THE

AMERICAN
NAVAL AND PATRIOTIC
SONGSTER.

AS SUNG AT VARIOUS PLACES OF
AMUSEMENT,

IN HONOR OF
Hull, Jones, Decatur, Perry, Bainbridge, Lawrence, &c. &c. &c.

"Don't give up the Ship."

BY ********

BALTIMORE:

1834.
The Naval and Patriotic Songster:

Addressed to All Brother Tars.

What cheer, my Hearties! and how wears the world, messmates? 'Tis the first time Jolly Tom sends out his intended yearly cargo of naval and other ditties, to cheer the hearts of all true Tars, and commemorate the gallant exploits of our brave countrymen. Why, now, here am I, old Tom, who have fought the enemy, yard-arm, and yard-arm and lost a pin in the service of his country. I am now laid up at Gosport Moorings, blessed with health and content, my children happy and my dear native land sheltered in peace and plenty—Why, now, messmate, what should an old fellow of 73 do, but, as the song says,

"Tell old tales and chaunt of brother tars!"

What signifies palaver, or argufies boasting; I was one of the lads that drank success to my country in the top of the tea
ship; my eyes, how we queered the lubbers! It was a daring business, but we were the lads that did it, and what can’t a Yankee sailor, do?—When his country wants him, he’ll fight till the last glass, and sooner sink than run.

Well, to be sure, I’ve had thousands of jolly bouts, and been engaged in many a bit of spree, in my time; but, tar me, Jack, if ever I struck to any thing in my life, but to old age. You see that noble building* near the shore—there, Jack, I expect to weather the storm, and sing,

“Yankee sailors have the knack,  
Haul away, ye ho, boys.”

*Marine Hospital, near Norfolk, Virginia, an asylum for disabled seamen.
THE
NAVAL AND PATRIOTIC
SONGSTER.

PERRY'S VICTORY.

When late Columbia's patriot brave,
Sailed forth on Erie's tranquil wave,
No hero yet had found a grave,
Within her watery cementry.

But soon that wave was stained with gore,
And soon did every concave shore,
Re-echo with the dreadful roar
Of thundering artillery.

Behold! two hostile fleets appear,
The eager shouts of battle hear,
No heart is there appall'd by fear,
All pant for glorious victory.

His torch the God of Battles lights,
For naval glory Britain fights,
For "Freedom and the sailor's rights,"
Columbia combats gallantly.

The Lawrence's decks are strewed with dead,
And many a gallant spirit fled,
And many a hero's nobly bled,
To win a wreath of victory.
Alas! and can no prowess save,
Our ship a wreck upon the wave,
And snatch the corse of the brave,
From an impious conqueror.

Ah, yes! that youth with eagle eye,
Though heaps of slain around him lie,
Though death and carnage will descry
The path that leads to victory.

A soul like his no danger fears,
His pendant from the mast he tears,
And his gallant bosom bears,
To grace the bold Niagara.

See! see! he quits the Lawrence's side,
And trusts him to the foaming tide,
Where thundering navies round him ride,
And flash their red artillery.

His oar each sturdy seaman plies,
He gains the deck! his pendant flies,
Triumphant shouts ascend the skies,
And rend the vaulted canopy.

"The combat deepens on ye brave,
"Who rush to glory or the grave,"
Columbia's rights upon the wave,
Protect from proud Britannia.

Huzza! the tide of battle turns!
Now every hero's bosom burns!—
'Tis done:—again Britannia learns
To strike to great Columbia.
Barclay thy deed of glory done,
Thy laurels at Trafalgar won,
Shall now adorn our gallant son,
And signalize his victory.

His country shall with glory crown,
His deeds of empire and renown,
And history shall hand them down
To endless posterity.

RISE, COLUMBIA, BRAVE AND FREE.

When Freedom first the triumph sung,
That crush'd the pomp of Freedom's foes,
The harps of heav'n responsive rung,
As thus the choral numbers rose:
  Rise, Columbia! brave and free!
  Thy thunder, when in battle hurl'd,
Shall rule the billows of the sea,
And bid defiance to the world.

Supremely blest by fate's decree,
  Thy hardy tars, in battle brave,
Shall plume thy wings, and keep thee free,
  As in the motion of thy wave:
  Rise, Columbia, etc.

The stars that in thy Banner shine,
  Shall rain destruction on thy foes,
Yet light the brave of ev'ry clime,
  To kindred, friendship, and repose:
  Rise, Columbia, etc.
The storms that on thy surges rock,
   Around thy flag shall idly sweep,
Proof to the tempest's fiercest shock,
   In stripes shall awe the vassal deep:
   Rise, Columbia, etc.

Encircled with a flood of light,
   The Eagle shall supremely rise,
Lead thee to victory in fight,
   And bear thy glory to the skies:
   Rise, Columbia, brave and free!
   Thy thunder when in battle hurl'd,
   Shall rule the billows of the sea,
   And bid defiance to the world.

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SONG.

Written by J. M'Creery, and sung by a gentleman of Petersburg at a Public Dinner.

TUNE.—"Anacreon in Heaven."

See Decatur, our hero, returns to the west,
   Who's destined to shine in the annals of story;
A bright ray of vict'ry beams high on his crest,
   Encircled his brow's by a halo of glory.
   On Afric's bleak shore,
   From the insolent Moor,
   His bloody stain'd laurels in triumph he tore,
   Where the crescent which oft spread its terrors afar,
   Submissively bowed to Columbia's star.

Algiers' haughty Dey, in the height of his pride,
   From American freemen a tribute demanded;
Columbia’s brave freemen the tribute denied,
And his corsairs to seize our brave tars were commanded.
Their streamers wave high,
But Decatur draws nigh,
His name strikes like lightning—in terror they fly,
Thrice welcome our hero, returned from afar,
Where the proud crescent falls to Columbia’s star.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.—By Gay.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor’d
The streamers waving to the wind,
When black ey’d Susan came on board:
Oh! where shall I my true love find!
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew.

William who high upon the yard,
Rock’d with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known, voice he heard,
He sigh’d, and cast his eyes below;
The cord glides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in the air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate’s shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William’s lips those kisses sweet.
O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They’ll tell thee, sailors when away,
In every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe’er I go.

If to fair India’s coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in di’monds bright,
Thy breath is Afric’s spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus ev’ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes, in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle calls me from thy arms:
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the halls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan’s eye

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay aboard—
They kiss’d, she sigh’d, he hung his head.
Her less’ning boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu! she cries, and waved her lily hand.
LASH'D TO THE HELM.

In storms, when clouds obscure the sky,
And thunders roll and lightnings fly,
In midst of all these dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.
   The troubled main,
   The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove;
   Lash'd to the helm,
Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on every side,
And art is vain the ship to guide,
In various shapes when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers:
   The troubled main,
   The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove;
   Lash'd to the helm,
Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee my love.

But should the gracious powers be kind,
Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long-lost native shore:
   No more the main
   I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve;
   I then with thee
Should happy be,
And think on nought but love.
AMERICA, COMMERCE, AND FREEDOM.

How blest the life a sailor leads,
   From clime to clime still ranging!
For as the calm the storm succeeds,
   The scene delights by changing.
Tho’ tempests howl along the main,
   Some objects will remind us,
And cheer with hope to meet again,
   The friends we left behind us.
Then under full sail we laugh at the gale,
   And tho’ landsmen look pale never heed them
But toss off a glass to some favourite lass,
   To America, commerce, and freedom.”

But when arrived in sight of land,
   Or safe in port rejoicing;
Our ship we moor, our sails we hand,
   Whilst out our boat is hoisting:
With cheerful hearts the shore we reach,
   Our friends delighted greet us;
And tripping lightly o’er the beach,
   The pretty lasses meet us.
When the full-flowing bowl enlivens the soul,
   To foot it we merrily lead them;
And each bonny lass will drink off her glass,
   To America, commerce and freedom.

Our prizes sold, the chink we share,
   And gladly we receive it;
And when we meet a brother tar
   That wants, we freely give it;
No free-born sailor yet had store,
   But cheerfully would lend it;
And when 'tis gone—to sea for more—
We earn it but to spend it.
Then drink round my boys, 'tis the first of our joys,
To relieve the distress'd, clothe, and feed them;
'Tis a duty we share with the brave and the fair,
In this land of commerce and freedom.

THE TOPSAILS SHIVER IN THE WIND.

The topsails shiver in the wind,
Our ship she's cast to sea,
But yet my heart, my soul, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee;
For though thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be my leading star.

Should landsmen flatter when we were sail'd,
O doubt their artful tales,
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd constant gales;
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

These are our cares: but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
Till we return again.
Now Freedom's glory rest with you,
Our sails are full, sweet girl, adieu!
HEAVING THE LEAD.—By Pearce.

For England when, with fav'ring gale
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
And scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appear'd,
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
“By the deep—Nine!”

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well known object kept in view—
An abbey-tow'r a harbor-fort,
Or beacon to the vessel true;
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung.
“By the mark—Seven!”

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,
With transport we behold the roof
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear;
Of faith and love a matchless proof!
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
“Quarter less—Five!”

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh,
With slacken'd sail she feels the tide;
“Stand, clear the cable!” is the cry—
The anchor's gone, we safely ride,
The watch is set, and through the night,
We hear the seaman with delight,
“Proclaim—All's well.”
THE SAILOR'S LAST WHISTLE.

Whether sailor or not, for a moment avast,
Poor Jack's mizen-topsail is laid to the mast;
He'll never turn out, or more heave the lead,
He's now all aback, nor will sails shoot ahead;
Yet, tho' worms knew his timber, his vessel a wreck,
When he hears the last whistle, he'll jump upon deck!

Secar'd in his cabin, he's moor'd in his grave,
Nor hears any more the loud roar of the wave;
Press'd by death, he is sent to the tender below
Where seamen and lubbers must every one go.
Yet, tho' worms, &c.

With his frame a mere hulk, and his reck'ning on board;
At length he dropped down to mortality's road;
With eternity's ocean before him in view,
He cheerfully popt out, "my messmates, adieu."
For, tho' worms, &c.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

Air—"The Girl I left Behind me."

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back,
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
   From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts where'er we rove,
   To those we've left behind us!

When round the bowl, of vanished years,
   We talk with joyous seeming,
And smiles that might as well be tears,
   So faint, so sad the beaming,
While mem'ry brings us back again
   Each early tie that twin'd us,
Oh! sweet's the cup that circles then
   To those we've left behind us!

And when in other climes we meet,
   Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry wild and sweet
   And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great has been our bliss,
   If heav'n had but assign'd us,
To live and die in scenes like this,
   With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve,
   When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
   Still faint behind them glowing—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
   To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
   Of joy that's left behind us.
THE TRUE YANKEE SAILOR.

When a boy, Harry Bluff left his friends and his home,
And his dear native land, o'er the ocean to roam
Like a sapling he sprung he was fair to the view
He was true Yankee oak, boys, the older he grew.
Tho' his body was weak and his hands they were soft,
When the signal was giv'n he first went aloft,
The veterans all cry'd, he'll one day lead the van
For tho' rated a boy, he'd the soul of a man,
And the heart of a true Yankee sailor.

When to manhood promoted and burning for fame,
Still in peace or in war, Harry Bluff was the same;
So true to his love, and in battle so brave,
The myrtle and laurel entwin'd o'er his grave.
For his country he fell, when by victory crown'd
The flag shot away, fell in tatters around,
The foe thought he'd struck, but he sung out, avast!
And Columbia's colors he nail'd to the mast,
And died like a true Yankee sailor.

THE LAST BUGLE.—By H. Cummings, Esq.

Hark! the muffled drum sounds the last march of the brave,
The soldier retreats to his quarters, the grave,
Under death, whom he owns his commander-in-chief,
No more he'll turn out with the ready relief;
But in spite of death's terrors or hostile alarms,
When he hears the last bugle he'll stand to his arms.

Farewell, brother soldiers, in peace may you rest,
And light lie the turf on each veteran breast,
Until that review, when the souls of the brave,
Shall behold the chief ensign, fair mercy's flag wave;
Then freed from death's terrors and hostile alarms,
When we hear the last bugle we'll stand to our arms.

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

March to the battle field,
The foe is now before us,
Each heart is freedom's shield,
And Heav'n is smiling o'er us.
The woes and pains,
The galling chains,
That keep our spirits under,
In proud disdain,
We've broke again,
And tore each link asunder,
March to the, &c.

Who, for his country brave,
Would fly from her invader?
Who, his base life to save,
Would, traitor like, degrade her!
Our hallow'd cause,
Our home and laws,
Gainst tyrant power sustaining,
We'll gain a crown
Of bright renown,
Or die—our rights maintaining!
March to the, &c.

MARSEILLES HYMN OF LIBERTY.

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsire hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries.
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land.
While peace and liberty lie bleeding!
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath:
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd,
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treachrous kings confederate raise
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slave adore,
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us!
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

Oh, Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame!
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee
Or whips thy noble spirit tame!
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

A SOLDIER'S THE LAD I ADORE.

A soldier's the lad I adore,
Tho' he's far from his friends and his home
Love grant I may see him once more,
And march to the roll of his drum.
With plume in his helm, and his sword
   By his side, and a hero-like show,
He march'd to the field at the glorious word,
   And beat the retreat of the foe.

Full many a youth have I seen,
   Who has whisper'd affection to me;
But give me the lad with a doublet of green,
   Who can beat Freedom's reveille.

Should he fall, but I hope he may not,
   His spirit shall dwell with the brave,
His deeds by his country shall ne'er be forgot
   While Freedom weeps over his grave.

Then march to the roll of the drum,
   It summons the brave to the plain,
Where heroes contend for the home
   Which perchance they may ne'er see again.

COLUMBIAN TARS.

COLUMBIAN Tars are hearts of oak,
   Singing ever merrily:
Even in fight they laugh and joke,
   Meeting danger cheerily;
   Yo, yo, yea;
Fire away,
Hearts of oak, right merrily.
And tho' death around him flies,
Still the dauntless sailor cries,
Spunge the guns, boys, merrily,
Ram the balls home, cherrily,
   Yo, yo, yea,
   Fire away,
Hearts of oak, right merrily.

Wrapt in clouds of thickest smoke,
   Hear him singing merrily;
Fearless still, he'll have his joke,
   Braving peril cheerily;
E'en amidst the hottest fight,
   Hear him singing with delight,
Spunge the guns, boys, &c.

THE TOUGH YANKEE TAR!

Huzza for the lads of the ocean,
   Whose mark is the eagle and star;
They'll challenge all hands I've a notion,
   To beat them at knocks in the war,
   With a tough Yankee tar!

No, braver than Grecian or Roman,
   For honor he fears not a scar:
And damme, he'll yield him to no man,
   While he holds to a timber or spar—
   'Tis a tough Yankee tar?

Old Archimedes he was an ass:
   He had ne'er swung a ship from the water.
But broken his lever, and reflectors of brass,
   Had he known how to beat up to quarter,
   Like a tough Yankee tar!
Now first on the ocean they try hands,
To check haughty Albion's career;
And soon the poor king of the islands,
Yields a proud and a boasted Guerriere!
To a tough Yankee tar?

Let them jabber as much as they please,
'Tis all botheration and stuff;
They talk of the rights of the seas;
We'll teach them 'tis all plain enough,
To a tough Yankee tar!

Now Columbia with proudest emotion,
Hails her young sons of war on the main;
They wave a free flag on the ocean,
And none shall her freedom maintain,
Like a tough Yankee tar!

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A NEW SONG.

Tune.—Yankee Doodle.

Ye gallant sons of liberty,
Who bravely have defended,
Your country's rights by land and sea,
And to her cause attended.

With yankee doodle doo,
Yankee doodle dandy,
Our tars will show, the haughty foe,
Columbia's sons are handy.
Upon the ocean's wide domain,
   Our tars are firm and true sirs,
And freedom's cause, they will maintain,
   With yankee doodle doo sirs.
   Yankee doodle, &c

The fourth day of July 'tis said,
   That day will Britain rue, sirs,
When an independent tune we play'd,
   Call'd yankee doodle doo, sirs.
   Yankee doodle, &c.

Columbia's sons did then declare,
   They would be independent,
And for King George they would not care,
   Nor yet for his descendant.
   Yankee doodle, &c.

For the prince regent thought he'd sent,
   A fleet to take our few sirs,
But when to sea our sailors went,
   They play'd 'em yankee doodle doo, sirs.
   Yankee doodle, &c.

For first bold Hull the Guerriere met,
   And 'twas a glorious day, sirs,
Cried Dacres give them boys a sweat,
   And show them British play, sirs.
   Yankee doodle, &c.

ut Hull that story did not like,
   So return'd them shots a few sirs,
Which caused the British flag to strike,
   To yankee doodle doo, sirs.
   Yankee doodle, &c.
Now next bold Jones a Frolick took,  
Upon the ocean too, sirs,  
Lord, how the British flag he shook,  
To yankee doodle doo, sirs.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

For Jones so smart a tune did play,  
That it made the British sing, sirs,  
And Whinyates to his men did say,  
Damn'd hard that Wasp does sting, sirs.  
Yankee doodle, &c

Sure Whinyates thought our gallant Jones  
Could'nt take a Frolick too, sirs.  
But soon he struck his marrow bones,  
To yankee doodle doo, sirs.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

'Twas next the Macedonian met,  
Brave Commodore Decatur,  
A yankee ship, cried he, I'll bet,  
Prepare my boys, to take her.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

For Carden thought he had us tight,  
Just so did Dacres too, sirs,  
But brave Decatur put him right,  
With yankee doodle doo, sirs.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

They thought they saw our ship on flame,  
Which made them all huzza, sirs,  
But when the second broadside came,  
It made them hold their jaws, sirs.  
Yankee doodle, &c,
British tars think that they can
Whip Yankees one to two, sirs,
But only give us man for man;
They'll see what we can do, sirs.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Our tars do care no more for France
Than Britain, is most true, sirs,
And can make any nation dance,
To yandee doodle doo, sirs.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Now here’s a health to valiant Hull,
Jones and Decatur too, sirs,
And we’ll include brave Bainbridge too,
Sing yankee doodle doo, sirs,
Yankee doodle, &c.

SONG.

Tune.—The Constellation.

Columbians strike th’ enliv’ning strain,
To cheer the hero home again,
Cover’d with laurels from the main,
Huzza for the brave Decatur.
He met the foeman on the wave,
He taught the skilful and the brave,
How well the tars,
Unus’d to wars,
Could shine amidst the din of battle,
And while the glorious cannons rattle,
Huzza for the brave Decatur.
Brave was the Macedonia's crew,
The Captain he was valiant too;
And every British heart was true,
When they met the bold Decatur:
And while the glorious cannon's train,
Re-echoed o'er the distant main,
The Britons proud,
Exclaim'd aloud:
'See, see, we've fir'd the foeman's side,"
But still our gallant tars replied:
Huzza for the brave Decatur.
The battle's fury soon is o'er,
The vivid light'nings gleam no more,
And silent is the cannon's roar,
Huzza for the brave Decatur.
In streams of blood their flags descends,
His race full many a Briton ends,
Our planks are tight
Our vessel's right,
And every sailor at his post,
Exclaims in joy and wonder lost,
Huzza for the brave Decatur.

LAWRENCE'S TID RE I.
Come all you boys,
Who freedom prize,
And join my song in chorus, O;
John Bull's found out,
In this last bout,
When Yankees fight they conquer, O,
The HORNET'S might,
In glorious fight,
We've proved upon the Peacock, O;
She spread her sail,
And show'd her tail;
Which soon our Hornet tickled, O;

"Crowd all sail," says our captain, "and if we once get along side of her, we'll teach them common plunderers the difference between the sons of freedom, fighting for their country's rights, and the base slaves of a cruel tyrant."— The crew two by two one after the other, gave nine cheers, and as if nothing at all ail'd them, kept singing

_Tidre I, &c._

Now to't we went,
With firm intent,
To do the job genteely, O,
Her _Union Jack_,
With great eclat,
They hoisted at her mizen, O;
But soon our _stripes_,
Gave _Jack_ the _gripes_,
Our stars they shone in splendour, O;
While our brave tars,
Inspir'd by Mars,
Their cannon loud may rattle, O;

We soon came up with her, and after a long shot or two, our captain gave orders to bear down upon her, and lay her close along side.— O, it would have made your heart glad to see how neatly we fixt the business for her, in spite of their frequent cries of "Britons strike home, strike home," while we still kept playing them a bit of our

_Tidre I, &c._
The Peacock's game,
We soon did tame,
Each shot its object answered, O,
Bold captain Peake,
In death doth sleep,
And thirty-six were wounded, O;
And our brave crew,
Who are true blue,
Now on her starboard rak'd her, O;
"Five minutes more,
Her flag she'll lower;"
Exulting cried our Captain, O.

At last down came the British flag, and she
firing a gun to leeward, at the same time hoist-
ing her Jack, (Union down) as a signal of dis-
tress, this touch'd the heart of our brave cap-
tain, who ordered assistance to be given, and on
boarding her, found she was as full of holes as a
lime sieve, and in the act of helping our con-
quered foes, she filled, and down went three of
our bravest tars, who notwithstanding kept
singing

Fill up the glass,
Round let it pass,
We'll drink long life to Lawrence, O.
Likewise to those,
Who've show'd our foes,
Columbia's still triumphant, O;
And when again,
They plough the main,
They'll never disgrace their colours, O;
And Britons' host,
Who throng our coast,
They'd beat with half their number, O.

So now while we are safe at home, enjoying
the smiles of our wives and sweethearts, in this
blessed land of Freedom, let us toast the mem-
ory of those brave fellows who have lost their
lives for "FREE TRADE AND SAILOR'S RIGHTS"
—and when we again receive sailing orders,
we'll amuse John Bull with our Tid re I, &c.

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MY BONNIE MARY.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie:
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law
And I maun lea'e my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are hear afar,—
The battle closses thick and bloody:
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,
It's leaving thee, by bonnie Mary.
THE SAILOR'S LULLABY.—By Cobb.

