pay for such educational programs for its children as it sees fit—whether that which is purchased be a book, a television set, or four years at Harvard College. Let each adult, again using funds acquired by peaceful exchange or gift, make his or her own educational decisions, acting on them in the educational marketplace. If freedom of choice is desirable for individuals in most aspects of their lives, why is it not imperative that freedom of choice be granted them in one of the most important aspects of their lives: their growth in understanding of themselves and of the world around them? To the collectivists we say, if you insist on controlling something, make it the peanut-butter or hula-hoop industries, but for God's sake, leave education alone!

#13

The Ideal College

In this section, we intend to describe in some detail what we believe would be an ideal college. Let us say a number of things immediately:

1. These are no more than our own thoughts on what we would consider the ideal college. In a free educational marketplace, consumers might or might not select *our* ideal as *their* ideal—and their choices would be the ones that would prevail.

2. The criterion of "ideal" we are using is this: Does this arrangement maximize the likelihood that those who are exposed to it will come to be committed to the free society and, equally important, come to know and understand precisely what they are for and against and why? In other words, we are not interested in the purely emotional, unreasoning convert to our point of view.

Some might wish to argue that what we are proposing is a propaganda mechanism, not an educational program. To this we would make two replies: First, in the sense that there are no truly "objective" teachers or collections of teachers, all educational institutions have some kind of planned or unplanned slant or point of view. For example, most of the so-called places of "true learning" in this country today are, in fact, dominated by the philosophies of the left and, hence, giant factories of left-wing thought and opinion. Our position would be openly declared, for all to know, rather than concealed under the guise of objectivity. Second, it is our conviction that any person of reasonable intelligence who studies the human experience in the manner appropriate to true learning will probably come to the conclusion that the optimal organization of society is that of free and responsible men under limited government and the rule of law. Admittedly, some may not agree; certainty is rarely encountered in human affairs. Others may agree in principle but find the attractions of power for themselves too great

to resist. (Compare, for example, the Woodrow Wilson who said, "The history of human liberty is the history of limitation of governmental power," with the Woodrow Wilson in the Presidency, who added enormously to the power of government in the domestic economy and who used his position to bring America's entry into a tragic foreign war. The poet Kipling reflected some rare insight in his poem "The Gods of the Copybook Headings," published in 1919.) In other words, we believe that true growth in understanding is likely to turn the learner's head and heart in the direction of freedom; the educational dice do not have to be loaded in our favor—although it may be necessary that they not be loaded against us, as they now are.

3. We have chosen the college-level kind of institution, not because it is necessarily the most important, but because we feel that we have had more experience with and know more about this kind of education than we do about, say, elementary schooling.

We would add only that we believe the same general principles would apply at all levels of true educational activity. In a truly free, competitive educational system, we would expect a great variety of elementary and secondary educational programs to evolve, some involving the formal classroom, others not. What we *would* expect to happen is that the young and the very young would come to some level of competence in the basic skills of language and number use at an earlier age and at far less expense per pupil than under current arrangements.

4. We are restricting our model to what might be termed (in a very rough sort of way) the liberal arts college.

We are not contemptuous of vocational training nor do we deny that much vocational training can also lead to true growth in general understanding in the liberal arts sense. However, the training of doctors or electrical engineers or lawyers need not have any close relationship to the question of freedom. Our concern is with those forms of educational activity that do seem to have a close tie to questions of human freedom. (Actually, we are convinced that the training of doctors, accountants, lawyers, engineers, or what have you, would be improved if greater general understanding were required of them. When the accountant, for example, encounters problems of inflation or of political control of his work, he stands in need, *even to be a better accountant,* of kinds of understanding not usually taught in courses in accounting.)

The Structure of the College

The college would be private, of course, with ownership and, hence, control residing in a specified person or group of persons. *Note:* Many of the problems of

today's colleges and universities flow from the ambiguous nature of ownership and, hence, control. With students, faculty members, alumni, administrators, board members, taxpayers, donors, and the general public all laying claim to some authority, it is no wonder that it is sometimes difficult to determine who really is in charge.

The firm could be for-profit or not-for-profit, with our preference being for the former.

All decisions of policy would be made by the board and implemented by the administration. As in any successful firm, customer (student) and employee (faculty) opinion and responses would be made a part of the general information on which policymaking decisions would be based, but in no case would any ambiguity about the location of final authority be permitted.

Personnel Policies and Practices

Faculty members would be selected for their promise as teachers, in the sense of encouraging and contributing to growth in understanding in others.

The greater part of them (perhaps all) would be men and women who are also deeply committed to the philosophy of the free society: If we believe (as we do) that the outcome of true learning is likely to be such a commitment, then it would be inconsistent of us to seek to find true scholars and teachers among those not so committed. However, in recognition of our own fallibility and of the responses of students to what seem to be loaded dice, it might not be inappropriate for the faculty to include some who are critics of the free society.

Faculty members would serve at the pleasure of the administration, with only such recognition of time in service as is usually appropriate in any organization.

