Sweet Freedom’s Song

There is a song about my country.  
A simple hymn about my home.  
It’s been inspired by the Almighty  
This glorious strain, this freedom song.

Its lyrics speak a noble history,  
But one that’s soiled and bloodied too.  
Forged in the fires of raging conflicts  
Then tempered in time’s cooling dew.

The score rings of a people’s lineage.  
Some are native; others new  
But all have title to that same freedom  
That’s given me as well to you.

Its words tell of a wondrous banner  
Unfurled against the sky so wide  
Carried proudly into battle  
By young and old who for her died.

So when you see Old Glory raised high,  
Stand and sing this song with me.  
Sing of this land and of its people  
Who dream the dream of liberty.

Sing proud this anthem of your country,  
For it’s a song about your home.  
That stands a model for all the nations  
Who long to sing sweet freedom’s song.

David Lawson  
2000