



COMPLETE LYRICS

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Disc One

Track 1 The Anacreontic Song (1775/76)

1. To ANACREON in Heav'n, where he sat in full Glee,
A few Sons of Harmony sent a Petition,
That He their Inspirer and Patron would be;
When this Answer arriv'd from the JOLLY OLD GRECIAN
 "Voice, Fiddle, and Flute,
 "No longer be mute,
"I'll lend you my Name and inspire you to boot,
"And, besides, I'll instruct you like me, to intertwine
"The Myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS'S Vine.
2. The news through OLYMPUS immediately flew;
When OLD THUNDER pretended to give himself Airs,
"If these Mortals are suffer'd their Scheme to pursue,
"The Devil a Goddess will stay above Stairs.
 "Hark! already they cry,
 "In Transports of Joy,
"Away to the Sons of ANACREON we'll fly,
"And there, with good Fellows, we'll learn to intertwine
"The Myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS'S Vine.
3. "The YELLOW-HAIR'D GOD and his nine fusty Maids,
"From HELICON'S Banks will incontinent flee,
"IDALIA will boast but of tenantless Shades,
"And the bi-forked Hill a mere Desart will be
 "My Thunder, no fear on't,
 "Shall soon do its Errand,
"And, dam'me! I'll swinge the Ringleaders, I warrant,
"I'll trim the young Dogs, for thus daring to twine
"The Myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS'S Vine.
4. APOLLO rose up; and said, "Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,
"Good King of the Gods, with my Vot'ries below:
"Your Thunder is useless— then, shewing his Laurel,
Cry'd, "*Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know!
 "Then over each Head
 "My Laurels I'll spread
"So my Sons from your Crackers no Mischief shall dread,
"Whilst snug in their Club-Room, they jovially twine
"The Myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS'S Vine.
5. Next MOMUS got up, with his risible Phiz,
And swore with APOLLO he'd cheerfully join,

“The full Tide of Harmony still shall be his,
“But the Song, and the Catch, & the Laugh shall be mine
“Then, JOVE, be not jealous
“Of these honest Fellows,
Cry’d JOVE, “We relent, since the Truth you now tell us;
“And swear, by OLD STYX, that they long shall intwine
“The Myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS’S Vine.

6. Ye Sons of ANACREON, then, join Hand in Hand;
Preserve Unanimity, Friendship, and Love!
'Tis your's to support what's so happily plann'd;
You've the Sanction of Gods, and the FIAT of JOVE.
While thus we agree,
Our Toast let it be:
May our Club flourish happy, united, and free!
And long may the Sons of ANACREON intwine
The Myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS’S Vine.

Track 2 The Anacreontic Song (three part, 1799)

Track 3 The New Bibo (1789)

1. WHEN Bibo went down to the regions below,
Where Lethe and Styx 'round eternity flow,
He awoke, and he bellow'd and would be row'd back,
For his foul it was thirsty and wanted some sack.
You are drunk, Charon cried, you was drunk when you died,
So you felt not the pain that to death is allied.
Take me back, roar'd out Bibo, I mind not the pain,
For if I was drunk let me die once again.
2. Forget, replied Charon, those regions of strife,
Drink of Lethe divine! 'tis the fountain of life,
Where the soul is new born, and all past is a dream,
And the gods themselves sip of the care-drowning stream.
Let the gods, he cried, still drink water, that will
The maxim of mortals I'll always fulfill;
Prate, prate not to me of your Lethe divine,
Our Lethe on earth was a bumper of wine.
3. At length grim old Cerb'rus began a loud roar,
And the crazy old bark struck the stygian shore;
When Bibo arose and he stagger'd to land,
But he jostl'd the ghosts as they stood on the strand,
Cried Charon, I tell 'tis in vain to rebel,
For you're banish'd from earth, and you are now in hell.
'Tis a truth, replied Bibo, I know by this sign,

'Twas a hell upon earth to be wanting of wine.

Track 4 Jack Oakum in the Suds (n.d.)

1. Ye lovers of grog now attend to my lay,
For strange is the news which to you I'll unfold,
Tis of an old seaman who dy'd t'other day,
Who'd long fought for England, with Rodney the bold;
Tis said, he did cry, if by fighting I die,
For preferment in shades I'll immediately try,
But in drinking success to his country so dear,
Poor Jack by chance ended his earthly career.

2. Jack Oakum being come to the regions below,
Spy'd Old Charon advancing to ferry him o'er,
He cry'd, bear a hand mate, now with you I'll go.
Save Charon, you ought to have been here before:
For I would be bound, were those regions search'd round,
That none near so wicked as you would be found,
The tar in a passion reply'd, you old dog,
I should not have come yet but I drank too much grog.

3. Old Charon look'd sternly, and thus he reply'd,
You must now be more civil since you are come here,
I judg'd at first sight you were drunk when you dy'd,
But you'll drink no more grog now you soul for to cheer,
And now, d'ye see, you must pay me my fee,
Or else you shall ne'er be row'd over by me;
Jack jump't into the boat, and cry'd dam'me I'll go,
So the sculls took from Charon, and over did row.

