

# THREE PATRIOTIC PIECES OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC 1789, 1798, 1819

1789

## O D E

To the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES on his arrival at BOSTON.

### RECITATIVE.

Behold the man! whom virtues raise  
The highest of the patriot throng!  
To him the muse her homage pays,  
And tunes the gratulatory song.

### AIR.

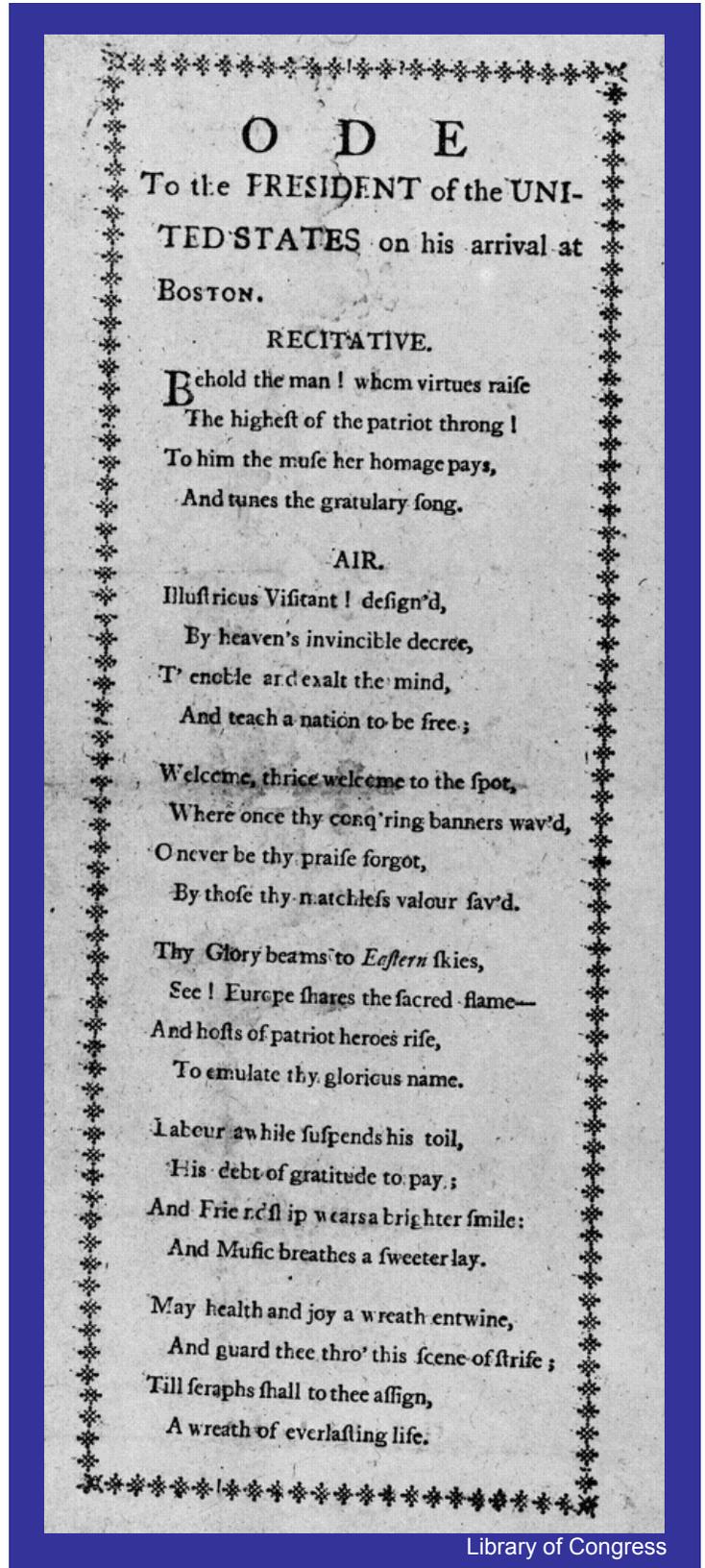
Illustrious Visitant! design'd,  
By heaven's invincible decree,  
Th' noble and exalt the mind,  
And teach a nation to be free;

Welcome, thrice welcome to the spot,  
Where once thy conqu'ring banners wav'd,  
O never be thy praise forgot,  
By those thy matchless valour fav'd.

Thy Glory beams to *Eastern* skies,  
See! Europe shares the sacred flame—  
And hosts of patriot heroes rise,  
To emulate thy glorious name.

