

"Thoughts for Americans" Lyric Sheet, 1856

That there, with quivering lip and tongue,
A wretched Oath ye take,
Which none but traitors e'er could keep,
But which ye dare not break
And bind yourselves by lying vows
Nothing to know that's true
But anything to aid your plans
With willing hearts to do

Do ye swear to rob your brother
Of rights that we all prize
More highly than aught other
Possessed beneath the skies
The right he has of serving God
In ways his conscience calls
And yet of standing high as thou
In Freedom's honored halls

And swear to spurn from this free land
The stranger weak and worn,
Who seeks like bird with drooping wing,
Shelter from wind and storm;
Flying to this our far famed shore,
A home for the oppressed,
Will ye thrust him back without just cause,
To seek elsewhere for rest

Oh shame, where is thy foulest blush,
When deeds of such dark fame
Are daily done throughout our land
In freedom's ill used name
And ye, so called Americans,
Profane no more that sound;
Know Nothings fitly are ye called,
Who by such oaths are bound.