



SONGS OF LIBERTY

A CONCERT OF MUSIC

from the

American REVOLUTION

Tuesday, July the Second at seven o'clock

Bemis Hall, Lincoln, Massachusetts

MMXIII



Program

<i>Parody of</i> Rule Britannia (1774)	Thomas Arne (1710–1788)
The Liberty Song (1768)	William Boyce (1711–1779)
Revolutionary Tea (c. 1773)	Traditional
A Junto Song (1775) <i>to the tune of</i> A-Begging We Will Go	Traditional
Lamentation over Boston (1774)	William Billings (1746–1800)
Saw you my hero, George? (1779)	Trad.; transcr. Capt. George Bush (1753–1797)
The Scottish Maiden's Lament <i>and parody</i> (1775) <i>to the tune of</i> Langolee/The Banks of the Dee	Traditional
<i>Excerpt from</i> Common Sense (1776)	Thomas Paine (1737–1809)
Liberty Tree (1775)	Anonymous
Yankee Doodle (c. 1775)	Traditional
<i>intermission</i>	
My love is gone to sea (1788)	Francis Hopkinson (1737–1791)
Washington's March at the Battle of Trenton (c. 1776)	Anonymous
How luckless the fortune (1779)	Trad.; transcr. Capt. George Bush
The British Soldier's Lament (1776)	Traditional
Why stands the glass around? (1779)	Trad.; transcr. Capt. George Bush
<i>Excerpt from</i> The American Crisis (1776)	Paine
Bunker Hill Ode: The American Hero (1781)	Andrew Law (1749–1821)
Chester (1770)	Billings
General Wayne's New March <i>and</i> Stoney Point (c. 1779)	Anonymous
Lord Cornwallis' Surrender (1781) <i>to the tune of</i> The British Grenadiers	Traditional
Come Fair Rosina (1788)	Hopkinson
Independence (1778)	Billings
Columbia (1798)	Dr. Timothy Dwight (1752–1817)
Hail Columbia (c. 1789)	Philip Phile (c. 1734–1793)

Musicians

Karen Burciaga, *violin*
Robin Reinert, *soprano*
Julia Cavallaro, *mezzo-soprano*
Jared Hettrick, *tenor*
Matthew Hall, *baritone & spinnet*

Karen Burciaga is a versatile string player who performs throughout New England. As an early music specialist on baroque violin and viola, she has appeared with numerous period ensembles. Karen holds a bachelor's degree from Vanderbilt University and a master's degree in Early Music Performance from the Longy School of Music. Her principal teachers there were Dana Maiben (Baroque violin) and Jane Hershey (viola da gamba). Additional studies with violinist David Douglass confirmed her love of Renaissance fiddling. In addition to making music, Karen is an experienced dancer with a range of interests including Baroque, vintage, and folk dance.

Soprano **Robin Reinert**, a Boston-based singer and composer, received her bachelor's degree in Music from Harvard, and currently studies voice with Sharon Daniels. She has performed with Richard Conrad's Bostonians, and has released a CD of hymns sung by an a cappella quartet. She sings regularly as a church soloist, frequently composing and adapting music for use in services. A composer primarily of vocal music, Robin is interested in vivid storytelling and the precise explication of emotion through music. She has been researching the music of the American Revolution since she was in high school.

Mezzo-soprano **Julia Cavallaro** performs frequently in the Boston area as a soloist and small-ensemble singer. Recent solo engagements include Beethoven's *Mass in C* with the Concord Chorus and ProArte Chamber Orchestra and *Symphony No. 9* with the Dudley House Orchestra and Chorus. A specialist in Baroque repertoire, Julia has appeared on stage and in concert with the Boston Early Music Festival, the Handel and Haydn Society, the Amherst Early Music Festival, and the Harvard Early Music Society. Julia received her master's degree from Boston University and bachelor's degree from Harvard College.

Jared Hettrick hails from the state of Georgia. He currently resides in Boston where he is completing his master's degree in composition at the Longy School of Music. Prior to his work in composition, Jared completed degrees in architectural drafting and voice performance. He earned his bachelor's degree in performance from Toccoa Falls College in Toccoa, GA while studying with David Jones. As a vocalist, Jared has performed with the Toccoa Community Chorus, the Toccoa Falls Jazz Band, the Athens Master Chorale, and the Toccoa Falls College Choir.

