

Washington Society.

ODE

For the Fourth of July, 1817.

BY A MEMBER.

TUNE—"COLUMBIA LAND OF LIBERTY."

LET grateful notes this day arise,
The day which gave Columbia birth;
Let pacans echo through the skies,
And cannons tell our joys on earth.
Bright Son of Liberty thy rays,
With genial glow their charms unfold;
No tyrant here fell power displays,
Nor sceptred despots empire hold.

*Then on this day from year to year,
Let songs of mirth and praise appear.*

To Patriots who for Freedom rose,
And hurl'd oppression from his throne;
Let wreaths of honour crown their brows,
And every heart their virtues own.
And those who met the contest drear
In victory's arms so nobly fell:
Will on fair Clio's page appear
Till time his latest hour shall tell.

*Then on this day while mem'ry's dear,
Their deeds of valour we'll revere.*

Behold Columbia's name ascends,
Her Eagle soars with rapid flight;
From realm to realm her fame extends
And nations own her power and might.
See now upon the mountain main
Her spangled banners proudly wave,
Beneath whose shade her sons will claim
And hold those rights which nature gave.

*Then on this day from year to year,
Let songs of mirth and praise appear.*

Here man's inventive genius wings,
And liberal Arts their treasures pour—
Here Science swell her thousand springs,
And spreads her streams of classic lore,
Here Ceres opes her teemful soils,
Her blessings through our lands increase.
Here plenty crowns man's hopes and toils,
And bids him smile in joys of peace.

*Then on this day from year to year,
Let songs of mirth and praise appear.*

Columbia hail! 'tis Freedom's fires
That lights thy glories through the world:
See: at the South man but aspires,
And Anarch's banners soon are furl'd.
Throughout the globe may beams like thine,
Dispel the darken'd clouds of woe,
Till every nation tongue and clime,
Shall feel thy renovating glow.

*Then on this day from year to year,
Let songs of mirth and praise appear.*