

(3)

Brother brave, stem the wave!
Firm the prairies tread!
Up the dark Missouri flood
Be your canvas spread.
Sister true, join us too,
Where the Kansas flows.
Let the Northern lily bloom
With the Southern rose.
Brave brother, true sister,
List! we call to thee,
We'll sing upon the Kansas plains
A song of Liberty.

One and all, hear our call
Echo through the land!
Aid us with the willing heart
And the strong right hand!
Feed the spark, the Pilgrims struck
On old Plymouth Rock!
To the watch-fires of the free
Millions glad shall flock.
Ho! brothers! come, brothers!
Hasten all with me,
We'll sing upon the Kansas plains,
A song of Liberty.

THE KANSAS EMIGRANT'S SONG.

[The adjudicating Committee by whom was awarded to Miss Lucy Larcom, the prize of Fifty Dollars for the best Song for Kansas Emigrants, in their note observe, "The Song numbered thirty-one would probably be acceptable to many persons on the Kansas journey, and seems deserving of publication." Subjoined is the song alluded to.]

THOMAS H. WEBB, Sec'y N. E. Em. Aid Co.]

TUNE,— *Susannah*.

I had a quiet Yankee home,
Around it all was peace;
My neighbors were all honest folk,
And I was at my ease.
In the bright Spring I sowed my seed,
And whistled through the field;
And, when my crops I harvested,
I thanked God for the yield.
Oh, New England!
That *was* the land for me—
The land of peace and honest folk,
Of God and Liberty!