

UNVEILING  
OF THE  
BUST  
OF  
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,  
September 27, 1873.

CHORUSES TO BE SUNG UPON THE OCCASION.

AMERICA.

My country 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing.  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love.  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy wood and templed hills,  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Our father's God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing.  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light,  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God our King.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may  
roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like  
home!  
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us  
there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met  
with elsewhere.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet Home!  
There's no place like Home!  
There's no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in  
vain!  
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!

The birds, singing gaily, that came at my  
call—  
Give me them!—and the peace of mind,  
dearer than all!  
Home, home, sweet, sweet Home!  
There's no place like Home!  
There's no place like Home!

FLAG OF THE FREE.

Nobly our flag flutters o'er us to-day  
Emblem of peace, pledge of liberty's sway;  
Its foes shall tremble and shrink in dismay,  
If e'er insulted it be.  
Our stripes and stars, lov'd and honored by all,  
Shall float forever where freedom may call;  
It still shall be the flag of the free,  
Emblem of sweet liberty.

CHORUS.

Here we will gather its cause to defend,  
Let patriots rally and wise councils lend,  
It still shall be the flag of the free,  
Emblem of sweet liberty.

With it in beauty no flag can compare,  
All nations honor our banner so fair,  
If to insult it a traitor should dare,  
Crushed to the earth let him be.  
Freedom and progress our watchword to-day,  
When duty calls us who dares disobey?  
Honor to thee thou flag of the free,  
Emblem of sweet liberty.

CHORUS.—Here we will gather, etc.

Ever united this fair land shall be,  
Our flag shall conquer, on land or on sea,  
Every opposer shall soon bend the knee;  
God speed the darling old flag.  
No North, no South, no New England, no  
West,  
One country always, the greatest and best;  
Long may it wave; the poor and opprest  
Bless thee thou flag of the free.  
CHORUS.—Here we will gather, etc.