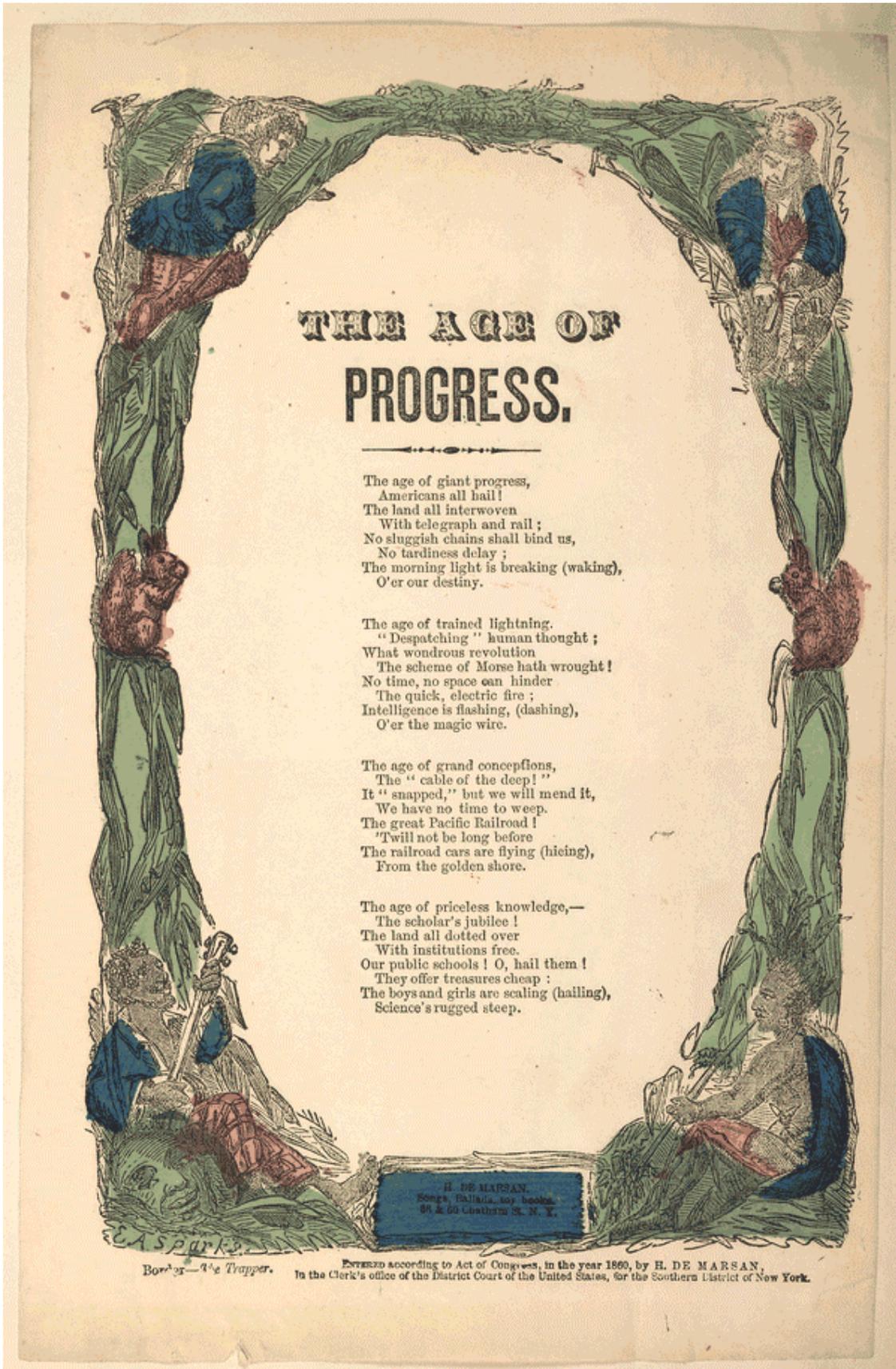


The Age of Progress, Song Lyrics by H. DE MARSAN, 1860



THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

The age of giant progress,
Americans all hail!
The land all interwoven
With telegraph and rail;
No sluggish chains shall bind us,
No tardiness delay;
The morning light is breaking (waking),
O'er our destiny.

The age of trained lightning.
"Despatching" human thought;
What wondrous revolution
The scheme of Morse hath wrought!
No time, no space can hinder
The quick, electric fire;
Intelligence is flashing, (dashing),
O'er the magic wire.

The age of grand conceptions,
The "cable of the deep!"
It "snapped," but we will mend it,
We have no time to weep.
The great Pacific Railroad!
'Twill not be long before
The railroad cars are flying (hicing),
From the golden shore.

The age of priceless knowledge,—
The scholar's jubilee!
The land all dotted over
With institutions free.
Our public schools! O, hail them!
They offer treasures cheap:
The boys and girls are scaling (hailing),
Science's rugged steep.

H. DE MARSAN,
Songs, Ballads, &c. books,
39 & 40 Chatham St. N. Y.

Illustration by
Borner—The Trapper.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by H. DE MARSAN,
in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

The Age of Progress, Song Lyrics by H. DE MARSAN, 1860 (continued)

LYRICS: THE AGE OF PROGRESS

The age of giant progress,
Americans all hail!
The land all interwoven
With telegraph and rail;
No sluggish chains shall bind us,
No tardiness delay;
The morning light is breaking (waking),
O'er our destiny.
The age of trained lightning.
"Despatching" human thought;
What wondrous revolution
The scheme of Morse hath wrought!
No time, no space can hinder
The quick, electric fire;
Intelligence is flashing, (dashing),
O'er the magic wire.
The age of grand conceptions,
The "cable of the deep!"
It "snapped," but we will mend it,
We have no time to weep.
The great Pacific Railroad!
'Twill not be long before
The railroad cars are flying (hieing),
From the golden shore.
The age of priceless knowledge,--
The scholar's jubilee!
The land all dotted over
With institutions free.
Our public schools! O, hail them!
They offer treasures cheap:
The boys and girls are scaling (hailing),
Science's rugged steep.

H. DE MARSAN,
Songs, Ballads, toy books.
38 & 60 Chatham St. N. Y.