

America, hail thy land
That scorned tyrannical hand;
The land where sacred freedom reigns
Where freedom never

In virtuous triumph thou dost stand

To all the ~~world~~ ^{realms} ~~regions~~ ^{realms} around

~~With hat of the Republic~~ ^{not}
66 Together wish for H or G

Who in high stations born and bred,
Not thinking where they got their days;
That to our knees their bed might prove;
The candle give the golden light,
Now ^{is it} that it burneth so bright?
Lords from the bed engaged below.

Look to his world will live or be led?
Practical nor any more usual,
And never seek nor pursue light;

They never see the ^{new} bright day

Leek be less that shall all the day,

P. W.

And find and find about by night

General Sabine

John Wolcott

Poem written by (Peter Pendar)

Dr Wolcott. The poem unpublished

John 2 Enys.

Orig. Ms. poem by

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