

Hail, Saratoga, hail! the whole broad land  
 Should peal thy triumph in one pæan grand.  
 Nature yields homage; each recurring year  
 Honoring thy mighty deeds which rendered clear  
 The truth our nation should at last be free,  
 October shows its leafy blazonry.  
 For in our clime alone those gorgeous dyes  
 Vie with the splendor of its sunset skies.  
 All hail! may thy proud glories heavenward burn  
 Till to a cinder Time the sun shall turn.

And now our Banner! oft its hues it changed;  
 Through many varying shapes its aspect ranged;  
 The elm of Massachusetts and the oak  
 Of Carolina into being woke  
 The Tree of Liberty; (how strangely shows  
 This patriot union of such after foes!)  
 Till a new Constellation altered its blue;  
 And red and white their deep, striped colors drew;  
 Blue, red and white, like tints that quiver and reel  
 Over the velvet rich of red hot steel.  
 Wide streamed that Banner! as its folds flashed free  
 Auroral splendors flashed in sympathy;  
 Until the patriot saw the earthborn dyes  
 Reflected in the Standard of the Skies.  
 Oh, while those splendors beam upon the sight,  
 May that broad Banner glow in living light!  
 Oh, may its trophies wave in pomp sublime  
 Till melts the midnight of departing Time.

Loudly may laurelled Saratoga claim  
 A grauite tribute to her splendid fame!  
 In the grand chariot which her warsteeds drew  
 She first placed Freedom, pointing to her view