Matthew Hall performs frequently in and around Boston as a solo keyboard recitalist and with the chamber ensemble Musical Offering. He studied music and linguistics at Harvard, completed a master's degree in musicology at the University of Leeds (UK) on a Fulbright Scholarship while holding an Organ Scholarship at Leeds Cathedral, and completed a second master's degree in harpsichord and organ performance under Peter Sykes at Boston University. Matthew is now a Ph.D. candidate in musicology at Cornell University. He is also the founder and executive director of Ad Parnassum, Inc., a non-profit organization which seeks to engage the public in early music and other classical music idioms in ways that go beyond the traditional concert-going experience.

Lyrics and Notes

Parody of Rule Britannia (1774)

Words anonymous

Music “Rule Britannia” by Thomas Arne (1710–1788)

It was common in colonial America to take a song, such as the British patriotic song “Rule Britannia,” and write new words to it that worked in contrast to the original meaning to make a political point. In this case, the writer even left the words in the first verse intact – the message being, Yes, Britain’s freedom is wonderful and important, and we claim the same for America.

When Britons first, by Heaven’s command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang the strain.
*Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the Waves,
Britons never shall be Slaves.*

Let us, your Sons, by Freedom warmed,
Your own Example keep in view –
‘Gainst Tyranny be ever armed
Though we our Tyrant find – in you,
*Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the Waves,
Britons then would ne’er be Slaves.*

For thee we’ll toil with cheerful Heart,
We’ll labor – but we will be free –
Our Growth and Strength to thee impart,
And all our Treasures bring to thee.
*Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the Waves,
We’re Subjects – but we’re not your Slaves.*

The Liberty Song (1768)

Words by John Dickinson (1732–1808)

Music “Hearts of Oak” by William Boyce (1711–1779)

John Dickinson was a Philadelphia lawyer and prominent patriot who wrote the influential *Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies* in 1767–1768, introducing the idea that Britain had no right at all to tax the colonies. He wrote this song in 1768 to enhance the points he was making in his essays, commenting to James Otis that “songs are frequently very powerful on certain occasions...Cardinal de Retz always inforced [sic] his political operations by songs.” The song, set to the tune of the British Navy song “Hearts of Oak,” became incredibly popular all through the Colonies (Vera Brodsky Lawrence’s *Music for Patriots, Politicians, and Presidents*).

Come, join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty’s call;
No tyrannous acts shall suppress your just claim,
Or stain with dishonor America’s name.

But placemen and pensioners soon will appear
Like locusts deforming the charms of the year;
Suns vainly will rise, showers vainly descend,
If we are to drudge for what others shall spend.
Chorus

Chorus
In Freedom we’re born and in Freedom we’ll live.
Our purses are ready. Steady, friends, steady;
Not as slaves, but as Freemen our money we’ll give.

Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall;
In so righteous a cause let us hope to succeed,
For heaven approves of each generous deed.
Chorus

Revolutionary Tea (c. 1773)

Words and music traditional

There was an old lady lived over the sea,
And she was an Island Queen,
Her daughter lived off in the new country,
With an ocean of water between.
The old lady's pockets were filled with gold,
Yet never contented was she,
So she ordered her daughter to pay her a tax,
Of three pence a pound on the tea.

"Now Mother, dear Mother," the daughter replied,
"I shan't do the thing that you ax;
I'm willing to pay a fair price for the tea,
But never the three-penny tax."
"You shall," quoth the mother, and reddened with rage,
"For you're my own daughter, you see,
And sure, 'tis quite proper the daughter should pay
Her mother a tax on the tea."

And so the old lady her servant called up,
And packed off a budget of tea,
And eager for three pence a pound she put in
Enough for a large family.
She ordered her servants to bring home the tax,
Declaring her child should obey,
Or, old as she was, and almost woman grown,
She'd half whip her life away.

The tea was conveyed to the daughter's door,
All down by the ocean's side,
And the bouncing girl poured out every pound
In the dark and the boiling tide.
And then she called out to the Island Queen,
"Oh mother, dear mother," quoth she,
"Your tea you may have when 'tis steeped enough,
But never a tax from me."

A Junto Song (1775)

Words anonymous

Music "A-Begging We Will Go" traditional

This biting satire speaks in the voice of the hated generals Clinton, Howe and Burgoyne (who were sent to Massachusetts in May of 1775 to further enforce Britain's power), explaining how they need more tax revenue to continue their bribing, and how they're going to "Boston...in ashes lay" for daring to oppose them. (The probable tune for this song was researched and put forward by Carolyn Rabson in her *Songbook of the American Revolution*.)