4. The news to great Pluto directly was told,
Who, seiz'd with confusion at what he had heard, said,
This true British hero will ne'er be controul'd,
He'll contend for some privilege tho' he is dead;
Then since he's of worth, let him take Charon's berth,
His employment will be the same then as on earth,
And for more satisfaction, go tell the young dog,
That his fare shall be changed from silver to grog.

Track 5 An Anacreontic Song (ca. 1790)

1. On the top of a rock quite remote from the tide,
A few jolly mortals were peaceably seated;
With the juice from the vine, all the roughness of pride
Was mellowed—and care from their mansions retreated:

With friendship divine
Gay pleasures entwine
While Bacchus still lent them his tankards of wine;
And thus cries the rosy God, "tis from the bowl
"Flow the joy of the heart and the peace of the soul."

2. Apollo enraged that these mortals should bow
To Bacchus alone, and neglect his high station,
Contrived with old Neptune, and both made a vow
To dry up their fountains and spoil their potations
 No dew drop nor rain
 Shall moisten the plain
Their springs shall sink down and run back to the main;
Let Bacchus his vintage give up, they will know
From the mixture of water and wine, pleasures flow.
3. Thus deprived of the bev'rage that mellows the grape,
A council was called at which Bacchus presided,
Who swore he'd have water in some other shape;
His subjects by Neptune should not be divided.
 Down, down let us bore
 Thro' rock and thro' ore
'Till with chisel we knock at the water God's door
We'll drain out his fountain, his coral cave dry,
His green wreath of sea-weed shall wither and die.

Track 7 For the Commemoration of the Glorious Fourteenth of July (1793)

1. The genius of France from his star begem'd throne,
O'er his valorous sons bent his fostering eye,
Under war's sanguine power not long shall ye groan,
Fair freedom he cries smiling shoots from the sky.
Your cause on the records of Heaven is plac'd;
Despots and crowns shall from Earth be erac'd,
While the Sun more refulgent shall dart his bright ray,
To cheer and illumine this glorious day.
2. With bastiles my lov'd land shall no more be disgrac'd,
Her white banners around ye, humanity waves;
No more shall the image of God be defac'd
Or dark cells be contriv'd by cruelty's slaves:
The deep groan of anguish is now heard no more;
Your whips and your tortures ye tyrants are o'er,
And soon shall the world in unison say,
Forever be bless'd this glorious day.

3. The bright star of liberty arose in the North,*
 O'er the Atlantic's rough wave her splendors she shed;
 For justice and virtue soon hurried her forth,
 O'er thy realms my lov'd Gallia her influence spread,
 And oh may her power your spirits inspire!
 And still may you glow with her sacred fire;
 While each son of Freedom exulting shall say,
 Forever be bless'd this glorious day.

4. Let the valor of Washington live in each heart,
 And those chiefs who for liberty drain'd ev'ry vein,
 While honor'd, their spirits flown above are at rest,
 Their memory unfading forever shall reign;
 Like their's be your fame undaunted and free,
 Firmly rooted the basis of freedom shall be;
 Her favors around ye brightly shall play,
 Adding new glory to this happy day.

5. Thy cause, struggling France, is the cause of the world;
 His tyranny over millions shall one man extend!
 From their thrones be these ministers by liberty hurl'd,
 And each man to each prove protector and friend.
 The era arrives, already 'tis near,
 When this sound alone shall be brought to the ear:
 May freedom and friendship emit a joint ray,
 To gild and adorn this glorious day.

*North-America.

Track 8 To Genêt in New York (Dec. 1793)

1. TO GENET in *New-York*, where he reigns in full glee,
 Some *Anti's* have lately prefer'd their petition,
 That he their *Inspirer* and *Champion* would be;
 When this answer arriv'd from this Chief of Sedition.
 Of JAY, WILCOCKS, and KING,
 Let us make the world ring,
 I'll lend you my PASCAL, (so fit for the string.)
 And besides I'll instruct you how you may convey,
 All COLUMBIA's *Glory* and *Freedom* away.

2. The news through Columbia immediately flew,
 PACIFICUS rose, and thus vented his cares:
 "If these traitors are suffer'd their schemes to pursue,
 "Like *France* we shall soon be a nation of bears:

“Hark! already they cry,
“In transports of joy,
“Away to GENET let us instantly fly—
“And this Chief will assist us, that we may convey,
“All COLUMBIA’s *Glory* and *Freedom* away.

3. “Wealth, Commerce and Peace, which each passing gale courts,
“From *America* then, will instantly go,
“Our shores then will boast of but tenantless ports,
“And cities all streaming with bloodshed will flow.
“But Congress, no fear on’t,
“Will soon do their errand,
“And smartly will swing the proud Envoy, I warrant,
“And lash those assassins, who’d wish to convey
“All COLUMBIA’s *Glory* and *Freedom* away.

4. Then Freedom rose up, with her cap and her spear,
“And swore, by *Columbia* she ever would stand,
“That her sons should receive not a insult nor sneer,
“While her laws should drive Anarchy out of the land:
“Then while transports resound,
“And Discord’s fast bound,
“And American brows are with laurels hung round,
“We, free and united, our laws will obey—
“And drive from COLUMBIA, the *Faction* away.”