Peaceful slumb'ring on the ocean,
   Seamen fear no danger nigh,
The winds and waves in gentle motion,
   Sooth them with their lullaby—
       Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
   Sooth them with their lullaby.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing,
   Still no danger they descry;
The guiltless heart its boon bestowing,
   Soothes them with its lullaby—
       Lullaby, &c.

THE STORM.—By G. A. Stevens.

SLOW.

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer,
   List ye landsmen, all to me;
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
   Sing the dangers of the sea:
From bounding billows first in motion,
   When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
   Where the seas contend with skies.

LIVELY.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling—
   By topsail sheets and haulyards stand—
Down topgallants quick be hauling—
   Down your staysails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,—
Now the topsail sheets let go—
Luff, boys, luff, don’t make wry faces—
Up your topsails nimbly clew.

SLOW.

Now all you at home in safety,
Shelter’d from the howling storm,
Tasting joys by Heaven vouchsaf’d ye,
Of our state vain notions form.
Round us roars the tempest louder,
Think what fear our minds enthral;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,—
Now again the boatswain calls!

LIVELY.

The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys,

See all clear to reef each course—
Let the foresheet go—don’t mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get—
Reef the mizen—see all clear—
Hands up, each preventer-brace set—
Man the foreyard—cheer, lads, cheer.

SLOW.

Now the dreadful thunder’s roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash:
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash:
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky;
Different deaths at once surround us—
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?
LIVELY.

The foremast's gone! cries every tongue out,
    O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out—
    Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces—
    Come, my hearts, be stout and bold!
Pump the well the leak increases—
    Four feet water in the hold?

SLOW.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
    We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
    Alas! to them there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
    Both chain-pumps are chok'd below,
Heaven have mercy here upon us!
    For only that can save us now.

LIVELY.

O'er the lee beam is the land, boys—
    Let the guns o'erboard be thrown—
To the pump come, every hand, boys—
    See our mizmast is gone.
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
    We've light'ned her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury-foremast—
    She right!—she right! boys—wear off shore.
Now once more, peace round us beaming,
Since kind heaven has saved our lives,
From our eyes joy's tears are streaming,
For our children and our wives;
Grateful hearts now beat in wonder
To Him who thus prolongs our days;—
Hush'd to rest the mighty thunder—
Every voice bursts in praise.

THE AMERICAN STAR.

Tune—*Humours of Glen.*

Come strike the bold anthem, the war-dogs are howling,
Already they eagerly snuff up their prey.
The red cloud of war o'er our forests is scowling,
Soft peace spreads her wings, and flies weeping away:
The infants affrighted, clinging close to their mothers,
The youths grasp their swords, for the combat prepare,
While beauty weeps fathers and lovers and brothers,
Who rush to display the American Star.
Come blow the shrill bugle—the loud drum awaken—
the dread rifle seize—let the cannon deep roar;
No heart with pale fear, or faint doubtings be shaken,
No slave’s hostile foot leave a print on our shore;
Shall mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters left weeping,
Insulted by ruffians, be dragg’d to despair,
Oh no—from the hills the proud eagle comes swooping,
And waves to the brave the American Star.

The spirits of Washington, Warren, Montgomery,
Look down from the clouds, with bright aspect serene;
Come soldiers, a tear and a toast to memory,
Rejoicing they’ll see us, as they once have been;
To us the high boon by the gods have been granted,
To spread the glad tidings of liberty far
Let millions invade us, we’ll meet them undaunted,
And conquer or die by the American Star.

Your hands then, dear comrades, around liberty’s altar,
United we swear by the souls of the brave!
Not one, from the strong resolution shall falter,
To live independent or sink in the grave,
Then freemen fill up—Lo! the strip’d banner’s flying,
The high birds of liberty screams through the air,
Beneath her oppression and tyranny dying—
Success to the beaming American Star.

COLUMBIA’S GREAT GLORY.

Tune.—“Hail to the Chief.”

Hallow’d the birth-day of liberty’s nation,
Sacred the flame on her alter that burns,
A tear to the chieftain who wrought her salvation,
And flowers to the grave that his body inurns;
He who from the darkest night,
Led us to glory’s light,
Remaining before us our guidance and star:
Rid every troubled sea,
Pilot of liberty;
Champion of peace in the ravage of war.

Hail to the name of Columbia’s great hero,
Which brighter shines forth thro’ the vista of years;
Whilst on history’s page stands the contrast of Nero,
The king of oppression, and father of tears.
Then raise the sacred strain,
Let echo mock again;
Washington rise on each patriot's voice,
Till all Columbia round,
Swell with the joyous sound,
And hill and vale in the anthem rejoice.

CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

TUNE—"Landlady of France."

It oft-times has been told
That the British sailors bold,
Could flog the tars of France so neat and handy O;
But they never found their match,
Till the Yankees did them catch,
Oh! the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy O.

The Guerriere, a frigate bold,
On the foaming ocean roll'd,
Commanded by proud Dacres, the grandee O;
With choice of British crew,
As a rammer ever drew,
They could flog the Frenchmen two to one so handy O.

When this frigate hove in view,
Says proud Dacres to his crew,
Come clear the ship for action and be handy O;
To the weather-gage boys get her,
And to make his men fight better,
Gave them to drink, gunpowder, mixed with brandy O.

Then Dacres loudly cries,
Make this Yankee ship your prize,
You can in thirty minutes, neat and handy O,
Thirty-five's enough I'm sure,
And if you'll do it in a score,
I'll treat you to a double share of brandy O.

The British shot flew hot,
Which the Yankees answered not,
Till they got in the distance they call'd handy O;
Now, says Hull unto his crew,
Boys, let's see what we can do,
If we take this boasting Briton we're the dandy O.

The first broadside we pour'd,
Carried their main-mast by the board,
Which made this lofty frigate look abandon'd O;
Then Dacres shook his head,
And to his officers he said,
Lord, I didn't think these Yankees were so handy O.

Our second told so well,
That their fore and mizen fell,
Which dous'd the royal ensign so handy O,
By George, says he, we’re done,
And they fired a lee gun,
While the Yankees struck up Yankee doodle dandy O.

Then Dacres came on board,
To deliver up his sword,
Loth was he to part with it, it was so handy O;
Oh, keep your sword says Hull,
For it only makes you dull,
So cheer up; come, let us take a little brandy O.

Come fill your glasses full,
And we’ll drink to Captain Hull,
And so merrily we’ll push about the brandy O;
John Bull may toast his fill,
Let the world say what they will,
But the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy O.

LIBERTY TREE.—By R. T. Payne.

In a chariot of light from the regions of day,
The goddess of Liberty came;
Ten thousand celestials directed the way
And hither conducted the dame.

A fair budding branch from the gardens above
Where millions with millions agree,
She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,
And the plant she nam’d Liberty Tree.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,
Like a native it flourish’d and bore,
The fame of its fruit drew the nations around
To seek out its peaceable shore.
Unmindful of names, or distinctions, they came,
For freemen like brothers agree;
With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,
And their temple was Liberty Tree.

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,
Their bread in contentment they eat,
Unvex’d with the troubles of silver and gold,
The cares of the grand and the great;
With timber and tar they old England supplied,
And supported her power on the sea;
Her battles they fought without getting a groat,
For the honour of Liberty Tree.

But hear, O ye swains, (’tis a tale most profane)
How all the tyrannical powers,
Kings, Commons, and Lords, are uniting amain,
To cut down this guardian of ours.
From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms,
Thro’ the land let the sound of it flee;
Let the far and the near all unite with a cheer,
In defence of our Liberty Tree.

THE HORNET TRIUMPHANT.
Or Victory, No. 5.

Rejoice! rejoice! Fredonia’s son rejoice!
And swell the loud trumpet in patriotic strain;
Your choice, your choice, fair Freedom is your choice,
Then celebrate her triumphs on the main.
For the trident of Neptune, long by Britain wielded,
At length to Fredonia reluctantly is yielded.
Then for Hull, Decatur, Jones,
And for Bainbridge swell the tones,
While the ready hand of Fame,
Bright emblazons every name,
Brave Lawrence, gallant Lawrence, now is shouted with acclaim.
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, boys,
Free is our soil and the ocean shall be free,
Our tars, shall Mars, protect beneath our stars
And Freedom's Eagle hover o'er the sea.
Attend, attend, ye gallant tars attend,
While your deeds are recounted in patriotic song,
Ascend, ascend, your banners high ascend,
And your cannon the loud chorus still prolong.
First the bold Constitution led the path of glory
The gallant little Wasp then added to the story;
Soon a brighter glory 'waits,
The renown'd United States,
For she gave Columbia's fleet,
The new frigate that she beat,
While the fam'd Constitution sunk another in the deep.
Huzza, huzza, &c.
Again, again, Columbia's flag again,
Triumphantlly float where Britannia's us'd to soar,
In vain the main has own'd the Peacock's reign,
Her gaudy rainbow honours are no more!
She by Lawrence, in the Hornet, was so neatly basted,
A better roasted bird Johnny Bull had never tasted;
Till she ended her career,
Like the Java and Guerriere,
For the Hornet's sting was ply'd,
Till the sea, with blushes died,
Its tyrant's fifth defeat in its bosom sought to hide,
Huzza, huzza, &c.

Unite, unite, Columbia's sons unite,
And hurl on aggressors the tempest they provoke,
The fight is right, then raise your sabre bright,
And Britons soon shall tremble at the stroke,
The foe on our coast! put your mountain oaks in motion,
Fly to the main, for your wrongs are on the ocean.
Then in a flood of fire,
Every tar shall breath his ire,
His motto, while he fights,
Be "Free Trade and Sailor's Rights."
Till even-handed justice every injury requites.
Huzza, huzza, &c.
DEATH OF WARREN.

Let others boast of Monarch’s pride,  
Surrounded by a sanguine tide,  
But nobler themes my muse doth guide,  
'Twas the deeds of the valiant Warren;  
When tyrant George assail’d our shore,  
And thousand of his slaves sent o’er,  
With power to kill,  
Inflict each hill,  
Our towns to burn that we might mourn,  
And make us to his way return,  
A sway that was slavish and foreign.

Now o’er patriot’s hearts arose,  
And we resolved to oppose,  
The progress of our cruel foes,  
And check their wicked courses:  
Warren was his country’s choice,  
Called to arms by its voice;  
And at his word,  
He drew his sword,  
Quits drug and pill, his post to fill,  
And takes command on Bunker’s Hill,  
To repel the tyrant’s forces.

Now Howe, who had the chief command  
Of all their troops throughout our land,  
Addressed thus his hireling band,  
Which was to our’s treble;  
Behold he cries, you motly host,  
We’ll quickly drive them from their post,  
And as you live,  
No mercy give,
Dont mind all prayer and not one spare,  
For vengeance we will have that's rare,  
And we'll kill every Yankee rebel!

Now Warren with undaunted breast,  
As up the hill our foes they prest,  
With honest zeal he thus exprest,  
As he view'd the Britain banners;  
Our stripes unfurl'd, we'll let them see,  
Our motto's Death or Liberty!  
    In Freedom's name,  
    My friends take aim;  
'Tis my desire when they come nigher,  
That no man throw away his fire,  
And we'll teach those Red-Coats manners.

Remember well the wrongs you've bore;  
See Boston's streets delug'd with gore,  
And justice banish'd from our shore,  
By those minions of corruption:  
Behold your wives who injur'd are,  
And hear the groans of all the fair,  
    Our old men killed,  
    Our prisons filled,  
Our cities fired, our trade expired,  
Such deeds our patriots' hearts inspired,  
And we'll give them a warm reception,  
'Twas soon a dreadful connonade,  
Was from the British forces play'd,  
Which when came to our palisade,  
They received the American thunder;  
Wing'd with his death our bullets flew,  
It seem'd though each its object knew,
We took good aim,
No shot was vain,
The field was spread with heaps of dead,
The living in a panic fled,
Which made the British wonder.

Now twice again they us attack,
And twice again we drive them back,
Too soon for powder we did lack,
Or we'd kill every soldier of Britain!
At length a curst unlucky shot,
Struck Warren in a vital spot,
   I fall, cried he,
   For Liberty!
I gladly bleed, if we succeed,
Oh! may my country soon be freed!
   Thus died the heroic Warren.

SARATOGA AND MORGIANA.

Come, banish all your petty jars,
And shout your joy in loud huzzas,
In honour of Columbia's tars,
   Whose valour ne'er shall fail her;
Let echo answer to the strain,
And pass the tidings o'er the main,
   That British pride,*
   Which we deride,*
Again is humbled on the tide,
   By Freedom's gallant sailor.

*When sung, these lines are repeated.
Once Saratoga swell'd the song,
As Britain will remember long,
Burgoyne, with seven thousand strong,
In fight could not avail her;
Now Saratoga on the main,
Has shown that Britain's claim is vain,
To rule the sea,
By nature free.
'Tis what shall never, never be,
Says every Yankee sailor.

This Saratoga, you shall hear,
Was fitted out a privateer,
And mann'd by tars unknown to fear,
From danger never paler;
To die or conquer, all agreed,
Each gallant tar prepared to bleed,
To nobly die,
But never fly,
While George's cross was waving high,
'Twas like a Yankee sailor.

They hoisted sail, and cruis'd afar,
To aid their country in the war,
And many a gallant British tar,
Has reason to bewail her;
They fought and captured all they met,
While Britons vainly fume and fret,
Each gallant prize,
In safety lies,
While far to sea for more she flies,
To enrich a Yankee sailor.
At length they espy a worthier mark,
To try their little gallant barque—
Behold, a ship of war! and hark!
They arrogantly hail her!
The Saratoga quick replies,
In language that astounds the skies,
While Freedom’s sons,
Still serve their guns,
Till call’d “away,” each boarder runs,
And each a Yankee sailor.

The foe has eighteen guns or more,
The Saratoga only four,
Away! my lads and board once more,
And fiercer still assail her.
Huzza, huzza, boys! see she strikes!
Now board your prize without your pikes,
And succour those
No longer foes,
When gen’rous blood in duty flows,
And save a brother sailor.

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TOM STARBOARD.

Tom Starboard was a lover true,
As brave a tar as ever sail’d;
The duties ablest seamen do
Tom did, and never yet had fail’d.
But wreck’d as he was homeward bound,
Within a league of England’s coast,
Love sav’d him sure from being drowned,
For more than half the crew were lost.
In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear,
Nay, when he lost an arm resign'd;
Said, love for Nan, his only dear,
Has sav'd his life and fate was kind.
And now; though wreck'd, yet Tom return'd
Of all past dangers made a joke,
For still his manly bosom burn'd
With love—his heart was heart of oak.

His strength restor'd, Tom nimbly ran,
To cheer his love, his destin'd bride;
But false report had brought to Nan,
Six months before, that Tom had died.
With grief she daily pined away,
No remedy her life could save;
And Tom arriv'd—the very day
That laid his Nancy in the grave.

THE DRUM.

Come each gallant lad who for pleasures quits care,
To the drum, to the drum,
To the drum head with spirit repair
Each recruiter with his glass,
And each young soldier with his lass,
While the drum beats tattoo, while the drum beats tattoo,
We'll retire the sweet night to pass.
Each night, gaily lads, thus we'll merrily waste,
Till the drum, till the drum,
Till the drum tells us it is past.
Picquet arms at dawn now shine.
And each drum ruffles down the line.
While the drum beats revelle, while the drum
beats revelle;
We'll salute the day divine.

But hark yonder shout, how the standard alarms;
Now the drum, now the drum;
Now the drum beats all hands to arms,
Kill'd and wounded, how they lie!
And helter, skelter, see them fly;
While the drum beats retreat, while the drum
beats retreat,
We'll fire a feu-de-joie!

Now o'er a bottle of wine we will boast,
While the drum, while the drum,
While the drum rolls o'er each toast;
For Columbia we'll huzza,
And drink success to freedom's car,
And the drum we'll unbrace, and the drum
we'll unbrace,
Till we're all call'd forth to war.

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SIEGE OF PLATTSBURGH.

Backside of Albany, tan Lake Champlain:
One little Pond, half full a water—
Plattsburg dare too, close upon de main—
Town small—he grow bigger do herafter.
On Lake Champlain,
Uncle Sam set he Boat;
And Massa Macdonough he sail 'em—
While Gen’ral M’Comb,
Make Plattsburg he home,
Wid he army; whose courage nebber fail’em

Eleventh day of September
In eighteen hundred and fourteen,
Gubbenner Probose, and he British soldier,
Come to Plattsburg, a Tea-party courtin.
An’he Boat come too,
Arter Unkle Sam Boat—
Massa Donough do, look sharp out he winder,
Den Gen’ral M’Comb,
Ah! he always home!
Catch fire too, jiss like a tinder!

Bow! wow! wow! den de cannon ’gin t’ roar;
In Plattsburg, an’ all ‘bout dat quarter—
Gubbenner Probose try he hand ’pun de shore,
While he Boat take he luck ’pun de water.
But Massa Macdonough
Kick he Boat in de head!
Break he heart, broke he shin, ’tove he calf in—
An’ Gen’ral M’Comb,
Start ole Probose home!
Taught me soul den, I must die a laffin.

Probose scart so; he left all behind—
Powder, ball, cannon, tea-pot an’ kettle—
Some say, he cotch a cold, perish in he mind,
’Bloig’d eat so much raw and cold vittle.
Unkle Sam berry sorry
To be sure for he pain—
Wish he nuss heself up, well an' hearty—
For Gen’ral M‘Comb
An' massa Donough home,
When he notion for a nudder tea-party.

THE BUGLE.

From the Champions of Freedom.

Deep mummering down the lonely dell,
The dull tattoo, with drowsy swell,
Had bid the march-worn soldier rest,
With armour buckled on his breast.

But, har’k! what cry alarms!
The foe at hand!—to arms!
And darting from the ground,
The slumbering veterans bound.

While the Bugle sounds the charge, rousing
echo with the sound.
And now the cannon’s sullen roar
Deep rolls along Ontario’s shore,
While Freedom’s sons surprised remain,
Their watch word stole—their pickets slain.

In vain the trump alarms.
In vain the cry, to arms!
The foe from ambush springs,
Their yell the welkin rings,
While the bugle sounds retreat, adding speed
to terror’s wings.

Shall Freedom’s veterans fly the field,
Her heroes shrink—her chieftains yield;
Say where’s the spirit of the brave
Who bled, Columbia’r rights to save!
It lives! it breathes! it warms!
Roused by the clash of arms,
Vengeance, with eye of flame,
Fires with a love of fame,
While the Bugle sounds the rally, until victory we claim.

THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

Let those who sigh in sadness here,
Rejoice and know a friend is near;
What heav'nly sounds are those I hear?
What being comes the gloom to cheer?
When in the storm on Albion's coast,
The night-watch guards his weary post,
From thoughts of danger free,
He marks some vessels dusky form,
And hears amid the howling storm
  The minute gun at sea.

And hears amid the howling storm
  The minute gun at sea.
Swift on the shore a hardy few,
  The life-boat man,
With a gallant, gallant crew,
  And dare the dangerous wave;
Through the wild surf they cleave their way,
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,
  For they go the crew to save.
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,
  For they go the crew to save.

But, oh! what rapture fills each breast,
Of the hapless crew of the ship distress'd.
Then landed safe, what joys to tell
Of all the dangers that befel.
Then is heard no more,
By the watch on the shore,
   The minute gun at sea.
By the watch on the shore,
   The minute gun at sea.

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ALKNOMOOK.—*By Mr. Hunter.*

The sun sets at night and the stars shun the day,
   But glory remains when the light fades away;
Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
   For the son of Alknomook shall never complain

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
   Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low
Why so slow? do you wait till I shrink from my pain;
   No—the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
   And the scalps which we bore from your nation away:
Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain;
   But the son of Alknomook, shall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone
   His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son;
Death comes like a friend—he relieves me from pain;
And thy son, oh! Alknomook, has scorn’d to complain.

THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY.
As sung by Mr. Ludlow, in the New-Orleans and Western Country Theatres.

Ye gentlemen and ladies fair,
Who grace this famous city,
Just listen, if you’ve time to spare,
While I rehearse a ditty;
And for an opportunity,
Conceive yourselves quite lucky,
For ’tis not often here you see
A hunter from Kentucky.
Oh, Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky,
The hunters of Kentucky.

We are a hardy free-born race,
Each man to fear a stranger;
Whate’er the game, we join in chase,
Despising toil and danger;
And if a daring foe annoys,
Whate’er his strength and forces,
We’ll show him that Kentucky boys
Are “alligator horses”
Oh! Kentucky &c.

I s’pose you’ve read it in the prints,
How Packenham attempted
To make old Hickory Jackson wince,
But soon his schemes repented;
For we with rifles ready cock’d,
    Thought such occasion lucky,
And soon around the general flock’d
    The hunters of Kentucky.
    Oh! Kentucky, &c.

You’ve heard, I s’pose how New-Orleans
    Is fam’d for wealth and beauty—
There’s girls of every hue it seems,
    From snowy white to sooty.
So Packenham he made his brags,
    If he in fight was lucky,
He’d have their girls and cotton bags,
    In spite of old Kentucky.
    Oh! Kentucky, &c.

But Jackson he was wide awake.
    And wasn’t scared at trifles,
For well he knew what aim we take
    With our Kentucky rifles,
So he led us down to Cypress swamp,
    The ground was low and mucky,
There stood John Bull in martial pomp;
    And here was old Kentucky.
    Oh! Kentucky, &c.

A bank was raised to hide our breast,
    Not that we thought of dying,
But that we always like to rest,
    Unless the game is flying:
Behind it stood our little force—
    None wish’d it to be greater,
For every man was half a horse,
   And half an alligator.
   Oh! Kentucky, &c.

They did not let our patience tire,
   Before they show’d their faces—
We did not choose to waste our fire,
   So snugly kept our places:
But when so near to see them wink,
   We thought it time to stop ’em;
And ’twould have done you good I think
   To see Kentuckians drop ’em.
   Oh! Kentucky, &c.