The income of faculty members would be directly related to their effectiveness in serving the purposes of the college. In effect, if they failed to attract students to their lectures or their seminars, or if nothing educational seemed to happen to those who did so attend, the man would be fired, or his salary not increased, or what have you. (An alternative arrangement would be for the greater part of faculty income to be in the form of student fees paid directly to them, after students have paid the college proper a basic fee to cover overhead expenses.[7])

The Curriculum

The educational program of the college would consist of three basic elements: (a) individual study by students, (b) seminars on assigned readings, and (c) lectures delivered by members of the faculty (or visitors).

[7] John Fischer, "Preface to the Catalogue of Curmudgeon College," *Harper's*, June 1970, pp. 75–78.

Students could choose among the alternatives available to them, with only these provisos: (a) any student whose behavior in class or on campus created problems for others would be asked to leave; (b) any student who wished to participate in a given seminar would be expected to have read the assigned material. On evidence that he had not read the material, the seminar leaders would ask him to leave (or perhaps, become an observer only).

For any given term, the college would publish a list of the seminars to be held and of the lectures to be given. These lists would be the basis on which students could plan their programs. On such questions, students could consult couselors explicitly provided by the administration or any member of the faculty who would consent to serve. Students would also be given a list of suggested books and other materials, including not only those to be explicitly discussed in seminars but readings that would contribute to the general understanding of the student. Some of the books that might be listed (in either category) are given in the Liberty Fund Memorandum, Part VI.

Students could continue for as many terms as they wished, given proper behavior in the classroom and on campus. *No degrees would be given or diplomas awarded.* The college would exist to serve students truly seeking knowledge, not those seeking only a degree or other meaningless relics from the current system.

Neither courses nor teachers would be organized by departments or divisions. Quite naturally, some range of interests in the faculty would be deliberately sought, but the artificiality of departmental lines would be avoided. *Note:* The *fact* of departmentalization for administrative purposes is not the great evil; it is the *spirit* of intellectual departmentalization that we would seek to avoid.

The Educational Process

Students would involve themselves in reading, discussing, and listening to lectures—and we would put them in that order, both in terms of importance and of the chronological order in which they should take place. In effect, students would be sent off to do some guided reading, then brought together for small group discussions under trained Socratic leadership, then more reading and more discussion. Finally, the student would be ready to listen intelligently to lectures presented on the topics under study—then more discussion, more reading, and so forth.

Students who wished to receive an evaluation of their progress could make appropriate arrangements, including payment of fees recognizing the extra work involved in such an evaluation. They could write papers or examinations to be read by members of the faculty and used as the basis of evaluation. No grades in the usual sense of that term would be given, except

at the request of the student or his parents (or some person or agency providing the student with financial assistance). We suggest this arrangement not because we are opposed to competition for excellence among students, but because the real purpose of education is for each individual to make the maximum progress possible *for that person*—for this, relative judgments are not significant.

The Student Body

The student body would be made up of those who would be attracted by this kind of educational program and who would be willing to pay the full cost of participating in it. Without the artificial lure of degrees, college dances, and campus sit-ins, we would expect an appropriate student body to be self-selecting.

In Loco Parentis?

The remarks made above should not be taken to mean that we object to young people going to dances or doing other things that they find enjoyable. We are not opposed to fun—we just don't believe that it is the business of the college to organize, sponsor, or finance it.

The college would not take responsibility for the general lives of its students; it would not serve *in loco parentis*. Some colleges might choose to do so (for a price), but not this one. Parents who might wish to see their sons or daughters under what they would think appropriate supervision could undoubtedly arrange with local families or landladies for this supervision to be given.

We give you then Free Society College, a sample of the kind of school that might emerge in a free educational marketplace. If this particular college is not to your liking, you need have no fear that it would be the only kind available. We would expect every conceivable type of formal and informal educational program to be available at a wide range of prices. One of the great advantages of the economic over the political marketplace is that the majority does *not* rule. Every minority opinion that can be served with any hope of profit can and will be served.

Summary

We have argued in this paper that the educational arrangements currently in use in this country are grossly inefficient, inequitable, contrary to human rights, contrary to human nature, and destructive of the society of free and responsible men. We have sought to construct a general picture of those arrangements in education that would be ideal, in terms of being consistent with the principles and practices of a free society and of tending to produce individuals knowledgeable about and committed to that free society. We have rejected any possibility that the ideal could involve state participation and have argued that the ideal arrangements must be found within the jurisdiction of the private educational marketplace. As an example of the kind of school that might emerge under freedom, we have sketched the general features of a college program that we believe would serve the cause of its students and of the free society.

It seems unlikely that the American society will move rapidly (if at all) in the directions we have indicated. But this we do know: if there are none in the society who stand ready to hold out the ideal of a more hopeful arrangement, real progress is not only unlikely—it is forever impossible.

