

*Ross Winn*

**America**

1895

America! Once land of liberty  
And of the brave;  
Dark tyranny now shackles thee,  
No longer now art thou the free,  
Thy liberty is dead, and thee—  
Thou art its grave!

America! Thou gem of all the seas  
And light of the earth;  
Though ruled by tyrants, yet the leas  
Of the proud people—the working bees  
Of human hive—bend not their knees  
Nor forget their birth.

America! Thou shalt be free!  
Proclaim it from sea to sea!  
The tyrant's heel  
Shall never feel  
Thy soil again, nor know thy clime,  
But once again will freedom twine  
With live oak, olive and the vine,  
And none shall kneel.

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Dallas, Tex.

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