'Tis money makes the members vote
And sanctifies our ways,
It makes the patriot turn his coat
And money we must raise.
And a-taxing we will go.

Boston we shall in ashes lay,
It is a nest of knaves;
We'll make them soon for mercy pray
Or send them to their graves.
And a-taxing we will go.

We'll force and fraud in one unite,
To bring them to our hands;
Then lay a tax on the sunlight
And king's tax on their lands.
And a-taxing we will go.

Lamentation over Boston (1774)

Words and music by William Billings (1746–1800)

William Billings is possibly our country's first great composer. This anthem was written in response to the 1774 Boston Port Act, which closed off Boston's port, causing major hardships for the people in the city and stirring outrage throughout the colonies. In its love for Boston and sadness at the city's troubles, it remains startlingly relevant today.

By the Rivers of Watertown we sat down and wept when we remembered thee, O Boston.
As for our friends, Lord God of Heaven, preserve them, defend them, deliver and restore them unto us again.
For they that held them in Bondage required of them to take up Arms against their Brethren.
Forbid it Lord, God forbid that those who have sucked Bostonian Breasts should thirst for American Blood.
A voice was heard in Roxbury which echoed through' the Continent, weeping for Boston because of their Danger.
Is Boston my dear Town, is it my native Place, for since their Calamity I do earnestly remember it still.
If I forget thee, yea, if I do not remember thee,
Then let my numbers cease to flow, Then be my Muse unkind,
Then let by Tongue forget to move and ever be confined,
Let horrid Jargon split the Air and rive my nerves asunder
Let hateful discord greet my ear as terrible as Thunder,
Let harmony be banished hence and Consonance depart,
Let dissonance erect her throne and reign within my Heart.

Saw you my hero, George? (1779)

Transcribed by Capt. George Bush (1753–1797)

Words and music traditional

Captain George Bush was a young well-to-do man enlisted in the 11th Pennsylvania Regiment of George Washington's Continental Army, who played the fiddle in his spare time. He kept a book in which he collected pieces of music that he came across. (See "For further reading" at the end of the program for a published edition of his songs.) This song can also be found in other sources as a Scottish folk song with the words "Saw ye my father, and saw ye my mother, and saw ye my true love John?" It is very interesting to see it reworked as a topically Revolutionary song, referring to George Washington, the country's hero.

Saw you my hero, saw you my hero,
Saw you my hero, George?
I've ranged thro' all the plain and I've asked of every swain
For some news of my hero, George.

I saw not your hero, I saw not your hero
I saw not your hero, George.
Your hero's in the van of the battle just began,
And I to my men must a-way.

Hark, from the hills, the woodlands, and dales,
The drums and the trumpet alarms.
Ye Gods, I give you charge of my gallant hero, George,
To return him unhurt to my arms.

The Scottish Maiden's Lament and parody (1775)

Original words by John Tait (1748–1817)

Parody attributed to Oliver Arnold (1755–1834)

Music “Langolee/The Banks of the Dee” traditional

John Tait, a Scottish poet and judge, wrote the original song in 1775 in reaction to a friend's leaving to fight in the American Revolution. In it a girl regrets the loss of her lover, who has gone “to quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he.” The parody points out that the British leaders didn't care much about protecting the Scottish soldiers, asserts that the revolutionaries are “brave and glee” and therefore hard to beat, and argues that Britain should send the soldiers home and tax Scotland instead of America.

The Banks of the Dee

‘Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sang from the tree.
At the foot of a hill, where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,
Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever,
For there I first gained the affection and favor
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he;
But ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee:
He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the rude roaring billows,
The kindest, the sweetest, of all his brave fellows;
And left me to stray 'mongst these once loved willows,
The loneliest lass on the banks of the Dee.

Parody

‘Twas winter, and blue tory noses were freezing,
As they marched o'er the land where they ought not to be;
The valiants complained at the fifers' cursed wheezing,
And wished they'd remained on the banks of the Dee.
Lead on thou paid captain! tramp on thou proud minions!
Thy ranks, basest men, shall be strung like ripe onions,
For here thou hast found heads with warlike opinions,
On the shoulders of nobles who ne'er saw the Dee.

Prepare for war's conflict; or make preparation
For peace with the rebels, for they're brave and glee;
Keep mindful of dying, and leave the foul nation
That sends out its armies to brag and to flee.
Make haste, now, and leave us thou miscreant Tories!
To Scotland repair! there court the sad houris,
And listen once more to their complaints and their stories
Concerning the “glory and pride of the Dee.”