"Revolutionary Tea"

Boston's violent resistance against the Tea Act met with varied reactions among the colonists. The destruction of private property was condemned by many Americans, but most of them supported the principle, if not the practice, of Boston's position. "Revolutionary Tea" is a song that expressed the feelings of many of the patriots.

Source: *Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert Music*, Boston, n.d.

REVOLUTIONARY TEA

There was an old lady lived over the sea,
And she was an Island Queen;
Her daughter lived off in a new country,
With an ocean of water between.
The old lady's pockets were full of gold,
But never contented was she,
So she called on her daughter to pay her
a tax
Of three pence a pound on her tea,
Of three pence a pound on her 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 her tea,
Her mother a tax on her 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,
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 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,
But never a tax from me."

49.

Andrew Marvell: "Bermudas"

Andrew Marvell, one of the greatest of the so-called metaphysical poets of the English seventeenth century, never visited America and probably knew next to nothing about it. Nevertheless, his "Bermudas" expresses the feeling of many Englishmen who did come as well as any poem of the time. Long an admirer of Oliver Cromwell, Marvell may have conceived "Bermudas" while serving as tutor to Cromwell's ward, William Dutton, in the house of John Oxenbridge, who had made a voyage to Bermuda. In fact, however, several of Marvell's other poems throw more light on "Bermudas" than investigations into his biography would probably do. He was fascinated by the idea of the earthly paradise, and it is to be supposed that he could believe that New England, or Bermuda — doubtless it was all one to him — was in some sense a new Garden of Eden beyond the sea. In any event, a number of actual colonists, among them such men as John Cotton and Peter Bulkeley, entertained similar views.

Source: *Poems*, G. A. Aitken, ed., London, n.d.

BERMUDAS

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song:

"What should we do but sing His praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where He the huge sea monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air;
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than O[illegible]
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice;
With cedars chosen by His hand,
From Lebanon, He stores the land,
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
Oh! let our voice His praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which, thence perhaps rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay."

Thus sung they, in the English boat,
An holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime

21.

Two Songs of the Colonists

A good example of the early native ballad, "Forefathers' Song," which dates from around 1630, has interest as a straightforward, unromanticized account of life in the English colonies in America. A note in the Massachusetts Historical Collection says that the song was first recorded in 1785 "from the lips of an old lady at the advanced period of ninety-six." "We Gather Together" was originally a Dutch rather than an English song, and the general modern impression that it has been sung as America's Thanksgiving Hymn for three centuries may be incorrect, since it was probably not translated into English until the First World War. Nevertheless, the song is now America's Thanksgiving Hymn, and it was *sung by the first Dutch settlers in America, who thereby expressed their hope for a better life in the new land, as well as their gratitude for God's bounty already enjoyed. It was first published in Holland, in Dutch, around 1630.*

FOREFATHERS' SONG

New England's annoyances you that would know them,
Pray ponder these verses which briefly doth show them.
The place where we live is a wilderness wood,
Where grass is much wanting that's fruitful and good:
Our mountains and hills and our valleys below,
Being commonly covered with ice and with snow;
And when the north-west wind with violence blows,
Then every man pulls his cap over his nose:
But if any's so hardy and will it withstand,
He forfeits a finger, a foot or a hand.

But when the Spring opens we then take the hoe,
And make the ground ready to plant and to sow;
Our corn being planted and seed being sown,
The worms destroy much before it is grown;
And when it is growing, some spoil there is made
By birds and by squirrels that pluck up the blade;
And when it is come to full corn in the ear,
It is often destroyed by raccoon and by deer.

And now our garments begin to grow thin,
And wool is much wanted to card and to spin;
If we can get a garment to cover without,
Our other in-garments are clout upon clout:
Our clothes we brought with us are apt to be torn,
They need to be clouted soon after they're worn,
But clouting our garments they hinder us nothing,
Clouts double are warmer than single whole clothing.

If fresh meat be wanting to fill up our dish,
We have carrots and turnips as much as we wish:
And if there's a mind for a delicate dish
We repair to the clam-banks, and there we catch fish.
Instead of pottage and puddings and custards and pies,
Our pumpkins and parsnips are common supplies;
We have pumpkins at morning and pumpkins at noon,
If it was not for pumpkins we should be undone!
If barley be wanting to make into malt,
We must be contented, and think it no fault;
For we can make liquor to sweeten our lips,
Of pumpkins and parsnips and walnut-tree chips. . . .

Now while some are going let others be coming,
For while liquor's boiling it must have a scumming;
But I will not blame them, for birds of a feather
By seeking their fellows are flocking together.
But you whom the Lord intends hither to bring,
Forsake not the honey for fear of the sting;
But bring both a quiet and contented mind,
And all needful blessings you surely will find.

WE GATHER TOGETHER

We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing,
He chastens and hastens His will to make known.
The wicked oppressing now cease to be distressing,
Sing praises to His name for He forgets not His own.

Beside us to guide us our God with us joining,
Ordaining, maintaining His kingdom divine.
So from the beginning the fighting we were winning,
Thou Lord wast at our side and all the glory be Thine.

