



O D E

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1803.

~~BY WALTER TOWNSEND.~~

(Set to Music by DR. JACKSON.)

ONCE more has the morn op'd the portals of light,
Dispel'd the dark shades of the sable-clad night,
And brought the illustrious day,
'That marks the great epoch, when LIBERTY'S sun
Arose on our realms, when *Oppression* was done;
And FREEDOM, victorious, her empire begun,
And *Tyranny's* power fled away.

Then let us exult! let each heart beat with joy
 Bid Care smooth his brow! nor let sadness annoy!
 For Heaven its blessings still pours!
 As from the mild south* rolls the monarch of day,
 When tempests and darkness have long held the sway,
 Creation revives, and all nature looks gay;
 So FREEDOM rejoices our shores.

Behold! what a prospect salutes the charn'd eye,
 When, from some high summit, around we descry
 The hills, and the vallies, and plains!
 There *Ceres*, far spreading, her bounties displays;
Pomona here blushes, high on the bent sprays;
 While, o'er the rich pastures, the flocks and herds graze;
 And *Plenty* with *Happiness* reigns.

Extend but the view, and the spires heave in air;
 And cities rise graceful, where grow'd the rude bear,
 And forests spread frightfully round:
 While, o'er the wide ocean, the white swelling sails
 Our *Commerce* bear stately, where e'er the fleet gales
 Refresh the scorch'd line, or, where winter prevails,
 With death, in bleak tempests, abound.

Religion, bright seraph immortal, here reigns;
 And fell *Superstition* recedes, with his chains,
 To regions envelop'd in shade:
 Where *Science*, which here its full splendor displays,
 Scarce gleams through the darkness with eventide rays;
 Where millions, in *bondage*, still grope for their ways,
 And *Tyranny's* sceptre is sway'd.

* Alluding to the advancement of the sun to the meridian, or the setting of evening.

Here *Learning* and *Arts* raise their vot'ries to fame;
 And *Genius* and *Beauty* their eulogy claim,
 Of merit intrinsic possess:

Where *Knowledge* adorns whom the *Graces* have crown'd;
 And *prudence* and *virtue*, with *sweetness* are found,
 To rear the young offspring that prattle around,
 And render the *marriage state* blest.

These, these are the blessings from *FREEDOM* that spring!
 That make the land smile, and the laborers sing,
 Whom no haughty lordling enslaves!

For these we brav'd death when *war* frown'd o'er our head;
 Our fields swam in blood, with pale corpses o'erspread;
 And widows and orphans, depriv'd of their bread,
 In sorrow sunk into their graves.

But now the loud trumpet no more calls to arms;
 No longer the thunder of battle alarms,
 Nor carnage en crimson the plain;
 Let not *Civil Discord* our nation embroil,
 And tarnish the glory we gain'd by our toil;
 But *Prudence*, with firmness, the efforts still foil
 Of *Faction*, to vex our domain.

May *Wisdom* and *Justice* still strengthen our cause;
 Preside in our councils, and dictate our laws;
 And *Union* with *Knowledge* increase:
 May *Virtue* reign victor till *Vice* have an end;
Religion, triumphant, her precepts defend;
 And *Peace*, o'er our realms, her white banners extend,
 Till wars through the universe cease.

STANZAS.

BY Mrs. JACKSON.

(Set to Music by Dr. JACKSON.)

WHEN generous FREEDOM leaves her downy bed,
And haughty Tyranny shall droop its head ;
Then more than *happiness*, with wide domain,
Extends to every maid and village swain ;

CHORUS.

*While guardian angels (soaring in the air)
Fair FREEDOM'S banners, high uplifted bear !*

The lovely cherub *Contemplation* bring :
Let *Harmony* soft Hymeneals sing
Of gentle *Love*, and his fantastic toys,
Of *health*, *domestic peace*, and all their joys :
While guardian, &c.

Their trumpets, sounding fame, in concert hear,
OF WASHINGTON!—Great WASHINGTON revere :
Him *first*, him *best*, your grateful hours employ !
The *great*, the *good*, and *source* of all your joy !
While guardian, &c.


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