5. “No, (Justice cry’d out) no, your plan you must alter,
“Nor sully your hands with these reptiles so low,
“Leave *Antis* to me, (then producing a halter)
“Cry’d, *sic evitabile reptis*, you know;
“Then make use of the string,
“For these *Antis*’ shall swing,¹
“So must all, who disgrace on their country wou’d bring,
“And when they’re dispatch’d you triumphant may say,
“*Peace, Liberty, Laws* and *Good Order*,—huzza?”

6. Ye Columbians so faithful then join heart and hand,
Be steadfast, nor fear the dark Jacobin’s rod;
’Tis yours to preserve what your Fathers have plan’d,
You’ve the sanction of Freedom, and fiat of GOD.
While thus we agree,
Our toast let it be,
May our country be happy, united and free.—
And long may the sons of Columbia defend—

¹ i.e., the traitors must hang

Her Rulers and Laws, 'till with time they shall end.

Track 9 Hail Columbia (1798)

1. Hail Columbia, happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, (2x)
And when the storm of war was gone
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS

Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

2. Immortal patriots, rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your shore!
Let no rude foe, with impious hand, (2x)
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize,
While off'ring peace, sincere and just,
In Heaven's we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail. (Chorus)
3. Once more to serve his country stands.
The rock on which the storm will break, (2x)
But armed in virtue, firm, and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heav'n and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty. (Chorus)
4. Sound, sound the trump of fame,
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause, (2x)
Let ev'ry clime to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear,
With equal skill, with God-like pow'r
He governs in the fearful hour

Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace. (Chorus)

Track 10 Song [for George Washington's Birthday] (Feb. 1798)

1. When rising from ocean Columbia appear'd,
Minerva to Jove, humbly kneeling, requested
That she, as its patroness, might be rever'd,
And the pow'r to protect it, in her be invested.
Jove nodded assent, pleasure glow'd in her breast,
As rising, the goddess: her will thus exprest
"The sons of Columbia forever shall be
"From oppression secure, and from anarchy free."
2. Rapture flash'd through the spheres as the mandate went forth,
When Mars and Apollo, together uniting,
Cried, Sister, thy sons shall be fam'd for their worth,
Their wisdom in peace, and their valour in fighting;
Besides, from among them a chief shall arise,
As a soldier, or statesman, undaunted and wise;
Who would shed his best blood, that Columbia might be,
From oppression secure, and from anarchy free.
3. Jove, pleas'd with the prospect, majestic arose,
And said, "By ourself, they shall not be neglected;
"But ever secure, tho' surrounded by foes,
"By WASHINGTON bravely upheld and protected.
"And while Peace and Plenty preside o'er their plains,
"While mem'ry exists, or while gratitude reigns,
"His name ever lov'd, and remember'd shall be,
"While Columbians remain Independent and Free."

Track 11 Adams and Liberty (1798)

1. YE sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought,
For those rights, which unstained from your Sires had descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valour has brought,
And your sons reap the soil which their fathers defended.
 'Mid the regin of mild Peace,
 May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece;
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.
2. 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 hurled,
To incense the legitimate powers of the ocean.
 But should pirates invade,
 Though in thunder arrayed,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

3. 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 enveloped the sun of American glory.
 But let traitors be told,
 Who their country have sold,
And bartered their God for his image in gold,
That ne'er will the sons, &c.
4. While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And Society's base threats with wide dissolution;
May Peace like the dove, who returned 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, &c.
5. '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, &c.
6. Our mountains are crowned with imperial oak;
Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourished;
But lone e'er our nation submits to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourished.
 Should invasion impend,
 Every grove would descend,
From the hill-tops, they shaded, our shores to defend.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.
7. Let our patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm;
Lest our Liberty's growth should be checked by corrosion;
Then let clouds thicken round us; we heed not the storm;

Our realm fears 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.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

8. Should the Tempest of War overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved, at its portal, would Washington stand,
And repulse, with his Breast, the assaults of the thunder!
His sword, from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with its point, ev'ry flash to the deep!
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.
9. Let Fame to the world sound America's voice;
No intrigues can her sons from their government sever;
Her pride is her Adams; Her laws are his choice,
And shall flourish, till Liberty slumbers for ever.
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 its waves.

Track 13 The Social Club (1792, 1805 in USA)

1. On azure-wove couches as the gods lay reclin'd,
The fate of poor mortals their pity excited:
Where follies and vices unite in each mind,
By trifles distress'd—and with baubles delighted;
To see wretched man,
In life's narrow span,
Contrive to torment himself—all that he can;
While none will endeavour at once to unite
The study of wisdom with social delight.
2. Then *Mercurius* addresse'd thus the synod around;
“A few chosen spirits attracted my eyes,
As lately I travell'd o'er earth's spacious bound,
Who, fashion despising, had dar'd to be wise:”
Father *Jove* then look'd down
From his crystalline throne,
Which with star-spangled lustre celestially shone,
To see those select, who resolv'd to unite
The study of wisdom with social delight.

