

THE
GLORY OF COLUMBIA;
HER
YEOMANRY.

—*—
A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.
—*—

THE
SONGS, DUETS, AND CHORUSES,

INTENDED
FOR THE CELEBRATION
OF THE

Fourth of July,

AT THE NEW-YORK THEATRE.

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NEW-YORK:

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—
1803.

CHARACTERS.

| | |
|--|-------------------------|
| GEN. WASHINGTON | Mr. Johnson. |
| ARNOLD | Mr. Robinson. |
| ANDRE | Mr. Hodgkinson. |
| BLAND | Mr. Martin. |
| MELVILLE. | Mr. Hallam, jun. |
| { WILLIAMS | Mr. Jefferson. |
| { PAULDING | Mr. Hogg |
| { VANVERT | Mr. Shapter. |
| <i>(The three glorious Columbian yeomen, whose incorruptible honesty preserved Westpoint and the American army.)</i> | |
| DENNIS O'BOGG | Mr. Tyler. |
| BRITISH OFFICER | Mr. Prigmore. |
| AMERICAN OFFICER | Mr. M'Donald. |
| FIRST ENGLISH SOLDIER . | |
| SECOND ENGLISH SOLDIER | Mr. Wilse. |
| THIRD ENGLISH SOLDIER . | Mr. M'Donald. |
| FIRST AMERICAN SOLDIER | Mr. Prigmore. |
| TWO CHILDREN | Masters B. & I. Martin. |
| MRS. BLAND | Mrs. Meemoth. |
| HONORA | Mrs. Johnson. |
| SALLY WILLIAMS | Miss Hogg. |

SONG.

WILLIAMS.

WHEN the skies are overcast,
And the clouds seem to brew;

We may hope it wont last,
If we spy up above,

In the regions of Jove,

But the hope-giving sight of a bit of the blue.

Sure the time is not far,

If my heart augurs true,

When the red clouds of war

Shall our hemisphere fly,

And nought meet the glad eye

But one wide-spreading canopy, all of true blue.



SONG AND DUET.

SALLY.

WHEN a woman hears the sound
Of the drum and fife,

How her little heart will bound

With a double life.

Rub a dub, rub a dub,

And a too, too, too,

Are the merry, merry sounds that all women
woo.

WILLIAMS.

When a man shall hear the sound
Of the drum and fife,
How his swelling heart will bound
For the coming strife.

Rub a dub, rub a dub,
And a too, too, too,

Are the spirit-stirring sounds that the foe shall
rue.

BOTH.

When the sound of the drum
And the fife shall cease,
And the blessing shall come,
Of a glorious peace.

Rub a dub, rub a dub,
And a too, too, too,

They shall still keep in mind what to valor is
due.

 CHORUS.

WILLIAMS.

To your arms, boys! to your arms, boys!

Hark! the drum beats to arms, and the ene-
my's nigh;

To your ranks, boys! to your ranks, boys!

'Tis Washington leads us to conquer or die!

VANVERT.

For his country bravely fighting,

Conscience nerves the soldier's arm;

Victory beckons, all inviting!

Heaven shields his breast from harm?

CHORUS.

To your arms, boys! &c.

SALLY WILLIAMS.

From the glorious fight returning,
 Proudly glad the victors move :
 Every heart with rapture burning,
 Greets the brave with praise and love !

CHORUS.

To your arms, boys, &c.

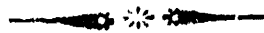


SONG.

SALLY WILLIAMS.

He who his country's livery wears,
 His country's honor proudly bears ;
 Inglorious fear,
 Must ne'er come near,
 The heart that battle's danger dares.

He firmly stands his country's trust,
 In action brave, in council just ;
 By victory crown'd,
 He lives renown'd,
 Or sinks with glory to the dust.



CHORUS, &c.

GLORY OF COLUMBIA.

TUNE.—“ *Washington's March.* ”

See, they come ! the heroes come !
 Mark ! the hollow sounding drum,
 Gives distant note of coming war,
 And bids the invader keep afar,
 Or for the battles brunt prepare.

Lo! the stately horse come prancing,
 There the musketeers advancing,
 While the canoneers prepare their thundering
 war.

See, the standards float,
 So proudly gay!
 Hark! the trumpet's note,
 With clanging bray:

While every breast with conscious might,
 Swells ardent for the coming fight.

See where amid his rustic bands,
 On Bunker's heights great Warren stands!
 And strews with foes the plain beneath:
 Then sinking on the field of death,
 Obtains of fame the immortal wreath!
 See the stately horse, &c.

On gallant Gates see victory smiles,
 And leads an army to his toils.
 Montgomery, Warren, Mercer, rise!
 And ere they reach their native skies,
 Their country's triumph meets their eyes.
 See the stately horse, &c.

But now to crown the glorious whole,
 See Washington! the battle's soul!
 His worth binds envy in her cave:
 In council sage, in battle brave,
 Great Washington a world can save!
 See the stately horse come prancing,
 There the musketeers advancing,
 While the canoneers prepare their thundering
 war.

See, the standards float,
 So proudly gay !
 Hark ! the trumpets note,
 With clanging bray :
 While every breast with conscious might,
 Swells ardent for the coming fight.



SONG.

(From "The Picture of Paris.")

O'BOGG.

THERE was an Irish lad
 Who lov'd a cloitser'd nun,
 And it made him very sad.

For what was to be done ?