We all do extol Thee, Thou leader triumphant,
And pray that Thou still our defender wilt be.
Let thy congregation escape all tribulation,
Thy name be ever praised in glory, Lord make us free.

41.

Anne Bradstreet: Two Poems

The earliest American poetess, Anne Bradstreet, arrived in Massachusetts with her husband Simon in 1630. For many years, she expressed her observations, her thoughts, and her emotions in poetry that was deeply influenced by a work highly favored by seventeenth-century readers, Du Bartas' "La Semaine." Mrs. Bradstreet's admiration for Du Bartas is reflected in the first poem reprinted below, "The Prologue" (1650). It was published along with others in London at the instigation of her brother-in-law and without her knowledge. The second poem, "To My Dear and Loving Husband," reveals her lifelong devotion to her husband. It was published posthumously in 1678.

Source: *The Works of Anne Bradstreet in Prose and Verse*, John Harvard Ellis, ed., Charleston, Mass., 1867, pp. 100-102, 394.

THE PROLOGUE

To sing of wars, of captains, and of kings,
Of cities founded, commonwealths begun,
For my mean pen are too superior things:
Or how they all or each their dates have run.
Let poets and historians set these forth.
My obscure lines shall not so dim their worth.

But when my wondering eyes and envious heart
Great *Bartas'* sugared lines do but read o'er,
Fool I do grudge the Muses did not part
'Twixt him and me that overfluent store;
A *Bartas* can do what a *Bartas* will,
But simple I according to my skill.

From schoolboys' tongues no rhet'rick we expect,
Nor yet a sweet consort from broken strings,
Nor perfect beauty where's a main defect:
My foolish, broken, blemished Muse so sings
And this to mend, alas, no art is able,
'Cause nature made it so irreparable.

Nor can I, like that fluent sweet-tongued Greek
Who lisped at first, in future times speak plain:
By art he gladly found what he did seek —
A full requital of his striving pain.
Art can do much, but this maxim's most sure:

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
Who says my hand a needle better fits,
A poet's pen all scorn I should thus wrong,
For such despite they cast on female wits:
If what I do prove well, it won't advance,
They'll say it's stolen, or else it was by chance.

But sure the antique Greeks were far more mild,
Else of our sex why feignéd they those nine,
And poesy made *Calliope's* own child?
So 'mongst the rest they placed the arts divine.
But this weak knot they will full soon untie —
The Greeks did nought but play the fools and lie.

Let Greeks be Greeks, and women what they are,
Men have precedency and still excel.
It is but vain unjustly to wage war,
Men can do best, and women know it well.
Preeminence in all and each is yours —
Yet grant some small acknowledgment of ours.

And oh ye high-flown quills that soar the skies,
And ever with your prey still catch your praise,
If e'er you deign these lowly lines your eyes,
Give thyme or parsley wreath, I ask no bays.
This mean and unrefinéd ore of mine
Will make your glistering gold but more to shine.

TO MY DEAR AND LOVING HUSBAND

If ever two were one, then surely we.
If ever man were loved by wife, then thee;
If ever wife was happy in a man,
Compare with me ye women if you can.
I prize thy love more than whole mines of gold,
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
My love is such that rivers cannot quench,
Nor ought but love from thee, give recompense.
Thy love is such I can no way repay,
The heavens reward thee manifold I pray.
Then while we live, in love let's so persevere,
That when we live no more, we may live ever.

asking — Where is Mason, Wythe, Jefferson, Nicholas, Pendleton, Nelson, and another I could name? And why, if you are sufficiently impressed with your danger, do you not (as New York has done in the case of Mr. Jay) send an extra member or two for at least a certain limited time till the great business of the nation is put upon a more respectable and happy establishment?

Your money is now sinking 5 percent a day in this city; and I shall not be surprised if in the course of a few months a total stop is put to the currency of it. And yet an assembly, a concert, a dinner, or supper (that will cost £300 or £400) will not only take men off from acting in, but even from thinking of, this business, while a great part of the officers of your Army, from absolute necessity, are quitting the service; and the more virtuous few, rather than do this, are sinking by sure degrees into beggary and want.

I again repeat to you that this is not an exaggerated account. That it is an alarming one I do not deny, and confess to you that I feel more real distress on account of the present appearances of things than I have done at any one time since the commencement of the dispute. But it is time to bid you once more adieu. Providence has heretofore taken us up when all other means and hope seemed to be departing from us.

127.

Two Patriotic Songs

In the minds of patriots, George Washington inevitably became the living embodiment of the American cause and the natural subject for many songs. Several rousing (if not very graceful) songs about Washington were written by his friend Francis Hopkinson, an author and musician and father of the composer of "Hail Columbia!" The "Toast to Washington" reprinted here is a good example of the elder Hopkinson's work. William Billings was a singing master and composer of hymns; after about 1775 his productions took on a decidedly patriotic tenor. "Let Tyrants Shake" (also known as "Chester") was the most popular of his patriotic hymns; it followed the soldiers to camp and became a favorite of the fife and drum corps.

