

# Americas Golden Rod - song lyrics

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AMERICAS GOLDEN ROD.

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Words by C. Thomas Duvall. Music by R. M. Stults.

There's a bright little flower that blooms in our land,  
Adorning our mountains and leas.  
The emblem of liberty, proudly it stands,  
And gracefully waves in the breeze.  
It blooms for all classes, no more for the great  
Than the toilers who wearily plod;  
'Tis the flower that best represents freedom's state-  
America's own golden rod.

Chorus.

Let France sing the praise of the lily,  
And England the charms of the rose;  
Let each nation boast the flower loved most,  
We envy no emblem that blows.  
More dear than the proudest of flowers  
That grow on nature's green sod.  
Is the bright yellow plume of our ever-loved bloom,  
America's golden rod.

All over Columbia's wide-spreading domain  
The golden rod raises its plume;  
The broad plains of Texas, the bleak hills of Maine,  
Alike are made bright with its bloom.  
On mountains and meadows, by forests and streams,  
Wherever man's footsteps have trod;  
Defiant, erect our proud banner gleams,  
America's own golden rod.-Chorus.

The plumes of our emblem they wave ever free,  
Yet none from the main stem are rent;  
So our States cluster 'round in a firm unity  
On the stem of our firm government.  
Thus true to our motto of "many in one,"  
Triumphant it waves o'er the sod;  
The fairest of flowers 'neath liberty's sun,  
America's own golden rod.-Chorus.