

ODE

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1811.

By ROBERT TREAT PAINE, Esq.

TUNE—"Battle of the Nile."

AROUSE! Arouse! Columbia's Sons, arouse!
And burst through the slumber of faction-dreaming fears;—
Bid Cannons shake the tempests from your brows,
And the clouds shall echo glory on your ears.

When the trumpet of Victory, Independence claiming,
Swell'd o'er your hills, from fields, in battle flaming;
When the freedom of the land,
By your Patriotic Band,
To *this TEMPLE** was consign'd,
'Twas with WASHINGTON enshrin'd,
That the CHARTER, sacred CHARTER, *there*, Immortal should be.

Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!
Heav'n gave to Man the Charter to be free.
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!
COLUMBIA lives, and claims the great decree.

Let patriot pride our patriot triumph wake!
The Jubilee of Freedom *relumes* a Nation's soul!
On land, or main, no right of realm forsake,
Though warrior storms, like ocean tempests, roll.

Spread your banners, let Commerce, Industry directing,
Mantle the waves, by courage Wealth protecting:
And new honors while we pay
To our Country's Natal Day,
Let us build her great renown,
From a soil and sea our own;
For COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, ART—rewarded shall be!
Huzza! Huzza! &c. &c. &c.

Arise! Arise! Columbia's Sons, Arise!
Assert, on the ocean, your Ocean's sov'reign law;—
No hostile flag shall hover in your skies;
No pirate keep your mariners in awe.

Be the rights of your shores by *Cannon Law* expounded,—
And your waters shall be safe, where *hook and line* are sounded.
On the shoals of Newfoundland,
Let your tars and boats command,
For a *mine of wealth* you keep
In the *Bank* beneath the deep,
Whose Charter, lawful Charter, is *renew'd* by every sea.
Huzza! Huzza! &c. &c. &c.

If equal justice neutral laws proclaim,
No pow'r will presumptuous your sov'reignty disgrace;
Among your Stars inscribe a *Nation's* name,
Your flag will guard your freedom and your race.

Base Submission—inviting Indignity and Plunder—
Like a worm, kills an Oak, which should have brav'd the thunder.
Though beneath the rifling ball,
Should the mountain monarch fall,
Still in majesty he reigns,
And though *prostrate* rules the plains;
And scions, blooming scions, spring to renovate the tree.
Huzza! Huzza! &c. &c. &c.

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* The temple of the United States, represented in the principal embellishment of Faneuil Hall.