Source: "A Favorite New Patriotic Song in Honor of Washington, To Which Is Added A Toast Written and Composed by F. Hopkinson, Esq.," Philadelphia, 1799.

[William Billings] *The Singing Master's Assistant or Key to Practical Music, etc., etc.,* Boston, 1778.

A TOAST

'Tis Washington's health fill a bumper all round,
For he is our glory and pride;
Our arms shall in battle with conquest be crowned
Whilst virtue and he's on our side;
Our arms shall in battle with conquest be crowned
Whilst virtue and he's on our side
And he's on our side.

'Tis Washington's health loud cannons should roar,
And trumpets the truth should proclaim;
There cannot be found, search all the world o'er,
His equal in virtue and fame;
There cannot be found, search all the world o'er,
His equal in virtue in fame
In virtue and fame.

'Tis Washington's health our hero to bless,
May heaven look graciously down;
Oh! long may he live, our hearts to possess,
And freedom still call him her own;
Oh! long may he live, our hearts to possess,
And freedom still call him her own
Still call him her own.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON

LET TYRANTS SHAKE (CHESTER)

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.

Howe and Burgoyne and Clinton too,
With Prescott and Cornwallis joined,
Together plot our overthrow
In one infernal league combined.

When God inspired us for the fight,
Their ranks were broke, their lines were forced,
Their ships were shattered in our sight,
Or swiftly driven from our coast.

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.

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.

WILLIAM BILLINGS

117.

"Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier"

In one form or another the feelings expressed by the following song must have been shared by thousands of young girls in every war in history. "Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier," a lament of one girl a soldier left behind, is said to date from the American Revolution.

JOHNNY HAS GONE FOR A SOLDIER

Here I sit on Buttermilk Hill,
Who could blame me cry me fill?
And every tear would turn a mill;
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

Shool, shool, shool a-roo,
Shool a-sac-a-rac-ca bib-ba-lib-ba-boo.
If I should die for Sally Bobolink
Come bib-ba-lib-ba-boo so rare-o.

I'd sell my clock, I'd sell my reel,
Likewise I'd sell my spinning wheel
To buy my love a sword of steel;
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

Shool, shool, shool a-roo,
Shool a-sac-a-rac-ca bib-ba-lib-ba-boo.
If I should die for Sally Bobolink
Come bib-ba-lib-ba-boo so rare-o.

1776

91.

"Yankee Doodle"

France, Spain, the Netherlands, Germany, and Hungary have all claimed "Yankee Doodle," but the melody seems to have come first from England, where it was a children's game song called "Lucy Locket." Brought to America by the English soldiers who fought in the French and Indian War, the song became popular among the colonists, each settlement having its own set of lyrics. During the Revolutionary War, the British soldiers used a derisive set of lyrics to mock the shabby colonial soldiers, and the colonists in turn had another set of words that eventually became their battle cry. "Yankee" was a contemptuous nickname the British used for the New Englanders, and "doodle" meant "dope, half-wit, fool."

YANKEE DOODLE

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

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

There was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion
A-giving orders to his men —
There must have been a million.

Then I saw a swamping gun
As large as logs of maple
Upon a very little cart,
Every time they shot it off
It took a horn of powder
And made a noise like father's gun
Only a nation louder.

There I saw a wooden keg
With heads made out of leather;
They knocked upon it with some sticks
To call the folks together.

Then they'd fife away like fun
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood
All bound around their middles.

I can't tell you all I saw —
They kept up such a smother.
I took my hat off, made a bow,

John Trumbull: "An Elegy on the Times"

John Trumbull's first poem about national affairs, An Elegy on the Times, *written in 1774, was a "glittering, bombastic piece" that bore a patriotic message. In the role of a liberal, Trumbull attacked British economic policies but was still, at this time, hopeful of avoiding open conflict.*

Source: *Poetical Works*, Hartford, Conn., 1820, Vol. II, p. 205-217.

AN ELEGY ON THE TIMES

Oh Boston! late with every beauty crowned,
Where Commerce triumphed on the favoring gales;
And each pleased eye, that roved in prospect round,
Hailed thy bright spires and blessed thy opening sails!

Thy splendid mart with rich profusion smiled,
The gay throng crowded in thy spacious streets,
From either Ind, thy cheerful stores were filled,
Thy haven joyous with unnumbered fleets.

For here, more fair than in their native vales,
Tall groves of masts arose in beauteous pride;
Glad ocean shone beneath the swelling sails,
And wafted plenty on the bordering tide.

Alas how changed! the swelling sails no more
Catch the soft airs and wanton in the sky:
But hostile beaks affright the guarded shore,
And pointed thunders all access deny.

Where the bold cape its warning forehead rears,
Where tyrant vengeance waved her fatal wand,
Far from the sight each friendly vessel veers,
And flies averse the interdicted strand.

Along thy fields, which late in beauty shone,
With lowing herds and grassy vesture fair,
The insulting tents of barbarous troops are strown,
And bloody standards stain the peaceful air.

