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THE KANZAS PRIZE SONG.

CALL TO KANZAS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Air,—*Nelly Bl*

Yoemen strong, hither throng !
Nature's honest men,
We will make the wilderness
Bud and bloom again.
Bring the sickle, speed the plough,
Turn the ready soil !
Freedom is the noblest pay
For the true man's toil.
Ho ! brothers ! come, brothers !
Hasten all with me,
We'll sing upon the Kansas plains
A song of Liberty !

Father, haste ! o'er the waste
Lies a pleasant land,
There your fire-side altar stones
Fixed in truth, shall stand.
There your sons, brave and good,
Shall to freemen grow,
Clad in triple mail of Right,
Wrong to overthrow.
Ho ! brothers ! come, brothers !
Hasten all with me,
We'll sing upon the Kansas plains
A song of Liberty.

Mother, come ! here's a home
In the waiting West.
Bring the seeds of love and peace
You who sow them best.
Faithful hearts, holy prayers,
Keep from taint the air,
Soil a mother's tears have wet,
Golden crops shall bear.
Come, mother ! fond mother,
List ! we call to thee,
We'll sing upon the Kansas plains,
A song of Liberty.

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