THE BIRTH
OF OUR
NATION

A DRAMA OF AMERICA

BY

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NORFOLK, VA. BOSTON, MASS.
Her flaming festal flags unfurled
   And gates thrown open wide,
The Old Dominion greets the world
   With friendship, joy, and pride.
She calls upon the stately host—
   The children of her line,
And bids them yield devotion at
   The Nation's sacred shrine.

No stint is in the mother's heart,
   No check upon her hand,
No discord in the greeting note
   Of welcome to her strand;
Virginia knows them for her own
   By every ancient sign,
By race, by creed, by tongue, by flag,
   And heritage divine.

Open lies the seaward way,
   Open lies the land;
Open is Virginia's heart
   And open is her hand;
And by these symbols will she claim
   Her children, kin and kith,
By lovely Pocahontas, and
   By gallant Captain Smith!

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