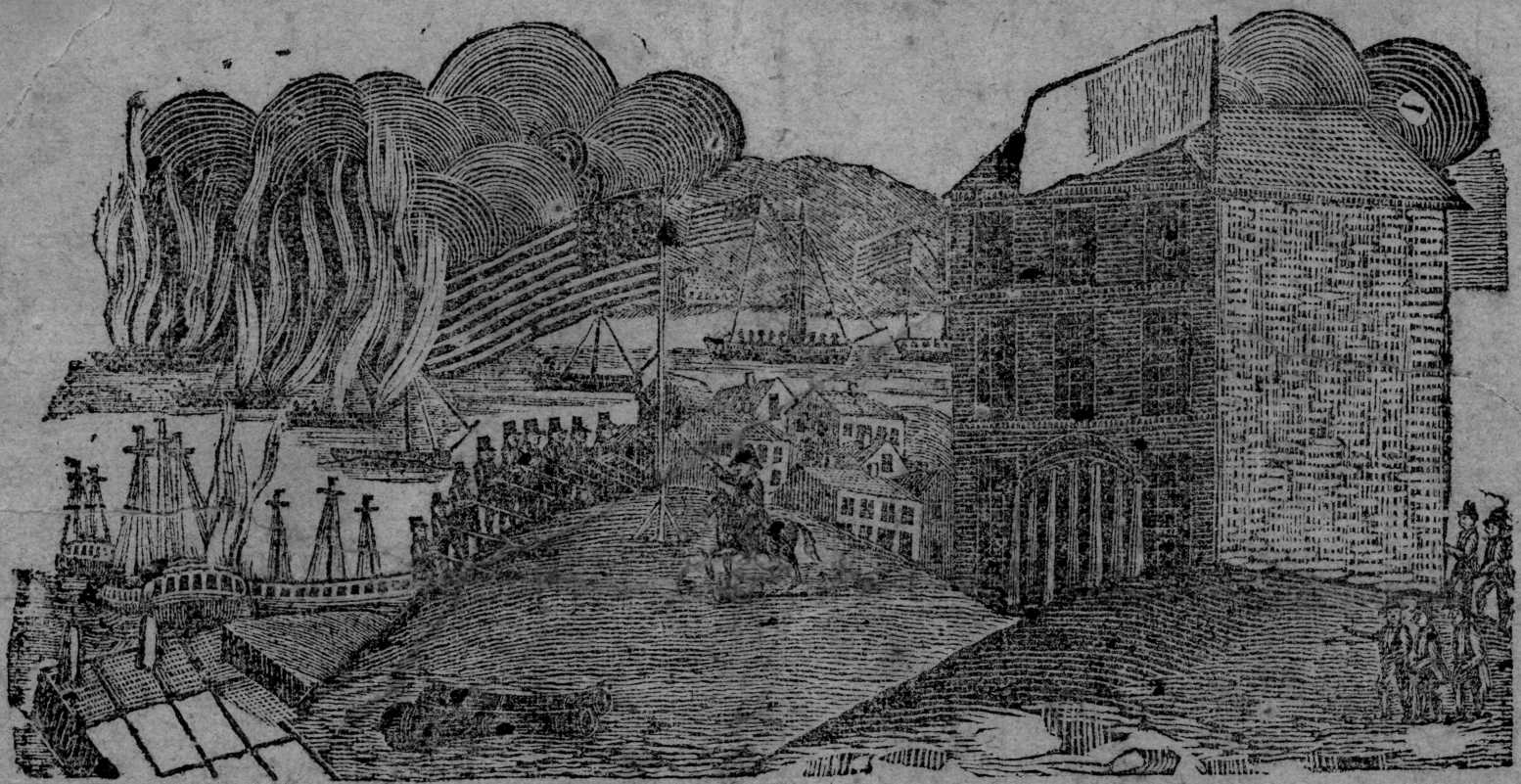


CAPTURE OF WASHINGTON



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BRITANNIA'S arm'd, *Marauders* come,
 The cannons' roar, the beating drum,
 Increase the *WAR'S* alarms;
 Her fleets *Blockade* and line our coasts,
 Of vict'ries won, *Great Britain* boasts,
 —To arms! to arms! to arms!
 And blest *Columbia*, with our latest breath,
 Our rallying word...is *Liberty or Death*.

