Wake, sons of the Pil-grims, and look to your right! The despots of Slav-ry are up in their might: Indulge not in sleep, it's like digging the graves of blood-purchased freedom—tis yielding like slaves. Then halloo, halloo halloo to the contest, awake from your slumbers, no longer delay, But struggle for freedom, while struggle you may—Then rally, rally, rally, rally, rally, rally, rally, rally, While our
for-ests shall wave or while rush-es a riv-er, Oh,
yield not your birth-right! main-tain it for ev-er!