They found at last ’twas vain to fight
   Where lead was all their booty;
And so they wisely took a flight,
   And left us all our beauty.
And now if danger e’er annoys,
   Remember what our trade is;
Just send for us Kentucky boys,
   And we’ll protect you, ladies.
   Oh! Kentucky, &c.

LA FAYETTE.

Tune.—“Auld Lang Syne.”

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
   And never brought to mind?
The friend that’s true remember’d not,
   And days o’ lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
We never can forget,
When dangers press'd and foes drew near,
Our friend was La Fayette.

When first our fathers bravely drew
  Gainst tyrants and their laws,
On wings of generous zeal he flew,
  To aid the holy cause.
    For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

He stemm'd the broad Atlantic wave,
  He vow'd they should be free,
He led the bravest of the brave,
  To death or victory.
    For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

Let Brandywine his glory tell,
  And Monmouth loud acclaim;
Let York in triumph proudly swell
  The measure of his fame.
    For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

Shall sons of freedom e'er forget,
  Till time shall cease to move,
The debt they owe to La Fayette,
  Of gratitude and love?
    For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.
'Twas autumn and round me the leaves were descending,  
And lonely the woodpecker peck'd on the tree  
Whilst thousands their freedom and rights were defending,  

The din of their arms sounded dismal to me;  
For sandy, my love, was engag'd in the action,  
Without him I valued the world not a fraction;  
His death would have ended my life in distraction  
As lonely I strayed on the banks of Champlain.  

Then turning to list to the cannon's loud thunder.  
My elbow I lean'd on a rock near the shore;  
The sound nearly parted my heart-strings asunder,  
I thought I should see my dear shepherd no more,  
But soon an express all my sorrows suspended,  
My thanks to the Father of mercies ascended,  
My shepherd was safe, & my country defended,  
By freedom's brave sons on the banks of Champlain.  

I wip'd from my eye the big tear that had started  
And hasten'd the news to my parents to bear.  
Who sigh'd for the loss of relations departed,  
And wept at the tidings that banish'd their care.
The cannons now ceased, the drums still were beating,
The foes of our country far north were retiring,
The neighb’ring damsels each other were greeting,
With songs of delight on the banks of Champlain
Our Squadron triumphant, our army victorious,
With laurels unfaded, our Spartans return’d;
My eyes never dwelt on a scene half so glorious
My heart with such rapture before never burn’d
But Sandy my darling that moment appearing,
His presence to every countenance cheering,
Was render’d to me more doubly endearing,
By feats he perform’d on the banks of Champlain
But should smiling peace, with her blessings and treasures,
Soon visit the plains of Columbia again,
What pen can describe the enrapturing pleasure
That I shall experience through life with my swain?
For then no wild savage will come to alarm us,
Nor worse British foes send their minions to harm us,
But nature and art will continue to charm us,
While happy we live on the banks of Champlain

THE SOLDIER SLUMB’RING AFTER WAR
The soldier slumb’ring after war,
Dreams he hears the cannons roar;
And mutt’ring trumpets from afar,
Rouse him to the fight once more.
But, if he wakes, the gentle strains
Of happy peace around him move;
Far other raptures fill his veins,
And sounds of war give place to love.

The soldier tranquil after war,
Heeds no more the din of arms;
The trumpet nor the drum from far,
Rouse him with their rude alarms;
But softer strains and softer airs,
His bosom charm, and bid him share
All that a grateful land prepares,
And hails the hero guardian of the fair.

The soldier, tranquil still in peace,
Thinks how oft the field was won;
And while the strifes of nations cease,
Tells the story to his son.

While around the vet'ran creep,
And hear how he has bled to save;
The mother and the daughter weep,
And join to bless the hero and the brave.

FREEDOM'S STAR.

When rolling orbs from chaos sprung,
A guide for the oppress'd;
One sparkling star kind nature flung
And fix'd it in the west;
Admiring millions view its flight,
And hail it from afar;
Enraptur'd bless its cheering light,
They call it Freedom's Star.
Beneath its influence deserts wild,
    Are deck'd in Eden's bloom,
It makes the wintry tempest mild,
    Deep forests cease to gloom;
And man erect with eye of fire,
    Th' oppressor's threats can dare,
May to man's dignity aspire,
    And bless his Freedom's Star.

It can a brighter mantling glow,
    O'er blushing beauty shed,
A smile of heavenly radiance throw,
    A halo round her head;
The warrior rouse through tender field,
    To drive the rapid car,
Whilst tyrants pale and trembling yield,
    To Freedom's Blazing Star.

Then sweep, ye bards, the sounding lyre,
    In animating strain:
Sages consume, with pens of fire,
    The fell oppressor's chain,
On to the field ye brave and free,
    Nor dread the storm of war;
Your guide to victory shall be,
    Dear Freedom's Blazing Star.

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NAVAL SONG.

High fill the bowl, and round it twine,
    The laurel-wreath of Fame,
The wreath that blooms through latest time,
    To deck the hero's name.
To Perry and his gallant host,
This sparkling wine shall flow,
They tam’d the pride of Britain’s boast,
And brought her glory low.

Stern o’er the dark tempestuous wave,
That heaves its sullen swell,
O’er many a hero bold and brave,
Who in that combat fell.

The shouting host of freemen rose,
Unfurl’d the flag of fight,
And bade defiance to their foes,
To Britain and her might.

Together now the squadron ride,
The thund’ring cannons roar,
The lightnings flash from side to side,
And slaughter wades in gore:

Fierce Horror now patroles the deck,
To swell the rage of fight,
And tumult cries with hurried step,
And wild averted sight.

Where Perry mov’d, the god of war
More fiercely seem’d to glow,
Destruction like a baleful star,
Rain’d terror on the foe:

From soul to soul, the pride of fame;
The love of country flies,
And every heart receiv’d the flame,
That lighten’d in his eyes.

No longer rocks the battle’s sweep,
On Erie’s stormy tides,
But o’er its wild and ruffled deep,
Victorious! Perry rides.
Rise! freemen of Columbia, rise!
Exalt the hero's name
Through distant lands and foreign skies
Sound! sound the trump of Fame!

THE BUDGET OF BLUNDERS.

There Budgets are of every kind,
Of lawyers, rogues and wonders,
The budget that I'll sing, you'll find
The budget full of blunders.
Yankee Doodle to't we go,
Words we scorn so handy.
To serve a friend or fight a foe,
Our tars they are the dandy
John Bull our seamen thought to make
Immediately knock under,
Swore every frigate soon he'd take
O! Johnny what a blunder
Yankee Doodle. &c.

The Constitution Dacres thought
He'd capture and be merrier:
A blunder that he dearly bought,—
For why?—She took the Guerrier
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Proud Whynates thought he'd surely pound
Our Navy melancholic,
Till meeting with a Wasp he found
A 'blunder in his Frolic.
Yankee Doodle, &c.
The *Macedonian* hoped to wield
Successfully her thunder;
And make our bold Decatur yield,
O! Careen what a blunder.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

The Java wish'd and soon did meet,
While cutting seas asunder,
A frigate of the Yankee fleet,
And made a woful blunder.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Our Navy, thus the boast of Fame,
John Bull still strived to scorn it,
Until his strutting *Peacock* came,
And blundered on a *Hornet*.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

The British *Blythe* vauntingly said,
We'll make the Yankee's knock under,
And nail'd the flag to the mast head—
The Enterprize was his blunder.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

The Britons they did vainly boast,
They would have command of Erie,
But they found a Yankee host
When blundering on our Perry,
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Now still may distant nations see
Our seamen doing wonders;
And Britain's naval records be
A budget still of blunders,
Yankee Doodle, to't we go,
Words we scorn to bandy,
To serve a friend or fight a foe,
Our tars they are the dandy.

SONG.

Tune.—Vive La.

Yankee tars! come join the chorus,
Shout aloud the patriot strain;
Freedom's flag, again victorious,
Floats triumphant o'er the main.

CHORUS

Hail the gallant Constitution,
Hull immortalized her name;
Bainbridge round it, in profusion,
Pours the golden blaze of fame.

Scarce had fame her Hull, rewarded,
Ere intrepid Bainbridge rose,
Eager while the world applauded,
To subdue his country's foes.

Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Hull on board the Constitution,
Sunk his foe beneath the flood;
Fir'd with equal resolution,
Bainbridge sought the scene of blood.

Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Lambert met him in the Java;
Fierce the hot contention rose—
Like the streams of Ætna's lava,
Fell our vengeance on the foes.

Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.
Neptune shunn'd the fierce commotion,
Saw his realm with carnage spread,
Saw our fire consume the ocean,
Cover'd with the floating dead.
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Wise had time his glass inverted,
Whilst the strife distain'd the flood;
Ere the fiend of death diverted,
Ceas'd to glut on human blood.
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

See our foe, upon the billow,
Floats a wreck without a spar—
Lowly lies on ocean's pillow,
Many brave and gallant tar.
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Hark! his lee gun speaks submission;
Bid our vengeful tars forbear—
Mercy views the foe's condition,
See's a bleeding brother there.
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Man the boats!—the foe confounded;
Yields to our superior fire;
Board the prize! relieve the wounded!
Ere in anguish they expire.
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Ah! the fight was hard contested,
Groaning, there, an hundred bleed,
Sixty-nine has death arrested,
From the floating prisons freed.
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.
Clear the wreck! she cannot swim boys;  
See! she follows the Guerrier!  
Now your cans fill to the brim boys,  
Sing our navy's bright career,  
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Toast the hero's fam'd in story,  
Hull, Decatur, Rogers, Jones;  
Bainbridge, chief in naval glory,  
Smiling Freedom joyful owns.

CHORUS.

Hail the gallant Constitution,  
Hull immortalized her name,  
Bainbridge round it, in profusion,  
Pours the golden blaze of fame.

SONG.

Tune—The Constellation

Columbia's sons prepare unite,  
Now for your country's freedom fight,  
And with your sword maintain her right,  
'Gainst pride and persecution;  
And while you scourge our haughty foes,  
I'll sing the martial deeds of those,  
 Whose metal tri'd,  
 Soon lower'd the pride  
 Of Dacres, who brave Hull defi'd,  
 On board the Constitution.

Ninteenth of August half past two,  
And past meridian came in view,  
The Guerrier frigate! with her crew  
All fir'd with resolution;
The boasting chieftain bent his course,
Resolv'd to put his threats in force,
   And with his guns,
Subdue the sons,
Of Yankees who no danger shuns,
On board the Constitution.

Our gallant ship now swiftly flies,
And every man his gun supplies,
While our commander cheerly cries,
   Evince your resolution;
With ardour each to action springs,
Whilst with three cheers the welkin rings;
   Our foe's amaz'd
   With wonder gaz'd,
To see Columbia's standard rais'd
   On board the Constitution.

The Guerrier's balls flew thick and hot,
Around us which we answered not,
But steer'd till within pistol shot;
   Resolved on execution.
Our first broadside like thunder roar'd,
And brought their mizen by the board,
   Her main mast too
   And fore mast flew,
In pieces while our jovial crew
   Huzza'd the Constitution.

When Dacres first received this check,
And saw the Guerrier a wreck,
Himself a prisoner on the deck,
   His ship's crew in confusion;
Perceiv'd the Yankee boys on board,
With grief beheld the union lower'd,
All hope now fled,
He sighing said
The God of war to victory led
Brave Hull in the Constitution.

This Briton oft had made his boast!
He’d with his crew, a chosen host,
Pour fell destruction round our coast,
And work a revolution;
Urg’d by his pride a challenge sent,
Bold Rogers in the President:
Wishing to meet
Him a tete-a-tete,
Or one his equal from our fleet,
Such was the Constitution.

Columbia’s sons! each jovial soul,
Whose glowing breast contemns control,
Rejoicing round the sparkling bowl,
While wine flows in profusion.
First Washington! our country’s boast;
The Congress next, shall be our toast,
Our third is due
Brave Hull and crew,
Then all who hold our rights in view,
And guard the Constitution

NEW YANKEE DOODLE.

The British long have rul’d the seas,
With haughty gasconading,
And chaunting songs, their feats to praise
While others they’re degrading,
CHORUS.

Yankee doodle, fire away,
Cannon loud as thunder;
From brave Decatur, Jones and Hull,
Makes Johnny Bull knock under.

Now we can sing, and chant likewise,
Of Yankee skill in fighting;
Behold Decatur with his prize,
Bold Britons now are striking.

Yankee doodle, &c.

The British thought we had not spunk
To try them on the ocean;
But since we've took, and burnt and sunk,
They've got another notion.

Yankee doodle, &c.

They'll find they've not Monsieur to meet,
But Yankee boys of mettle;
Who will their measures all defeat,
Unless they shortly settle.

Yankee doodle, &c.

To press our men they claim the right,
But blast their imposition;
We'll let the rascals know, we'll fight
In preference to submission.

Yankee doodle, &c.

Huzza, my boys, we'll fight away,
Until they cry pocaui;
Or, with our well aim'd Yankee play,
Soon send them to old Davy.
Yankee doodle, crack away,
With cannon loud as thunder;
Our Yankee boys will show them play,
Till Johnny Bull knocks under.

A NEW SONG.
ON COMMODORE PERRY'S VICTORY.

Tune—The Constellation.

Come all you lads of courage bold,
A story true as e'er was told,
To your attention I'll unfold
'Tis of the Niagara;

Of cannons rattling round the shore—
Of heroes weltering in their gore—
Of widows, orphans grieving sore,
Where grape and ball,
In showers did fall,
And many a valuable tar did fall
In the battle of Lake Erie.

September tenth full well I ween,
In eighteen hundred and thirteen,
The weather mild, the sky serene,
Commanded by bold Perry.

Our saucy fleet at anchor lay,
In safety moor'd at Put-in-bay,
'Twixt sun rise and the break of day;
The British fleet,
We chanced to meet,
Our admiral tho't he would them greet
With a welcome on Lake Erie.

Our Boatswain pip'd their crews with speed,
Of souls who never fear'd to bleed,
Or die to see their country freed—
    Of British thraldom weary.
Our yankee boys were wide awake,
All eager, for their freedom's sake,
To gain the title of the lake,
    From those base slaves,
    Who dyed the waves,
Of ocean with their brothers' graves,
    Of those who fought on Erie.

'Twas nearly grog-time of the day,
Our fleet bore up and put away,
The Lawrence cheerly led the way,
    Commanded by brave Perry;
She first sustained the dreadful shock
Till useless as a floating log,
Each brace and bowling, stay and block,
    Were shot away,
    No gun could play,
Till all her crew but nine that day
    Were slain upon Lake Erie.

Brave Elliott sped to our relief,
And took on board our gallant chief,
Nor did we take a single reef
    On board the Niagara.
The children yet unborn will say,
There ne'er was fought a greater day,
On ocean's bosom, lake or sea,
Our yankee shot,
Were play'd so hot,
That now a rag those brags have not,
To hoist upon Lake Erie.

Huzza my friends! the can boys bring;
The fight is o'er let's drink and sing—
To Madison the toast shall ring,
   And also Elbridge Gerry,
Long live the Congress and our laws,
And those who hearty in the cause,
Have lent a hand without a pause,
   To crush our foes;
   Who still oppose
Our rights where nations highway flows,
   As well as on Lake Erie.

The mem'ry of the brave let's toast,
Who clear'd the long disputed coast,
And left us free to rule the roast
   Of celebrated Erie.
Let Perry's name, with loud applause,
Be sounded far beyond the stars—
For He who rules the fate of wars,
   This great design,
   That Power Divine.
In agency he did consign
   To brave and gallant Perry.
THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

*Tune—American Star.*

O strike up the harp to the warrior returning,
From the toils and the tempests of ocean's rough wave—
The hearts of his brethren with gratitude burning,
Shall beat to the numbers that welcome the brave.

Then here's to the heroes, high sounding in story,
Who're gallantly met, and have conquered the foe;
And Rogers, brave Rodgers, coeval in glory,
Who's "ready and steady to give him a blow."

O'er the furthermost seas his broad banners were waving,
Like an eagle in air thrice he swept o'er the flood,
The fleets of proud Britain with vigilance braving,
And his deeds—who shall say they're not noble and good!

The wounds he received for his country's contending,
The hardships endur'd shall they e'er be forgot!
The slanderous tongues, 'gainst his fair fame offending,
And the hands that deface—may they wither and rot!

For freemen will cherish the rough sons of Ocean,
Who've no party plea when a foe may assail—
But undaunted fly to the scene of commotion;
To fight for their rights, till they die or prevail.

In the bosom of Rodgers, did fear ever mingle,
With the mild dove of Peace or the eagle of War!
Dare the enemy meet, with force equal and single;
No: but flies from the roar of his thunder afar!

Columbians! one cause and one soul and one spirit,
Inspires all your sons who contend on the wave,
And prejudice ne'er shall eclipse real merit,
Nor fortune for ever coquette with the brave!

Then join the glad song, worth and valor commending,
Fan the flame which in each patriot bosom should burn,
And all honest hearts, in true sympathy blending,
Unite in a toast to the Warrior's Return.
IMPROMPTU,

On the cap ture of the Epervier by the Peacock.
Rare birds tis said are seldom best,
But those who feather well their nest
Are much esteemed for gain, sir,
And Warrington has lately said
The *Sparrow Hawk with specie fed,
The Peacock won't disdain, sir.

The English goose before it dies
Is stuffed with milk and bread in sties,
To feast their palates sweet, sir,
But give a Yankee tar a Hawk,
He wants no carving knife or fork
To find the parts to eat, sir,

Let Johnny Bull the poultry feed
And fill his hawks of English breed
With gold and silver dust, sir,
And he will find the Yankee tar
With hungry stomach always near
And willingly his guest, sir.

MACDONOUGH'S VICTORY.

O, freemen! raise a joyous strain!
Aloft the Eagle towers;
"We've met the enemy," again—
Again have made them "ours!"
Champlain! the cannon's thundering voice,
Proclaims thy waters free,

*Epervier, the French for Sparrow Hawk.
Thy forest waving hills rejoice,
And echo—Victory!
The striped flag upon thy wave
Triumphantly appears,
And to invested landsmen, brave
A star of promise bears.
Now to the world, Fame's trumpet sounds
The deed with new applause;
While from a conquered fleet resounds
Our seamen's loud huzzas!
Britannia, round thy haggard brows
Bind bitter wormwood still;
For lo! again thy standard bows
To valiant Yankee skill.
But, O! what chaplet can be found
Macdonough's brows to grace?
"Tis done!" The glorious wreath is bound,
Which time can ne'er efface!
And still a just—a rich reward,
His country has to give;
He shall be first in her regard,
And with her Perry live!
Columbia! though thy cannon's roar
On inland seas prevail,
And there alone—while round each shore
Out numbering ships assail—
Yet deed with deed, and name with name,
Thy gallant sons shall blend
Till the bright arch of naval fame
O'er the broad ocean bend!
NEW SONG.

We tars are all for fun and glee;
A hornpipe was my notion;
Time was I'd dance with any he,
That sails the salt sea ocean.
I'd tip the roll, the slide, the reel,
Back forward, in the middle,
And roast the pig, and toe, and heel,
All going with the fiddle.
But one day told a shot to ram
To chase the foe advancing,
As-plinter queer'd my larboard gam,
And damme, spoilt my dancing.
Well, I'm, says I, no churlish elf,
We messmates be all brothers,
Tho' I can have no fun myself,
I may make fun for others.
A fiddle soon I made my own,
That girls and boys might caper;
Learnt Yankee Doodle, Bob and Joan,
And growed a descent scraper;
But, just as I'd the knack on't got,
And did it pretty middling,
I lost my elbow by a shot,
And damme, spoilt my fiddling.
So sometimes, as I turn'd my quid,
I got a knack of thinking,
As I should be an invalid,
And then I took to drinking.
One day, call'd down my gun to man
To dip it with the gravy,
I gave three cheers, and took the can
To drink Columbia's navy!
Before a single drop I'd sip't;
Or got it to my muzzle,
A langridge off my daddle whipt,
And damme, spoilt the guzzle.
So then I took to taking snuff,
'Cause how my sorrows doubled,
And pretty past time 'twas enough,
D'ye see, when I was troubled.
But fortune, that mischievous elf,
Still at some fun or other;
Not that I mind it for myself,
But just for Poll and Mother.
One day, while laying on a tack,
To keep two spankling foes off;
A broadside comes, capsizes Jack,
And damme knocks my nose off.
So, in misfortune's school grown tough,
In this same sort of knowledge;
Thinking, mayhap, I'd not enough,
They sent me here to college.*
And here we tell old tales and smoke,
And laugh while we are drinking,
Sailors you know will have their joke,
Even though the ship was sinking.

*Hospital.
For I, while I get grog to drink,
   My wife, or friend, or foe in,
'Twill be no easy thing, I think,
Damme to spoil my singing,

BAINBRIDGE'S TID-RE-I.

Come lads draw near,
And you shall hear,
In truth as chaste as Dian, O!
How Bainbridge true,
    And his bold crew,
Again had tam'd the Lion, O!
'Twas off Brazil,
He got the pill,
Which made him cry pecavi, O:
    But hours two,
The Java NEW,
Maintain'd the battle bravely, O:

But our gallant Yankee Tars, as soon as they were pip'd to quarters, gave three cheers, and boldly swore by the blood of the Heroes of Tripoli, that sooner than strike, they'd go to the bottom singing *Tid-re-I, &c.*

Now Johnny Bull,
All canvass full,
Bore down upon us cheerly, O:
   While we kept snug,
As bug in rug,
Till half gun shot, or nearly, O:
We show'd our stripes,
Gave John the gripes,
Then sent him pills in plenty O:
Which dos'd him well,
As he can tell,
Our Doctors all being ready, O:

O! it would have done your heart good to have seen how nimbly our little spitfires were set to work, and what a dust they kick'd up in poor Johnny's quarters.—We could soon observe how the matter would turn out.—"Stick to them my boys!" says the Commodore.—"Huzza?" sung out the crew: "We'll conquer or die!" For every soul on board, even down to the smallest powder monkey, was determined to give them a complete bit of a Tid-re-Δ, &c.