3. Well pleas'd with the prospect thus spake mighty *Jove*—
 “View you little band! link'd by friendship's strong chain,
 “Such merit assistance requires from above,
 “Celestials!—your gifts they deserve to obtain;
 “Let each god bestow,
 “On these mortals below,
 “The virtues most suitable for them to know,
 “That, improving in knowledge, they at length may unite
 “The study of wisdom with social delight.”
4. “My wisdom divine shall their meetings inspire,”
 Said *Minerva*, the goddess with blue beaming eyes.
 “And I,” said *Apollo*, “will tune my own lyre,
 “To soften their souls—the true way to grow wise:
 “With sweet poetry,
 “United shall be
 “The ravishing notes of divine harmony:
 “Their minds in sweet unison thus shall unite
 “The study of wisdom with social delight.”
5. Says the bright son of *Maia*, “Be eloquence mine,
 “By me soft persuasion shall flow from each tongue;
 “And *Bacchus* will lend us a glass of good wine.”
 “And I,” replied *Momus*, “the jest and the song.”
 Thus wine, wit, and sense,
 And sweet eloquence,
 And music and song all their charms shall dispense,
 A wreath to entwine where at once will unite
 The study of wisdom with social delight.
6. “Be it so,” said the thundering king of the sky,
 (Whilst the cloud-cap'd *Olympus* shudder'd with fear;)
 “And when fate cuts the thread of their life when they die,
 “Son *Mercury*! you shall conduct the lads here.
 “So each earthly guest,
 “At our ambrosial feast,
 Immortal shall grow, when our nectar they taste;
 [a] That, made perfect in virtue they with us may unite
 The practice of virtue with social delight.”
 [b] *When made perfect in virtue, may we all thus unite
 The practice of virtue with social delight.*

Track 14 When the Warrior Returns (Dec. 1805)

1. WHEN the Warrior returns from the battle afar

To the home and the country he nobly defended,
O! warm be the welcome to gladden his ear,
And loud be the joy that his perils are ended!
In the full tide of song, let his fame roll along
To the feast-flowing board let us gratefully throng,
Where, mixed with the olive, the laurel shall wave,
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

2. COLUMBIANS! a band of your brothers behold!
Who claim the reward of your hearts' warm emotion;
When your cause, when your honor, urged onward the bold,
In vain frowned the desert, in vain raged the ocean:
To a far distant shore, to the battle's wild roar,
They rushed, your fair fame and your rights to secure,
Then, mixed with the olive, the laurel shall wave,
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.
3. In the conflict resistless, each toil they endured,
'Till their foes fled dismayed from the war's desolation:
And pale beamed the Crescent, its splendor obscured
By the light of the Star-Spangled flag of our nation.
Where each radiant star gleamed a meteor of war,
And the turbaned heads bowed to its terrible glare,
Now, mixed with the olive, the laurel shall wave,
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.
4. Our fathers, who stand on the summit of fame,
Shall exultingly hear, of their sons, the proud story,
How their young bosoms glow'd with the patriot flame,
How they fought, how they fell, in the blaze of their glory.
How triumphant they rode o'er the wondering flood,
And stained the blue waters with infidel blood;
How, mixed with the olive, the laurel did wave,
And formed a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.
5. Then welcome the warrior returned from afar
To the home and the country he so nobly defended;
Let the thanks due to valor now gladden his ear,
And loud be the joy that his perils are ended.
In the full tide of song, let his fame roll along,
To the feast-flowing board let us gratefully throng,
Where, mixed with the olive, the laurel shall wave,
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

1. COLUMBIANS arise! let the cannon resound!
 Let that day be marked with joy's noblest expression,
 When Liberty's Sons did her Standard surround,
 Determined their Rights to secure from oppression:
 Their Freedom to shield,
 They remained on the field,
 Till their foes were compelled to their valor to yield.
 Then let us, assembled, with one voice proclaim,
 We ne'er will dishonor our Ancestors' Name.

2. Should our Empire extend from the Line to the Pole,
 On the East and the West, know no bounds but the Ocean,
 May one bond of Union encircle the whole,
 May we ne'er be distracted by civil commotion:
 While in one cause we join,
 Though all Europe combine,
 Our glory will ever triumphantly shine.
 Then let us, assembled, &c.

3. Through Party the flood-gates of Anarchy ope,
 And with torrents of passion threaten wide desolation;
 May our free Constitution, the Ark of our hope,
 An Ararat find in the sense of the Nation:
 Let our Enemies Learn,
 Their devices we spurn,
 With a heart to maintain we've the mind to discern.
 Then let us, assembled, &c.

4. Down the swift stream of time, as our Fathers descend,
 To their Sons they resign the glorious commission,
 The Rights of their country, and her Laws to defend,
 From foreign invasion, and factions division:
 While united we stand,
 In defence of our Land,
 No foe but will dread to encounter our hand.
 Then let us, assembled, &c.

Track 16 When Death's Gloomy Angel Was Bending His Bow (1813)

1. When Death's gloomy angel was bending his bow,
 And the sacred recess of Mount Vernon invaded,
 Thy Genius, Columbia! afflicted with woe,
 In words of despair thus wildly upbraided:
 O Tyrant forbear!
 The Patriot spare!
 A nation unanimous urges the pray'r.

For once then in mercy that Here resign;
I feel his existence united with mine.

