

This Nation, Under God —

What has happened, my beloved country,
My America, once so proud and free;
That you bend in meek obeisance
To the tyrants from across the sea?

Once you were high and mighty
And there was a glory to your name,
When you spoke your piece, had your say,
And denounced the "waiting game".

Now, you cringe and shrink and backtrack,
Render tribute to a blustering foe;
The enemies knives are poised at your back —
Which way are you going to go?

Are you going to rise, my country,
As you did in the days of your birth;
And stand up for truth and freedom,
With a sure knowledge of their worth?

Or will you succumb to the traitors' voice
With it's shrill, false cries of alarm,
"We must have peace at any price --
There's nothing to do but disarm!"

Disarm for what, my country?
Yours was never the aggressors role;
But rather a land where the world's oppressed
Found freedom for body and soul.

For this WAS a land where every man
Could worship GOD as he pleased;
Where freedom of speech and of the press
Were unhampered by royal decrees.

A land where a man with a grievance
Could petition for redress of wrong,
And know that the law was impartial to all
With justice for both the weak and the strong.

Where a man could stake out a homestead
And toil from morning till night,
Assured that the fruits of his labor
Were HIS by a natural right.

Where before God all men were equal,
But theirs was the right to decide,
As to whether they chose to struggle and win
Or to just drift along with the tide. . . .

In a time span of less than two centuries
This blessed land prospered and grew;
While the lacklustre eyes of the Old World
Were thrilled by the light from the New.

Then, out of the dark pages of history
Rose an Evil, hell-spawned and devil-bred,
And the baleful eyes of the enemy
Were fixed on your lovely head

I say, "lovely", because to my mind,
You were never the harsh caricature
Of a grim-faced, comic Uncle Sam,
But a "Lady - all fair and all pure".

AMERICA, GOD's great gift to all mankind,
Given in the Holy Name of His SON,
Oh! My beloved country, remember?
"For I and the FATHER are ONE".

Please, listen to those who love you,
Rend the chains of apathy and despair;
Send the life-stealing leeches reeling
Back to the Serpents lair!

For the GOD of our Fathers is righteous,
Knives quake before HIS mighty sword.
Why be so timorous, my country,
When armed with the power of the LORD?

Let us then prepare for the battle,
Donning the armor of faith and trust,
And not give in 'til the enemy within
Lies dying in the dust . . .

And then, only as the mortal blow is dealt,
Will the whole of earth be free —
To pay all due homage and respect
To the ONE and Only, Divine and True
AUTHOR of Liberty,

© 1963 - Rita S. Brubm, 4101 ESTRADA DR., RIVERSIDE
CALIF.

25 copies, \$1.00 - 100, \$3.00 - 1,000, \$25.00