Now close engag'd,
The battle rag'd,
Both being tough as hickory, O!
But still we swore,
We'd ne'er give o'er
Till we had gain'd the vict'ry O!
Round shot and bars,
Soon cut her spars,
And well we slash'd her rigging, O!
Nul after nul,
We plugg'd her hull,
Her bowsprit too, went jigging, O!

O? swamp it, if you had only seen how we plump'd her between wind and water, and
how our grape shot rattled in at her port holes, while her yards flew about their ears like straws in a high wind.—We soon saw they were in a nation fluster, while our Yankee boys kept cool and steady, still bravely keeping up their

One hour was past,
When now a mast,
Close by the board went over, O!
Our gunner cries,
My jolly boys,
Escape us now she’ll never, O!
Point well each gun,
We’ll show them fun,
Her ensign down she soon will haul;
We’ll give them play,
This glorious day,
Shall make them quick for quarter call.

So at it we stuck, pell mell, like good fellows and we made such a nation clatter with them swamping guns, that we could hardly hear anything for the rotten noise, but our gunner watched her close and touched off our Yankee barkers so neatly in time, that slap dab, every shot struck her some where, which soon made them feel that Yankee Tars knew very well how to play them a

We ply’d her well,
At every swell,
And fast her men were killing, O,
And though so fast,
Went every mast,
To strike she seem'd not willing, O!
But to her cost,
She found at last,
To longer fight us would'nt do;
For Yankee Tars,
Who knew no fears,
To conquer now he could'nt, O!

So when the firing ceas'd on both sides, we had time to look about us, but we could hardly believe our eyes, for she lay like a log upon the water, there was not a stump standing higher than the pump in father's schooner, and her sides looked, for all the world, like mother's cullender, so completely had we pepper'd her.
—So to work went the boats, and aboard came the prisoners, then the Commodore gave orders to burn the prize; for says he, my brave boys, any attempt to tow her into port, would be all a

_Tid-re-I, &c._

So now my hearts,
We've play'd our parts.
_Proud John once more we've humbled, O!_
It may be said,
_A Bull he made;_
On Yankees when he stumbled, O!
_We'll let him see,_
_We'll still be free,_
_In spite of all his boasting, O!
And if he comes,  
To run his hums,  
We'll give proud John a roasting, O!

So now my lads, fill up the cans, to the health of all our brave commanders; and while we remember with pride; the glorious victories we have gained, let us be resolved, one and all, still to maintain the honor of our flag, and Johnny Bull will soon find that any attempt to conquer a nation of freemen, will be all a

*Tid-re-I, &c.*

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**INVOCATION.**

**Tune—"Banish Sorrow."**

Comrades, join the flag of glory;  
Cheerly tread the deck of fame,  
Earn a place in future story,  
Seek and win a warrior's name.

Yankee tars can laugh at dangers,  
While the roaring mountain wave  
Teems with carnage—they are strangers  
To a deed that is not brave.

May our banner'd stars as ever,  
Splendidly o'er freemen burn,  
Till the night of war is over,  
Till the dawn of peace return.
The Hornet and Peacock.
HORNET AND PEACOCK.

A tribute of respect to Captain Lawrence,

Hail! Lawrence, hail! the god of war
Shall claim thee as his favourite son;
And fame with thousand trumpets more
Shall spread the vict'ry thou hast won.
Live, Lawrence, live! the brave revere
The honoured name that cowards* fear.

Lawrence! thy country, now, shall know
Thy merit—as a seaman true;
While gratitude and pride shall go,
To greet thy officers and crew,
Memory, retentive to thy worth,
Shall hail the day that gave thee birth.

Mem'ry shall call thee oft to mind,
Shall bring thee to our anxious view,
With laurels, round thy temples twin'd,
Engag'd in signal vict'ry new,
Dwelling with rapture on the sight,
We'll lead thee victor through the fight.

The Englishman and coward Turk,
Have felt thy furious, vengeful wrath;
Though twice the number round thee lurk,
You'll mark for each his destin'd path.
Each stubborn foe must know his fate,
And sink if he should strike too late.

Jersey beholds thee with a smile,
A native of this pleasant state;
Thy name shall reach beyond the Nile.

*Captain Greene of the Bonne Citoyenne.
Shall stand with others brave and great,
Shall stand for ever—History's page
Shall tell thee to a future age.

THE WASP AND FROLIC.

Ye brave sons of freedom whose bosom beat high,
For your country, with patriot pride and emotion,
Attend while I sing of a wonderful Wasp,
And the Frolic she gallantly took on the ocean.

This tight little Wasp of true Yankee stuff,
From the shores of Columbia indignant paraded;
Her eyes flash'd with fire, and her spirit flam'd high,
For her rights they were basely by Britons invaded.

Swift over the wave for the combat she flew,
By a sting keen and terrible armed and defended;
Her broad wings were white as the rough ocean spray,
And sixteen long arms for her sides she extended.

The wind waft her gaily—but soon on the way
The foe of her fathers for battle arrayed him;
From his forehead were waving the standards of Spain,
But the proud step and stare of his nation betrayed him.
Like the fierce bird of Jove, the Wasp darted forth,
And, be the tale old with amazement and wonder!
She hurl'd on the foe, from her frame spreading arms,
The fire brands of death, and the red bolts of thunder!
And oh, it was glorious and strange to behold,
What torrents of fire around her she threw,
And how from her bread wings and sulphurous sides,
Hot showers of grape shot and rifle balls flew
The foe bravely fought, but his arms were all broken,
And he fled from his death wound, aghast and affrighted;
But the Wasp darted forward her death doing sting,
And full on his bosom like lightning alighted.
She pierced through his entrails, she maddened his brain,
And he writhed and he groaned as if torn with the cholic;
And long shall John Bull rue the terrible day,
He met the American Wasp in a Frolic.
The tremors of death now invaded his limbs,
And the streams of his life-blood, his closing eyes drown;
When lo! on the wave, his colossus of pride,
The glory and pomp of John Bull tumbled down
Now drink to the Navy; and long may its sons,  
Like the heroes of Rome, and of Carthage and Greece,  
Midst the downfall of nations, triumphantly bear  
The barque of our country, to freedom and peace  
And drink to Decatur and Rogers and Hull,  
And to ev’ry brave heart, to his country that’s true,  
And never forget whilst the glass circles round,  
The fame of the Wasp, her Commander and Crew.

IMPROMPTU,

On the capture of the Guerrier.

Hark, hark! o’er ocean’s subject wave,  
Wafted by th’ enamour’d gale,  
The loud chorus of the brave,  
“Columbia’s sons prevail.”

List! you’ll hear our hero’s voice,  
Courage breathes in every breath,  
Hull! who gives the only choice,  
“Instant victory or death.”

“Rush like lightning on the foe;  
Gall them with incessant fire,  
Board and conquer at a blow,  
Board and conquer, or expire.”

Loud and louder peals the roar,  
“Swift and certain is their aim;
The ocean's red with gallant gore;
High it blazons with their fame.

Hush! a freeman's dying groan!
Be the flag a moment furl'd,
But valor ne'er is overthrown——
He's immortal in each World.

Warriors! smile upon your wounds;
See our Morris fight and bleed;
Your applauding country sounds,
"Love and glory are your meed."

Shout! the British lion's fall!
Shout! the star-flag streams along!
Mercy! is the Briton's call,
Victory! Columbia's song!

ODE

Sung at the dinner given to the officers of the United States' frigate Constitution, after the victory over the British frigate Guerrier.


Britannia's gallant streamers,
Float proudly o'er the tide;
And fairly wave Columbia's stripes
In battle, side by side;
And ne'er did bolder foemen meet,
Where ocean's surges pour.
O'er the tide now they ride,
While the bellowing thunders roar,
While the cannon's fire is flashing fast,
And the bell'wing thunders roar.
When Yankee meets the Britain,
Whose blood congenial flows,
By Heav’n created to be friends,
By fortune render’d foes;
Hard then must be the battle fray,
Ere well the fight is o’er.
Now they ride, side by side,
While the bell’wing thunders roar,
While the cannon’s fire is flashing fast,
And the bell’wing thunders roar.

Still, still for noble England,
Bold Dacres’ streamers fly:
And for Columbia, gallant Hull’s,
As proudly and as high,
Nor louder rings the battle din,
More thick the volumes pour,
Still they ride; side by side,
While the bell’wing thunders roar,
While the cannon’s fire is flashing fast,
And the bell’wing thunders roar.

Why lulls Britannia’s thunder,
That waked the watery war?
Why stays that gallant Guerrier,
Whose streamer wav’d so fair?
That streamer drinks the ocean’s wave?
That warrior’s fight is o’er!
Still they ride, side by side,
While Columbia’s thunders roar,
While her cannon’s fire is flashing fast
And her Yankee thunders roar.
Hark! 'tis the Briton's lee gun!
Ne'er bolder warrior kneel'd,
And ne'er to gallant mariners
Did brave seamen yield.
Proud be the sires, whose hardy boys
Then fell to fight no more;
With the brave, mid the wave,
When the cannon's thunder roar,
Their spirits then shall trim the blast,
And swell the thunder's roar.

Vain were the cheers of Britons,
Their hearts did vainly swell,
Where virtue skill and bravery,
With gallant Morris fell.
That heart so well in battle tri'd,
Along the Moorish shore,
Again o'er the main,
When Columbia's thunders roar,
Shall prove its Yankee spirit true,
When Columbia's thunders roar.

Hence be our floating bulwarks
Those oaks our mountains yield,
'Tis mighty Heavens plain decree—
Then take the watery field,
To ocean's farthest barrier then
Your whit'ning sail shall pour;
Safe you'll ride o'er the tide,
While Columbia's thunders roar,
While her cannon's fire is flashing fast,
And her Yankee thunders roar.
Hull's Naval Victory, or Huzza for the Constitution.

Tune—Paul Jones's Victory.

Ye true sons of freedom give ear to my song;
While the praise of brave Hull, I attempt to prolong,
Let each bold-hearted hero now fill up his glass
And our favourite sentiment rapidly pass.

Chorus.

With our brave noble Captain, we'll still plow the main,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.
With a fine springing breeze, our sails we soon bent,
And with hearts full of joy to the ocean we went,
In the fam'd Constitution, a tight and staunch boat
As ever was seen on the water afloat.
With our brave noble Captain we plow'd the deep main,
And when he commands we are ready again.
On the nineteenth of August, a sail we espi'd,
We have to, and soon she came up along side;
The drum beat to quarters, to quarters we run,
And each tar bravely swore to stand fast to his gun.
Our Captain so brave as we sail'd on the main,
Now bid us a harvest of glory to gain.
A broadside the foe quickly into us pour'd,
We return'd 'em the favor direct on the word,
Each heart was undaunted, no bosom knew fear,
And we fear'd not a snap for the saucy Guerrier.
And our noble commander we fought on the main.
And we'll conquer with him when he bids us again.
The balls now flew thick, and quite warm was the play,
Their masts and their rigging we soon shot away,
We shatter'd their hull with all possible speed,
With our good spunky 'bull dogs, of true yankee breed.'
'Twas thus with our Captain we fought on the main,
With him a rich harvest of glory to gain.
The blood from the enemy's scuppers ran fast,
All hopes of subduing us now were quite past:
So they wisely concluded, "by hob or by nob,
"That 'twas best to give o'er what they thought a bad job."
With our true noble Captain, we'll fight on the main,
And we hope that with him we'll soon conquer again.
The Britons had seldom before seen the like,
For we rak'd 'em so clean, they'd no colors to strike.
So a gun from the lee they were forc'd to let fly
To inform us they didn't quite all wish to die.
'Twas thus with our captain we fought on the main,  
And we're ready, brave boys, to fight with him again.  

In twenty five minutes, the business was done,  
For they didn't quite relish such true Yankee fun,  
So we kindly receiv'd 'em on board our good ship,  
Many cursing the day when they took their last trip.  
With our brave noble Captain we'll still plough the main,  
We'll fight and we'll conquer, again and again.  

Now homeward we're bound, with a favoring breeze,  
As full of good humor and mirth as you please,  
Each true hearted sailor partakes of the glass,  
And drinks off a health to his favorite lass.  
With our brave noble captain we've plow'd the deep main,  
With him we the laurels of glory did gain.  

Now success to the good Constitution, a boat,  
Which her crew will defend while a plank is afloat,  
Who never will flinch, or in duty e'er lag,  
But will stick to the last by the American Flag.  
So true to our colours we'll ever remain,  
And we'll conquer for freedom again and again.
When again we shall plough o'er Neptune's blue wave,
May honors still circle the brows of the brave,
And should our bold foe wish to give us a pull
We'll show 'em the good Constitution and Hull,
And now with three cheers ere we sail to the main,
We will greet our brave Captain again and again.

THE SHIP, BOYS.
Tune—Jack at Greenwich.

Come messmates cheerly lead the night,
And toast each absent beauty;
Mayhap we'll bleed e'er morning light,
What then? why 'tis our duty.
On sea or shore, in peace or strife,
Whate'er the cause that breeds it,
A tar knows how to give his life,
Whene'er his country needs it.
We've something, too, to give our foes,
If they don't gi'e's the slip boys,
We'll give them broadsides, blood and blows,
But "don't give up the ship, boys,"
The ship boys, &c.

When o'er Nantasket's fatal wave,
Our Lawrence fought the battle,
And for a hero's crown or grave,
Bade all his thunders rattle.
Says he, "my lads, you know the way,
To fighting foes give slaughter;
And, should our valour win the day,
Then, give the vanquished quarter."
But, when capsized, the words that last
Hung on his dying lips, boys,
Were, "Let our flag still crown the mast,
And don't give up the ship, boys."

The ship boys, &c.

On hammocks bloody, wet or dry,
We all must pay our score, Boys,
With Hull we stood the Guerriere's force,
And defied the pride of Dacres,
Who swore he thought the joke too coarse
From modest Yankee Quakers.
When Bainbridge too, the good and brave,
Just spoil'd the Java's trip, boys,
We swore upon that crimson wave,
We'd ne'er give up our ship, boys;

The ship boys, &c.

Now what's the use to talk all night,
'Bout Morris, Jones, Decatur;
The foe to beat in equal fight,
God bless 'em 'tis their nature,
And long before Dishonour's shoal
Bring up our gallant navy,
There's many a noble Briton's soul,
Must weigh from old Davy.
For all in Scripture lingo pat,
Our chaplain proves it glib, boys,
That "pugnam bonam,"
Means, "Don't give up the ship, boys."

The ship boys, &c.
So fill to a Yankee seaman's creed—
His heart he gives his fairest;
His purse and cheer to a brother's need,
With songs and fids o' the rarest;
His hulk, while in life's tide it lives,
His country's arms must lade it,
And when his cruise is up he gives
His soul to him that made it.
But rough or bloody be the wave,
And e'en in death's cold grip, boys,
Columbia's tars so staunch and brave,
Will ne'er give up the ship, boys.

The ship, boys, &c.

YANKEE FROLICS.

No more of your blathering nonsense,
'Bout the Nelsons of old Johnny 'Bull;
I'll sing you a song upon my conscience,
'Bout Jones and Decatur and Hull.
Dad Neptnue has long with vexation,
Beheld with what insolent pride,
The turbulent, billow washed nation
Has aim'd to control his salt-tide.

Sing lather away jonteel and aisy,
By my soul at the game hob-or-nob,
In a very few minutes we'll plase ye,
Because we take work by the job.

There was Dacres, at vaunting and boasting,
His equal you'll seldom come near;
But Hull betwixt smoking and roasting,
Despatch'd his proud frigate Guerrier!
Such treatment to him was a wonder,
Which serv'd his proud spirit to choke,
And, when to the bottom our thunder
Had sent her we laugh'd at the joke.

Sing lather away jonteel and aisy,
Brave Hull at the game hob-or-nob,
Is the boy that will surely amaze ye;
So well he can finish the job.

T'other day, worse than gout fit or cholic,
The Wasp with Rodgers, Biddle and Jones,
So terribly stung the poor Frolic!
As left her—but bare skin and bones.
She struck, but what could she do better;
For time there was none to delay,
Indeed it must terribly fret her
To see she could not run away.

Sing lather away jonteel and aisy,
Brave Jones at the game hob-or-nob,
Is the lad that will surely amaze ye,
So well can he work by the job.

Now, to augment our brave little navy,
And add to the strength of each state,
Decatur without sauce or gravy,
Has dress'd d Alexander the Great!*

By my soul, to prevent further trouble,
And save a disgraceful downfall,
Since they find all resistance a bubble,
They'll strike without fighting at all.

*The Macedonian.
Sing lather away jonteel and aisy,
Decatur to play hob-or-nob,
Will in seventeen minutes amaze ye—
Huzza, 'twas a quick finished job.

OLD QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

Tune—St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.

As old queen Charlotte—a worthless old varlet,
Our brave noble forces was scorning,
She wished to be merry, and called for some Perry,
September the tenth in the morning;
When brisk Perry came she found him true game,
To her cost too he gave her a warning,
So let her be merry, and remember Perry.

September the tenth in the morning.
It was on Lake Erie—when hands were cheery,
A fleet was descried in the morning,
'Twas Queen Charlotte's fleet, so handsome and neat;
In a bold line of battle were forming;
But when evening came—though the fleet were the same,
That our brave noble forces were scorning,
They were beat—so complete—that they yielded the fleet,
To the one they despised in the morning.
Now let us remember the tenth of September;
When Yankees gave Britons a warning,
When our foes on Lake Erie, were beaten and weary,
So full of conceit in the morning,
To the skilful, and brave, who our country did save,
Our gratitude ought to be warning,
So let's be merry in toasting of Perry
September the tenth in the morning.

YANKEE TARS.
TUNE—“Mrs. Casey.

Whenever the Tyrant of the main
Assaults Columbian Seamen,
He'll find them ready to maintain
The noble name of Freemen.
Long our Tars have borne in peace;
With British domineering,
But now they've sworn the trade shall cease
For vengeance they are steering.
CHORUS—Then toast the Brave for they will save
Columbia's fame from sinking,
The honour'd scars of Yankee Tars,
Are glorious themes for drinking.

First gallant Hull he was the lad,
Who sail'd a Tyrant Hunting;
And swagg'ring Dacres soon was glad
To honor "striped Bunting!"
Intrepid Jones next boldly sought
The demons of oppression;
With a superior force he fought,
And gave the knaves a threshing!
Chorus—Then toast the brave, &c.

Then quickly met our nation's eyes
The noblest sight in nature.—
A first rate Frigate, as a prize!
Brought in my brave Decatur.
The veteran Bainbridge next prepar'd
To wield his country's thunder:
In quest of foes he boldly steer'd,
And drove the Java under!
Chorus—Then toast the brave, &c.

And daring Lawrence next parades—
From zone to zone he sought 'em
One boasting Briton he blockades,
And sends one to the bottom!
Next see our gallant Enterprize,
How nobly ocean rocks her!
There Burrows for his Country dies,
But first subdues the Boxer,
Chorus—Then toast the Brave, &c:

With loud applauses next we greet
The glorious news from Erie—
Behold! a powerful British fleet,
Submits to gallant Perry!
Then Warrington; his Country's pride,
Steps boldly forth to serve her;
And quickly humbled by his side,
We see the fierce Epervier!
Chorus—Then toast the Brave, &c.
When Guerrier, Dacres, from Halifax sail'd,
He boasted that he the ocean would sweep,
And to his mast-head some canvass he nail'd,
To scare every Yankee that furrow'd the deep.

Chorus.

American seamen as well as our yeomen;
Will fight for the flag of the nation,
And old Johnny Bull, may yet have his full,
When he visits his Yankee relation—
With his Lille-bull-ero lille-bull-a.

Near the banks of Newfoundland the British fell in,
With a brave little crew of American tars,
Both frigates well found, both crews with hearts swelling,
None shrunk from the conflict, none dreaded their scars.
American seamen, &c.

The high sounding threats, flying at the mast head,
Appal'd not the hearts of a newly ship'd crew
Each man to his gun advance'd without dread,
Like heroes they fought, to America true.
American seamen, &c.

The British had boasted for twenty long years
By force nearly equal they never were beat,
That the French seldom meet them without many fears,

'And always take care to secure a retreat.'

American seamen, &c.

The good Constitution commanded by Hull,
Away threw no powder or wasted no ball,
Each shot that she fir'd spoke loud to John Bull,
Ship to ship, my brave messmates, our foe must soon fall,

American seamen, &c.

The laurel which Britain so nobly had worn,
Achiev'd by her Nelsons, St. Vincents and Blakes,
From her brows in a moment was gallantly torn,
By the Brave Captain Hull in this game of sweep-stakes.

American seamen, &c.

Long life to our valiant defenders at sea,
Success to the soldiers who guard our frontiers,
May Quebec feel the shock of men born free,
And Canada tremble before our three cheers.

American seamen, &c.

Political squabbles may each other provoke,
I hate their damn'd jargon—give me but the lads
Who will stand to their quarters, amid fire and smoke,
Tho' surrounded by foes, who will never look sad.

American seamen, &c.

Since war is the word, let us strain every nerve
To humble the lion, our greatness increase,
Then shoulder your arelocks, your country preserve,
Since the hotter the war, boys, the sooner comes peace.
American seamen, &c.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.
The scene was more beautiful far to my eye Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure-arch’d sky
Look’d pure as the Spirit that made it,
The murmur rose soft as I silently gaz’d,
In the shadowy waves’ playful motion,
From the dim distant hill till the Lighthouse fire blaz’d,
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.
No longer the joy of the sailor boy’s breast, Was heard in his wildly breathed numbers,
The seabird had flown to her wave-girdled nest The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.
One moment I look’d from the hill’s gentle slope;
All hush’d was the billow’s commotion; And thought that the Lighthouse look’d lovely as hope,
That star of life’s tremulous ocean.
The time is long past, and the scene is afar, Yet when my head rests on its pillow, Will memory sometimes rekindle the star That blazed on the breast of the billow.
in life’s closing hour when the trembling soul flies,  
And death still’s the heart’s last emotion;  
then may the seraph of mercy arise!  
Like a star on eternity’s ocean.

COLUMBIA’S CREW.