2. With a smile he replied, What shall Washington claim
Exemption from fate, now denied to creation?
Shall his life be immortal and stand like his fame?
The world is unworthy so proud a donation.
Earth cannot requite,
A glory so bright:
He seeks from his nature the mansions of light.
Then cease, lovely mourner, to grieve that he flies
A worth so transcendent belongs to the skies.
3. Then swift flew the shaft and the patriot fell,
The genius astonished beheld the translation,
For full on her eyes, O how wondrous to tell.
Burst forth in a moment a bright constellation.
In the midst, how serene.
An Angel was seen,
She gazed, and recognized her Washington's mien
His eye the mild beams of compassion expressed.
While thus the fair mourner the Hero addressed:
4. Lament not for me, dry the tears from thy cheek
For I had with years and with honour grown hoary,
Be silent and treasure the words which I speak
Before I ascend to the mansions of glory.
When Faction's rude hand,
Shall rule o'er thy land,
A guardian Angel, shall Washington stand;
His eye shall watch o'er thee when dangers impend,
His councils shall guide thee, his buckler defend.
5. Should Albion molest in the pride of her sway,
And once more forsake law and justice for plunder
My spirit shall light on thy Heroes that day,
Whose hands shall triumphantly brandish thy thunder
Henceforth on the Sea,
Thy fates shall decree,
Hail, Jones, and Decatur shall represent me
On them in full lustre my glory shall shine
And Bainbridge shall mingle his triumphs with mine.
6. Be undaunted and firm, and confide in my arm,
Revere thine own self and all nations shall fear thee
And should tyrants abroad, or domestick alarm,

Then trust that your Guardian Angel is near thee
Now to regions of light
I hasten my flight,
My lasts word are Liberty, Justice, and Right,
He said, and while speaking, from earth he withdrew,
And hid in his cloudy pavilion from view.

Tracks 17, 18, 21, 35, & 37 The Star-Spangled Banner (1814)

1. O! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the Rockets' red glare, the Bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our Flag was still there;
O! say, does that star-spangled Banner yet wave,
O'er the Land of the free, and the home of the brave?
2. On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected new shines in the stream,
'Tis the star spangled banner, O! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave
3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country, shall leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps pollution
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave.
4. O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heav'n rescued land,
Praise the Power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our Trust;"
And the star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave

Disc Two

Track 19/2 The Battle of Baltimore [Yankee Doodle] (1814)

1. Come, all ye Brave Americans
And join the Song of glory;
All ye that fought so brave, of late,
And drove them on before ye.
Yankee Doodle, beat the drum;
Yankee Doodle dandy;
And if, by day or night they come,
They'll always find us handy.

2. When Ross made his approach on land,
And Cockburn, on the water,
They thought we'd play into their hand,
Without attempt at slaughter.
Yankee Doodle, beat the drum;
Yankee Doodle dandy;
And if, by day or night they come,
They'll always find us handy.

3. When Cockburn pass'd the Fort below,
And Ross had pass'd the Point, sir,
He gave three Cheers, to let Ross know
That he was not behind, sir
Yankee Doodle, beat the drum;
Yankee Doodle dandy;
And if, by day or night they come,
They'll always find us handy.

4. Brave Cockburn thought he was in Town
Therefore he gave three Cheers, sir;
But, ere five minutes went around,
He downwards had to steer, sir
Yankee Doodle, beat the drum;
Yankee Doodle dandy;
And if, by day or night they come,
They'll always find us handy.

5. Now, Cockburn, if you come again,
To visit us at night, sir,
Don't cry hurra, before you know,
That you're exactly right, sir.
Yankee Doodle, beat the drum;
Yankee Doodle dandy;
And if, by day or night they come,

They'll always find us handy.

6. And Ross, the same advice might take;
But, since with rum he's blind, sir,
His Army may depend, that Smith
Is not a General Winder
Yankee Doodle, beat the drum;
Yankee Doodle dandy;
And if, by day or night they come,
They'll always find us handy.

7. His bold attempt was all in vain:
His ignorance I pity;
For, sure the Gen'ral must have thought
He was in Federal City.
Yankee Doodle, beat the drum;
Yankee Doodle dandy;
And if, by day or night they come,
They'll always find us handy.

8. Our batteries are nearly done;
Our Cannons an't all plac'd yet;
But, if you come, I'm sure we have
Enough to let you taste it.
Yankee Doodle, beat the drum;
Yankee Doodle dandy;
And if, by day or night they come,
They'll always find us handy.

9. We've powder plenty, grape shot too;
So have we Men to hand them;
And Musket balls we have a few:
I fear you cannot stand them.
Yankee Doodle, beat the drum;
Yankee Doodle dandy;
And if, by day or night they come,
They'll always find us handy.

10. If Cockburn, Cochrane or Lord Hill
Again our Town will visit,
We hope our soldiers will have skill
Enough to make them miss it.
Yankee Doodle, beat the drum;
Yankee Doodle dandy;
And if, by day or night they come,
They'll always find us handy.

11. And if their Lordships will advance,
Our fear will be but little;
We'll surely play a Soldier's dance
Upon our Iron Fiddle.
Yankee Doodle, beat the drum;
Yankee Doodle dandy;
And if, by day or night they come,
They'll always find us handy.

12. Then let's unite, by sea and land;
May victory crown our Navy;
And if, like Ross, they come, we'll stand,
And drive them to old Davy.
Yankee Doodle, beat the drum;
Yankee Doodle dandy;
And if, by day or night they come,
They'll always find us handy.

