

INDEPENDENCE.

COME hail the day, ye sons of mirth,
Which gave your native country birth;
All hail the important hour.
Let admiration mark the day,
While fathers to their sons did say,
Be free, till time's no more.

Columbia's sons have reard a tree,
The root, the branch is Liberty,
Expanding far and wide; *Expanding far and wide*
In peace our years have pass'd away,
In freedom's blest America,
Of which we are possessed

Come, soldiers all, in chorus join,
And pay respect unto this day
Which gave our country birth—
Americans rejoice and see,
The root the branch of Liberty,
Expanding far and wide.

[Addition by S. ELLIOT, July 1812.]

To those who led the awful van,
And fought and bled for brother man,
Let heart-felt praise be given;
Our injur'd rights, *that war* provok'd,
Not madness with Napoleon yok'd—
The reprobate of heaven.

The dire distress, the bloody Car,
The horrors of portentous war,
Be banish'd far away.
We deprecate their dark return,
The *miserics of War* we mourn,
And dread their barb'rous sway.

Smile, Peace, and bless Columbia's soil—
And deign indulgent heav'n to smile,
Though horrid prospects rise!
May not the *War-devoted band*,
Bring down thy curse upon our land,
Or vengeance from the skies.

May better times, and happier days
Succeed, and wake our songs of praise—
And cheer each grateful heart.
Long as the ~~angry~~ storm of War *is heard*
Hangs o'er our disappointed land,
May heav'n a shield impart!

In *Peace* or *War* let's always hail,
The *day* our father's seal'd our rights—
A day so dear to Fame!
And let each grateful free-born son,
Sing to the praise of *WASHINGTON*,
With bold and high acclaim!