



ODE

For the Military Celebration at Salem of the
Fourth of July, 1806.

By S. C. Blyth.

Tune, "To Anacreon in Heav'n."

I.

ERE the fiat of Heaven's almighty decree
Had call'd into being this wond'rous creation,
'Twas ordain'd that a race should be happy and free,
And arrest by their wisdom the world's admiration.

CHORUS.

Hail, Freedom! blest name!

Let the trumpet of Fame

*To nations the vows of Columbians proclaim,
That ne'er will they forfeit the glorious prize,
While Earth treads her orbit, or Sol lights the skies.*

II.

In sweet social circle, we joyful survey,
Assembled around us, a choice band of brothers:
With hearts tun'd to rapture we welcome the Day,
And sympathies kind make ours pleasure another's.

CHORUS.

Hail, Freedom, &c.

III.

What tho' Gallia's hofts spread the wide-wasting war,
And the thunders of Britain resound thro' the ocean;
Here happy, thrice happy! Columbians afar,
All peaceful, deplore scenes of blood and commotion.

CHORUS.

Hail, Freedom, &c.

IV.

Yet an arm is not wanting, nor Heav'n to inspire,
Should the ark of our freedom receive profanation,
To meet the stern foe in the might of our ire,
And bear to the battle a dread indignation.

CHORUS.

Hail, Freedom, &c.

V.

Now thirty bright summers have borne 'yond the stars
The tale of American trials and glory:

THIS DAY do we owe to the Patriot's cares,
And years still by thousands shall swell the glad story.

CHORUS.

Hail, Freedom, &c.

VI.

Ye heroes! who erst, 'mid the tumult of arms,
With *Washington*, toil'd for your country's salvation;
Your labours a grateful remembrance embalms:

By you, Freedom triumph'd; by you, rose a Nation!

CHORUS.

Hail, Freedom! blest name!

Let the trumpet of Fame

*To nations the vows of Columbians proclaim,
That ne'er will they forfeit the glorious prize,
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