Our country is our ship, d’ye see,  
A gallant vessel too,  
And of his fortune proud is he  
Who’s of Columbia’s crew  
Each man, whate’er his station be,  
When duty’s call commands,  
Takes his stand,  
Lends a hand,  
As the common cause demands.

When any haughty enemies  
Our Fed’ral ship assail,  
Then all true hearted lads despise  
What perils may prevail.  
But shrinking from the cause we prize,  
If lubbers skulk below,  
To the sharks.  
Heave such sparks,  
They’d assist the common foe.

Among ourselves in peace, ’tis true,  
We quarrel—make a rout,  
And, having nothing else to do,  
We fairly scold it out:
But once an enemy in view,
Shake hands—we soon are friends.
On the deck,
Till a wreck,
Each the common cause defends.

ALL'S WELL.

Deserted by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
On tower, fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his nightly round;
And should a footstep haply stray,
Where caution marks the guarded way,
"Who goes there? Stranger—quickly tell!"
"A friend," the word—'good night, all's well.'

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patroles the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some well-known voice salutes his ear,
"What cheer, ho! brother, quickly tell!"
"Above, below—good night, all's well."

THE SAILOR BOY.

The sea was calm, the sky serene,
And gently blew the eastern gale,
When Anna, seated on a rock,
Watched the Lovenia's lessening sail.
To heaven she thus her pray'r address'd:
"Thou who canst save or canst destroy,
From each surrounding danger guard
My much lov'd little Sailor Boy.

"When tempests o'er the ocean howl,
And even sailors shrink with dread,
Be some protecting angel near,
To hover round my William's head,
He was belov'd by all the plain,
His father's pride, his mother's joy;
Then safely to their arms restore
Their much-lov'd little Sailor Boy.

"May no rude foe his course impede,
Conduct him safely o'er the waves;
O, may be never be compell'd
To fight for power, or mix with slaves;
May smiling peace his steps attend,
Each rising hour be crown'd with joy,
As blest as that when I again
Shall meet my much lov'd Sailor Boy.

THE GALLEY SLAVE.
Oh! think on my fate, once I freedom enjoy'd,
Was as happy as happy could be;
But pleasure is fled, even hope is destroy'd,
A captive, alas! on the sea,
I was ta'en by the foe, 'twas the fiat of fate,
To tear me from her I adore;
When thought brings to my mind my once happier state,
I sigh—I sigh, as I tug at the oar.
Hard, hard is my fate, oh! how galling my chain
My life's steer'd by misery's chart,
And tho' 'gainst my tyrant I scorn to complain,
Tears gush forth to ease my sad heart:
I disdain e'en to shrink, though I feel the sharp lash,
Yet my heart bleeds for her I adore;
While around me the merciless billows do dash
I sigh—I sigh; and still tug at the oar.
How fortune deceives! I had pleasure in tow,
The port where she dwelt was in view;
But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'er clouded with wo,
I was hurry'd dear Anna, from you.
Our shallip was boarded, and I torn away,
To behold my dear Anna no more;
But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay—
He sigh'd—he sigh'd, and expir'd at the oar.

Ye seamen of Columbia,
Who guard your nation's rights,
Whose deeds deserve eternal fame,
In four successive fights,
O, try your matchless skill again,
Subdue your ancient foe,
As they roar, on your shore,
Where the stormy tempests blow.
The spirits of ten thousand men,
Who groan beneath the yoke,
Shall join to aid your labours,
When you their chains have broke,
Nor shall they e'er be press'd again,
    To serve your ancient foe,
As they roar, on your shore,
    Where the stormy tempests blow.
Columbia needs no bulwark
    Along her stormy coast,
Her gallant seamen are her walls,
    The country's pride and boast;
There's Hull, Decatur, Porter, Jones,
    And a long list beside,
Who will sweep, o'er the deep,
    And in fearless triumph ride.
The haughty flag of England,
    That wav'd a thousand years
Is stripp'd of its proud laurels,
    Which on our flag appears;
Our tars have crown'd the eagle,
    And the stripes have lash'd the foe,
As they sweep o'er the deep,
    Where the stormy tempests blow.

ERIE AND CHAMPLAIN

Hail to the day which arises in splendour,
    Shedding the lustre of victory far!
Long shall its glory illumine September,
    Which twice beheld freemen the victors in war.
Rous'd by the spirit of heaven born Freedom,
    Perry her lightning pours over the lake;
His faulchion a meteor glitters to lead them,
    And swift on the foemen in thunders they break.
Loud swells the cannon's roar.
Round Erie's sounding shore,
Answered in volleys by musketry's voice:
Till Briton's Cross descends,
And the haughty foe bends—
Victory! Glory! Columbians, rejoice.

Hail to the day which in splendour returning,
Light us to conquest and glory again,
Time told that year—still the war-touch was burning,
And threw its red ray on waves of Champlain;
Rous'd by the spirit that conquer'd for Perry,
Dauntless M'Donough advanced to the fray;
Instant the glory that brighten'd lake Erie,
Burst on Champlain with the splendour of day
Loud swells the cannon's roar
On Plattsburg's bloody shore,
Britons retreat from the tempests of war,
Prevost deserts the field,
While the gallant ships yield—
Victory! Glory! Columbians, huzza!

Hail to the day which recorded in story,
Lives the bright record of unfading fame;
Long shall Columbians, inspir'd by its glory,
Hail its returning with joyous acclaim.
Victory scatter'd profusely the laurel,
Over our heroes, on land and on flood;
Britain astonish'd relinquished the quarrel,
Peace saw her olive arise from the blood.
Now cannon cease to roar,
Round Freedom's peaceful shore,
Silent and hush'd is the war but not for ever remember'd be the gallant story, How valiant Perry with Columbia's crew, With love of country fir'd and love of glory, Proud Briton's host on Erie's lake o'erthrew. He like her rocky banks, Amidst his slaughter'd ranks, Stood firm, no fear could shake his soul; Though streams of blood, Rush'd like a flood, And thunders shook from pole to pole.

Hark! how the cannon will impetuous roar, Deal dread destruction from th' unequal foe, The spirit of the lake sought refuge on the shore And for the fallen brave join'd in Columbia's wo.

And now the Lawrence lost, On Erie's bosom tost, His flag alone the hero saves; As thick as hail, their shot assail. Still round his head his flag he waves,

On the Niagara's deck now see him bound! Now 'mid th' astonish'd foe his course he steers Now dying groans! now vict'rious shouts resound, Now panic fear amidst their ranks appears!
And now Columbia's son
The gallant fight has won,
For see the British Lion cowers;
Huzza! huzza! all hail the day!
"We've met the foe and they are ours!"

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM,
Our bugles sung true, for the night cloud had lower'd.
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And twice ere the cock crew I dream't it again
Methought from the battle's field dreadful array
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track;
Till autumn and sunshine arose on the way,
To the home of my fathers that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, travers'd so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine cup & fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss’d me a thousand times o’er,
And my wife sobb’d aloud in the fulness of heart.

“Stay, stay with us, rest, thou art weary and worn,”
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return’d with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away

LIBERTY.

Land of my fathers! Freedom’s Field,
Thy sacred rights shall be maintain’d;
Columbia’s sons will never yield,
Or see thy spotless honour strain’d;
For he that gave us life, gave thee,
Our country’s pride—sweet Liberty.

With joy each freemen hears the sound,
That calls to arms: to arms! ye brave;
The servile heart will not be found,
That would not bleed our rights to save;
For he who gave us life gave thee,
Our country’s pride—sweet Liberty.

The cannon’s music charms the ear,
When freemen do for freedom fight:
Prepare! Columbia’s sons, prepare!
We’ll die before we’ll yield our right,
For he who gave us life gave thee,
Our country’s pride—sweet Liberty.

Father above, in thee we trust;
A band of brothers look to thee;
We own thy power, but know the just,
And trust that nature made us free.
Ye who gave us life, gave thee,
Or country's pride—our Liberty.

Martyrs to Freedom, view each heart,
We'll die or save those rights you've given;
With these just rights we will not part,
Unless it be to meet in heaven,
For he who gave us life gave thee,
Columbia's pride—our Liberty;

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ALL HANDS UNMOOR;
OR, THE SHIPWRECK.

All hands unmoor, proclaims a cry,
All hands unmoor, the rocks reply;
Roused upon deck, the sailors swarm,
And lovers soon the windless arm.
Reluctant from its oozy cave,
The anchor rises from the wave:
On slippery masts the yards ascend,
And high the canvass wings extend.

Whilst o'er the bosom of the faithless tides,
In silent pomp, the cumbrous vessel glides,

But see, now borne before the blast,
Clouds roll on clouds, the moon o'ercast,
The glaring orb, condensed with haze,
Emits around a sanguine blaze.
The ocean curls, the winds arise,
The scud in swift succession flies;
A storm, deep low'ring blots the sky,
Reef topsails, reef, is now the cry,
So steady meet her, watch the blast behind,
And steer her right before the seas and wind.
Now winged with ruin from on high,
Through the rent clouds the lightnings fly;
A piteous groan is heard behind,
A flash has struck the helmsman blind;
A billow, with tremendous roll,
To ruin seems to doom the whole;
While from the yard; oh! dire to tell,
Three sailors to the ocean fell,
High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep
And down they sink to everlasting sleep.

As o'er the surge the mainmast hung,
The seamen on the rigging clung,
While yet they hug the floating mast,
Or to the cordage grapple fast,
Their wives and children—Nature's chain,
Tug at their hearts, with powerful strain;
Now on the waves on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath the tide:
The hostile waters close around the brave,
And prove the ocean is the seaman's grave.

CALM THE WINDS.

Calm the winds—the distant ocean,
Where our ships in triumph ride,
Seem to own no other motion
But the ebb and flow of tide.
High perched upon his fav'rite spray,
The thrush attention hath bespoke;
The ploughman plodding on his way,
To listen, stops the sturdy yoke.
But see the long-tongued pack in view,
The peopled hills the cry resound,
The sportsmen joining chorus too,
And rapt'rous peals of joy go round.
Soon, soon again, the scene so gay,
In distant murmurs dies away,
Again from lazy echo's cell,
No sound is heard of mirth or woe,
Save but the crazy tinkling bell,
The shepherd hangs upon the ewe.

SING THE SAILOR'S WELCOME HOME.

(T. Dibdin.)

When, first at sea the sailor lad,
So timid, views the whitening billow,
And sighs for cot of mam and dad,
Where flows the stream beneath the willow.
But safe returned—past dangers spurned,
He laughs at Ocean's threat'ning foam;
Mam, sister, and he, all join with glee,
To sing the sailor's welcome home.

When next at sea, the bolder youth
No more ascends the mast with terror;
Yet, pensive, wishes Mary's truth
May clear the rocks and shoals of error.
His voyage o'er, he comes ashore,
And finds her heart could never roam;
Then Poll and he get wed with glee,
And sing the sailor's welcome home.
WHEN MY MONEY WAS GONE THAT I
GAINED IN THE WARS.

(G. S. Carey.)

When my money was gone that I gained in
the wars,
And the world 'gan to frown on my fate;
What matters my zeal or my honoured scars,
When indifference stood at each gate.
The face that would smile when my purse
was well lined,
Show'd a different aspect to me,
And when I could nought but indifference find,
I hied once again to the sea.
I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
To bear with cold looks on the shore,
So I packed up the trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle, alas! was my store.
A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
Which over my shoulder I threw,
Away then I trudged, with a heart rather sad,
To join with some jolly ship's crew.
The sea was less troubled by far than my mind,
For when the wide main I surveyed,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind
And Fortune a slippery jade.
And I vowed, if once more I could take her in
tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones see,
That the turbulent winds and the billows could
show
More kindness than they did to me.
THE SAILOR'S LIFE AT SEA,

When the anchor's weigh'd and the ship's unmoor'd,
And landsmen lag behind, sir,
The sailor joyfully skips on board,
And, swearing, prays for wind, sir.
    Towing here,
    Yeoing there,
    Steadily, readily,
    Cheerily, merrily,
Still from care and thinking free,
Is a sailor's life at sea.

When we sail with a fresh'ning breeze,
And land-men all grow sick, sir;
The sailor lolls with his mind at ease,
And the song and the can go quick, sir.
    Laughing here,
    Quaffing there,
    Steadily, &c.

When the wind at night whistles o'er the deep,
And sings to land-men dreary,
The sailor fearless goes to sleep,
Or takes his watch most cheery:
    Boozing here,
    Snoozing there,
    Steadily, &c.

When the sky grows black and the wind blows hard,
And land-men sculk below, sir,
Jacks mount up to the top-sail yard,
And turn their quids as they go, sir.
   Hawling here,
   Bawling there,
   Steadily, &c.

When the foaming waves run mountains high
   And land-men cry, "All's gone," sir,
The sailor hangs 'twixt sea and sky,
   And jokes with Davy Jones, sir.
   Dashing here,
   Splashing there,
   Steadily, &c.

When the ship d'ye see becomes a wreck,
   And land-men hoist the boat sir;
The sailor scorns to quit the deck,
   While a single plank's afloat, sir.
   Swearing here,
   Tearing there,
   Steadily, &c.

CHEERILY, BOYS, HE SCORNS TO RUN.

When the jolly, jolly tar is called to fight,
   And face the daring foe, sir,
Why he goes to work, by day or night,
   To the tune of yeo, yey, yeo, sir.
For merrily boys he loads the gun;
Cheerily, boys he scorns to run;
And sings, till the foe cries out "have done,"
   Yeo, yey, yeo, sir.
When the jolly, jolly tar has proved his worth,
And the foe for quarters craves, sir,
At Humanity's post he takes his birth,
And saves him from the waves, sir.

For merrily, my boys, &c.

When the jolly, jolly tar can save a life,
He's the first to lend a hand, sir,
For the girl he loves, whether maid or wife,
Will bless him when on land sir.

For merrily, my boys, &c.

PULL AWAY, AND BE JOLLY, BOYS!
YEO, HAY! YE, HO!

(I. C. Cross.)

To boast what one's born to is nonsense and pother;
'Tis Providence, sure, takes us in tow, great or small:
As to luck, I never knew father or mother;
It was good luck, I think, I was e'er born at all!
As to how, when first launched, for I had no relation,
I picked up crumbs, deuce a bit can tell I,
But this I've since, learnt that, whatever one's station,
If a ball's born to hit you 'twill never pass by!
So d'ye see, I sings cheerly, howe'er the winds blow,
Pull away, and be jolly, boys! yeo, hay! ye ho!
I've ta'en cruises many, in sqalls and fair weather;
Been loving on shore, boys: and dauntless at sea;
Made my mind up to take rough and smooth both together,
Set sail, fair or foul, for 'twas all one to me?
I'm proud but of this 'tis whoe'er tells my story
Can't call to his duty one truer than I,
And, conquer or fall at the moment of glory,
If a ball's born to hit one 'twill never pass by
So, d'ye see, I sings cheerly, &c.

THE TAR ON THE OCEAN, TRUE HEARTED AND BRAVE,

The tar on the ocean, true hearted and brave,
Looks down with contempt on the big swelling wave;
Regardless of danger, he views with a smile
The seas in commotion, and thus sings the while;
Though tempests may rock me,
No terror can shock me,
For life they preach up, we must pay as a toll;
And our ship, should Death dock her,
For old Davy's locker,
Why, d'ye mind me, he'll ne'er get an inch of my soul

When war is in motion, still see him behave
Undaunted, and smiling at death and the grave;
And though from all quarters the shot round him wings,
The true-hearted sailor thus carelessly sings:
Though tempests may rock me, &c.

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The Yankee's Description of the Battle between the Constitution and Guerrier.

Tune—"Paddy's Description of Pizarro."

From the Halifax station a bully there came,
To take or be taken, bold Dacres by name;
And who, but a Yankee, he met on the way?
Says he wont you stop, and take some tete-a-tete?
Then Dacres got mad, thus addressing his crew
You see that d—d flag, which is red, white and blue!
We must drum all to quarters: prepare for the fight;
For, in taking that ship it will make me a knight.
The two after-topsail were back'd with the yard
They drumm'd all to quarters, each man on his guard,
Saying strike you d—d Yankee we'll make you with ease;
But a man they call'd Hull, said, O no! if you please.
Then Hull, like a hero before them appeared,
And, in a short speech, he his sailors thus cheer'd;
We'll batter her sides and will do the next thing
That's conquer the bully and laugh at the king.
His men off'd with their hats and gave him a cheer,
Swore to stick by their Hull, while a seaman could steer;
Then went to their quarters, with mutual delight,
And swore they would die for a seaman's free right.

Then Dacres stepp'd up, told his men not to fear!
You see in the main-topsail is wrote the Guerrier
We will give them such balls as they never have felt,
And make them remember the ship Little Belt.
Then up to each mast head he straight sent a flag,
Which look'd, all the world, like a proud British brag,
But Hull; being complaisant, sent up but one,
And bid every man to be true to his gun.
Then we crowded all sail and came along side
We well fed our bull dogs of true yankee pride
Broadside on broadside upon them we pour'd,
Till cannon's loud mouths at each other roar'd.

When Dacres wore-ship, expecting to rake;
But he in his hurry found out his mistake,
We luff'd round his bow, and we caught his jibboom,
And raking him aft, we soon gave him his doom
Then Dacres look'd wild, thus sheathing his sword,
He found that his mast were all gone by the board;
And, drooping a-stern, he call'd out to his steward;
Come up, and be d—d fire a gun to the leeward
Then, the sons of Columbia gave three hearty cheers,
Which bitterly stung all these English-men's ears;
Saying, we bid a defiance to your guns and your flag,
And bid you no more on the ocean to brag.
Here's a health to brave Hull, and his merry men, all,
Who will fight for their cause, while there's powder and ball,
They will stick to their commerce, and do what is right,
And show all the world, that the Yankees can fight.

OUR NAVY. Tune—"Hail Liberty."

On wings of glory swift as light,
The sound of battle came,
The gallant Hull in glorious fight
Has won the wreath of fame.
Let brave Columbia's noble band
With hearts united rise,
Swear to protect their native land,
Till sacred freedom dies.

Let brave Decatur's dauntless breast,
With patriot ardor glow,
And in the garb of vict'ry drest,
Triumphant blast the foe.

Let brave Columbia's noble band, &c.

And Rogers with his gallant crew,
O'er the wide ocean ride,
To prove their loyal spirit true
And crush old Albion's pride.

Let brave Columbia's noble band, &c.

Then hail another Guerrier there,
With roaring broadsides, hail,
And while the thunder rends the air,
See Briton's sons turn pale.

Let brave Columbia's noble band, &c.

The day is ours, my boys, Huzza,
The great commander cries,
While all responsive, roar huzza,
With pleasure sparkling eyes.

Let brave Columbia's noble band, &c.

Thus shall Columbia's fame be spread,
Her heaven born Eagle soar,
Her deeds of glory shall be read.
When tyrants are no more.
Let brave Columbia’s noble band
With hearts united raise,
Swear to protect their native land,
Till sacred freedom dies.

ODE, sung at the dinner given at Boston in honor of commodore Bainbridge.


Brave hearts of ocean chivalry;
Who late in arms have stood
Victorious o’er the bravest foe,
Whose thunder wakes the flood!
Ye wise who sought Fame’s proudest height
And twice arraign’d the goal!
Again, o’er the main,
Shall your conqu’ring thunders roll,
And your banners float victoriously,
And your conqu’ring thunders roll,

Mark, how your ship triumphantly
Her native billows lave
Where first she gave her virgin form,
In rapture to the wave:
Twice bold Britannia’s hearts of oak
Have own’d her stern control;
And again o’er the main,
Shall her conqu’ring thunders roll,
And her banners float victoriously,
And her conqu’ring thunders roll.
When first again, for battle,
Ye bade your thunders swell,
A spirit clad, in armor stood,
Where once a hero fell.
It sternly frown’d upon the foe,
And show’d the scar it bore;
Till again o’er the main,
Your thunder ceas’d to roar,
And your banners wav’d victoriously,
While your thunders ceas’d to roar.

Bush, ’twas thy gallant spirit,
That left its realms on high,
To hear Columbia’s battle rage,
To see her streamers fly
That spirit when the fight was done,
Aloft the tidings bore,
How again, o’er the main,
Your conquering guns did roar
And your banners waved victoriously,
And your conquering guns did roar.

Fame! wreath again thy laurels,
Like Hull’s, forever fair;
Such garlands, on his manly brows,
Shall noble Bainbridge wear;
The same their banners and their deck,
The same their daring soul,
And the same be their fame,
Where their conquering thunders roll,
And their banners float victoriously,
And their conquering thunders roll.
High on the rolls of glory, 
With honors doubly crown'd,
By those, whose sires are yet unborn,
Shall Aylwin's name be found,
The spirits of the brave, who live
On thine eternal scroll;
Again, o'er the main,
When they hear their thunders roll,
Shall trim those banners to the breeze,
While the conquering thunders roll.

"Ye Mariners of England,
The brave applaud the brave;
Our bays, with cypress would betwine,
To deck your Lambert's grave,
But since 'tis ours to meet ye, foes,
Our gallant friends of yore,
Again, o'er the main,
Shall our conquering thunders roar,
And our banners float victoriously,
And our conquering thunders roar.

Fame, ready twine such garlands,
As crown the brave to day:
For here are ocean warriors,
As good and brave as they.
When fortune leads them where the foe
Now sweep the surges o'er,
Again, o'er the main,
Shall our conquering thunders roar,
And our banners float victoriously
And our conquering thunders roar.
THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

When freshly blows the northern gale,
   And under courses snug we fly,
When lighter breezes swell the sail,
   And royals proudly sweep the sky,
Longside the wheel unwearied still
   I stand and as many watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
   I think of her I love, and cry
   Port, my boy! port.

When calm delay, or breezes blow
   Right from the point we wish to steer,
When by the wind close haul'd we go,
   And strive in vain the port to near;
I think 'tis thus the fates defer
   My bliss with one that's far away,
And while remembrance springs to her,
   I watch the sails, and sighing say,
   Thus my boy! thus,

But see, the wind draws kindly aft,
   All hands are up, the yards to square,
And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
   Our stately ship through waves and air,
Oh! then I think that yet for me
   Some breeze of fortune thus may spring:
Some breeze may waft me, love to thee!
   And in that hope I smiling sing,
   Steady, boy! so.
THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS.

