

The Master recited, and the Cause advocated, in a series of Acts, composed for the Performance of the Band of Music, and a Choir of Singers in Lexington, in celebrating the thirty second Anniversary of American Independence.

BY A. HASWELL.

AIR I. Tune, GREEN MOUNTAIN MARCH.

OUR fathers' e'en on Britain's shore,
Their consciences and rights to save,
Old Church and State in days of Yore,
On heav'n relying, dar'd to brave;
And when, amidst distress, they found,
In England they could not be free,
They bid adieu to native ground,
And bravely cross'd an unknown sea.

The Mighty Ruler of the sky,
In whom they firmly plac'd their trust,
Behold the worthy portion fly,
And gave the portion of the just.
He guarded them by land and sea,
Gave them safe footing in the wild,
An asylum for liberty,
And lo! the new-found desert smil'd.

They struggled hard through cold and heat,
Faci'd toil and warfare, to be free,
And on their sea-beat wild retreat,
They rear'd the tree of Liberty.
The Indian tribes beheld with awe,
And left the wanderers to repose,
While justice, liberty, and law,
On freedom's favorite soil arose.

AIR II. Tune GENERAL MUSTER.

YET soon the scene acquir'd a gloom,
And dangers spread around,
Insidious Britons dar'd presume,
Their brightest hopes confound;
They sought, by craft, to hold them still
Subjected to despotic pow'r,
And claim'd a sov'reign right, at will
Their scanty products to devour.

The manufacturing arts they held
As their peculiar right,
And urg'd this land should be compell'd
Their labors to requite.
The ore, the fur, the hemp, the flax,
E'en rags, and every useful thing,
Should bear the image of the king.

They dar'd the scheme with scorn,
Our fighting all its wiles,
Teach, through hist'ry, babes unborn
To watch th' ambitious isles;
From sire to son the flame descends,
Brightning as with their growth it grew,
That zeal their Liberty defends,
On knowledge form'd, correctly true.

AIR III. Tune the QUICK STEP.

THEY fought for Eng'and, paid the cost,
Their timber, hemp, and tar,
Assists to guard the British coast,
Amidst distressing war:
They serv'd old England with good will,
As charter'd rights admit,
Reserving at their option still,
To give as they thought fit.

To tax themselves, their earnings hold,
And let no foreign elves,
Have power to seize their hard earn'd gold,
To lavish on themselves.
Then Liberty and Property,
Their countersign and band,
E'er resounded from the sky
And spread from land to land.

Tide-waiters, and informing knaves,
Were held in general scorn,
Our fathers spurn'd the name of slaves,
And took the hope forlorn:
They stop'd their trade with Britain's isles,
And cut off all supplies,
Importers, taken in their wiles,
Appear'd in strange disguise.

For we, the People, made the law,
And put it in effect,
While tar and feathers kept in awe
The knave who'd counteract,
The selfish slave, or British tool
The worn-out bolster greets,
While in a cart, upon a stool,
He moves along the streets.

AIR IV. Tune LIBERTY TREE.

THEN the stamp act of Britain was sent o'er
The sea,
To enforce on our fathers her claim,
But the patriots assembled at Liberty Tree,
And they set the whole land in a flame.

The stamp-actors trembl'd in their knees tall,
And the powder was set on fire,
Or was burnt by the hanging of some one left to
sell.

To dishonor our Liberty Tree.

The stamp act defeated, new schemes were de-
vis'd,

To enforce their infernal design,
A tax upon glass, painter's color and tea,
It was thought would our plans countermine;
But our fathers were watchful the plot they dis-
play'd,
And the young men gave heed to their voice,
United in virtue, they flew to their aid,
And the sages had cause to rejoice.

AIR V. Tune BLACKSLOVEN.

THEN war was proclaim'd, fleets and ar-
mies came o'er,
To exterminate freedom from this happy shore,
And seize, and chain, and drag to the scaffold
the pride of our land,
But they met a defeat & with shame were repell'd,
Till their two royal armies were trap'd in the field.
Huzza, for blest independence, for freedom and
union huzza.

Burgoyne was Cornwallis'd, Cornwallis Burgoyne'd,
And troubles assail'd them before and behind,
Till freedom's stripes, high boyant on air struck
the despots with awe:
The fleets and the troops of Great-Britain retire,
The yankees, thro' favor, their objects acquire,
Huzza, for peace! huzza! independence! for freedom
and union, huzza.

But freedom obtain'd, & mild peace on her stand,
Old Tories again we beheld in the land,
Restor'd, forgiv'n, enfranchis'd, permitted to
share in our rest,
But keen acid and salt will in union combine,
Ere such men will establish a free divine,
Freedom, peace, and equality, never delights
such a breast.

AIR VI. Tune YANKEE DOODLE.

THENCE strange events successive rose,
The fruits of speculation,
And often secret schemes disclam,
To overturn the nation:
Destructive Indian wars were band,
And various projects hit on,
By excise, stamp acts, laws of dread,
To bring us under Britain.

