

A SLIGHT VIEW of the WORLD.

Taken July 4th, 1807.

Tune "BLACK SLOVEN."

ATTENTION my friends, and I'll sing you a song,
Just to show how affairs of the world move along,
Be calm, attend, view the state of each part and compare
with your own,
Drop the tear of compassion, give vent to the sigh,
As the woes of mankind strike the ear or the eye,
Guard well the right of election, that clasp of fair Liberty's
zone.

While Africa mourns for her sons in distress,
And Christianiz'd Europe denies them redress,
Tho' chains, and blood, hard whips and fell slavery darken
their fates,
In these happy climes, free from tyrants and strife,
And blest with the comforts and dainties of life,
Huzza, for peace and equality, freedom and joy in the
States.

While Asia is ravag'd from center to flank,
And Britain in tyranny holds the first rank,
Her ships, her cash, her spies or assassins infecting each shore,
The riches of India are forc'd from their hold,
Their Rajahs and Nabobs are rob'd of their gold,
Each age, sex and distinction, promise'ously weiter in
gore.

While Europe contends for the balance of power,
A phantom that shifts like the versatile hour,
As war, or trade, or commerce, or dignity, gives it the lead,
Dealing justly by all, in alliance with none,
The wealth we explore of a world of our own,
Here man claims his inheritance, freedom recording the deed,

While the rancor of Britain 'gainst Bonaparte burns,
And France is the pivot on which the wheel turns,
And war, and craft, coalitions, and subsidies join in the chase;
Secure in our Union, we calmly behold,
The scramble for dignity, King-craft and gold,
Here peace, plenty and harmony, brightens the husbandman's
face.

If treason grows rife, and deep plans are arrang'd,
And by craft the affections of some are estrang'd,
And arms, and boats, and soldiers and spies are increasing
around.

We find there's an energy brot' into view,
To chase them, detect them, and hamper them too,
Huzza, for the right of election,—Ye hills and ye vales
catch the sound.—

On the fourth of July to the world we made known,
Independence we claim'd,—and had rights of our own.
(Which force;—nor fraud;—nor bribes or brutality c'er
should destroy,)
in accordance with which constitutions were plan'd,
To secure to each section of this happy land,
Just rights;—equal immunities;—equal occasions of joy.

Then while we the acts of our fathers approve,
Let heart link to heart in affectionate love,
And toast, & song, salutation and sentiment heighten the glee;
Let JEFFERSON'S health in a bumper go round,
And a hearty encore fill the air with the sound,
Huzza, for Freedom and JEFFERSON!—soon may all
nations be free!—

LIBERTY UNIVERSAL.

TUNE—LIBERTY TREE.

THE clation of LIBERTY sounds thro' the world,
And the Universe charms with the sound:
Her standard Philosophy's hand has unfurl'd,
And the nations are thronging around.
How noble the ardor that seizes the soul,
How it bursts from the yoke and the chain,
What force can the fervor of freedom control,
Or its terrible vengeance refrain.

PROUD Castles of despots, and Dungeons and Cells,
The tempest shall sweep you away:
From the West to the East the dread hurricane swells,
And the tyrants are chill'd with dismay.
The slave on whose neck the proud despot has trod,
Now feels that he also is man;
While the lordly Usurper who rules with a nod,
Hides his head amidst his servile Divan.

POOR vassals who crawl by the Vistula's stream,
Attend the glad call and obey:
Rife nations who worship the sun's sacred beam,
And drive your Pizarro's away.
The cruel dominion of priest-craft is o'er,
With its dungeons, its faggots, its chains,
Mankind will endure the vile bondage no more,
While reason our freedom maintains.

Shall we then the name of our JEFFERSON bear,
With a cold and insensible mind?
No, the triumph of freedom each bosom shall cheer,
And secure the best rights of mankind.
Each state in all needed amendments shall join,
To shield us from rapine and blood,
And the cement of union, in essence divine,
Shall yield the great plaudit 'TIS GOOD.

A REVIEW OF PAST SCENES.

Tune YANKEE DOODLE.

WHEN Britain's fate in former times
Conspired for desolation,
And added to her former crimes
The fevering of the nation;
The sons of liberty awoke,
And, Washington commanding,
They turn'd the current on their foes,
And made them rue their landing.

The battle gain'd at Yonkington
Awhile enforc'd their wonder,
Such deeds at Bunker-hill were done
As struck our foes like thunder.
Yet hurried on by manly zeal
Their motley crews they sent on,
Till brutal bands were made to feel,
They'd deeds they must repent on.

They burnt our towns in wanton mood,
And spread their proclamations,
Try'd every project bold and rude
To heighten our vexations;
But vain was all their craft and toils,
For freedom's sons were handy,
To check their power, and teach their wiles,
Sing yankee doodle dandy.

A Washington our country chose,
To lead their bands to freedom,
To turn the torrent on their foes,
The hero dar'd to lead 'em.
At Monmouth and on Princeton's plains
His prowess was commanding,
And fid' with unaccustom'd strains
The human understanding.