Ye sons of free Columbia, whose fathers dar'd the waves,
The battle and the wilderness to shun the fate of slaves:
The rights they bled for, now maintain wherever a wave can flow,
And be free of the sea in spite of every foe,
Though tyrants frown and the cannon roar and the angry tempests blow.

High o'er her misty mountain tops Columbia's eagle soars,
And sees two mighty oceans roll their tribute to her shores.
The Atlantic and Pacific wave, for us alike shall flow,
And we'll be free of the sea in despite of every foe,
Though tyrants frown and cannon roar and the angry tempests blow.

Columbus first of mariners, to us bequeathed his name,
The ocean's first great conquerer resign'd to us his claim,
From east to west, and round the globe, wherever a wave can flow,
We'll be free of the sea in despite of every foe,
Though tyrants frown and cannon roar and the angry tempests blow.
Spread wide your arms, ye sturdy oaks, ye lofty pines ascend!
Hark!—from your hills our navy calls your towering tops to bend!
Now spread the canvass to the gale, and where a wave can flow,
We'll be free of the sea in despite of every foe,
Though tyrants frown and cannon roar and the angry tempests blow.
Columbia's eagle flag shall fly all fearless o'er the flood,
To every friendly name, a dove—to foes—a bird of blood
We'll hear the blessings of our land where'er a wave can flow,
And be free of the sea in despite of every foe,
Though tyrants frown and cannon roar and the angry tempests blow.

AMERICAN TAR.
The goddess of Freedom borne down by oppression,
In Europe's fam'd regions no longer found rest,
She wept at the heart rending wide desolation,
And languishing look'd for relief from the west.
She heard that Columbia was rearing a temple
Where she should be worshipp'd in peace and in war,
Old Neptune confirm'd it, cried lo! here's a sample,
Presenting with pride an American Tar.
Cease weeping then goddess to thee I've consigned him;
He loves thee and he thy protector will be,
Believe me a more gallant youth you will find him,
Than ever bore your banners through ocean or sea,
When his galley he trims, firm resolv'd for the onset,
Wo! wo! to that foe, who his prowess will dare
Long will his country lament, that he e'er went
And brav'd the avenging American Tar.

He boasts not, but firm as the oak of his forest
Serene as a calm; but as fierce as a storm,
When wild roars the battle you'll find him the foremost;
When victor, the prostrate protecting from harm.
And I have decreed he's so gallant a fellow,
O'er my wide dominions, he shall be a star,
Will light you in triumph, o'er every billow,
His name, listen angel! American Tar.

The proud turban'd turk, my dominions infested
And piracy roam'd uncontroll'd o'er the wave
His courage the tar of Columbia tested,
And taught him that freemen though peaceful, and brave,
Leviathan dread, who controls the wide ocean,
And ope's his huge paws for destruction and war;
Who vaunting his strength throws the world in commotion,
Shrinks back to dismay from the American Tar.

For the rights of his country he fights, not plunder,
No longer injustice shall harass the deep;
I give him my trident, and Jove gives him thunder,
And well he the sacred deposits will keep,
Beneath this mild sway, sailors' rights well protected,
Shall be, and free trade shed its blessings afar
The praises of nations shall greet thee respected
The daring heroic American Tar.

THE AMERICAN CAPTIVE.

Land of my birth, farewell! The sea rolls dark,
The golden sun behind yon waves descending
Now lights yon hills. Now is the soaring lark
Her sweetest notes with nature's matins ending;
And now my Mary's prayer to heaven ascending,
May bless these arms with home and liberty.
Ah! no my soul! This awful gloom impending,
And death-like shade that glide along the sea
Whisper, Poor, lonely sailor, home is not for thee!
Early my youthful bosom sought the strife
That laid, alas! my gallant father low;
Early my mother taught her son, that life
Bereft of freedom he must never know;
Yet, from aloft do British streamers flow?
Mary, a long farewell! My pangs are o'er;
My soul her anchor weighs, and when the glow
Of early morn illumes yon darksome shore,
This form shall soundly sleep, though Indian billows roar.

HONEST TOM.

The wind was hush'd, the fleecy wave
Scarcely vessels could leave,
When in the mizen top his stand
Tom Cluine taking, espied the land,
Oh sweet reward for all his toil!
Once more he views his native soil,
Once more he thanks indulgent fate,
That brings him to his bonny Kate.

Soft as the sighs of Zephyr flower,
Tender and plaintive as her wo,
Serene was the attentive eye,
That heard Tom's Bonny Kitty grieve,
"Oh, what," cried she, "my pain?
He's swallow'd in the greedy main;
Ah, never shall I welcome home.
With tender joy my honest Tom!"

Now high upon the faithful shroud,
The land awhile that seem'd a cloud,
While objects from the mist arise,
A feast present Tom's longing eyes.
A riband, near his heart which lay
Now see him on his hat display,
The given sign to show that fate
Had brought him safe to bonny Kate.
Near to a cliff whose heights command
A prospect of the shelly strand,
While Kitty fate and fortune blam'd,
Sudden with rapture she exclaim'd,
"But see oh Heaven! a ship in view,
My Tom appears among the crew:
The pledge he swore to bring safe home
Streams in his hat—'tis honest Tom!"
What now remains were easy told;
Tom comes; his pockets lin'd with gold,
Now rich enough no more to roam,
To serve his king he stays at home;
Recounts each toil, and shows each scar
While Kitty and her constant tar,
With reverence teach to bless their fates
Young honest Toms and bonny Kates.

DIBDIN.

TOM TACKLE WAS NOBLE.

Tom Tackle was noble, was true to his word,
If merit brought titles, Tom might be a lord,
How gaily his bark through life's ocean would sail,
Truth furnish'd the rigging, and honor the gale
Yet Tom had a failing, if ever man had,  
That, good as he was, made him all that was bad  
He was paltry and pitiful, scurvy and mean,  
And the snivelingest scoundrel that ever was seen,  
For so said the girls and the landlord 'long shore  
Would you know what his fault was——Tom Tackle was poor!  

Twas once on a time, when we took a galleon  
And the crew touch'd the agent for cash to some tune,  
Tom a trip took to gaol, an old messmate to free,  
And four thankful prattlers soon sat on his knee,  
Then Tom was angel, downright from heaven sent!  
While they'd hands he his goodness should never repent;—  
Return'd from next voyage, he bemoan'd his sad case,  
To find his dear friend shut the door in his face  
Why, d'ye wonder? cried one, your serv'd right to be sure:  
Once Tom Tackle was rich—now Tom Tackle is poor!  

I be'nt you see, versed in high maxims and sich  
But don't the honour concern poor and rich!  
If it don't come from good hearts, da'me 'twas Tom,  
Yet some how or another Tom never did right  
None knew better the time when to spare or to fight,
He, by finding a leak, once preserv’d crew and ship,
Sav’d the Commodore’s life—then he made such rare flip!
And yet for all this no one Tom could endure; I fancies how ’twas—because he was poor.

At last an old shipmate, that Tom might hail land,
Who saw that his heart sail’d too fast for his hand
In the riding of comfort a mooring to find,
Reef’d the sails of Tom’s fortune that shook in the wind;
He gave him enough through Life’s ocean to steer,
Be the breeze what it might; steady, thus, or no near,
His pittance is daily, and yet Tom imparts
What he can to his friends—And may all honest hearts,
Like Tom Tackle, have what keeps the wolf from the door;
Just enough to be generous—too much to be—poor.

Dibdin.

*Lines on the action fought between the Wasp and Frolic.*

*Recitative.*

Fresh blows the gale—o’er ocean’s azure realm
“In goodly trim the gallant vessel glides.”
Heroic Jones, presiding, takes the helm,
His country’s honour the star that guides.
A band of heroes all his dangers share!
Who, when their country calls them,
The dread, th' unequal contest, nobly dare
The red artillery of the British oak!

Dim in the horizon, Albion's hostile star,
In silent grandeur rises on the sight:
Terrific omen? honour'd wide and far—
The harbinger of death, and pale affright.

Near and more near the bloody contest draws,
Frowning they meet, and awfully serene,
And, ere the strife begins, in solemn pause,
They stand and watch the narrow space between.

Unusual darkness on the surface lies,
A night of horror veils the combat o'er,
Disturb'd by victor shouts and dying cries—
By lightning's flashes, and the thunder's roar.

Short was the contest, oh! in pity, spare!
Ye sights, unholy! vanish from my ken:
For supplicating mercy cries, forbear!
Nor taunt with victory these dying men.

But welcome, heroes! to your native land;
Safe from the arduous perils of the fight!
And welcome, gallant leader of the band!
Who blushes when he finds his fame so bright.

And welcome Rapp, and Rodgers, welcome Knight!
And Booth such noble souls will ne'er refuse
This poor requital, and with rudeness slight
The humble off'ring of no venal muse.
Nor Clayton shall thy worth unsung remain,
Thy early day betokens promise fair;
For glory hover'd round the brows of pain,
And marked unseen the future hero there.
Nor shall thy merits, Biddle, pass untold,
When cover'd with the cannon's flaming breath
Onward he press'd unconquerably bold,
He fear'd dishonour, but he spurn'd at death.
He mov'd the foremost of the gallant band,
Undaunted by the roar of hostile arms;
And led reluctant Victory by the hand,
Confus'd and blushing in her blaze of charms.

Then welcome heroes, for your glory lives,
Nor shall malignant envy dare assail—
Receive the laurel which your country gives,
And share her triumphs while she tells the tale

Tune—Hearts of Oak.

Columbians, the glory and pride of the main,
They've fought and they've bled, our rights to maintain,
And they ne'er will be vanquish'd by any proud foe,
While American blood in their bosoms shall flow:
While our Hulls on the sea
Triumphant we'll be,
For we always are ready, steady boys, steady,
For to fight and to die, to die or be free.
By a Hull we have lost, by a Hull we have gain'd;
Yet our Hulls on the Ocean our rights have maintain'd,
See Britannia now mourns for her warrior's gone,
Her navy has lost what Columbians have won:
   While our Hulls on the sea, &c.

There is many a hero his country to save,
Lies buried and cold in a far distant gravel
Yet their names shall be bless'd by ages unborn;
   While there's valor on earth for their virtues we'll mourn:
   While our Hulls on the sea, &c.

Then American worthies will sure gain the day
And drive from Columbia her foes far away,
Then the tyrants of England with horror shall learn,
   From the battle with glory our sons shall return
   While our Hulls on the sea,
Triumphant we'll be,
   For we always are ready, steady boys, steady,
For to fight and to die, to die or be free.

M. H. M.

AN AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.
The trumpet sounds, my country calls,
A hostile band our shores invade,
I go to dare the cannon balls,
   And dye in blood my battle blade,

*English of Guerrier
And Mary, gentle and sincere,
Weep not, I pray, when thus we part,
Drive from thine eye the falling tear,
And banish sorrow from thy heart.

For should I coward-like await
The foes’ approach in martial pride,
And see them force our farm-house gate,
With lust and rapine by their side—

I could not bear the keen rebuke,
Thy screams would speak in that dread hour
I could not bear thy helpless look,
When struggling with a ruffian’s power.

No, get my war-horse, I’ll away
And meet the invader on the strand,
And they shall surely rue the day,
They dar’d upon our coast to land.

And weep not Mary, if I fall,
Nor heave thy bosom with a sigh,
Death is the common lot of all,
’Tis for my country I shall die.

And teach our little darling boy
That life is not with slav’ry wed,
Teach him to yield it up with joy,
At freedom’s call, on honour’s bed.

Tell him ’twas thus our heroes fought;
And Mary be thou sure to tell
Our little one that thus he ought
To fight, for thus his father fell.
COLUMBIA—LAND OF LIBERTY.

To liberty's enraptur'd sight,
When first Columbia shone,
She hail'd it from her starry height,
And smiling, claim'd it as her own;
"Fair land;" the goodness cried, "be free!
"Soil of my choice to fame arise,"
She spoke, and heaven's minstrelsy
Swell'd the loud chorus through the skies,
All hail, forever great and free!
Columbia—land of liberty?

Columbia's genius heard the strain,
And proudly raised her drooping crest,
Her sons impatient, filled the plain,
Where panted high each patriot breast
Their fetters they indignant spurn'd;
They wav'd their falchions high in air,
And where the goddess' altar burn'd,
From kneeling warriors rose the prayer
To die be ours, if thou art free,
Columbia—land of liberty!

War blew her clarion loud and long,
Oppression led his legions on;
To battle rush'd the patriot throng,
And soon the glorious day was won.
Each bleeding freeman smil'd in death;
Flying he saw his country's foes;
And wafted by his latest breath,
To Heaven the cheerful pæan rose—
Content I die—for thou art free,
Columbia—land of liberty!
And shall we ever dim the fires,
That flame on freedom's shrines!
Shall glory's children shame their sires,
Shall cowards spring from heroes' loins,
No—by the blood our fathers shed,
O freedom, in thy holy cause,
When streaming from the martyr'd dead,
It seal'd and sanctified thy laws—
We swear to keep thee great and free!
Columbia—land of liberty.

SAM JONES.

It was Sam Jones the Fisherman, was bound for Sandy Hook,
But first upon his Almanack a solemn oath he took;
And grant the tide may only serve, was still the pray'r of Sam's,
That I may have good luck to-night and catch a load of clams.

His vow thus made, he took a spike and wrote it on the door;
And off he sail'd for Sandy Hook, along the Jersey shore,
When faithful to his promise, there he only took two drams,
Be honour'd sober Sammy Jones, that catch'd a load of clams.
They owe the lux'ry to his tongs, and Kitty Crammer said,
"The man that work'd so hard last night shall never want for bread—
In yonder hut we both will live as innocent as lambs,
For thou art sure the greatest man that ever fish'd for clams."

And then before the nearest squire; they tied the marriage noose,
Which is a thing that death has power alone to set it loose;
And all the folks near Sandy Hook, and ev'ry friend of Sam's,
Cried, "honour'd be the greatest man that ever fish'd for clams."

**Tune—**"Ye Tars of Columbia."

The banner of freedom high floated unfurl'd,
While the silver tip surges in low homage curl'd
Flashing bright round the bow of Decatur's brave bark,
In contest, an eagle—in chasing a lark.

**Chorus.**

The bold United States:
Which four and forty rates,
Shall ne'er be known to yield—be known to yield or fly—
Her motto is "Glory, we conquer or die."
All canvass expanded to woo the coy gale,
The ship clear’d for action, in chase of a sail;
The foemen in view, every bosom beats high,
All eager for conquest, or ready to die.

The bold *United States*, &c.

Now Havoc stands ready, with optics of flame,
And battle-hounds “strain on the start” for the game;
The blood-demons rise on the surge for their prey,
While pity, dejected, awaits the dead fray.

The bold *United States*, &c.

The gay-floating streamers of Britain appear,
Waving light in the breeze, as the stranger we near:

And now could the quick sighted Yankee discern.

“Macedonian” emblazon’d at large on her stern.

The bold *United States*, &c,

Unaw’d by their thunders, along side we came,
While the foe seem’d enwrapp’d in a mantle of flame;
When prompt to the word, such a flood we return,
That Neptune, aghast thought his trident would burn.

The bold *United States*, &c.

Now the lightning of battle gleams horribly red,
With a tempest of iron, and a hail storm of lead
And our fire on the foe was so copiously pour'd
Her mizen and topmastsoon went by the board
The bold United States, &c.

So fierce and so bright did our flashes aspire,
They thought that their cannon had set us on fire—
"The Yankee's on flames," every British tar hears,
And hail'd false omen with three hearty cheers.
The bold United States, &c.

In seventeen minutes, they found their mistake
And were glad to surrender and fall in our wake
Her decks were with carnage and blood deluged o'er,
Where welt'ring in blood, lay an hundred and four,
The bold United States, &c.

But though she was made so completely a wreck
With blood they had scarcely encrimson'd our deck;
Only five valiant yankees in battle were slain,
And our ship in five minutes was fitted again.
The bold United States, &c.

Rise, tars of Columbia, and share in the fame,
Which gilds Hull, Decatur, and Jones's bright name,
Fill a bumper and drink—Here's success to the cause—
But Decatur supremely deserves our applause
CHORUS.

The bold United States;"
Which four and forty rates,
Shall ne'er be known to yield—be known to yield or fly—
Her motto is "Glory! we conquer or die."

TOM BOWLING.

Here, a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew,
No more he'll hear the tempests howling,
For death has broach'd him too.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful below he did his duty
But now he's gone aloft,

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and kind-hearted,
His poll was good and true.
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly
Ah many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom has gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather
When he who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
For, though his body's under hatches
His soul has gone aloft.

MEETING OF THE WATERS.
There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet!
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.
Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of chrystal; her brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill:
Oh! no—it was something more equisite still—
'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.
Sweet vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest,
In thy bosom of shades, with the friends I love best;
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters; be mingled in peace,
THE 'SOVEREIGNTY OF THE OCEAN.'

By the trident of Neptune, brave Hull cried, let's steer,
It points out the track of the bullying Guerrier,
Should we meet her, brave boys, seamen's rights be the cry,
We fight to defend them, to live free or die.

The famed Constitution thro' the billows now flew,
While the spray to the tars was refreshing as dew,
To quicken their sense of the insult they felt
In the boast of the Guerrier's not being the Belt.

Each patriot bosom now throb'd with delight,
When joyful the cry was—a sail is in sight!
Three cheers, cried the captain, my lads, 'tis the foe,
British pride shall be this day by Yankees laid low.

Behold now the Guerrier, of Britain the boast,
Her topsails aback—and each tar to his post,
While Dacres a flag did display from each mast,
To show that as Britons they'd fight to the last.

The American stars now aloft were unfurl'd,
With her stripes at the mizen-peak as proof to the world
That howe'er British pride might bluster or fret,
The sun of her glory should that day be set.
Now prim'd with ambition her guns loaded full,
The Guerrier's broadsides roar'd tremendous at Hull,
Not only the hero, ship and crew to annoy,
But the Hull of freedom, our rights to destroy.

As the brave Constitution her foeman drew nigh
Each heart beat with valor, joy glisten'd each eye
While Hull, whose brave bosom with glory did swell,
Cried, "free trade, seamen's rights, now let every shot tell."

Quick as lightning, and fatal its dreaded power,
Destruction & death on the Guerrier did shower
While the groans of the dying were heard in the blast,
The word was "take aim, boys, away with her mast."

The genius of Britain will long rue the day,
The Guerrier's a wreck "in the trough of the sea,"
Her laurels are wither'd—her boasting is done,
Submissive, to leeward, she fires her last gun.

Now brilliant the stars of America shine,
Fame, honour and glory, brave Hull, they are thine,
You have Neptune amaz'd, caus'd Britain to weep,
While Yankees triumphantly sail o'er the deep.
The sea, like the air, by great nature's decree,
Was given in common and shall ever be free,
But if Ocean's a turnpike where Britain keeps toll,
Hull, Jones and Decatur will pay for the whole

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

Blow high, blow low, let tempest tear
The main mast by the board:
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stored,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore
To be once more
Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And the surge roaring from below
Shall my signal be,
To think on thee,
And this shall be my song;
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
The memory of their former lives
O'er flowing cans of flip renew
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh and think on thee;
And, as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burthen of my song shall be—
Blow high, blow low, &c.
Gallants attend and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty;
Strange things I'll tell, which late befell,
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just as the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on log of wood,
And saw a sight surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir;
He spied a score of kegs, or more,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

A sailor too, in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damned his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said, "some mischief's brewing."

"These kegs now hold the rebels bold,
"Packed up like pickled herring:
"And they're came down to attack the town
"In this new way of ferrying."

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scar'd almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted:
And some ran here and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked,
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked,

Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring,
Nor dreamed of harm, as he lay warm
In bed with Mrs. Loring.

Now in a fright he starts upright,
Awakened by such a clatter;
First rubs his eyes, then boldly cries,
"For God's sake what's the matter?"

At his bed side, then he espied
Sir Erskine at command sir;
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And t'other in his hand sir,

"Arise, arise," sir Erskine cries,
"The rebels—more's the pity!
"Without a boat are all afloat,
"And ranged about the city.

"The motley crew in vessels new,
"With Satan for their guide, sir
"Packed up in bags and wooden kegs,
"Come driving down the tide, sir,

"Therefore, prepare for bloody war;
"These kegs must all be routed,
“Or surely we despised shall be,
   “And British valour doubted”

The royal band now ready stand,
   All ranged in dread array, sir,
On every slip, in every ship,
   For to begin the fray, sir.

The cannons roar, from shore to shore,
   The small arms make a rattle,
Since wars began, I’m sure no man
   E’er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales—the rebel vales,
   With rebel trees surrounded;
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
   With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
   Attack’d on every quarter,
Why sure thought they the devil’s to pay,
   Among folks above the water.

The kegs ’tis said, though strongly made,
   Of rebel staves and hoops sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
   The conquering British troops sir,

From morn to night those men of might
   Display’d amazing courage:
And when the sun was fairly down,
   Retired to sup their porridge.

One hundred men, with each a pen,
   Or more upon my word, sir;
It is most true, would be too few
Their valour to record, sir.
Such feats did they perform that day
Against those wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

STANZAS.

Commemorative of some early achievements of the American Navy; that may be said or sung to the tune, "The Wandering Sailor ploughs the main."

Ye honest tars of Yankee mould,
Whose gallant actions Fame has told,
Permit a brother tar to greet,
The flag of our musquitoe fleet,
The flag which rul'd the waves before!

Our Constitution first began
T' assert the equal "rights of man,"
In that domain where Briton's pride
Those rights to other realms denied—
But Hull soon sent her Guerrier's bones
To seek a birth with "Davy Jones."