Labour awhile suspends his toil,  
His debt of gratitude to pay;  
And Friendship wears a brighter smile:  
And Music breathes a sweeter lay.

May health and joy a wreath entwine,  
And guard thee thro' this scene-of strife ;  
Till seraphs shall to thee assign,  
A wreath of everlasting life.



# HAIL COLUMBIA

Tune—"Presidents march."

**H**AIL *Columbia!* happy land!  
Hail ye *Heroes!* Heav'n-born band,  
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,  
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,  
And when the storm of war was gone,  
Enjoy'd the peace your valour won.  
Let *Independence* be our boast,  
Ever mindful what it cost;  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its alter reach the skies.

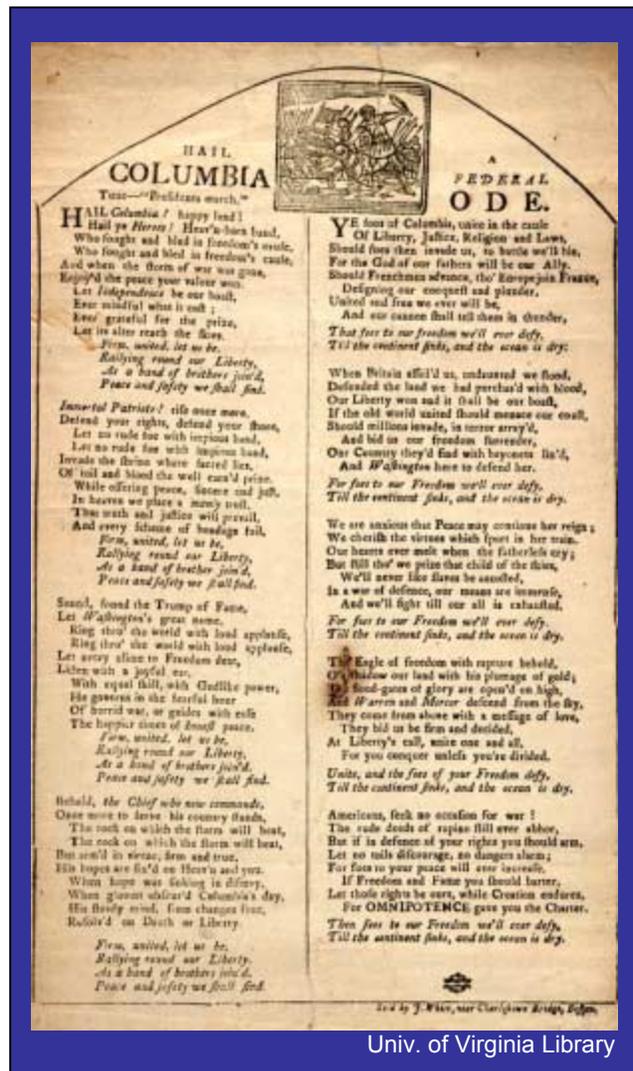
*Firm, united, let us be.  
Rallying round our Liberty,  
As a band of brothers join'd,  
Peace and safety we shall find.*

*Immortal Patriots!* rise once more,  
Defend your rights, defend your shore,  
Let no rude foe with impious hand,  
Let no rude foe with impious hand,  
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,  
Of toil and blood the well earn'd prize.  
While offering peace, sincere and just,  
In heaven we place a *manly* trust,  
That truth and justice will prevail,  
And every scheme of bondage fail.

*Firm, united, let us be, &c.*

Sound, sound the Trump of fame,  
Let *Washington's* great name,  
Ring thro' the world with loud applause,  
Ring thro' the world with loud applause,  
Let every clime to Freedom dear,  
Listen with a joyful ear.  
With equal skill, with Godlike power,  
He governs in the fearful hour  
Of horrid war, or guides with ease  
The happier times of *honest* peace.  
*Firm, united, let us be, &c.*

Behold, *the Chief who now commands*,  
Once more to serve his country stands,  
The rock on which the storm will beat,  
The rock on which the storm will beat,  
But arm'd in virtue, firm and true,  
His hopes are fix'd on Heav'n and you.  
When hope was sinking in dismay,  
When glooms obscur'd *Columbia's* day,  
His steady mind, from changes free,  
Resolv'd on Death or Liberty.  
*Firm, united, let us be, &c.*