Be quiet and sober, secure and contented:
Upon your own land, be valiant and free;
Bless God, that the war is so nicely prevented,
And till the green fields on the banks of the Dee.
The Dee then will flow, all its beauty displaying,
The lads on its banks will again be seen playing,
And England thus honestly taxes defraying,
With natural drafts from the banks of the Dee.

Liberty Tree (1775)

Words by Thomas Paine (1737–1809)

Music anonymous

In July of 1775, several months before writing his famous “Common Sense,” Thomas Paine wrote this allegorical song, describing America as a place uniquely blessed with a precious birthright of freedom. In this song, freedom is no longer portrayed as something inherited from Britain, as it was in the “Rule Britannia” parody, but something bestowed on us by “the gardens above” and cherished by our forefathers — and in danger from “all the tyrannical powers.”

In a chariot of light from the regions of day,
The Goddess of Liberty came;
Ten thousand celestials directed the way,
And thither conducted the dame.
This fair budding branch from the gardens above,
Where millions with millions agree,
She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,
The plant she called Liberty Tree.

Beneath this fair branch, like the patriarchs of old,
Their bread in contentment they ate
Unwearied with trouble of silver or gold,
Or the cares of the grand and the great.
With timber and tar they Old England supplied,
Supported her power on the seas;
Her battles they fought, without having a groat,
For the honor of Liberty Tree.

This celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,
Like a native it flourished and bore;
The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,
To seek out its peaceable shore.
Unmindful of names or distinctions they came,
For freemen like brothers agree;
With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,
And their temple was Liberty Tree.

But hear, O ye swains, ('tis a tale most profane)
How all the tyrannical powers,
Kings, Commons and Lords, are uniting amain,
To cut down this guardian of ours;
From the east to the west, blow the trumpet to arms,
Through the land let the sound of it flee,
Let the far and the near, all unite with a cheer,
In defense of our Liberty Tree.

Yankee Doodle (c. 1775)

Music traditional

First version anonymous; second version attributed to Edward Bangs (1756–1818)

Although no one is entirely certain of Yankee Doodle's origins, what we do know is that at the beginning of the Revolution it was used by the British as a method of taunting the Americans and impugning their bravery in battle. Various versions can be found that describe an American soldier as a coward fleeing the fighting in the French and Indian War, or that describe New Englanders as coarse and backwards, as seen in the London version below. In that version "Doctor Warren" in the last verse is Doctor Joseph Warren, a Bostonian revolutionary who died a hero at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

British version, published London 1775

Brother Ephraim sold his Cow
And bought him a Commission,
And then he went to Canada
To Fight for the Nation;
But when Ephraim he came home
He proved an arrant Coward,
He wouldn't fight the Frenchmen there
For fear of being devoured.

Animadab is just come Home
His Eyes all greased with Bacon,
And all the news that he could tell
Is Cape Breton is taken:
Heigh ho for our Cape Cod,
Heigh ho Nantasket,
Do not let the Boston wags
Feel your Oyster Basket.

Sheep's head and Vinegar
Butter Milk and Tansy,
Boston is a Yankee town,
Sing Hey Doodle Dandy:
First we'll take a Pinch of Snuff
And then a drink of Water,
And then we'll say How do you do
And that's a Yanky's [sic] Supper.

Seth's Mother went to Lynn
To buy a pair of Breeches,
The first time Vathen put them on
He tore out all the Stitches;
Dolly Bushel let a Fart,
Jenny Jones she found it,
Ambrose carried it to Mill
Where Doctor Warren ground it.

(continued)

American version, published 1775/1776

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

*Yankee [sic] doodle keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.*

And there was captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him,
They say he's grown so ternal proud,
He will not do without them.

Yankee doodle, &c.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a ducid [sic] little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

Yankee doodle, &c.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

Yankee doodle, &c.



My love is gone to sea (1788)

Words and music by Francis Hopkinson (1737–1791)

Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and the other candidate for America's first great composer, wrote this song shortly after the Revolution as part of a song collection dedicated to George Washington.

My Love is gone to Sea,
Whilst I his absence mourn,
No joy shall smile on me,
Until my Love return;
He asked me for his Bride,
And many Vows he swore,
I blushed and soon complied,
My heart was his before.

One little month was past
And who so blest as we;
The summons came at last
And Jemmy was to sea.
I saw his ship so gay
Swift fly the wave-worn shore,
I wiped my tears away —
And saw his ships no more.

