

ANSWER TO "MY MARYLAND."\*

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

INVADED is thy sacred soil,  
Maryland!  
Foes come for booty, blood, and spoil;  
Remember Howard, who beat back,  
At Cowpens, Tarleton's fierce attack,  
A chief that feared not ruin black,  
Maryland! Our Maryland!

Last signer of our glory's scroll,  
Maryland!  
Was Carroll, of the dauntless soul,  
Maryland!  
Avenge the blood by heroes shed,  
When Treason trampled on the dead,  
And streets of Baltimore were red,  
Maryland! Our Maryland!

The land that gave the nation Key,  
Maryland!  
Who sang the war-song of the Free,  
Maryland

\* See Rebel Rhymes and Rhapsodies, page 46.

While the sun rises in the east,  
And patriots throng to Freedom's feast,  
Shall be our poet and high-priest,  
                  Maryland!    Our Maryland!

When aimed our cannon in the fray,  
  Maryland!  
Remembered on the battle-day,  
  Maryland!

Will be immortal Ringgold's name,  
And Watson, noblest son of fame—  
Fell treason they would brand with shame,  
                  Maryland!    Our Maryland!

One sword-stroke for the good old flag,  
  Maryland!  
Down with secession's shameless rag,  
  Maryland!

The glorious Stars and Stripes uphold,  
That over Yorktown were unrolled—  
Oh! march beneath that banner fold,  
                  Maryland!    Our Maryland!

The land we fight for shall not fall,  
  Maryland!  
While blown is Union's bugle call,  
  Maryland!

Up from the sleep of years, and fight  
While treason's banner is in sight,  
And shout: "Let God maintain the right!"  
Maryland! Our Maryland!

We come with banner, lance and sword,  
Maryland!  
To guard the soil by Wirt adored,  
Maryland!

In God alone we place our trust,  
*Blood* on our sword instead of *rust*,  
Our star flag shall not trail in dust,  
Maryland! Our Maryland!

Up for the conflict, one and all,  
Maryland!  
Earth will be darkened like a pall,  
Maryland!

When black disunion's flag shall wave,  
No soul to dare, no arm to save,  
Above the free soil of the brave,  
Maryland! Our Maryland!

Let the drums beat "to arms! to arms!"  
Maryland!  
Leave cottage homes, and shops, and farms,  
Maryland!

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Rush, as your sires to conflict rushed,  
Rebellion's war-cry must he hushed,  
The serpent of Secession crushed,  
Maryland! Our Maryland!



“I WILL NOT FIRE UPON THAT FLAG.”\*

BY A. JONES, U.S.A.

“I WILL not fire upon that flag,”  
So glorious and so fair ;  
I will not harm the hand that bears  
The immortal standard there.

“I will not fire upon that flag,”  
The rainbow of the skies  
Hath given her glory all to thee,  
And bathed thee in her dyes.

“I will not fire upon that flag,”  
Streaked with the morning light,  
While the vestal vault of Heaven  
Lends thee her orbs of night.

\* A young soldier in Beauregard's army, named Picks, of Baltimore, was shot for declaring that he would not fire on the American flag.—*Baltimore Clipper*.