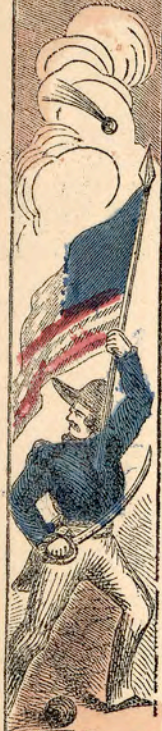


THE
**ROCK OF
 LIBERTY.**

Oh! the firm old rock, the wave-worn rock,
 That braved the blast and the billow's shock :
 It was born with time on a barren shore,
 And it laughed with scorn at the Ocean's roar
 'T was here that first the Pilgrim band
 Came weary up to the foaming strand ;
 And the tree they reared in the days gone by,
 It lives, it lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die.

Thou, stern old rock in the ages past,
 Thy brow was bleached by the warring blast ;
 But thy wintry toil with the wave is o'er,
 And the billows beat thy base no more
 Yet countless as thy sands, old rock,
 Are the hardy sons of the Pilgrim stock ;
 And the tree they reared in the days gone by,
 It lives, it lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die.

Then rest, old rock, on the sea-beat shore,
 Our sires are lulled by the breaker's roar ;
 'T was here that first their hymns were heard,
 O'er the startled cry of the ocean bird.
 'T was here they lived, 't was here they died,
 Their forms repose on the green hill-side ;
 And the tree they reared in the days gone by,
 It lives, it lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die.



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