When clouds shut in the sky
And storms around me howl,
When livid lightnings fly
And threatening thunders roll,
All hopes of rest are lost,
No slumbers visit me,
My anxious thoughts are tossed
With Jemmy on the sea.

Washington's March at the Battle of Trenton (c. 1776)

Anonymous

A harpsichord/pianoforte piece written to celebrate the American victory at Trenton in December 1776, when they crossed the Delaware and caught a camp of Hessians unaware because they didn't think it was possible to cross the river in the winter weather. This comparatively small victory revived the flagging morale of the Continental Army, which had just had a series of defeats and a discouraging retreat out of New York City and through New Jersey.

How Luckless the Fortune (1779)

Transcribed by Capt. George Bush (1753–1797)

Words and music traditional

Also from the collection of Captain George Bush, this lament on the hard lot of a soldier is in the form of a bourrée.

How luckless the fortune we soldiers endure.
Uncertain our pleasures, mischances are sure.
If friendship should bind us, or loves softer tie,
The drum beats; from friendship and love we must fly.

Submissive to fate, then adieu to the fair.
Peace, smile on our friends, and redeem them from care.
May angels indulgent detached from above
Soon vanquish fell discord with friendship and love.

The British Soldier's Lament (1776)

Words and music traditional

This ballad – written in the voice of a dying British soldier who, in spite of himself, admires the American forces and wishes them well – has an exquisite tune; unusually, it survived with its tune in the folk tradition until the mid-20th century, when it was collected by Frank Warner and published in the 1967 edition of *The Diary of the American Revolution*.

Come all you good people wherever you may be,
Who walk on the land or sail by the sea,
Come listen to the words of a dying man,
I think that you'll remember them.
'Twas on December the eighteenth day
That we set sail for America;
Our drums did beat and trumpets sound,
And unto Boston we were bound.

Like lions roaring for their prey,
They feared no danger nor dismay;
True British blood runs through their veins,
And them with courage yet sustains.
We saw those bold Columbia sons,
Spread death and slaughter from their guns,
"Freedom or Death!" was all their cry,
Believe, they did not fear to die.

And when to Boston we did come
We thought by the aid of our British guns
To drive those rebels from that place
And fill their hearts with sore disgrace.
But to our sad and sore surprise
We saw men like grasshoppers rise.
They fought like heroes much enraged,
Which surely frightened General Gage.

Now I've received my deathly wound,
I bade farewell to England's ground;
My wife and children will mourn for me
Whilst I lie cold in America.
Fight on! America's noble sons,
Fear not Britannia's thundering guns.
Maintain your rights from year to year,
God's on your side, you need not fear.

Why stands the glass around? (1779)

Transcribed by Capt. George Bush (1753–1797)

Words and music traditional

This drinking song was probably sung by weary soldiers on both sides of the conflict; its fatalism makes an interesting contrast with some of the more determinedly patriotic songs of the time.

Why stands the glass around? For shame you take no care, my boys.
Why stands the glass around? Let wine and mirth abound.
The trumpet sounds; When bullets they are flying, boys.
To hunt, kill or wound. May we still be found,
Content with our hard fate, my boys, on the cold ground.

(continued)

Why, soldiers, why? Why, so melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why? Whose business 'tis to die!
What! sighing? Fie! D—n care, drink round, my jolly boys.
'Tis him, you, or I; cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys. We scorn to fly.

Bunker Hill Ode: The American Hero (1781)
Words by Nathaniel Niles (1741–1821)

Music by Andrew Law (1749–1821)

Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
 Sounding with death-groans?

Still shall the banner of the King of Heaven
Never advance where I'm afraid to follow;
While that precedes me, with an open bosom,
 War, I defy thee!

Life, for my country, and the cause of freedom,
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with;
And if preserved in so great a contest,
 Life is redoubled.

Chester (1770)

First verse published in 1770

Subsequent verses published in 1778

Let tyrants shake their iron rod
And slavery Clank her galling Chains;
We fear them not; we trust in God —
New England's God forever reigns.

The Foe comes on with haughty Stride,
Our troops advance with martial noise;
Their Veterans flee before our Youth,
And Generals yield to beardless Boys.

General Wayne's New March (c. 1779)
Stoney [sic] Point (c. 1779)

'Tis but in vain — I mean not to upbraid you, boys —
'Tis but in vain, for soldiers to complain.
Should next campaign, send us to Him who made us, boys;
We're free from pain. But should we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady cure all again.