With various insults they oppress,
 Our seamen capture and distress,
 Our *RIGHTS* infringe, and *LAWS*;
 Our hopes and benefits curtail,
 Our sacred *FREEDOM*, they assail,
 And vilify its cause.
 But blest *Columbia* with our latest breath,
 Our rallying word...is *Liberty or Death*.

Negotiation oft hast fail'd,
 Our hearts have sadden'd and bewail'd,
 And oft in gloom and dread;
 Our wishes do but ill succeed,
 Our foes are *Enemies* indeed,
 And "Havoc" round us spread.
 Yet blest *Columbia*, with our latest breath,
 Our rallying word...is *Liberty or Death*.

Now hostile troops, and fleets appear,
 To jeopardize with threats and fear,
 And all that's dear, destroy:
 With depredations far and wide,
 Around our shores, on ev'ry side,
 They ravage and annoy.
 But blest *Columbia*, with our latest breath,
 Our rallying word...is *Liberty or Death*.

Now here, now there...direct their course,
Barbarians like, they ply their force,
 Against the weaker part;
 But mark! *New-London*, *Norfolk* too,
 Brave *STONINGTON*...there's not a few,
 Display the *YANKEE*-heart.
 Thus blest *Columbia*, with our latest breath,
 Our rallying word...is *Liberty or Death*.

In th' *Chesapeake's* expansive bay,
 Carnage, and Death—and Fire each day,
 Their tidings to us bring;
Havre de Grasse was once, in flame,
Hampton and *Fenchtown* share the same,
 Like *Hawks*, they're on the wing.
 But blest *Columbia*, with our latest breath,
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At last, as *British* pride desir'd
 Our Nation's *Capital* is fir'd,
 And all our Nation's stores;
Regret and Ruin and Dismay,
Terrors and Threats, without allay,
 Thus spread, around our shores.
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So *ROSS* and his *Marauders* claim,
 A triumph 'gainst our Country's fame,
 And boast of their success;
 But why brave citizens... say why?
 Shall *Foes* thus triumph and defy?
 And *WE*, no wrongs *REDRESS*!
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Rich, in resources, why no means?
 And brave in spirit...why these scenes?
 Why from th' *INVADER* flee?
WINDER would lead your forces on,
 The *Vict'ry* claim'd...he would have won,
 Sacred to *LIBERTY*!
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The *Hero BARNEY* would have pour'd,
 Whole legions where their cannon roar'd,
 And check'd the *British* pride;
Stansbury, *Pinkney*, *Sterrett*; all...
 Would round their country's standard fall,
 And *Triumph*, where they died!
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The *Baltimorean Volunteers*...
 Would thrice ten thousand meet, with cheers,
 And with your hearts applause;
 Would *WE*, with *UNION*, but contest,
 For all that's dear...to make us blest!...
 Our *FREEDOM, RIGHTS & LAWS*!
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 Unite, in our *DEFENCE*;
 O! then secure our Country's fame,
 All other interests disclaim,
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Our enemy with pow'ful *Clans*,
 Whose vet'ran *Generals* lead their *Vans*
 With vast munitions stor'd,
 Determine all their strength to wield
 To make our great *Republic* yield,
 By dint of *Fire and Sword*!
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But favor not their desp'rate views,
 Our *Rights*, our *Freedom*, they abuse
 And *Ruin*!...all they seek;
 Rise in full majesty and strength,
 "United Stand"...rise and at length,
 Their hands and arms are weak!
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New-York the best example gives,
 By imitation, *Boston* lives,
 A people *GREAT* and *FREE*!
 A *Glory* shall enshrine the name,
 Of our *Republic*...rich with fame,
 And blest with *LIBERTY*.
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At *Blandensburgh*, the *Foe* they met,
 And ev'ry where convince, as yet,
 True *Valor*, on our side.
 Ferocious hell-hounds drive away,
 Your pow'rs and energies display,
 In all your Nation's *PRIDE*.
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Maintain your *Rights*,... "United Stand"
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 To sacrifice your all!
 No *Sacrifice*...too much to give,
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