Our little Wasp, on dauntless wing,
Had flown abroad, to try her sting,
And, being both alert and brave,
She took a Frolic on the wave,
But, this so far impaired her might,
A stronger "Foeman," stopt her flight.
A happier victory the Fates
Decreed for the United States—
Decatur, on the brilliant day,
Might "veni, vidi, vice," say,
For Britain's naval empire shook,
When he the Macedonian took.

Again the Constitution weigh'd,
To distant realms our stars display'd,
When Bainbridge, fir'd by manly zeal,
Made arrogance his prowess feel;
For there he foil'd his vaunting foe,
And laid the Java's standard low!

The Hornet next—ne'er was seen
So brave a ship—What say you Green!*
With fewer guns and fewer men
Blockaded long Bonne Citoyenne,
Which neither vaunts nor threats could bring,
Within the distance of her sting.

At length the gallant Hornet flew,
Compelled by mighty Montague,
For what are eighteen (no more)
'Gainst heavy tiers of sixty four,
But soon she met the boasting foe,
And laid the Peacock's plumage low.

Our ships are staunch, our tars are brave
As ever dared affront the wave:
We wish when they abroad must roam,
To bear the peaceful olive home:

*Captain Green, commander of the Bonne Citoyenne
But if insulting foes they meet,
With laurels they will load our fleet.

Superior traits of nautic skill,
Columbia's "log book" oft shall fill:
And there each gallant Captain's name
This verse shall consecrate with fame—
"From equal force he'll never fly,
But conquer or most nobly die!"

GUNPOWDER TEA.

Air—"Jenny put the kettle on."

Johnny Bull and many more,
Soon, they say, are coming o'er;
As soon as e'er they reach our shore,
They must have their tea.

Chorus.—So go and put the kettle on,
Be sure to blow the bellows strong,
Load our cannon every one,
With strong Gunpowder tea.

They'll get it strong, they need not dread,
Sweetened well with sugar or lead,
Perhaps it may get in their head,
And spoil their taste for tea.
So go, &c.

But should they set a foot on shore,
Their cups we'd fill them o'er and o'er,
Such as John Bull drank here before,
Nice Saratoga tea.
So go, &c.
Then let them come, as soon 's they can,
They'll find us at our post each man;
Their hides we will completely tan,
Before they get their tea,

**Chorus,—**So go and put the kettle on:
Be sure to blow the bellows strong
Load our cannon every one,
With strong Gunpowder tea.

Yankee sailors have a knack,
Hale away! ye ho, boys!
Of pulling down a British Jack,
'Gainst any odds you know, boys.

Come three to one, right sure am I,
If we can’t beat them still we’ll try,
To make Columbia’s colors fly,
Hale away, yeo ho, boys.

Yankee sailors; when at sea,
Hale away, yeo ho, boys,
Pipe all hands with merry glee,
While aloft they go, boys.

And when with pretty girls on shore
Their cash is gone, and not before,
They wisely go to sea for more,
Hale away, yeo ho, boys,

Yankee sailors love their soil,
Hale away, yeo ho, boys,
And for glory ne'er spare toil,
But flog its foes, you know, boys,
Then while its standard owns a rag,
The world combined shall never brag,
They made us strike the Yankee flag,
Hale away, yeo ho, boys!

A tribute of respect to the memory of John Hart, Joseph Williams and Hannible Boyd, three of the crew of the Hornet sloop of war; who lost their lives in an ineffectual attempt to save part of the crew of the Peacock,—she sunk and the whole perished together.

RECITATIVE.

Britain, whose trident long has rul’d the main,
And long usurp’d an arbitrary reign:
Britain, no more with undivided sway
Shall bid the navy cut the liquid way:
Columbians swear the empire to divide,
And test their powers on the billowy tide,
Let then her boasted bulwarks seek our strand,
Our noble tars will make a glorious stand:
Bravely indignant meet the battle’s rage,
And ship to ship undauntedly engage;
For Seamen’s Rights, for Commerce, they contend,
The “Freedom of the Sea,” proud to defend;
Their bosoms pant with valor’s ardent glow,
And for their country falls the avenging blow.

The battle won—the bloody contest o’er,
Our noble tars are enemies no more.
The vessel sinks—Haste, haste, she settles down—
Let Mercy's wreath the brow of victory crown,
Alas, the conquerors plunge beneath the wave
And with the conquer'd meet a watery grave,
Lost is the gen'rous purpose of the soul,
Could o'er their hapless head the billows roll,
To Ocean's fathomless abyss they go,
Death, at one moment grappling friend and foe,
Down, down they fall—they sink no more to rise,
Till the last trump shall rend the vaulted skies.
On the dread day, when earth and ocean pour
Their countless millions on the unknown shore,
That act of mercy will a blessing prove,
That act of mercy shine in worlds above.

COLUMBIA VICTORIOUS.

Tune—"To Anacreon in Heaven"

To the court of old Neptune, the god of the sea,
The sons of Columbia sent a petition,
That he their protector and patron would be,
When this answer arrived, free from terms or condition:

Repair to the sea,
You conq'ners shall be,
And proclaim to the world that Columbia is free:
Besides, my proud trident Decatur shall bear,
And the laurels of vict'ry triumphantly wear.
The Tritons arose from their watery bed,
And sounding their trumpets, Æolus attended,
Who summon'd his Zephyrs, and to them he said,
Old Neptune, Columbia's cause has befriended;
As the world you explore,
And revisit each shore,
To all nations proclaim the glad sound evermore;
That Decatur old Neptune's proud trident shall bear,
And the laurels of vict'ry triumphantly wear.

The Naiads, in chariot of coral so bright,
Skimm'd swiftly the wide liquid plane quite enchanted,
Soon the proud Macedonian gladdened their sight.
And Decatur advancing, with courage undaunted:

They saw with a smile;
"The fast anchor'd isle,"
Resigning the laurels obtain'd at the Nile;
And when victory crown'd brave Columbia's cause,
The trumpet of Fame shook the world with applause.

Dame Amphitrite flew to the archives above,
To see the great mandate of Neptune recorded,
When, tracing the records of Lybian Jove,
To find where renown to brave deeds was awarded,

There Washington's name,
Recorded by fame,
Resplendent as light, to her view quickly came.
In rapture she cries, here Decatur I'll place,
On the page which the deeds of brave Washington grace.
Now charge all your glasses with sparkling wine,
And toast our brave tars, who so bravely defend us,
While our naval commanders so nobly combine,
We defy all the ills haughty foes e'er can send us:
While our goblets do flow,
The praises we owe,
To valor and skill we will gladly bestow,
And may grateful the sons of Columbia be,
'To Decatur, whom Neptune crowns lord of the sea.

WILL WATCH.
'Twas on morn when the wind from the northward blew keenly,
When sullenly roar'd the big waves of the main,
A fam'd smuggler, Will Watch, kiss'd his Sue then serenely
Took the helm and to sea boldly steer'd out again.
Will had promised his that this trip, if well ended,
Should coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor on shore
When his pockets were lined, why his life should be mended,
The laws he had broken he'd never break more.
His sea boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,
Then Will stood for home, reach'd the offing, and cried,
This night if I've luck furl the sails of my trading,
In dock I can lay, serve a friend too beside.

Will lay too till the night came on darksome and dreary,
To crowd every sail then, he piped up each hand,
But a signal soon spied, 'twas a prospect uncheery,
A signal that warn'd him to bear from the land.

The Philistines are out, cries Will, we'll take no heed on't,
Attack'd who's the man that will flinch from his gun?
Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the need on't,
We'll fight while we can, when we can't boys, we'll run.

Through the haze of the night, a bright flash now appearing.
Oh! now cries Will Watch, the Philistines bear down,
Bear a hand, my tight lads, 'ere we think about sheering,
One broadside pour in, should we swim boys, or drown.
But should I be popp'd off, you, my mates, left behind me,
Regard my last word, see 'em kindly obey'd
Let no stone mark the spot, and my friends do you mind me;
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would be laid.

Poor Will's yard was spun out—for a bullet next minute
Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more,
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remained in it,
Then sheered—and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied with,
To few known his grave, and to few known his end,
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died with,
He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each friend.

Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly bellow,
Yon ash, struck with lightning, points out the cold bed,
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that famed lawless fellow,
Once feared, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the dead.
LOVE AND GLORY.

Young Henry was as brave a youth
As ever graced a martial story;
And Jane was fair as lovely truth,
She sigh'd for love, and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
And told her many a gallant story,
'Till war, their honest joys to blight,
Call'd him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride,
Jane followed, fought—ah! hapless story,
In man's attire, by Henry's side:
She died for love; and he for glory!

THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder!
The rain a deluge showers,
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers?
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day,
There she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay, O?

At length the wish'd for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky,
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
Each heav'd a bitter sigh.
The dismal wreck to view
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay,
On that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent.

When Heaven all bounteous ever
Its boundless mercy sent;

A sail in sight appears
We hail her with three cheers,
Now we sail,
With the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay, O?

BOUND 'PRENTICE TO A WATERMAN.

(Cross.)

Bound 'prentice to a waterman, I learn'd a bit to row,
But bless your heart, I always was so gay,
That to treat a little water-nymph, that took my heart in tow,
I runn'd myself in debt a bit and then I runn'd away,
Singing ri tol, fol de rol, yo ho, &c.

'Board a man of war I enter'd next, and learn'd to quaff good flip,
And, far from home, we scudded on so gay.
I ran my rigs, but lik'd so well my captain, crew
and ship,
That, run what will, why d—me If I ever run
away.
   Singing ri tol, fol de rol, &c.
With glee I've sail'd the world all round, and
learn'd a bit to fight,
   But, somehow, I a prisoner was ta'en;
So, when the monsieur jailor to my dungeon
show'd a light,
   I blinded both his peepers, and then ran
away again,
   Singing ri tol, fol de rol, &c.
I've ran a many risk in life, on ocean and on
shore,
   But always like a Yankee, got the day,
And, fighting in old Columbia's cause, will run
as many more,
   But, let me face ten thousand foes, will never
run away.
   Singing ri tol, fol de rol, &c.

BOUND 'PRENTICE TO A COASTING-SHIP

Air—"Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman."

Bound 'prentice to a coasting ship, I weathered
many a gale,
   But bless your heart, I never know'd no fear
And to treat my pretty Poll on shore to foreign
climes I'd sail,
   Where I learnt to box the compass, tipple
grog, hand, reef, and steer.
Spoken.] Box the compass!—aye, that's one of the first accomplishments a Yankee sailor has to 'larn. Lord love you! it comes as natural as A B C.—N. by E. N. N E. N. E. by N. N. E. by E. E.N. E E. by N. E. And sing—

Ri tol, &c.

When sailing to Spitzbergen, or crossing of the line
The cold or heat was all as one to Mich.;
For lubberly enjoyments he was never known to pine,
Nor in a close engagement to an enemy he'd strike.

Spoken] But sing—no, d—n it; we could not sing! the "lee-scuppers are drenched, and too many brave fellows have lost the number of their mess, and gone to Davy Jones's locker. Never mind—chance of war! we must all slip our cable some time or other, as our chaplain says, so to it we goes—we tip it as hot as she can sup it!—Another broadside, my boys!—My eyes, what a crash, her mainmast is gone by the board! the lubbers cry pecazi,—we grapple, and tow her into port!—I mount the main chains for soundings, heaves the lead under the lee bow, catches its dip upon the quarter, and sing out, "By the mark seven,"—And sing—

Ri tol, &c.

But, when the war's concluded, and lots of cash in store,
No one could say they ever knew him flinch;
But full of fun and frolick, among his friends on shore.
He'll prove himself, in peace or war, a sailor every inch.

Spoken Well, he goes ashore, and there we sees the beech lined with pretty girls, ready to receive us, I spies my Poll among them, with tears in her eyes, upon the look out for her weather-beaten Mich. What cheer, my lass! how does the land lay? We rushes into each other's arms. D—me, there's a go! what signifies a parcel of palaver about happiness, and that ere—can any thing equal a return to the girl we love after a long absence! so we steers into the first grog-shop—the bowl goes round—old Scrape tunes his fiddle in the corner—Poll axes me for that ere old hornpipe what I've danced a thousand times—I consents, and off I goes, for the honour of the Navy, and the dear girl I love. And sing—

\[ 'TIS PRETTY POLL, AND HONEST JACK. \]

When whistling winds are heard to blow
In tempests o'er the earth,
The seaman's oft dashed to and fro,
Yet cheerly taken his birth,
And as fearless mounts the shrouds,
Awhile the vessel swings;
Though skies are mantled o'er with clouds,
The gallant sailor sings;
'Tis pretty Poll, and honest Jack,
   My girl and friend on shore,
Will hail me at returning back,
   So let the billows roar.

Now bending o'er the rocking yard,
   While seas in mountains rise,
He takes a spell, however hard,
   And danger e'er defies,
The storm once o'er, the gallant tar
   Lets fancy freely roam,
And though from many a friend afar,
   Thus sighs for those at home:
   'Tis pretty Poll, &c.

On burning coasts, or frozen seas,
   Alike in each extreme,
The gallant sailor's o'er ease,
   And floats with fortune's stream,
To love and friendship ever true,
   He steers life's course along;
And, whosoever sailing to,
   Fond hope elates his song.
   'Tis pretty Poll, &c.

THE SEA BOY'S FAREWELL IN THE FAMILY-FLEET

Wait, ye winds, till I repeat
A parting signal to the fleet,
   Whose station is at home;
Then waft the sea-boy's simple prayer,
   And let it oft be whispered there,
   While other climes I roam.
Farewell to father, reverend hulk;
Who, spite of metal, spite of bulk,
    Must soon his cable slip;
But ere he's broken up I'll try
The flag of gratitude to fly,
    In duty to the ship.

Farewell to mother, first rate she,
Who launched me on life's stormy sea,
    And rigged me fore and aft;
May providence her timbers spare,
And keep her hull in good repair,
    To tow the smaller craft!

Farewell to sister, lovely yacht,
And whether she'll be manned or not
    I cannot now foresee;
But may some ship a tender prove,
Well found in stores of truth and love,
    And take her under lee.

Farewell to George, the jolly boat,
And all the little craft afloat
    In home's delightful bay;
When they arriv'd at sailing age,
May Wisdom give the weather guage,
    And guide them on their way.

Farewell to all on life's rude main,
Perhaps, we ne'er may meet again,
    Through stress of stormy weather,
But summoned by the board above,
May harbour in the port of Love,
    And all be moored together.
POOR WILLIAM FOUND A WATERY GRAVE.

(Dick Willis.)

[The poet of Greenwich Hospital:]

The rose had sipped the early dew,
And balmy sweets perfum’d the air,
When William wept a last adieue
Upon the bosom of his fair:
“Farewell!” he cried, “my lovely Jane,
Though distant far across the main
Till death its cords shall sever!”

The morning breezes swell’d the sail,
His vessel soon was lost to view;
But evening brought the angry gale,
And vivid lightnings round them flew:
In vain the billows force the brave,
Sinking beneath the oppressive wave,
Poor William found a watery grave—
And bade adieu for ever!

WHEN BENDING O’ER THE LOFTY YARD.

(Fisher.)

When bending o’er the lofty yard,
The jolly seaman reefs the sail,
Though whirlwinds roar, he grapples hard
The swinging beam, nor dreads the gale,
When hidden rocks and sable clouds
Impede the shatter’d vessel’s way,
The boatswain clinging to the shrouds,
Undaunted pipes his midnight lay.
And ere the wreck begins to sink,
Ere through her side the billows pour,
The sailor bravely stops to drink,
Then grasps the mast, and gains the shore.
Thus, Harriet were I moored with you,
No threatening danger would I see,
But laugh at terror's pale-faced crew,
And baffle life's tempestuous sea.

Or, happily, should soft Zephyr blow,
We'd leave the port, and share the gale,
While Bacchus call'd all hands below,
And fortune laughing set our sail,
From quicksands of domestic care,
Where's Jealousy's loud breakers roar,
From Sorrow's coast we'd steer afar,
Till Death should tow our boats ashore.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

_Sung by Mr. Keene._

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory.

Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front of battle low'r,
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave,
Wha can fill a coward's grave;
Wha sae base as be a slave,
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw
Freemen stand, or freeman fa'
    Let him follow me!
By oppression's woes and pain,
By your sons in servile chains,
    But they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low,
Tyrants fall in every foe;
Liberty's in every blow,
    Let us do or die.

JACK OF GUINEA.

Air—"When I was a pure." (T. Dibdin.)

Great way off at sea, when at home I've been ee
Buckra man fetch me from de coast of Guinea,
Christian massa pray he called me heathen doggy,
Den I run away, for very much he floggy.
    Ri tol lol, &c.
White man bring me here, and good Christian
    make me,
Lady fair, O dear, for a footman take me;
Stand behind her chair, she faro play for guinea;
Always she play fair,—Yet she always winnee,
    Ri tol lol, &c.
Lady run away lawyer man now take me,
Latin word he say and great rogue he make me,
Poor man dere I saw go to law so funny,
He get all the law, but massa all de money.
    Ri tol lol, &c.
Actor man so gay, for a sarvy hire me,
Tragedy he play,—playhouse never tire me;
Massa often die, den good wine he quaff-ee;
All the people cry—I and massa laughee.
Ri tol lol, &c.

After dat I go, with a doctor livee,
Hold him hand out so,—den de fee dey givee,
Dey he fool enough, make great fussee;
He give de patient stuff, it make de poor man worse,
Ri tol lol, &c.

Negro girl I see, love her sweet as honey;
Soon she marry me,—she and I get money;
Happy she and I,—live among our betters;
To heaven when die, if buckra man will let us.
Ri tol lol, &c.

________________________

BEN, THE SAILOR.

OR, THAT WAS OUR WAY AT SEA.

(Upton.)

'SILENCE, Jack, don't be a railer,
    We are of the Albion's crew!
Silence, then,' said Ben the sailor,
    We are sons of old true blue!
What if this or that thing rake us,
    Let the vixen, Fortune be!
Grief should never overtake us,
    That was our way at sea!
'Murmur not,' said Ben the sailor,  
'Let the landsmen whine and growl,  
You nor I was ne'er a railer,  
When the winds were known to howl!  
Death could never yet affright us,  
No, nor foes, where'er they be,  
Pass the grog, then to delight us,  
That was our way at sea!  
'Come, my heart,' said Ben the sailor,  
Sling about the smiling can!  
He was never yet a railer  
That knew how to show the man!  
Come Jack, come, we've yet a duty.  
To perform, both you and me;  
Pass the grog no friend and beauty,  
That was our way at sea.  

SINCE FORTUNE, POLLY, HAS BEEN KIND, I ANCHOR CLOSE BY THEE.  
Since Fortune Polly, has been kind,  
And soothed the waves, and lulled the wind,  
Thy William leaves the sea;  
No longer means to heave the log;  
But swig on shore his can of grog,  
Safe anchor'd close by thee.  
Though oft I've felt the cutting blast  
Which, by the board, has torn the mast,  
No care I've known, d'ye see,  
Except the thought has cross'd my mind,  
That, cast away, I ne'er could find  
Safe harbour close by thee.
How oft I’ve seen thee in my sleep,
And strove to kiss the dear deceit,
Which seemed my kiss to flee
But now such dreams no longer tease,
Since, blest with plenty, love and ease,
I anchor close by thee.

THE SAILOR CAST ON SOME LONE STRAND,

(Miss Gloster.)

The sailor cast on some lone strand,
Despairing, views the much-loved land,
And sighs for distant home;
He then the hapless hour deplores
When first he left his native shores,
Afar from friends to roam,
The ocean, which incessant flows,
On his sad heart no joy bestows:
For low beneath the foam,
Some lost companion he laments,
And more the hapless hour repents,
When he from friends did roam.
Thus, Anna, must I long deplore
That peace which now returns no more,
No more to bless my home;
Yet, dearest Anna, let no fear,
My peace molest,—for, by this tear,
My heart shall never roam.
MORALITY IN THE FORETOP,

(Dibdin)

Two real tars, whom duty called,
To watch in the foretop,
Thus, one another overhauled,
And took a cheering drop;
'I say, Will Hatchway,' cried Tom Tow,
'Of conduct, what's your sort,
As through the voyage of this life we go,
To bring you safe to port?'

Cried Jack, 'You lubber don't you know,
Our passions close to reef,
To steer where honour points the prow,
The hand a friend's relief;
These anchors get within your power,
My life for't, that's your sort,
The bower, the sheet, and the best bower,
Must bring you safe to port.'

'Why, then, you're out, and there's an end,'
Tom cried out, blunt and rough;
'Be good, be honest, serve a friend,
The maxim's well enough;
Who swabs his brow at other's wo,
That tar's for me, your sort:
The vessel right ahead shall go,
To find a joyful port.'

'Let storms of life upon me press,
Misfortunes make me reel,
Why, d——e what's my own distress?
For others let me feel.
Aye, aye, if bound with a fresh gale
To heaven, that is your sort;
A handkerchief's the best wet'sail,
To bring you safe to port.'

COLUMBIA THE HOME OF THE WORLD.

W. GRIGG, M. D.

Sung by Mr. Richins.

Hail to Columbia, fair Queen of the Ocean,
Thy proud deeds awaken the fondest emotion,
Thy name shall forever live famous in story,
The watchword of freedom,
The birth place of glory!
Thy sons are all brave and are firm to their duty,
Thy daughters are true, smilingly sweet in beauty!
Oh! soon in thy skies shall the eagle arise,
Proclaiming thee Queen of the World!
In the midst of her warriors her eagle reposes,
Whose neck is encircled by laurels and roses,
The clarions are hush’d and the banners are furl’d
Hail! to Columbia, fair Queen of the Ocean,
The exile beholds thee with blissful emotion,
No home 'neath the sky
Is so dear to his eye,
As Columbia the home of the world!
Ye who inveigh this fair land of the stranger,
Who would by disunion its blessing endanger;
Go seek foreign climes for a country so glorious,
Her torch shall illumine each dark enslaved na-
tion,
Her light has appear'd the first dawn of salva-
tion;
Undiminished and pure
That flame shall endure,
Till freedom enlightens the world.
Long may her Navy in triumph be sailing!
Her army, still conquer with courage unfailing,
Their thunder for ever 'gainst tyrants be hurl'd
Hail to Columbia, fair Queen of the Ocean,
The exile beholds thee with blissful emotion,
No home 'neath the sky
Is so dear to his eye,
As Columbia the home of the world,

HOW HAPPY'S THE SOLDIER.

