

Song of the Settlers

By Jessamyn West

Freedom is a hard-bought thing
A gift no man can give
For some, a way of dying,
For most, a way to live.

Freedom is a hard-bought thing
A rifle in the hand,
The horses hitched at sunup,
A harvest in the land

Freedom is a hard-bought thing
A massacre, a bloody rout,
The candles lit at nightfall,
And the night shut out.

Freedom is a hard-bought thing
An arrow in the back,
The wind in the long corn rows,
And the hay in the rack

Freedom is a way of living,
A song, a mighty cry.
Freedom is the bread we eat;
Let it be the way we die!