He thought it was a big shame, a most con-
 founded sin,

That she could not get out at all, and he could
 not get in :

Yet he went every day, he could do nothing more,

Yet he went every day to the convent door,

And he sung sweetly smalilou,

Gramachree and Paddy whack.

To catch a glimpse of her

He play'd a thousand tricks,

The bolts he tried to stir,

And he gave the wall some licks ;

He stamp'd, and rav'd, and sigh'd, and pray'd,
 and many times he swore,

The devil burn the iron bolts, the devil take the
 door :

Yet he went every day, he made it a rule,

He went every day, and look'd like a fool,

And he sung sweetly, smalilou, &c.

One morn she left her bed,
 Because she could not sleep,
 And to the window sped,
 To take a little peep ;

And what did she do then? I'm sure you'll think
 it right,

She bade the honest lad good day, she bade the
 nuns good night.

Tenderly she listen'd to all he had to say,
 Then jump'd into his arms, and so they ran
 away ;

And they sung sweetly, smalilou, &c.



SONG.

DAVID WILLIAMS.

A YANKEE boy is trim and tall,
 And never over fat, sir,
 At dance, or frolic, hop and ball,
 As nimble as a rat, sir.

Yankee doodle, &c.

He's always out on training day,
 Commencement, or election ;—
 At truck and trade he knows the way,
 Of thriving to perfection.

Yankee doodle, &c.

His door is always open found,
 His cider of the best, sir
 His board with pumpkin-pye is crown'd,
 And welcome every guest, sir.

Yankee doodle, &c.

Though rough and little is his farm,
 That little is his own, sir,
 His hand is strong, his heart is warm,
 'Tis truth and honor's throne, sir.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

His country is his pride and boast,
 He'll ever prove true blue, sir :
 When call'd upon to give his toast,
 'Tis "Yankee doodle, doo, sir."
 Yankee doodle, &c.



SONG.

VANVERT.

THE sun his fiercest ray,
 On Monmouth's bloody day,
 Shot ardent on the burning sands,
 Where Britain's veteran bands,
 Reluctant toil'd their slow inglorious way.
 Lee, close upon the rear their track pursued :
 Tho' oft attack'd, as oft they firmly stood,
 And gorged the thirsty plains with valiant blood.
 Behind, bright freedom's banner flies unfurl'd !
 And every patriot bosom cheers
 Where Washington himself appears,
 The glory of the world !
 Indignant thus to be pursued,
 The gallant Briton turns upon his foe :
 " Sound, sound the charge " he cries,
 And to the combat flies :
 Like lightning rush the rapid horse !
 Resistless in their thundering course !

O'erpower'd—recoiling—slow—
 Oft turning and returning on the foe,
 Our fainting troops retreat for shelter to the
 wood.

To stop the inglorious flight,
 His courser spurring to the thickest fight,
 See where the first of men bursts glorious on
 the sight !

“ Advance ! advance ! ” the hero cries :
 “ Advance ! ” each echoing rank replies.
 Admiring Victory hears the word ;
 Descending lights upon his sword,
 And flashes round his head insufferable light.
 The foe, appal'd, stops—falters—flies,
 And shouts of triumph rend the skies.
 The war-worn Briton sullenly retires,
 Or sinks without a wound
 Exhausted on the arid ground,
 And scorch'd with thirst and heat in agony
 expires !

Thus veteran valor
 Equal valor found,
 But Washington alone
 With Victory's wreath is crown'd.



SONG.

(From “ *The Picture of Paris.* ”)

O'BOGG.

The turban'd Turk, who scorns the world,
 May strut about with his whiskers curl'd ;
 Keep a hundred wives under lock and key,
 For nobody else but himself to see :
 Yet long may he pray with his Alcoran
 Before he can love like an Irishman.

The Frenchman gay with his *Louis d'or*,
 The solemn Don, and the soft Signor;
 The Dutch Mynheer so full of pride,
 The Russian, Prussian, Swede beside,
 They all may do whate'er they can,
 But they ne'er can love like an Irishman.



[*Scene draws and discovers YORK-TOWN. At a distance is seen the town, with the British lines and the lines of the besiegers. Nearer are the advanced batteries, one more distant from the audience than the other. Cannonading commences from the besiegers upon the town, which is returned. Shells thrown into the town. Explosion of a powder magazine. The French troops advance towards the most distant of the advanced batteries. The battery begins to cannonade. The troops advance, and carry it at the bayonet's point. While this is yet doing, the nearest battery begins to cannonade, and the American infantry attack and carry it with fixed bayonets, striking the English colors. Shouts of victory.---Enter on one side GENERAL WASHINGTON, MELVILLE, BLAND, officers and soldiers. drums and colors. On the other, WILLIAMS, PAULDING, VANVERT, DENNIS O'BOGG, officers and soldiers.*

FINALE.

CHORUS.

The fight is done,
 The battle won!
 Our praise is due to him alone,
 Who from his bright eternal throne,
 The fate of battles and of man decides:
 To him all praise be given!
 And under heaven,
 To great Columbia's son,
 Blest Washington!
 Who o'er the *fight* like fate presides.

A transparency descends, and an eagle is seen suspending a crown of laurel over the Commander in Chief with this motto, "IMMORTALITY TO WASHINGTON."

CHORUS.

All hail Columbia's son!
 Immortal Washington!
 By fame renown'd,
 By victory crown'd,
 Hail, Washington!

FINIS.