Are these thy deeds, oh Britain? this the praise,
That gilds the fading luster of thy name,
These the bold trophies of thy later days,
That close the period of thine early fame?

Shall thy strong fleets, with awful sails unfurled,
On freedom's shrine the unhallowed vengeance bend,
And leave forlorn the desolated world,
Crushed every foe and ruined every friend?

And quenched, alas, the soul-inspiring ray,
Where virtue kindled and where genius soared;
Or damped by darkness and the dismal sway
Of senates venal and liveried lord?

There pride sits blazoned on the unmeaning brow,
And over the scene thy factious nobles wait,
Prompt the mixed tumult of the noisy show,
Guide the blind vote and rule the mock debate.

To these how vain, in weary woes forlorn,
With abject fear the fond complaint to raise,
Lift fruitless offerings to the ear of scorn
Of servile vows and well-dissembled praise!

Will the grim savage of the nightly fold
Learn from their cries the blameless flock to spare?
Will the deaf gods, that frown in molten gold,
Heed the duped votary and the prostrate prayer?

With what pleased hope before the throne of pride,
We reared our suppliant hands with filial awe,
While loud Disdain with ruffian voice replied,
And falsehood triumphed in the garb of law?

While Peers enraptured hail the unmanly wrong,
See Ribaldry, vile prostitute of shame,
Stretch the bribed hand and dart the envenomed tongue,
To blast the laurels of a Franklin's fame!

But will the Sage, whose philosophic soul
  Controlled the lightning in its fierce career,
Over heaven's dread vault bade harmless thunders roll,
  And taught the bolts ethereal where to steer;

Will he, while echoing to his just renown,
  The voice of kingdoms swells the loud applause,
Heed the weak malice of a courtier's frown,
  Or dread the insolence of wrested laws?

Yet nought avail the virtues of the heart,
  The vengeful bolt no muse's laurels ward;
From Britain's rage, like death's relentless dart,
  No worth can save us and no fame can guard.

Over hallowed bounds see dire oppression roll,
  Fair Freedom buried in the whelming flood;
Nor chartered rights her tyrant course control,
  Tho' sealed by kings and witnessed in our blood.

In vain we hope from ministerial pride
  A hand to save us or a heart to bless:
'Tis strength, our own, must stem the rushing tide,
  'Tis our own virtue must command success.

But oh my friends, the arm of blood restrain,
  (No rage intemperate aids the public weal;)
Nor basely blend, too daring but in vain,
  The assassin's madness with the patriot's zeal.

Ours be the manly firmness of the sage,
  From shameless foes ungrateful wrongs to bear;
Alike removed from baseness and from rage,
  The flames of faction and the chills of fear.

Repel the torrent of commercial gain,
  That buys our ruin at a price so rare,
And while we scorn Britannia's servile chain,
  Disdain the livery of her marts to wear.

For shall the lust of fashion and of show,
  The curst idolatry of silks and lace,
Bid our gay robes insult our country's woe,
  And welcome slavery in the glare of dress?

  Shall clothe in neat array the cheerful train,
While heaven-born virtues bless the sacred toil,
  And gild the humble vestures of the plain.

No foreign labor in the Asian field
  Shall weave her silks to deck the wanton age:
But as in Rome, the furrowed vale shall yield
  The conquering hero and paternal sage.

And ye, whose heaven in golden pomp to shine,
  And warmly press the dissipated round,
Grace the ripe banquet with the charms of wine,
  And roll the thundering chariot over the ground;

For this, while guised in sycophantic smile,
  With heart regardless of your country's pain,
Your flattering falsehoods feed the ears of guile,
  And barter freedom for the dreams of gain!

Are these the joys on vassal-realms that wait;
  In downs of ease and dalliance to repose,
Quaff streams nectareous in the domes of state,
  And blaze in grandeur of imperial shows?

No — the hard hand, the tortured brow of care,
  The thatch-roofed hamlet and defenseless shed,
The tattered garb, that meets the inclement air,
  The famished table and the matted bed —

These are their fate. In vain the arm of toil
  With gifts autumnal crowns the bearded plain,
In vain glad summer warms the genial soil,
  And spring dissolves in softening showers in vain;

There savage power extends a dreary shade,
  And chill oppression, with her frost severe,
Sheds a dire blast, that nips the rising blade,
  And robs the expecting labors of the year.

So must we sink? and at the stern command,
  That bears the terror of a tyrant's word,
Bend the weak knee and raise the suppliant hand;
  The scorned, dependent vassals of a lord?

The wintry ravage of the storm to meet,
  Brave the scorched vapor of the autumnal air,
Then pour the hard-earned harvest at his feet,
  And beg some pittance from our pains to share.

But not for this, by heaven and virtue led,
  From the mad rule of hierarchal pride,
Over pathless seas our injured fathers fled,
  And followed freedom on the adventurous tide;

Dared the wild horrors of the clime unknown,
  The insidious savage, and the crimson plain,
To us bequeathed the prize their woes had won,
  Nor deemed they suffered, or they bled in vain.