Whole British armies pil'd their arms,
Their allies were defeated,
The zeal which now our bosoms warms,
Our fathers' bosoms heated;
They gain'd the prize through toil and blood
And we in peace enjoy it,
Nor will we fight so great a good,
Nor let our toes destroy it.

Our independence they declar'd,
On this auspicious day, fir,
The hissing world the edings heard,
And mark'd the mighty fray, fir.
The deed was done—the prize was won,
Each yankee boy was handy,
To state his rights or use his gun,
Sing yankee doodle dandy.

'Tis independence, catch the strain,
Let every tongue proclaim it,
And shout it o'er and o'er again,
With firmness we'll maintain it;
Nor ever shall its foes prevail,
In these our favour'd stations,
'Till Heaven ordains the Sun to fail,
And darkness 'whelms the nations.

INDEPENDENCE, JULY 4, 1807.

Tune, GENERAL MUSTER.

COME freemen all in chorus join,
Let pleasing numbers flow,
To celebrate a theme divine,
Heav'n's pledge to worlds below:
'Tis independence claims the lay,
True bond of peace and love,
Which on our land, this joyful day,
Descended from above.

Hark! do we hear the full-ton'd voice,
The declaration spread,
Or does he in the skies rejoice,
Who first its tidings read?
A sweet illusion leads the mind,
Back to the scenes that rose,
When the oppressors of mankind,
Declar'd themselves our foes.

Then sons of liberty alarm'd,
Despis'd the tyrant's power,
The fervor every bosom warm'd,
Tho' prospects seem'd to lower;
They rose, they fought, they bled, they beat,
And in the solemn fest,
They made their boldest sea retreat,
And gave our nation rest.

The life they gave, their luns maintain,
On this auspicious morn,
And listen to the pleasing strain,
From infants then unborn:
The sacred sentiment they caught,
From the maternal breast,
And with their age, the cherish'd thought
Secures their country's rest.

Our orators deserve applause,
That just applause we pay,
To them who aids their country's cause,
On this selected day.
* Charles Thompson, First Secretary of Congress.

May their enlarged minds expand,
'Till hoary hairs arise,
And virtue still their themes command,
'Till summon'd to the skies.

THE TRIUMPH OF PRINCIPLE.

A NEW SONG.
REJOICE Republicans rejoice,
Since Freedom's cause prevailing,
Hears dying Faction's hissing voice
In horrid accents wailing.

CHORUS.
A glorious triumph thus attain'd,
Avails each bold intriguer;—
Old Massachusetts has regain'd
Her pristine health and vigor.

Long had this hateful pest essay'd
With slavery's chains to bind us:
Now rous'd, sunk, and fore dismay'd,
We leave the hag behind us.

CHORUS. A glorious, &c.

Columbia's sons, throughout her realm,
In friendship warm greet us;
Now SULLIVAN receives the helm;
And STRONG has his quietus.

CHORUS. A glorious, &c.

Thus through this heav'n protected land
A patriot flame is lighted:
Connecticut alone must stand
In pricetract's wilds benighted.

CHORUS. A glorious, &c.

Ne'er shall the Juno's Hydra-head,
Protections rear'd, affright us:
While JEFFERSON, their greatest dread,
With mildest sway unites us.

CHORUS. A glorious, &c.

ANNIVERSARY

Of the Declaration of Independence of
the United States of America.

By a citizen of the United States.

WHAT shouts in the empire of
LIBERTY rise!

From the ocean, o're mountains & lakes
they rebound,
From St. Croix's frigid regions they swell
through the skies,
'Till the deep Gulph of Mexico echo's
the sound.

'Tis the birth of our nation!—On this
happy day,
The sons of COLUMBIA, with joyful ac-
claim,

First to FREEDOM their tribute of grati-
tude pay,
And next chaunt with rapture her fa-
vorite's name!

Approach, true Republicans!—Join in the
song,
Which seelyly attempts this occasion to
hail:

And let "Patriot bosoms" the chorus pro-
long,
While Jefferson's health soars aloft on
the gale.

We solicit no flowers from the garden of
art,
To deck just applauses in flattery's
drest,

The homage we offer is that of the heart,
Which the organs of speech can but
faintly express.

To our COUNTRY, sincere congratulations be
paid!
May she flourish in peace—or in war
rise sublime?

May her sons never suffer her LAWRELS
to fade,
But render her FREEDOM coeval with
time!

The petition is heard—the benefic circles
round,
New-york to her station of honor re-
turns,

A people unite and the states catch the
sound,
While the taper of freedom most bril-
liantly burns:

'Tis the triumph of Virtue, the joy of man-
kind,
And soon may its force through the sys-
tem extend,

Till Republican union pervading each
mind,
Makes every man view in his fellow his
friend.

1807

All these poems
are copied
from the original