Sheer royalty to water up,
And Q—y A—s was the man,
With whom their views were fill'd up;
But had they brought their schemes to bear,
In this too they had fail'd, Sir,
For virtue rear'd her standard there,
Its power must have prevail'd, Sir.

While in the senate of the land
His patriot voice expanded,
His pen the scope of vice explain'd,
In Tim the underhanded,
But let us not shun joyful day,
Descend to feast on carrion,
Let Lexington his worth display,
Since then he's worth than tarran.

From Pickering up to Gardiner,
Let such men quit our banners—
A Camel may excite their seas,
And teach the brutes good manners.
But let us one and all unite
From Europe's broils to fly, Sir,
To stop our trade, retire, or fight,
With Freedom in our eye, Sir.

Within ourselves, a world & ease,
Resources vast and handy;
The eastern and the western seas
Would sigh for Doodle Dandy.
Sing Independence, keep it up—
AMERICA UNITED,
May ever hold a flowing cup,
Tho' assure else were highted.

AIR VII. Tune, DERRY DOWN.

SOME gentlemen tell us with mighty cool
voice,
That good will to man, is the thing of their choice,
That peace with Great-Britain is now to secure,
They hate the suggestion that rakes an old sore,
So sing—derry, down, derry, down, derry, down.

What folly, say they, the New Yorkers have shown
To go to New Jersey to bury a bone,
And make such a bustle to bury the remains
Of the bones of poor Hessians that whiten'd the
plains:
Derry down, &c.

It is true in the war many measures took place,
That in seasons of peace would appear a disgrace;
But as peace is restor'd, let us bury the whole,
And by all means the rising of passion control;
Derry down, &c.

These gentlemen, will less become, we are told,
For the powder that set on fire the powder,
And the powder that set on fire the powder,
His interest for our wealth may affect him again:
So sing—derry, &c.

So we mean to be watchful & guard against power,
Tis a thing may affect us, we know not the hour,
And the murder of Prince & the Chesapeake's name
Are sparks that should set the whole land in a flame:
So sing—derry, &c.

We know the Embargo brings partial distress—
Did the blockade of B. open, what think you, derry?
If we then dar'd their powder, pray what profits
now
(Should their insults continue) our making them
bow?
Derry down, &c.

We then had no national union, or power,
Nor powder enough to stand war for an hour;
But had Timothy Pickering dar'd fill his post,
We'd ad out the war short with the Lexington host,
Derry down, &c.

Timothy then was a coward, and now like a knave
He-tain would'd delect the designs of the knave,
Who's ready for war, yet averse to distress,
By possible measures, or wrongs would redress:
Derry down, derry, down, derry down.

FROM THE (TRENTON) TRUE AMERICAN.
THE EMBARGO.

There's knaves and fools and dupes and tools
Debas'd enough to argue,
That every ill the People feel
Is owing to The Embargo.

Does some loose tongue like clapper hung
Delight in constant dinging;
The Embargo well supplies the bell
Against which to be ringing.
Do party-men incline to peep
A false and foolish fari'go,
No other themes so fruitful seem
As "Jefferson's Embargo."

To pelf and power would villains soar
Mid uproar and confusion;
With hearts well pleas'd, the Embargo's seiz'd
To work the one delusion.

Should Helian fly our wheat & stroy,
Or granaries crawl with weevil,
The Embargo's curk in language work
As source of all the evil.

Does wind or wave to watry grave
Consign ship, crew and cargo,
'Tis chance but some, with wit & gram,
Ascribe it to the Embargo.

Does some man's head or hand
Weak bay or harvest's ruin,
'Tis made appear, as noon day clear,
Tis all the Embargo's doing.

Or should our crops exceed our hopes,
Right round about they dare go,
And in a trice the kessen'd price
Is charg'd upon the Embargo.

Should boat or ship lose tide or trip,
By gale, or ice, or freshet;
The Embargo tis puts all amiss,
And merrily they curse it.

Do terrin bold, on trees lay hold,
And make their limbs quite bare go,
Tis ten to one the mischief done
Is saddled on the Embargo.

Has drunken wash, or idle drab,
Become forlorn and needy,
Both he and she will find a plea,
"Embargo," always ready.

Is buck or blade bankrupt in trade,
By sloth or vice or folly;
He's not to blame—the fault and shame
Rest on the Embargo wholly.

Does some vile knave, his cash to save,
Pay all his debts with paper;
"The Embargo law" are made the cause,
And loud he'll rant and vapor.

But tho' such knaves and fools and slaves
Paint it a frightful scarecrow,
The good and wife, their arts despise,
And cling to the Embargo.

They know it keeps from Pirate's grips
Our vessels, crews and cargoes;
When, were they left, much more would cost
Than half a fore Embargo.

They know that this is oft punished
The nations that opprets us;
While it furnishes our kind selves
In least and few'th distresses.

They know that war would cost us more
Monthly than this does yearly;
While every blow the blood must flow
From kin or friends lov'd dearly.

Then let who will to work our ill,
Against it be and argue;
Columbia's Sons, in loud tones,
Will lead THE WISE EMBARGO.