And thinks't thou, *North,*[1] the sons of such a race,
  Whose beams of glory blessed their purpled morn,
Will shrink unnerved before a despot's face,
  Nor meet thy louring insolence with scorn?

Look through the circuit of the extended shore,
  That checks the surges of the Atlantic deep;
What weak eye trembles at the frown of power,
  What torpid soul invites the bands of sleep?

What kindness warms each heaven-illumined heart!
  What generous gifts the woes of want assuage,
And sympathetic tears of pity start,
  To aid the destined victims of thy rage!

No faction, clamorous with unhallowed zeal,
  To wayward madness wakes the impassioned throng;
No thoughtless furies sheath our breasts in steel,
  Or call the sword to avenge the oppressive wrong.

Fraternal bands with vows accordant join,
  One guardian genius, one pervading soul
Nerves the bold arm, inspires the just design,
  Combines, enlivens, and illumes the whole.

Now meet the Fathers of the western clime,
  Nor names more noble graced the rolls of fame,
When Spartan firmness braved the wrecks of time,
  Or Latian virtue fanned the heroic flame.

Not deeper thought the immortal sage inspired,
  On Solon's lips when Grecian senates hung;
Nor manlier eloquence the bosom fired,
  When genius thundered from the Athenian tongue.

And hopes thy pride to match the patriot strain,
  By the bribed slave in pensioned lists enrolled;
Or awe their councils by the voice profane,
  That wakes to utterance at the call of gold?

Can frowns of terror daunt the warrior's deeds,
  Where guilt is stranger to the ingenuous heart,
Or craft illude, where godlike science sheds
  The beams of knowledge and the gifts of art?

Go, raise thy hand, and with its magic power
  Pencil with night the sun's ascending ray,
Bid the broad veil eclipse the noon-tide hour,
  And damps of Stygian darkness shroud the day;

Bid heaven's dread thunder at thy voice expire,
  Or chain the angry vengeance of the waves;
Then hope thy breath can quench the immortal fire,
  And free souls pinion with the bonds of slaves.

Thou canst not hope! Attend the flight of days,
  View the bold deeds, that wait the dawning age,
Where Time's strong arm, that rules the mighty maze,
  Shifts the proud actors on this earthly stage.

Then tell us, *North:* for thou art sure to know,
  For have not kings and fortune made thee great;
Or lurks not wisdom in the ennobled brow,
  And dwells no prescience in the robes of state?

Tell how the powers of luxury and pride
  Taint thy pure zephyrs with their baleful breath,
How deep corruption spreads the envenomed tide,
  And whelms thy land in darkness and in death.

And tell how rapt by freedom's sacred flame,
  And fostering influence of propitious skies,
This western world, the last recess of fame,
  Sees in her wilds a newborn empire rise —

A newborn empire, whose ascendant hour
  Defies its foes, assembled to destroy,
And like Alcides, with its infant power
  Shall crush those serpents, who its rest annoy.

Then look through time, and with extended eye,
  Pierce the dim veil of fate's obscure domain:
The morning dawns, the effulgent star is nigh,
  And crimson glories deck our rising reign.

Behold, emerging from the cloud of days,
  Where rest the wonders of ascending fame,
What heroes rise, immortal heirs of praise!
  What fields of death with conquering standards flame!

See our thronged cities' warlike gates unfold;
  What towering armies stretch their banners wide,
Where cold Ontario's icy waves are rolled,
  Or far Altama's silver waters glide!

Lo, from the groves, the aspiring cliffs that shade,
  Descending pines the surging ocean brave,
Rise in tall masts, the floating canvas spread,
  And rule the dread dominions of the wave!

Where the clear rivers pour their mazy tide,
  The smiling lawns in full luxuriance bloom;
The harvest wantons in its golden pride,
  The flowery garden breathes a glad perfume.

Behold that coast, which seats of wealth surround,
  That haven, rich with many a flowing sail,
Where friendly ships, from earth's remotest bound,
  Float on the cheerly pinions of the gale;

There Boston smiles, no more the sport of scorn,
  And meanly prisoned by thy fleets no more,
And far as ocean's billowy tides are borne,
  Lifts her dread ensigns of imperial power.

So smile the shores, where lordly Hudson strays,
  Whose floods fair York and deep Albania lave,
Or Philadelphia's happier clime surveys
  Her splendid seats in Delaware's lucid wave:

Or southward far extend thy wondering eyes,
  Where fertile streams the gardened vales divide,
And mid the peopled fields, distinguished rise
  Virginian towers and Charleston's spiry pride.

Genius of arts, of manners and of arms,
  See dressed in glory and the bloom of grace,
This virgin clime unfolds her brightest charms,
  And gives her beauties to thy fond embrace.

Hark, from the glades and every listening spray,
  What heaven-born muses wake the raptured song.
The vocal groves attune the warbling lay,
  And echoing vales the rising strains prolong.

