

Title:	Boston patriotic song [Adams and liberty]
Name(s):	[Paine Jr., Robert Treat]
Resource Type:	text
Note(s):	Lyrics only -- tune called for is "To Anacreon in Heaven." Printed in "A collection of songs" (Charles Dibdin, compiler?), pages 326-328.
Subject(s):	Boston (Mass.)--Poetry
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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 for'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,

NEW PATRIOTIC SONGS.

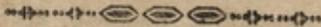
317

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.*



S O N G.

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.

D d 2



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
defended,

From the battles and blood of your fires—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 fires 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;
Its 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:

NEW PATRIOTIC SONGS.

327

And the world will admire, as our Union they see—
Feeling all with one soul—and impelled by one action :

E'er determin'd 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 anarchy keep up a blood-thirsty commotion ;
Tho' the horrors of carnage, and miseries of war,
May keep foreign climes to the death-striking motion ;

328

NEW PATRIOTIC SONGS.

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!*

March 2^d 1821 pd W. W. W. W.
228