

THE BANNER OF FREEDOM.

Raise, Britain, thy Banner of Freedom on high !
Oh ! waken, ye millions, 'mid hunger and toil ;
And boldly the hosts of oppression defy,
Who are spreading starvation and death o'er the
isle.

Rise ! manhood and virtue ; humanity calls ;
See malice, and murder, and rapine, and lust,
As they spring from their lair round the revelry halls
Of the wealthy, to trample the poor in the dust.
Shall the voice of my country be silent as death ?
Will ye perish ? ah, no ! let it never be told,
Tho' blighted by tyranny's poisonous breath,
That ye tamely submit to be famished and sold ;
Ay ! bartered and sold like the beasts of the field.
Arise ! ye dishonour the God of your sires,
If longer like slave-branded cowards ye yield ;
To pamper oppression's unholy desires.
Oh ! ye millions of men, let your terrible ire
Descend on your foes like the lightning's blaze !
Be the tale of your wrongs the electric fire,
And the thunder the shout which your voices raise.
Come forth from your homes, they are hunger's
abode,
Where your wives and your young ones in misery
die ;
Till, with heart and with soul, in the name of
your God,
Ye raise the bright Banner of Freedom on high !