Through the vast series of descending years,
  That lose their currents in the eternal wave,
Till heaven's last trump shall rend the affrighted spheres,
  And ope each empire's everlasting grave;

Propitious skies the joyous field shall crown,
  And robe our valleys in perpetual prime,
And ages blest of undisturbed renown
  Arise in radiance over the imperial clime.

And where is Britain? In the skirt of day,
  Where stormy Neptune rolls his utmost tide,
Where suns oblique diffuse a feeble ray,
  And lonely streams the fated coasts divide,

Seest thou yon Isle, whose desert landscape yields
  The mournful traces of the fame she bore,
Where matted thorns oppress the uncultured fields,
  And piles of ruin load the dreary shore?

From those loved seats, the Virtues sad withdrew
  From fell Corruption's bold and venal hand;
Reluctant Freedom waved her last adieu,
  And devastation swept the vassalled land.

On her white cliffs, the pillars once of fame,
  Her melancholy Genius sits to wail,
Drops the fond tear, and over her latest shame,
  Bids dark Oblivion draw the eternal veil.

1790

[WIL]LIAM SELBY: "Ode for the New Year"

[Amon]g the many European musicians who came to America seeking fame and fortune [was th]e London organist and composer, William Selby. He arrived in Boston in 1771, [where] he became active in the city's musical affairs. In 1790, when George Washington [began] the second year of his presidency, Selby wrote "Ode for the New Year" as a [tribut]e to him.

[Source]: *The American Musical Miscellany: A Collection of the Newest and Most Approved Songs, Set to Music,* Northampton, Mass., 1798, pp. 189-195.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR

Hark! notes melodious fill the skies!
"From Thetis' lap, Apollo, rise!
Thy swift wheeled chariot speed amain!
O'er fleeting coursers, loose the rein,
The blushing hours impatient stand!
The virgin day waits thy command!
Awake, O Sol! and lead from ether's sphere,
In pomp of bridal joy, the wedded year!

"And as the golden car of light,
Refulgent beams on mortal sight;
As fiery steeds (which oft times lave
Their winged feet in ocean's wave)
Ascend above the mantling deep,
And rapid gain th' empyrean steep,
Let slumbering nations rise and loud prolong,
To day's celestial prince, the choral song."

Columbia heard the high behest,
Her freeborn millions smote the breast!
And silent slept the heaven-strung lyre,
Till freedom breathed impassioned fire;
Till virtue formed the hallowed sound;
And fame, enraptured, rolled it round.
"All hail to freedom's, virtue's, glory's son!
Ye worlds, repeat, repeat! 'Tis Washington."

European kingdoms caught the strain,
From mount to vale — from hill to plain,
Triumphant shouts with one acclaim,
Reechoing swelled the trump of fame;
"All Hail!" the Gallic peasant cries!
The cloistered monk, the nun replies!
"Illustrious George! Great patriot sage! 'Tw
To pour on France the flood of light divine

What notes are these? How grand! sublime!
'Tis freedom's song in Afric's clime!
The wretch, the slave whom fetters bound,
Exulting hears the joyful sound;
Ecstatic transports fire his soul,
And grateful paeans hourly roll;
For thee alone he hails the rising dawn;
The friend of man in Washington was born.

Lo, Asia joins the note of praise;
Her myriads dream of halcyon days,
When holy truth, with eagle ken,
Shall scan the rights of fellow men;
When impious tyrants, hurled from power,
No more shall spoil industry's flower;
But perfect freedom gild her evening sun,
And glow with cloudless beam — like Was

Hail, favored land, the pride of earth!
All nations hail Columbia's birth;
From Europe's realms to Asia's shore,
Or where the Niger's billows roar;
On eagle plume thy deeds shall fly;
And long as Sol adorns the sky,
Ten thousand thousand clarion tongues pro
The godlike Washington's immortal name.

Her cheeks are like the rosebuds red,
Mark well what I do say;
Her cheeks are like the rosebuds red,
There's wealth of hair upon her head;
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

I love this fair maid as my life,
Mark well what I do say;
I love this fair maid as my life,
And soon she'll be my little wife;
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

And if you'd know this maiden's name,
Mark well what I do say;
And if you'd know this maiden's name,
Why soon like mine, 'twill be the same;
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

HAUL AWAY, JOE

When I was a little boy
And so my mother told me,
Way haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
That if I did not kiss the girls
My lips would grow all moldy.
Way haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

Once I had a Southern gal
But she was fat and lazy,
Way haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
But now I've got a Yankee gal
And she is just a daisy.
Way haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

Oh, Louis was the king of France
Before the Revolution,
Way haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
But then he got his head cut off
Which spoiled his constitution.
Way haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

The cook is in the galley now
Making duff so handy,
Way haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
And the captain's in his cabin
Drinkin' wine and brandy.
Way haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

Chorus:
Way haul away,
We'll haul away together,
Way haul away,
We'll haul away, Joe!