

THE BIRTH OF OUR NATION



A DRAMA OF AMERICA

BY
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VIRGINIA'S WELCOME, 1907.

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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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