

The Chesapeake Massacre !

Composed by a REVOLUTIONIST of '75.

"Fiat justitia, ruat Cælum."

COLUMBIA's Sons, rouse and defend
Your sacred rights, and now contend
With ev'ry manly grace ;
Let not your *Predecessors* MANES
Be disturb'd by Lyrium's plains,
To curse their *dastard* race.

Oppression's sons in blaze of day,
Most *Cowardly* have dar'd to play
Their engines of perdition—
But let them know, thro' ev'ry vein
Your crimson blood flows with disdain
At your aggriev'd condition.

If You should now resign the field,
And with submission *basely* yield
To such imperious *brutes* ;
No longer may you ever claim
The honor of Columbia's name
But rank with *Albion's* dupes.

Freedom shall yet inhabit here,*
Our mansions free from servile fear
In spite of *coward* clans,
And to the world we'll make it known,
That we despise *Britannia's* throne,
And all infernal *plans*.

If JEFFERSON and CONGRESS join,
We can defeat the base design
Of villainous *INGRATES* ;
Then let us arm at ev'ry point,
And with our blood, our cause anoint,
And trust to GOD our FATES.

* COLUMBIA.