13. Therefore, ye brave Americans,
Join in the Song of Glory,
And fight as you have fought, of late,
To drive them on before ye.
Yankee Doodle, beat the drum;
Yankee Doodle dandy;
And if, by day or night they come,
They'll always find us handy.

Track 20/3 The Star-Spangled Banner Verse 5 (1815/7)

5. Hail Jackson, Coffee and all the brave band
Who gallantly foiled the foes last "Demonstration,"
Who, formed in firm phalanx, resistless did stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation:
Long shall Britain deplore The terrific roar
Of Tennessee Rifles on New-Orleans shore,
Where The Star Spangled Banner in triumph still waves
In proudest defiance of Britain's vile Slaves.

Track 22/5 ODE For the Fourth of July, 1826

1. When the dark clouds of political night,
Burst the glorious *Sun* of our fam'd *Revolution!*
Mid the blue arch of Heaven, the seraph of light,
Unfurl'd the proud scroll of our bold *Constitution!*
While the Herald of Fame
Bore our *Washington's* name!

Through regions of space, upon pinions of flame!
*And ne'er shall one ray of his glory decline,
Till earth shall to chaos her empire resign!*

2. As soared his bright form to the realms of the Just,
His *Mantle* descended to bless his successors—
And his *sword*—though it sleeps in its scabbard of rust,
Is a symbol of dread to our haughty oppressors.
 The fame of the sage,
 Still illumines our age:
And forever shall glow o'er America's page—
*For a Halo of glory around him will shine,
Till earth shall to chaos her empire resign!*
3. The deeds of our heroes, their courage sublime,
Have long been the pride, and the theme of our story—
And their triumphs shall mark the *divisions of time*,
And be hallow'd as Epochs of *National Glory!*
 On this *festival Day*,
 Our glad homage we'll pay—
To the *God of the Pilgrims!* who lighted their way;
*And ne'er shall his flame on our altars decline,
Till earth shall to chaos her empire resign!*
4. Through "*Peace* is our aim"—yet our voice is for *War!*
Should our birth-right be threaten'd with foreign invasion,
And Columbia's sons shall be proud of each scar,
Their breasts may sustain in *defence* of their *Nation*.
 Though in peace with the world,
 Our *Standard* is furl'd—
And the demon of discord to darkness is hurl'd
*Yet ne'er shall one star of our union decline,
Till earth shall to chaos her empire resign!*
5. Smile on—lovely *Peace!* may thy soft balmy wing,
Spread its shadowy plumes o'er the Warrior's seclusion—
May thy olive entwine, where his bright laurels spring,
And thy mild spirit calm the rude battle's confusion!
 Oh! stay—lovely guest—
 For the bowers of thy rest,
Are bright as the *Eden* our parents possess'd,
*And ne'er may thy glory depart from our shrine,
Till earth shall to chaos her empire resign!*

1. The banner of freedom unfurl to the breeze!
 From her slumber of safety Columbia awaken,
 To triumph once more on the land and the seas,
 Ne'er by their sons be the cause of our sires forsaken.
 Sons of freedom arise!
 Let your shouts reach the skies,
 And resolve to maintain the freedom ye prize!
 Then inscrib'd on our flag be Harrison's name,
 And liberty, union and law we proclaim.

2. Our trade, like a wreck, is "keel up" on the shore
 In the silence of death see our workshops reposing,
 As the land of the free we glory no more,
 While the spoilsmen, destructive, their schemes are disclosing.
 Our freedom they've sold,
 To get silver and gold,
 Our children in bondage and slav'ry to hold.
 Then inscrib'd on our flag be Harrison's name,
 Democracy, union, and law we proclaim.

3. Oh! say, ye brave sons of the far-spreading West,
 Where is the lov'd chief who met the foe's dread invasion?
 His name both in peace and in war will be bless'd,
 While the "stars" still in friendship unite us a nation.
 Then hold it no shame
 That he led you to fame,
 When the lion, subdued, lay crouch'd on the Thame.
 Then inscrib'd on our flag be Harrison's name,
 And liberty, union, and law we proclaim.

4. Though content with his cot and few acres of ground,
 And despising the wealth got by base speculation,
 His heart true to glory will be found—
 He's himself, like the Roman, the gem of the nation.
 Give old Tippecanoe
 The just fame that is due.
 To honesty, valor and worth we are true.
 Then inscrib'd on our flag be Harrison's name,
 As Chief of the nation we loudly proclaim.

Track 24/7 Oh! Who Has Not Seen (1843)

1. Oh! who has not seen by the dawn's early light,
 Some poor bloated drunkard to his home weakly reeling,
 With blear eyes and red nose most revolting to sight;
 Yet still in his breast not a throb, of shame feeling!

And the plight he was in—steep'd in filth to his chin,
Gave proof through the night in the gutter he'd been,
While the pity-able wretch would stagger along,
To the shame of his friends, 'mid the jeers of the throng.

