

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 Loew and dashing May,
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!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!

Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!

She meets her sisters on the plain—
"Sic semper!" 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back again,
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 Vandal toll,
Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!

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

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland!

The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!