Words and music by William Billings (1746–1800)

What grateful Offering shall we bring?
What shall we render to the Lord?
Loud Hallelujahs let us Sing,
And praise his name on every Chord.

Anonymous

Anonymous

These two marches were written to celebrate an important American victory on July 16, 1779, under General Anthony Wayne at Stony Point in New York.

Lord Cornwallis' Surrender (1781)

Music "The British Grenadiers" traditional

Words anonymous

This is another case of American balladeers using a British tune to make a point. The British Grenadiers was one of the British Army's most famous marching songs, so this anonymous author set words to it celebrating the major American-French victory at Yorktown.

Come all you brave Americans,
The truth to you I'll tell,
'Tis of a sad misfortune
To Britain late befell;
'Twas all in the heights of Yorktown,
Where cannons loud did roar,
They summoned Lord Cornwallis,
To fight or else give o'er.

A grand council then was called,
His Lordship gave command,
Say what think you now my heroes?
To yield you may depend.
For don't you see the bombshells fly,
And cannons loud do roar,
Count de Grasse lies in the harbor
And Washington's on shore.

The summons then to be served,
Was sent unto my Lord,
Which made him feel like poor Burgoyne
And quickly draw his sword;
Say must I give these glittering troops,
These ships and Hessians too,
And yield to General Washington,
And his bold rebel crew?

'Twas the nineteenth of October
In the year of eighty-one,
Lord Cornwallis surrendered
To General Washington.
They marched from their posts, brave boys,
And quickly grounded arms,
Rejoice you brave Americans
With music's sweetest charms.

Come Fair Rosina (1788)

Words and music by Francis Hopkinson (1737–1791)

This song, from the same song collection as *My Love is Gone to Sea*, is a beautiful pastoral piece that has nothing to do with war whatsoever, and as such is a perfect illustration of the coming of peace — the whole nation taking a deep breath and seeing the beauty of their land.

Come fair Rosina, come away,
Long since stern Winter's Storms have ceased.
See nature in her best Array
Invites us to her rural feast.
The Season shall her Treasures spread,
Her mellow fruits and Harvest brown,
Her flowers their freshest odours shed,
And every Breeze pour Fragrance down.

Independence (1778)

Words and music by William Billings (1746–1800)

This anthem, commemorating the signing of the Declaration of Independence, was published in 1778.

The States, O Lord, with Songs of Praise shall in thy Strength rejoice,
And blest with thy Salvation raise to Heaven their cheerful voice.

(continued)

To the King they shall sing Halleluiah.
Thy Goodness and thy tender care have all our fears destroyed.
A covenant of Peace thou mad'st with us confirmed by thy word.
A covenant thou mad'st with us and sealed it with thy Blood.
To the King they shall sing Halleluiah.
And all the Continent shall sing
Down with this earthly King.
No King but God.
To the King they shall sing Halleluiah.
And the Continent shall sing
God is our rightful King. Halleluiah.
And the Continent shall sing
God is our gracious King. Halleluiah.
They shall sing to the King Halleluiah.
Let us sing to the King Halleluiah.
God is the King. Amen.
The Lord is his Name. Amen.
May his Blessing descend, World without end,
On every part of the Continent.
May Harmony and Peace begin and never cease
And may the strength increase of the Continent.
May American Wilds be filled with his Smiles
And may the Natives bow to our Royal King.
May Rome, France and Spain and all the World proclaim
The Glory and the Fame of our Royal King.
God is the King. Amen.
The Lord is his Name. Amen.
Loud, Loudly sing that God is the King.
May his reign be Glorious, America victorious,
And may the earth acknowledge God is the King.
Amen.

Columbia (1798)

Words and music by Dr. Timothy Dwight (1752–1817)

This idealistic piece was written in 1787, and set to music in 1798.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the earth, and the child of the skies;
Thy genius commands thee with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendor unfold.
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrimson thy name;
Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire;
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed;
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired;
The winds ceased to murmur; the thunders expired.
Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

Hail Columbia (c. 1789)

Words by Joseph Hopkinson (1770–1842)

Music "The President's March" by Philip Phile (c. 1734–1793)

The music of this song is from a march believed to have been written for Washington's inauguration. The words were written by the son of Francis Hopkinson in 1798, at a time of great division in the country, and the song became hugely popular with supporters of President John Adams.

Hail Columbia, happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone
Enjoyed 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.

Immortal patriots, rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your shore!
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize,
While offering 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

Chorus

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

Further Reading

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