

Genius

Mr. Phelps, *ante* 1799

87. 87.

Transcribed from *The Musical Harmonist*, 1800.

G Major

Stephen Jenks, 1799

1. Now be still, ye boisterous passions, Every soul be hushed in peace; Look, your goddess takes her station, Mark the beauties of her face. of her face.

2. From her lips, in sounds melodious, Gen -tle accents sweetly flow; Lis -ten then, Columbians, listen; Mark her words she speaks to you. speaks to you.

3. Hail, Columbia! hap -py nation, If your happiness you know; While you follow af - ter vir - tue, And the paths of peace pursue. peace pur - sue.

4. Wretched Europe ruin threatens,
Mangled bodies strew the plains;
Parents, children, friends and brothers
By each other's hands are slain.

5. Listen, then, Columbians, listen,
While you weep her hapless fall;
While you mourn her dreadful miseries,
Shun her crimes, the cause of all.

6. Haughty tyrants, fed by plunder,
Murders, robberies, thefts and lies,
Injured widows, weeping orphans,
Call for vengeance from the skies.

7. Then be wise, ye sons of freedom,
Prove your worth, your wisdom prove;
Banish vice and practice virtue,
Cherish honor, peace, and love.

8. Then fair science long shall flourish,
Truth and love go hand in hand;
All the graces joined in concert
Bless this ever happy land.

9. Distant kings shall see thy glory,
Rapt in wonder at the view;
Listen then, Columbians, listen;
Mark my words I speak to you.