

An ode in honor of the inauguration of Buchanan & Breckinridge, President and Vice President of the United States. March 4, 1857. by Col W. Emmons. F. H Sage's Machine press. Columbia Place. [1857].

AN ODE IN HONOR OF THE INAUGURATION OF BUCHANAN & BRECKINRIDGE, President and Vice President of the United States.

MARCH 4, 1857. —By Col. W. Emmons.

TUNE:—"Star Spangled Banner."

While vassals of tyranny rivet their chains, By birth-day effusions and base adulation, Let freemen express in their holiday strains, The voice of the people, the choice of a nation. Let laureates sing The birth of a king, 'Tis ours to rejoice for the first fruits of spring, For still shall the *fourth* day of *March* ever yield, A harvest of glory in *Liberty's field*.

Encircled with glory our Jackson retir'd, Who led us in safety through war's dread commotion, While the spirit that raised him another inspir'd, To watch o'er our rights with equal devotion. Buchanan will preside, His Countrymen's pride, The *Patriot*, the *Statesman*, the *Farmer* well tried, And thus shall the *fourth* day of *March* ever yield, A harvest of glory in *Liberty's field*.

To legitimate tyrants no freemen will bow, To virtue alone will we pay veneration, The chiefs of Columbia are call'd from the plough, And retire again to the same occupation. Thus Jackson arose In face of his foes, For the path of a *patriot* Buchanan has chose, And thus shall the *fourth* day of *March* ever yield, A harvest of glory in *Liberty's field*.

Then hail to the day that beholds us once more, Place the chaplet of power on the brow of true merit, 'Tis the sacred insignia our *Washington* wore, A legacy none but the good shall inherit. To the Patriot Buchanan The tribute we owe, Till the people reclaim it again to bestow, And the *fourth* day of *March* be again made to yield, A harvest of glory in *Liberty's field*.

Let freemen unite on this festival day, To celebrate *Democracy's triumph in chorus*, Awaken the trumpet, our banners display, And hail the bright prospect that opens before us. In pæans of joy Your voices employ, For the *Patriots Buchanan* and *Breckinridge* tried, And ne'er may the *fourth* day of *March* cease to yield, A harvest of glory in *Liberty's field*.

F. H. SAGE'S Machine Job Press, Columbia Place.