## Optional: "A Federal Ode," stanzas 1, 5

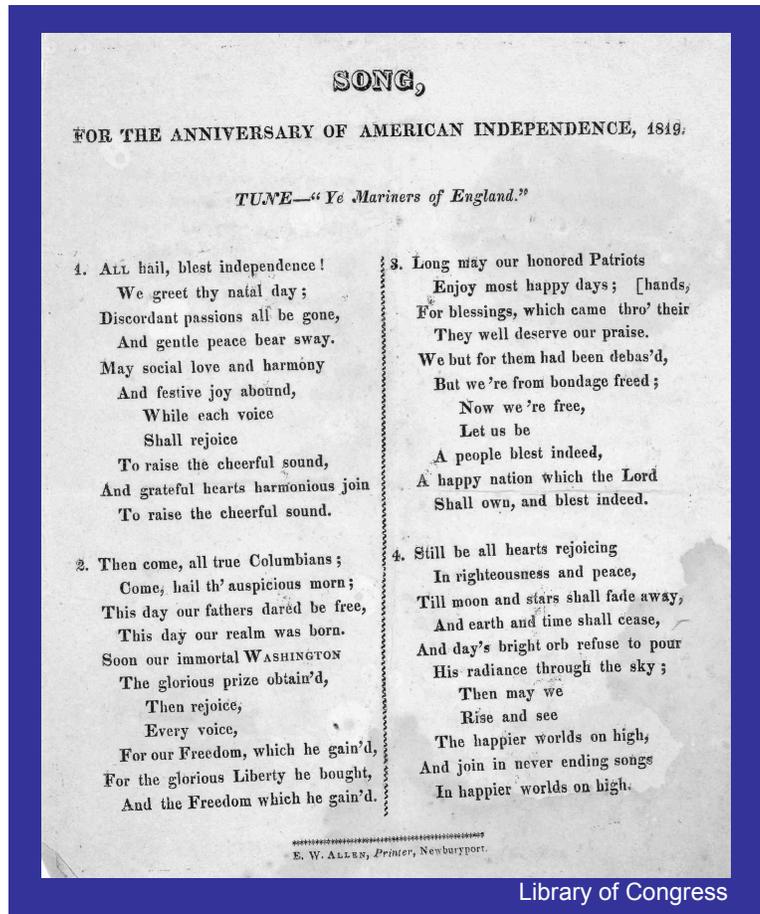
**Y**e sons of Columbia, unite in the cause  
Of Liberty, Justice, Religion and Laws,  
Should foes then invade us, to battle we'll hie,  
For the God of our fathers will be our Ally.  
Should Frenchmen advance, tho' Europe join France,  
Designing our conquest and plunder,  
United and free we ever will be,  
And our cannon shall tell them in thunder,  
*That foes to our freedom we'll every defy,  
Till the continent sinks, and the ocean is dry;*

Americans, seek no occasion for war!  
The rude deeds of rapine still ever abhor,  
But if in defence of your rights you should arm,  
Let no toils discourage, no dangers alarm;  
For foes to your peace will ever increase,  
If Freedom and Fame you should barter,  
Let those rights be ours, while Creation endures,  
For OMNIPOTENCE gave you the Charter.  
*Then foes to our Freedom we'll every defy,  
Till the continent sinks, and the ocean is dry.*

1819 \_\_\_\_\_

**SONG,**  
**FOR THE ANNIVERSARY**  
**OF**  
**AMERICAN**  
**INDEPENDENCE, 1819.**

*TUNE — "Ye Mariners of England."*



1. ALL hail, blest independence!  
We greet thy natal day;  
Discordant passions all be gone,  
And gentle peace bear sway.  
May social love and harmony  
And festive joy abound,  
While each voice  
Shall rejoice  
To raise the cheerful sound,  
And grateful hearts harmonious join  
To raise the cheerful sound.
2. Then come, all true Columbians;  
Come, hail th' auspicious morn;  
This day our fathers dared be free,  
This day our realm was born.  
Soon our immortal WASHINGTON  
The glorious prize obtain'd,  
Then rejoice,  
Every voice,  
For our Freedom, which he gain'd,  
For the glorious Liberty he bought,  
And the Freedom which he gain'd.

3. Long may our honored Patriots  
Enjoy most happy days;  
For blessings, which came thro' their hands,  
They well deserve our praise.  
We but for them had been debas'd,  
But we're from bondage freed;  
Now we're free,  
Let us be  
A people blest indeed,  
A happy nation which the Lord  
Shall own, and blest indeed.
4. Still be all hearts rejoicing  
In righteousness and peace,  
Till moon and stars shall fade away,  
And earth and time shall cease,  
And day's bright orb refuse to pour  
His radiance through the sky;  
Then may we  
Rise and see  
The happier worlds on high,  
And join in never ending songs  
In happier worlds on high.