2. To his home when he came, half frantic with ire,
That his poor wife had dared, while he revell'd, to sleep,
Though wretched and faint 'neath miseries dire,
She had striven, all in vain, her sad vigils to keep,
And tears, gushing, chase down her wo-begone face
In the furrows which sorrow and suffering trace,
To see her loved lord like a wild demon rave,
To the vilest of sins, a beast and a slave.
3. But thanks to that band who so faithfully swore,
That the havoc of rum and the bottle's confusion
Our home and our country should ravage no more
If aught might o'ercome the foul curse and pollution.
They are striving to save the victim and slave,
From th' horrors of guilt and th' drunkard's dark grave,
And the temperance banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Track 25/8 Oh, Say Do You Hear (1844)

1. Oh, say do you hear, at the dawn's early light,
The shrieks of those bondmen, whose blood is now streaming
From the merciless lash, while our banner in sight
With its stars, mocking freedom, is fitfully gleaming?
Do you see the backs bare? Do you mark every score
Of the whip of the driver trace channels of gore?
And say, doth our star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where Afric's race in false safety reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it heedlessly sweeps, half conceals, half discloses?
'Tis a slave ship that's seen, by the morning's first beam,
And its tarnished reflection pollutes now the stream:
'Tis our star-spangled banner! Oh! When shall it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!
3. And where is the band, who so valiantly bore
The havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
For Liberty's sweets? We shall know them no more:

Their fame is eclipsed by foul Slavery's pollution.
No refuge is found on our unhallowed ground,
For the wretched in Slavery's manacles bound;
While our star-spangled banner in vain boasts to wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

4. Shall we ne'er hail the day when as freemen shall stand
The millions who groan under matchless oppression?
Shall Liberty's shouts, in our heaven-rescued land,
Ne'er be shared by the slave in our blood-guilty nation?
Oh, let us be just, ere in God we dare trust;
Else the day will o'er take us when perish we must;
And our star-spangled banner at half mast shall wave
O'er the death-bed of Freedom—the home of the slave.

Track 27/10 The Dawn of Liberty (1856)

1. Oh brothers, the hour for which freemen have sighed
Through the long night of Slave-craft—that hour now approaches;
Behold in the East how the black clouds divide
As the bright Sun of love, on the slave-night encroaches!
Oh blest be the beams
Which dispel the dark dreams;
Oh, blest be the light, which from Plymouth Rock streams!
And soon may the Day-god of Liberty wave
His plumes o'er a land where there breathes not a slave!
2. Deep calleth to deep—the Atlantic's glad cry
From the shores of the golden Pacific is answered—
The prairies rejoice, for they know, 'neath his eye,
That their beauty can ne'er by the Slave-blight be cancered:
The halcyons that flock
Round old Plymouth's gray rock,
At the ravens of anarchy twitter and mock;
The owls of the slave-night may mumble and rave,
But the dawn will soon drive them, like ghosts, to the grave.
3. That light in the East! Oh, behold 'tis caught up
On the snow white peaks of the bold Rocky Mountains;
It pierceth beyond, and its gentle beams drop
Like a blessing of gold upon Oregon's fountains:
But see! on the jag
Of the flame-splintered crag,
The hero that planteth there Liberty's flag!
And he swears as the Dawn deepens noonward, 'twill wave,
O'er a wide land beneath him uncursed by a slave!"

Track 28/11 Two Verses for “The Star-Spangled Banner” (July 4, 1861)

1. THERE’S a world-renowned banner that’s floating on high,
Whose wide spreading folds are illumined in story —
Whose stars, like the bright glittering gems of the sky,
Gleam brightly, reflected unfading in glory,
And beneath it shall be, from the lips of the free,
Far echoed the song of our sweet Liberty,
And a pledge that the star-spangled banner shall wave
O’er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
2. When our land is illumined with Liberty’s smile,
If a foe from within strikes a blow at her glory,
Down, down with the traitor who dares to defile
The flag of her stars and the page of her glory!
By the millions unchained who our birthright have gained,
We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O’er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.”

Track 29/12 Das Star-spangled Banner (Civil War Era)

1. O! sagt, könnt ihr seh’n in des Morgenroths Strahl,
Was so stolz wir im scheiden den Abendroth grüßten?
Die Sterne, die Streifen, die wehend vom Wall,
Im tödtlichen Kampf uns den Anblick versüßten?
Hoch flat’tre die Fahne in herrlicher Pracht,
Beim Leuchten der Bomben durch dunkle Nacht.
O! sagt, ob das Banner, mit Sternen besä’t,
Über’m Lande der Freien und Braven noch weht?
O! sagt, ob das Banner, mit Sternen besä’t,
Über’m Lande der Freien und Braven noch weht?

Track 30/13 Our Country’s Free Flag (1861)

1. Do you ask what is meant by the flag we unfold,
Our answer is this—’Tis the FLAG OF OUR UNION,
With its field of pure blue, filled with stars of bright gold,
Commingled in friendship, and sweetest communion.
But alas, we must say, in all sadness this day,
Some stars have seceded and wandered away;
And we go to reclaim them, this flag o’er our head
Free waving, and warning with stripes of deep red.
2. Do you think that to rebels our flag we shall yield,

Those rebels, the despots who thrive by enslaving?
 In their madness they call us, the free to the field;
 We'll teach them, we trust, very soon they are raving.
 We are strong in the right, and we welcome the fight
 Which quickly the aims of the traitors shall blight,
 For we bear not a flag all defiled and unjust,
 And not in ourselves but in God is our trust.

