Title:	Boston patriotic song [Adams and liberty]
Name(s):	[Paine Jr., Robert Treat]
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Note(s):	Lyrics only -- tune called for is "To Anacreon in Heaven." Printed in "A collection of songs" (Charles Dibdin, compiler?), pages 326-328.
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ADAMS *the man of our choice*, guides the helm,
No tempeſt can harm us, no ſtorm overwhelm :
Our ſheet anchor's ſure
And our bark rides ſecure,
So here's to the toaſt
We Columbians boaſt,
The *Federal Conſtitution*, and the *Preſident* forever.

A free Navigation, Commerce and Trade,
We'll ſeek for no foe, of no foe be afraid ;
Our frigates ſhall ride
Our defence and our pride;
Our Tars guard our coaſt
And huzza to our toaſt
The' *Federal Conſtitution*, *Trade* and *Commerce*, forever.

Montgomery, Warren, ſtill live in our ſongs,
Like them our *young heroes* ſhall ſpurn at our wrongs,
The world ſhall admire
The zeal and the fire
Which blaze in the toaſt
We Columbians boaſt,
The *Federal Conſtitution*, and its *advocates* forever.

When an enemy threats all party ſhall ceaſe,
We *bribe* no intruders to buy a mean peace,
Columbians will ſcorn,
Friends or foes to ſuborn ;
We'll ne'er ſtain the toaſt
Which as freemen we boaſt—
The *Federal Conſtitution*, and *Integrity* forever.

Fame's trumpet ſhall ſwell in WASHINGTON's praiſe,
And *Time* grant a furlough to lengthen his days ;
May health weave the thread
Of delight round his head—
No nation can boaſt
Such a name—ſuch a toaſt—
The *Federal Conſtitution* boys, and WASHINGTON forever.

BOSTON PATRIOTIC SONG.

Tune, Anacreon in Heaven.

YE ſons of Columbia who bravely have fought
For thoſe rights, which unſtain'd from your ſires had deſcended

May you long taſte the bleſſings your valour has bought,
And your ſons reap the ſoil which your fathers defended,
Mid the reign of mild peace, may your nation increaſe,
With the glory of Rome, and the wiſdom of Greece;
And ne'er may the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the ſea rolls in waves.

In a clime whoſe rich vales feed the Marts of the world,
Whoſe ſhores are unſhaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of commerce ſhould never be hurl'd
To incenſe the legitimate powers of the Ocean,
But ſhould Pirates invade,
Though in thunders array'd,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade—
For ne'er ſhall the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves, &c.

The fame of our arms, of our Laws the mild ſway,
Had juſtly ennobled our Nation in ſtory,
Till the dark clouds of faction obſcured our young day,
And envelop'd the Sun of American glory.
But let traitors be told
Who their country have ſold,
And barter'd the God, for his Image in Gold—
That ne'er will the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves, &c.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And ſociety's baſe, threats with wide diſſolution,
May Peace, like the Dove, who return'd from the flood,
Find an ark of abode in our mild Conſtitution,
But though Peace is our aim,
Yet the Boon we diſclaim,
If bought by our ſov'reignty, juſtice or fame:
For ne'er ſhall the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves, &c.

Tis the fire of the flint, each American warms;
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of colliſion!
Let them bring all the vaſſals of Europe in arms,
We're a world by ourſelves, and diſdain a diviſion!
While with Patriot pride,
To our Laws we're allied,
No foe can ſubdue us—no faction divide.
For ne'er ſhall the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves, &c.

Our Mountains are crown'd with Imperial Oak,
Whoſe roots like our Liberties, ages have nouriſh'd,
But long e're our nation ſubmits to the Yoke,
Not a tree ſhall be left on the field where it flouriſh'd,

Should Invaſion impend,
Every grove would deſcend,
From the Hill tops they ſhaded, our ſhores to defend.
For ne'er ſhall the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves, &c.

Let our Patriots deſtroy Anarch's peſtilent worm,
Leſt our Liberty's growth ſhou'd be check'd by corroſion;
Then let clouds thicken round us, we heed not the ſtorm;
Our realms feel no ſhock, but the earth's own exploſion.
Foes aſſail us in vain
Though their fleets bridge the main,
For our Altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain,
And ne'er ſhall the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves, &c.

Should the tempeſt of war overſhadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend freedom's temple aſunder,
For, unmov'd at its portal, would Waſhington ſtand,
And repulſe, with his breaſt, the aſſaults of the thunder!
His ſword from the ſleep
Of its ſcabbard wou'd leap,
And conduct with its point, every flaſh to the deep.
For ne'er ſhall the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves, &c.

Let Fame to the world ſound America's voice;
No intrigue can her ſons from their government ſever;
Her pride is her Adams—his Laws are her choice,
And ſhall flouriſh till liberty ſlumber forever.
Then unite, heart and hand
Like Leonidas' band,
And ſwear to the God of the Ocean and Land,
That ne'er ſhall the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the ſea rolls in waves.

