

# ODE

FOR THE

## CANAL CELEBRATION,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE PRINTERS OF NEW-YORK,

By MR. SAMUEL WOODWORTH, PRINTER.

'Tis done! 'tis done!—The mighty chain  
Which joins bright **ERIE** to the **MAIN**,  
For ages, shall perpetuate  
The glory of our native State.

'Tis done!—Proud **ART** o'er **NATURE** has prevailed!  
**GENIUS** and **PERSEVERANCE** have succeeded!  
Though selfish **PREJUDICE** assailed,  
And honest **PRUDENCE** pleaded.

'Tis done!—The monarch of the briny tide,  
Whose giant arm encircles earth,  
To virgin **ERIE** is allied,  
A bright-eyed nymph of mountain birth.

To-day, the *Sire of Ocean* takes  
A sylvan maiden to his arms,  
The goddess of the crystal lakes,  
In all her native charms!

She comes! attended by a sparkling train;  
The *Naiads* of the West her nuptials grace;  
She meets the sceptred father of the main,  
And in his heaving bosom hides her virgin face.

Rising from their watery cells,  
Tritons sport upon the tide,  
And gaily blow their trumpet shells,  
In honour of the bride.  
Sea-nymphs leave their coral caves,  
Deep beneath the ocean waves,  
Where they string, with tasteful care,  
Pearls upon their sea-green hair.  
Thetis' virgin train advances,  
Mingling in the bridal dances;  
Jove, himself, with raptured eye,  
Throws his forked thunders by,  
And bids Apollo seize his golden lyre,  
A strain of joy to wake;  
While Fame proclaims that *Ocean's Sire*  
Is wedded to the goddess of the *Lake*.  
The smiling god of song obeys,  
And heaven re-echoes with his sounding lays.

"All hail to the **ART** which unshackles the soul!  
And fires it with love of glory!  
And causes the victor, who reaches the goal,  
To live in deathless story!

"Which teaches young Genius to rise from earth,  
On Fancy's airy pinion,  
To assert the claims of its heavenly birth,  
And seize on its blest dominion.

"The **ART** which the banner of Truth unfurl'd,  
When darkness veil'd each nation,  
And prompted Columbus to seek a new world  
On the unexplored map of creation.

"Which lighted the path of the pilgrim band,  
Who braved the storms of Ocean,  
To seek, in a wild and distant land,  
The freedom of pure devotion.

"Which kindled, on Freedom's shrine, a flame  
That will glow through future ages,  
And cover with glory and endless fame  
Columbia's immortal sages.

"The **ART** which enabled her **FRANKLIN** to prove,  
And solve, each mystic wonder!  
To arrest the forked shafts of Jove,  
And play with his bolts of thunder.

"The **ART**, which enables her sons to aspire,  
Beyond all the wonders in story;  
For an unshackled **PRESS** is the pillar of fire  
Which lights them to Freedom and Glory.

"'Tis this which call'd forth the immortal decree,  
And gave the great work its first motion;  
'Tis done! by the hands of the brave and free,  
And **ERIE** is link'd to the Ocean.

"Then hail to the **ART** which unshackles the soul,  
And fires it with love of glory,  
And causes the victor who reaches the goal,  
To live in deathless story."

Such strains—if earthly strains may be  
Compared to his who tunes a heavenly lyre—  
Are warbled by the bright-haired deity,  
While list'ning orbs admire.

Such strains shall unborn millions yet awake,  
While, with her golden trumpet, smiling Fame  
Proclaims the union of the Main and Lake,  
And on her scroll emblazons **CLINTON's** name.

The foregoing ODE was printed on a moveable stage, on the 4th day of November, 1825, during the Procession in honour of the completion of the Grand Western Canal.

Clayton & Van Norden, Printers.