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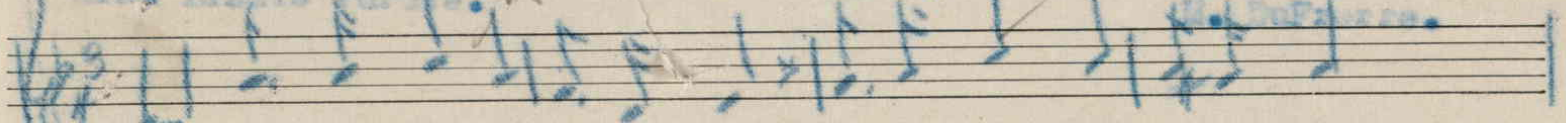
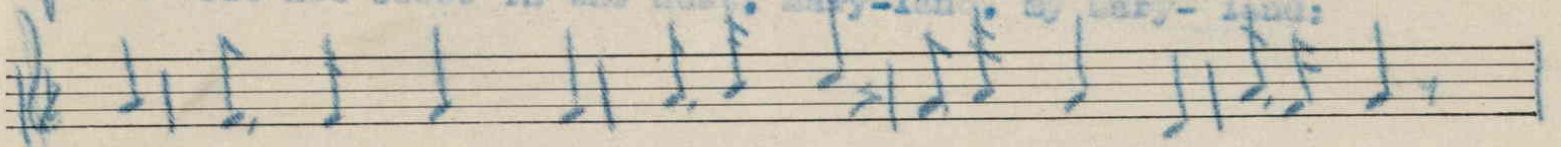
FEB 10 1919

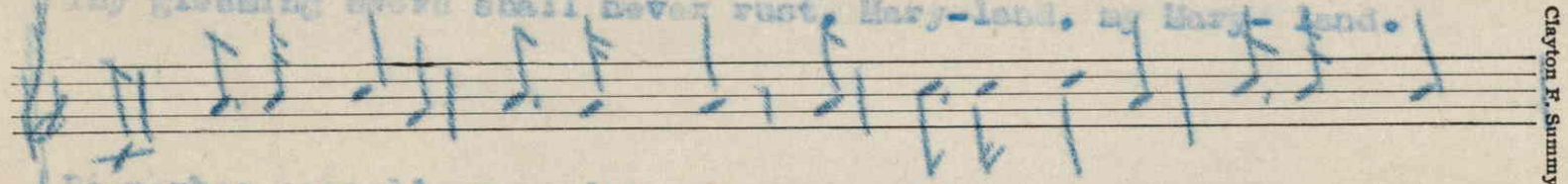
Mrs. Lizzie Purple. MARYLAND, MARYLAND. H. McFarlane.



Thou wilt not cower in the dust, Mary-land, my Mary- land;



Thy gleaming sword shall never rust, Mary-land, my Mary- land.



Re-member carroll's sacred trust, Re-member Howard's war-like thrust,

And all that slumber with the just, Mary-land, my Mary- land.

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(2)

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland, my Maryland;
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Better the fire upon the roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland.

(3)

I see no blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland, my Maryland.
'Tho thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland, my Maryland.
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal;
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland.

(4)

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland, my Maryland;
The old line bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalk with liberty along;
The ring thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland, my Maryland.

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