SONG.

OUR country is our ſhip, d'y'ſee,
A gallant veſſel too;
And of his fortune proud is he,
Who's of Columbia's crew,
Each man whate'er his ſtation be,
When duty ſtern commands,
Should take his ſtand,
And lend a hand,
As the common cauſe demands.

Boston patriotic song [Adams and liberty]/[Paine Jr., Robert Treat]

OUR COUNTRY'S EFFICIENCY!

Tune—" To Anacreon in Heaven, &c."

YE ſons of Columbia, determin'd to keep
Thoſe choice Bleſſings and Rights, that for years have deſcended,
From the battles and blood of your ſires—who now ſleep,
And who gain'd by the ſword, what with life they defended:
Swear, and ſhout in the ſong,
In a ſtrain loud and long,
Until heaven like, earth, ſhall its echo prolong—
That ne'er ſhall Columbia be robb'd of a Right
While the ſun rules the day, or the moon rules the night!
Since the period, paſt, when our ſires won the Prize
Which fair Freedom and Juſtice decreed as their portion;
Lo! their plant, grown a tree, tow'rs o'er earth to the ſkies!
And commands from the world, admiration, devotion;
It's once young tender rind,
Felt the blaſt of each wind;
Now its roots firm are fix'd—nor heeds torrents combined!
And ne'er, &c.

The mild ſway of our laws, like the fame of our arms,
Has ariſen ſuperior to hate and detraction:
Here, Virtue and Reaſon need feel no alarms,
From the threats of French gas, nor the pow'r of French faction:
We're a World ſeparate,
A kingdom each ſtate—
And in numbers, and means, are invincibly great.
And ne'er, &c.

France ſays we're Divided! and views us her prey!—
But to ſhew her our ſcorn, and convince her of error,
'Tis the pure fire of heaven now lends us its ray,
Light up Truth in her glory, and Vice ſtrikes with terror;
She ſhall ſee, feel, and fear,
That the moment is near,
When our country will live, herſelf ſink, diſappear!
That ne'er, &c.

The great chief of Columbia, JOHN ADAMS, ſhall be,
Supported by All who deteſt broil and faction:

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And the world will admire, as our Union they ſee—
Feeling all with one ſoul—and impelled by one action :
E'er determined to fight
To maintain ev'ry right,
And Columbia guard ſafe from all Europe's deſpite !
No ! ne'er &c.

Shall the proud Cock of Gallia e'er crow among our hens ?
Shall he tread on our ſoil, to impregnate pollution ?
We will ſoon wring his neck if he's ſeen thro' the lens—
And thus rid all mankind of a baneful deluſion ;
Tho' extinction we hate,
Yet to ſoften his fate,
Shall his own guillotine his curs'd ſpirit tranſlate !
And ne'er, &c.

And has not great WASHINGTON, offer'd again,
To lead, and to march, in ſupport of our nation !
Then, Americans, rouſe ! to the field and the main,
And there cruſh ev'ry wretch that oppoſes your ſtation :
Let your cannon and ſword,
All protection afford—
Shew your firmneſs, your courage—ſo fam'd ſo ador'd.
Swear ne'er, &c.

Woods and rocks, round our ſhores, ſhould occaſion e'er be,
Would by, inſtinct, at once form a navy and a barrier :
And the fowls of the air, and the fiſh of the ſea,
Would repel ev'ry Talleyrand, Marat, and Carrier :
Not a beaſt of the field,
Nor an inſect would yield,
'Till their life on the ſhrine of their country they ſeal'd !
No ne'er, &c.

Old Neptune, enrag'd, from the ocean would riſe,
And o'erwhelm ev'ry foe that ſhould dare an invaſion ;
And Jove would his thunder-bolts hurl from the ſkies—
And Olympus would arm in defence of our nation !
From the grave would aſcend
Ev'ry patriot friend,
Who Columbia's liberties died to defend !
No ne'er, &c.

Bellona o'er Europe may drive her fierce car,
And with anarch keep up a blood-thirſty commotion ;
Tho' the horrors of carnage, and mis'ries of war,
May keep foreign climes to the death-ſtriking motion ;

Our Columbia, in peace,
Will be gath'ring the fleece:
And, in war, ſhall her wealth, ſtrength and power increaſe!
And ne'er, &c.

Intrigue and Sedition ſhall ne'er cut the band
That encircles our Government, Laws, Faith and Union!
We'll ſupport ev'ry Claim on the ocean and land,
And with Wiſdom and Juſtice e'er be in commotion!
Then let this be our cry—
That "Divided we die:
"And, United we fear not a foe 'neath the ſky!"
And ne'er ſhall Columbia be robb'd of a right,
While the ſun rules the day, or the moon rules the night!