3. From the sway of a despot our fathers could flee,
 In a wilderness, planting a State and a Nation,
 Our UNION at last was upreared by the THE FREE—
 ONE PEOPLE. ONE RULE.— with combined acclamation.
 That Rule we maintain; and the traitors in vain
 An empire would form for the ENSLAVERS' vile reign;
 For OUR UNION'S FREE FLAG shall wave wide evermore
 O'er our land from the East to the far Western shore."

Track 31/14 The Flag of Secession (1861)

1. Oh, say can't you see by the dawn's early light
 What you yesterday held to be vaunting and dreaming,
 The Northern men routed, Abe Lincoln in flight,
 And the palmetto flag o'er the Capitol streaming,
 The pumpkins for fare,
 The foul fetid air,
 Gave proof through the night that the Yankees were there,
 Now the flag of secession in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the freed and the home of the brave.
2. 'Midst the dust that is raised by the fugitives' feet,
 His acts of coercion now bitterly rueing,
 See the Rail Splitter running in panting retreat,
 And gallant Virginia in laughter pursuing;
 Now he catches a beam
 Of the bayonet's fierce gleam,
 And he hurries away with a jump and a scream;
 And the flag of secession in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the freed and the home of the brave.
3. But where is the despot who came to our soil,
 In the garb of the soldier—his minions disguising,
 And shewed them our fields and our homes as their spoil,
 We only can say that his speed is surprising;
 O'er the fences he made
 When that was his trade,
 He has leapt in his fears from our vision to fade;

And the flag of secession in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the freed and the home of the brave.

4. Oh, such is the welcome the Southron bestows
On the minions who strive to make slaves of a nation,
We've a hand for our friends but a sword for our foes,
And the charge of our soldiers in fierce expectation;
Then again to the fight,
And God for the right,
And the Northmen shall shrink from our warrior's might,
And the flag of secession in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the freed, but the home of the brave."

Track 32/15 Farewell to the Star-Spangled Banner (1862)

1. Let tyrants and slaves submissively tremble,
And bow down their necks 'neath the Juggernaut car;
But brave men will rise in the strength of a nation,
And cry, "Give me freedom, or else give me war!"

Chorus

Farewell forever, the Star spangled banner,
No longer shall wave o'er the land of the free,
But we'll unfurl to the broad breeze of Heaven
Thirteen bright stars 'round the Palmetto tree.

2. We honor, yes honor, bold South Carolina,
Though small she may be, she's as brave as the best;
With flag-ship of State, she's out on the ocean,
Buffeting the waves of a dark billow's crest.
3. We honor, yes honor, our seceding Sisters,
Who launched this brave bark alone on the sea,
Though storms may howl, and thunder distraction,
We'll hurl to the blast the proud Palmetto tree.
4. And when to the conflict the others cry onward,
Virginia will be first to rush to the fight,
She'll break down the iceberg of northern coercion,
And rise in her glory of freedom and right.
5. When the fifteen Sisters in bright constellation,
Shall dazzling shine in a nation's emblem sky;
With no hands to oppose, nor foes to oppress them,
They will shine there forever, a light to every eye.

Track 34/17 Lift Every Voice and Sing (1900)

1. Lift every voice and sing, till earth and Heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise, high as the listening skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us;
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
Let us march on till victory is won.
2. Stony the road we trod, bitter the chastening rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
Yet with a steady beat, have not our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered;
We have come, treading our path through the blood of the slaughtered;
Out from the gloomy past, till now we stand at last
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.
3. God of our weary years, God of our silent tears,
Thou Who hast brought us thus far on the way;
Thou Who hast by Thy might, led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee.
Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee.
Shadowed beneath Thy hand, may we forever stand,
True to our God, true to our native land.

Track 36/19 La bandera de las estrellas (1919)

1. Amanece: ¿no veis, a la luz de la aurora,
Lo que tanto aclamamos la noche al caer?
Sus estrellas, sus barras flotaban ayer
En el fiero combate en señal de victoria.
Fulgor de cohetes, de bombas estruendo,
Por la noche decían: «¡Se va defendiendo!»
¡Oh, decid! ¿Despliega aún su hermosura estrellada,
Sobre tierra de libres, la bandera sagrada?
2. En la costa lejana que apenas blanquea,
Donde yace nublada la hueste feroz,
Sobre aquel precipicio que élévase atroz,
¡Oh, decidme! ¿qué es eso que en la brisa ondea?
Se oculta y flamea, en el alba luciendo,
Reflejada en la mar, donde va resplandeciendo.
¡Aún allí desplegó su hermosura estrellada,

Sobre tierra de libres, la bandera sagrada!

4. ¡Oh así sea siempre, en lealtad defendamos
Nuestra tierra natal contra el torpe invasor!
A Dios quién nos dió paz, libertad, y honor,
Nos mantuvo nación, con fervor bendigamos.
Nuestra causa es el bien, y por eso triunfamos,
Siempre fué nuestro lema: «¡En Dios confiamos!»
¡Y desplegará así su hermosura estrellada,
Sobre tierra de libres, la bandera sagrada!