

The Liberty Song (1768) by John Dickinson

Come join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty's call;
No tyrannous acts, shall suppress your just claim,
Or stain with dishonor America's name.

[Chorus] In freedom we're born, and in freedom we'll live;
Our purses are ready,
Steady, Friends, steady,
Not as slaves, but as freemen our money we'll give.

Our worthy forefathers – let's give them a cheer –
To climates unknown did courageously steer;
Thro' oceans to deserts, for freedom they came,
And, dying, bequeath'd us their freedom and fame.

Their generous bosoms all dangers despis'd,
So highly, so wisely, their birthrights they priz'd;
We'll keep what they gave, we will piously keep,
Nor frustrate their toils on the land or the deep.

The Tree, their own hands had to Liberty rear'd,
They lived to behold growing strong and rever'd;
With transport then cried, – "Now our wishes we gain,
For our children shall gather the fruits of our pain."

How sweet are the labors that freemen endure,
That they shall enjoy all the profit, secure,
No more such sweet labors Americans know,
If Britons shall reap what Americans sow,

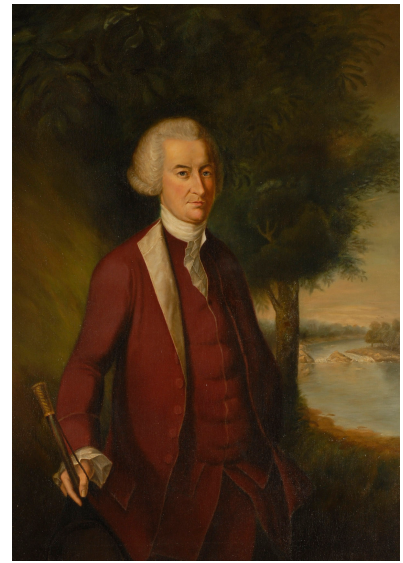
Swarms of placemen and pensioners' soon will appear,
Like locusts deforming the charms of the year:
Suns vainly will rise, showers vainly descend,
If we are to drudge for what others shall spend.

Then join hand in hand brave Americans all,
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall;
In so righteous a cause let us hope to succeed,
For Heaven approves of each generous deed.

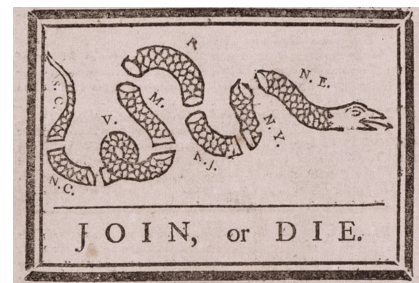
All ages shall speak with amaze and applause,
Of the courage we'll show in support of our laws;
To die we can bear, – but to serve we disdain,
For shame is to freemen more dreadful than pain.

This bumper I crown for our sovereign's health,
And this for Britannia's glory and wealth;
That wealth, and that glory immortal may be,
If she is but just, and we are but free.

[Chorus]



John Dickinson (College Archives)



1754 Cartoon by Ben Franklin (NCC)