O'Keefe.

How happy's the soldier that lives on his pay,
And spends half a crown out of sixpence a day;
He fears neither Justice, warrants, or 'bumbs,
But rattles away with the roll of his drums,
    With his row de dow,
He cares not a marvedi how the world goes;
His king finds him quarters, and money and clothes;
He laughs at all sorrow, wherever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of his drums,
    With his row de dow, &c.
The drum is his pleasure, his joy, and delight,
It leads him to pleasure as well as to fight,
There's never a girl, tho' ever so glum,
But packs up her tatters and follows the drum.

With a row de dow, &c.

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MAN THE BOAT,—BOYS, YEO, HEAVE, YEO!

(Ward.)

I'm a tough, true-hearted sailor,
Careless and all that, d'ye see,
Never at the times a railer—
What is time or tide to me?
All must die when fate shall will it,
Providence ordains it so;
Every bullet has its billet,
Man the boat, boys,—Yeo heave, Yeo!

"Life's at best a sea of trouble,
"He who fears it is a dunce;
"Death, to me, an empty bubble,
"I can never die but once.
"Blood, if duty bids, I'll spill it,
"Yet I have a tear for woe;
"Every bullet has its billet, &c.

Shrouded in a hammock, glory
Celebrates the falling brave;
Oh! how many, famed in story,
Sleep below, in ocean's cave.
Bring the can, boys—let us fill it,
Shall we shun the fight? oh, no!
Every bullet has its billet, &c.
William Tell.

P. Reynolds.

Sung by Mr. Philipps.

When William Tell was doom’d to die,
   Or hit the mark upon his infant’s head—
The bell toll’d out, the hour was nigh,
   And soldiers march’d with grief and dread,
The warrior came serene and mild,
   Gaz’d all around with dauntless look,
Till his fond boy unconscious smil’d;
   Then nature and the father spoke.
And now, each valiant Swiss his grief partake
   For they sigh
   ‘And wildly cry,
Poor William Tell! once hero of the lakes.

But soon is heard the muffled drum,
   And straight the pointed arrow flies;
The trembling boy expects his doom,
   All, all shriek out—“he dies, he dies!”
When lo! the lofty trumpet sounds!
   The mark is hit the child is free!
Into his father’s arms he bounds,
   Inspir’d by love and liberty!
And now each valiant Swiss their joy partakes
   For mountains ring,
   Whilst they sing,
Live William Tell! the hero of the lakes.
THE SALOR'S CREED.

(J. Ashley.)

'll tell you, my hearties, a sailor's plain creed,
He believes, 'midst cannon's loud rattle,
That He who rewards every valorous deed
Guides the helm, and directs every battle:
And if doing our duty (as oft has been said)
Will most certainly Heaven delight,
What has that honest fellow to fear or to dread,
Who's as ready to pardon as willing to fight.
When broadside to broadside we fiercely en-
gage,
And the death-dealing balls whiz around,
You'd think, by observing our lion-like rage,
That Humanity's hulk was aground;
But, their colours once struck, you'd be other-
wise thinking,
Jack's creed then gives heartfelt delight,
He believes 'tis his duty to save them from
sinking,
And be as ready to succour as willing to fight.
But the creed of a sailor still farther extends;
He believes 'tis his duty likewise,
To comfort his poor distressed messmates and
friends,
And the girl that is faithful to prize;
Thus—manliness, merit, mirth, friendship, and
love,
All in that gallant sailor unite
Who, while doing his duty below or above,
Is as ready to pardon as willing to fight.
ROLL DRUMS MERRILY.

S. I. ARNOLD, ESQ.

When I was an infant, gossips would say;
I'd when older,
Be a soldier,
Rattles and toys, I'd throw 'em away,
Unless a gun or sabre;
When a younker up I grew,
Saw one day a grand review,
Colours flying,
Set me dying;
To embark in a life so new.

Roll drums merrily, march away,
Soldier's glory,
Lives in story,

His laurels are green, when his locks are grey
Then hey for the life of a soldier.

Listed to battle I march'd along,
Courting danger,
Fear a stranger,

The cannon beat time to the trumpet's song
And made my heart a hero's,

"Charge!" the gallant leaders cry,
On like lions then we fly,
Blood and thunder,
Foes knock under,

Then huzza for a victory.

Roll drums, &c,

Who as merry as we in camp,
Battle over,
Live in clover,
Care and his cronies are forced to tramp,
   And all is social pleasure.
Then we laugh, we quaff, we sing,
Time goes gaily on the wing,
Smiles of beauty,
Sweeten duty,
And each private is a king.
Roll drums, &c.

REST! WARRIOR REST.

_Sung by Mr. Keene._

He comes from the wars, from the red field of fight,
He comes thro' the storm and the darkness of night,
For rest and for refuge now feign to implore,
The warrior bends lowly at the cottager's door;
Pale, pale, pale his cheek, and there's a gash on his brow,
His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow,
And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eyes,
Like a languishing lamp that just flashes to die,
Rest, warrior Rest! Rest warrior rest!

Sunk in silence and sleep in the cottager's bed,
Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head;
Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall tell,
Of his lady love's bower and her latest farewell
Oft his thoughts to the pinions of fancy shall roam,
And in slumber revisit his love and his home,
Where the eyes of affection with tenderness gleam:
Ah! who would awake from so blissful a dream?
Rest warrior rest!

OH! SAILOR-BOY, SAILOR-BOY, PEACE TO THY SOUL!

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swang loose at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn & jweary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind:
He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers
And pleasure that waited on life's merry morn,
Whilst Mem'ry stood sideways, half covered with flowers,
And restored ev'ry rose, but secreted a thorn.
The jessamine clambers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from the nest in the wall,
All trembling, with transport he raises the latch
And the voice of belov'd ones reply to his call
A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheek is imprinted with a mother's fond tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.
Oh, sailor-boy, sailor-boy, never again
Shall peace, love, or kindred thy wishes repay,
Unblest and unhonoured down deep in the main
Full many score fathom thy form shall decay.
Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll
Earth loses thy body for ever and aye,
Oh! sailor-boy, sailor-boy, peace to my soul.

THE PARTING TEAR.
(Upton.)

'Twas on the beach, as sailors tell,
Jack Mainsail clasp'd his bonny Kate,
And as he press'd the lovely girl,
Thus told the tidings of his fate:—
"Yon sails, unfurl'd, call'd Jack away
Adieu! adieu! my only dear;
The boatswain chides my ling'ring stay;
Farewell!"—then dropp'd the parting tear.

'Twas on her breast; more white than snow,
This token of affection fell,
Where ne'er did love more fervent glow,
Or constancy delight to dwell,
For as her picture, free from speck,
(With heart near broke 'twixt hope and fear,)
She hung around her sailor's neck,
She sigh'd — and dropp'd the parting tear.
And Fortune, though too oft unkind,
   Her wanted frowns for once held back,
And took in tow, with fav'ring wind,
   Her charming Kate and honest Jack;
For Jack, though torn from Kitty's charms,
   Return'd right safe, to meet his dear,
Again embraced her in his arms,
   No more to drop the parting tear.

SWEET POLL ADIEU.

(Lawler.)

The gallant ship was under weigh,
   When up aloft Tom Halliard went,
To reef fore-top sail, seeming gay,
   While cruel grief his bosom rent.
Think not a sniv'ling lubber he,
   From stem to stern no lad more true,
And helm a weather or a-lee,
   No tar was e'er as blythe as he,
   Till last he bade sweet poll adieu.

An enemy appears in sight,
   The tars behold with gladdened eye;
Tom breathes; 'ere they begin the fight,
   To heaven a prayer—for love, a sigh!
Yard-arm and yard arm, now they go,
   While clouds of smoke obstruct the view
Soon yielding, strikes the crippled foe,
But poor Tom Halliard is laid low,
   And sighs, in death, sweet Poll, adieu.
The news was like the thunder dread
To Poll—Ah me! 'twas sad to see.
And from that hour her senses fled,
A frantic wanderer is she.
Oft' on the rocky beach she'll stray,
Where fancy paints her love so true,
As on that morning, forced away,
Which was to bring their wedding-day,
He faintly sighed,—sweet Poll, adieu.

THE SHIPWRECK.

(G. S. Carey.)

Sou'west the dreadful storm did rise,
The thunder 'gan to roar,
And swift the lightning cross'd the skies,
The wind blew on the shore.

The waves came dashing thro' the shrouds,
The elements did frown;
Just like so many bursting clouds,
The rain came pouring down.

Our sails at length, alas were split;
Our rudder torn away,
When on a stubtle rock we hit,
That near the surface lay.

'Twas all confusion now on-board,
Our vessel fill'd apace,
What human tongue could find a wor
Descriptive of each face,
LAWRENCE THE BRAVE.

The streamers were flying, the canvass was spreading,
The banner of war floated high in the air,
The gale on its pinions to combat was speeding,
The chief of Columbia, her glory in war,
Undaunted he stood, as the billows that roll'd
Round the barge that he guided through ocean's blue wave,
His helmet was honour, and fame nerved his soul,
To gather a prize worthy Lawrence the brave.

Columbia's bright genius around him was hovering,
To shield her love 'mid the carnage below,
And fate from the impulse of valour recov'ring;
Seized a javelin of death and directed the blow;
Ah! sad was the hour, when she saw from on high,
The cross of proud Albion triumphantly wave,
And bitter the moment she view'd with a sigh,
On the deck, pale and lifeless, laid Lawrence the brave.

Ah! me, she exclaim'd, has my hero descended
From glory's meridian, the summit of fame,
Shall he who while dying his country defended,
Like his form be forgotten, forgotten his name.
And now for the sigh for the kindred that bled,
Shall water the laurel that blooms on his grave,
They ceased, and in anguish she silently shed,
The tear drop of sorrow for Lawrence the brave.

TEMPLE OF LIBERTY.
Tho' sacred the tie that our country entwineth,
And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,
Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,
And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.
O thou! who wast born in the cot of the peasant
But diest of languor in luxury's dome;
Our vision, when absent—our glory, when present,
Where thou art, O liberty! there is my home.
Farewell to the land where in childhood I wandered!
In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave!
Unblest is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd,
And fame has no wreaths for the brow of the slave.
But hail to thee, Albion! who meet'st the commotion
Of Europe, as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam:
With no bonds but the law, and no slave the ocean,
Hail, temple of Liberty! thou art my home.
THE MYRTLE AND ARROW OF LOVE.

The soldier who to battle goes,
And danger braves for duty,
Although he laughs at fear or foes,
Like others, sighs for beauty;
For Cupid's a general whom all must obey,
As the bravest of mortals can prove,
For no weapon, though keenest that art can display,
Can wound like the arrow of love,

The soldier from the field returns,
To tell his martial story,
With joy his ardent bosom burns,
To gain the meed of glory,
But glory you'll find little more than a name,
And affection much sweeter will prove,
For though grateful the much-envied laurel of fame,
Much dearer's the myrtle of love.

CORPORAL WHEEDLE.

What joy can compare to the life of a soldier,
When blest with the smile of the fair!
A kiss from a sweet pretty lass makes him bolder,
And drowns all his sorrow and care.
For our row de dow dow beats a strange palpitation
In the bosom of each pretty girl in the nation;
When they see me pursuing, as sharp as a needle,
Oh! they fly to the arms of smart Corporal Wheedle.

When our officer billets the men to their quarters,
For a lively young lass we look out;
The landlady's eyes look sharp after her daughters,
And scarcely knows what she's about,
For our row de dow dow, &c.

When I am disabled, quite unfit for each duty
And march down the hill of old age,
I must then bid adieu to each favourite beauty
Chelsea quarters will finish life's stage.
Then in my last camp will I cheerfully sing,
Bless my country, and life to my master, the King,
No more in my duty as sharp as a needle,
And,—when fir'd my last gun—farewell, Corporal Wheedle.

THEN SAY, MY SWEET GIRL; CAN YOU LOVE ME.

Dear Nancy, I've sailed the wide world all around,
And seven long years been a rover,
To make for my charmer each shilling a pound
But now my hard perils are over:
I've sav'd from my toils many hundreds in gold,
   The comforts of life to beget,
Have borne in each climate the heat and the cold
   And all for my pretty Brunette:
    Then say my sweet girl can you love me?
Though others may boast of more riches than mine,
   And rate my attractions e'en fewer,
At their jeers and ill-nature I'll scorn to repine,
    Can they boast of a heart that is truer?
Or will they for thee plough the hazardous main,
   Brave the seasons both stormy and wet?
If not, why I'll do it again and again.
   And all for my pretty Brunette:
    Then say my sweet girl, &c.

When order'd afar in pursuit of a foe,
   I sigh'd at the bodings of fancy,
Which fain would persuade me I might be laid low,
   And ah! never more see my Nancy!
But hope like an angel, soon banish'd the tho't,
   And bade me such nonsense forget:
I took the advice, and undauntedly fought,
   And all for my pretty Brunette:
    Then say my sweet girl, &c.

POST CAPTAIN.

When Steerwell heard me first impart
   Our brave commander's story,
With ardent zeal his youthful heart
   Swell'd high for naval glory;
Resolved to gain a valiant name,
   For bold adventures eager,
When first a little cabin boy on board the Fame
   He would hold on the jigger,
While ten jolly tars, with a musical Joe,
Hove the anchor a peak singing yoe heave yoe,
   While ten jolly tars, &c.

To hand top-gallant sails next he learn'd,
   With quickness, care, and spirit,
Whose gen'rous master then discern'd
   And priz'd his dawning merit:
He taught him soon to reef and steer,
   When storms convulse the ocean,
Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear,
   Which mark'd him for promotion:
As none to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,
   When he gave the command, hard a port,
   helm a-lee,
Luff, boys luff, keep her near,
Clear the buoy, make the pier.

   None to the pilot, &c.

For valour, skill, and worth renown'd,
   The foe he oft defeated,
And now with fame and fortune crown'd,
   Post Captain he is rated;
Who should our injur'd country bleed,
   Still bravely would defend her;
Now blest with peace, if beauty plead,
   He'll prove his heart as tender.
Unaw'd, yet mild to high and low,
To poor and wealthy, friend or foe;
Wounded tars share his wealth,
All the fleet drinks his health,
Priz'd be such hearts, for aloft they will go,
Which always are ready compassion to show
To a brave conquered foe.

EDWIN DELISLE.

The battle was ended, whose direful commotion
Gave tyrants the victims unclaim'd by the wave,
And the last ray of Phœbus illumin'd the ocean,
As it shot o'er the land of the ill-fated brave.
The western breeze wafted the ship o'er the main,
Far, far from their country and Liberty's smile;
Each captive enchâckled with tyranny's chain,
The noblest of whom was young Edwin De-

Apart from his comrades, his manly breast bleeding,
With anguish too piercing for nature to bear;
Distracted he view'd his dear country receding,
And bade it adieu, in a tone of despair.
"O! region of happiness, freedom and peace.
Columbia adieu! not for Edwin your smile,
For soon with his sorrows existence must cease,
For rent is the heart of poor Edwin Delisle!"
Eliza my angel! fate dooms us to sever,
  Though brought to the climate that fosters thy charms,
In sight of my country I lose it forever,
  In view of my love I am torn from her arms!
Three times have the seasons their circle fulfill’d
Since Edwin was blest with affection’s sweet smile,
Since prest to his bosom. Eliza he held,
  As she sigh’d a farewell to her Edwin Delisle.
Three years shall restore me, I criéd as we parted,
  The term has expir’d and my eye caught the shore;
Hope flatter’d, then left to despair, broken-hearted;
  The wretch for whom freedom and joy are no more.
The shadows of eve shroud thy land from my view,
  But, ah, there’s another where joys ever smile; God of mercy, forgive me—Eliza adieu,”
He plunged—and the wave cover’d Edwin Delisle.

ODE ON PRINTING.

Hail to the Art whose effulgence has brighten’d
  The darkness that shrouded for ages the world;
Long shall fair freedom, by printing enlighten’d,
  Wave the bright banner, her sons have unfurl’d.
Dark was the human mind,
And hood-wink'd Reason blind;
While tyranny gave to his warsteads the rein;
Then Faust arose to bless,
And gave to man the press,
Free as the billows of Neptune's domain.

Then Liberty rous'd from the slumber of ages
And taught a new nation to rise in the west,
While History, smiling, unfolded her pages,
And show'd the bright name of Columbia impress,
Long fought her patriot band,
Blood flow'd around the land,
Till Liberty triumph'd o'er Tyranny's powers
The light which Printing shed,
Like Sol's effulgence spread,
And glory with bright independence was ours.

Beaming with splendour from Liberty's altar,
Ascended the flame which our Art had kept bright,
When demons united again to assault her,
Demolish her shrine, and extinguish its light.
Hark; trumpets sound alarm,
Drums, bugles, call to arms,
Arouse, freemen, rouse, to the field like your sires,
Soon shall the foemen yield,
Or fly the embattled field,
For Liberty triumphs while Printing inspires
Twice have our arms Independence protected,
And twice haughty Britain, has yielded the fight;
Long shall our valor and rights be respected,
Long shall the blaze of our glory be bright.
Then hail the heaven-born Art.
Which first improved the heart,
And ransom'd the mind from the thraldom of sense;
Long shall Columbia bless
The free unshackled Press,
Liberty’s Ægis, and Virtue’s defence,

LOVE IN CAMP.

Sounds of war were swelling wild,
Fearful notes the bugle blew;
Infant Love, a timid child,
Trembled at the rat tat too.

But inspir’d by Valor’s breath,
Love with war familiar grew,
Fearless view’d the strife of death,
Smil’d to hear the rat tat too.

Swift a shaft at Valour’s heart,
From the infant’s bow-string flew,
Valour heeded not the dart,
List’ning to the rat tat too.

Yet that dart was tipp’d with red,
Ella’s heart blood lent the hue,
But in vain had, Ella bled,
Valour lov’d the rat tat too.
Through the camp the infant strayed,
Hope receding now from view;
Secret griefs his sighs betray'd,
Mingling with the rat tat too.

Valor will not yield to Love,
Hope to Ella bids adieu;
Sad, desponding, widow'd dove;
Listless to the rat tat too.

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THE SOLDIER'S REQUEST.
[Translated from the French.]

Despite of the battle the morrow may gain,
Let's feast and be merry, my charming Catein
Whilst waiting for glory, be pleasure our spell—
Unread the dark records the future may tell.

And if to my valour a halberd they grant,
Be thine near the guard-house that halberd to plant:
Gay buskins embroidered with lace shalt thou wear—
And ear-rings to set off thy ringleted hair.
Let smile thy companions—they smile not for me;
No, twice I've campaigned it, yet still love but thee.
Thou, worthy the apple, did'st fan my young flame,
And ne'er foam'd the goblet unquaffed to thy name.
Then come, girl, take charge of my pipe and my steel,
And should on La Tulipe dark fate set his seal;
Of all the gay fair round the colours that press,
Be thine, my loved Hookar, alone to possess!

Yet let neither tear-drop nor sorrow be thine—
In the name of thy beauty, come, off with thy wine!
But hold, there! what hear I! the drum’s martial spell!
I follow thee, Glory—love, beauty, farewell!

BOLIVAR;

OR, THE HERO OF LIBERTY!

(Upton.)

Hail, intrepid warrior, hail,
Spread your triumph wide and far,
Madrid’s sceptered wretch turns pale,
Hail, illustrious Bolivar.

Washington’s glory lives in thee,
Lives and lights Columbia’s star;
Friend of man and liberty,
Hail illustrious Bolivar.

Where is now oppression’s power,
Dungeon chains and Tyranny’s bar;
Broken—snapt in Freedom’s hour;
Hail illustrious Bolivar,
Live, great *Liberator*, live,
Ride supreme in Victory's car;
Myriad's shall the joy-strain give—
"Hail, illustrious Bolivar"

Myriads shall exulting cry—
"Nought can man's prerogative mar;
Free we'll breathe, or free we'll die,"
Hail illustrious Bolivar.

Sound the trump of deathless fame,
Glorious shines the *Southern* star;
Liberty gems the patriot's name,
Hail, illustrious Bolivar.

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**THE LIFE OF ALL LIVES IS A SOLDIER'S.**
(Dimond.)

In life's fresh May, the peasant boy,
Heart weary of plough and tillage,
Springs from his toil with eager joy,
When soldiers march through the village—
Bold captains come—flags flaunting high—
In gay gallant trim appearing—
Who'll list,—Who'll list,—the sweet fifes cry—
Who'll venture volunteering.
The peasant resolves to roam,
Disdainful of rustic labours—
Farewell, he cries, my simple home,
Farewell, old friends and neighbours.
Ah, beat the drum—ah blow the fife,
Hail, jocund, jovial, joyous life,
The life of all lives is a soldier's.
Some battles lost—some battles won
As fortune frowned or befriended,
Then foes shake hands—the wars are done,
The soldier’s race has ended.

Time changed, the wanderer homeward turns,
Youth’s rose on his cheek has faded;
Life’s first mad blood no longer burns—
Gray hairs his forehead have shaded,
Still, blithe and lusty lasts his age,
Old scenes fresh pleasures bringing:
And whilst he broodes o’er memory’s page,
The veteran oft is heard singing—
Ah, beat the drum—ah blow the fife, &c,

LOUD AND SHRILL THE TRUMPET BLOWS.

(Cherry.)

Loud and shrill the trumpet blows.
Its clangour wakes a host to arms,
Resigning sleep, and soft repose,
For war’s rough blast, and rude alarms,
While love unseen, with stilly shaft,
Can noiseless pierce the yielding heart,
And arrows with soft zephyr waft,
Without a balm to ease the smart.
Then Mars to Cupid give thy wreath,
For where he reigns and right maintains,
The shrilly trump must vainly breathe;
E’en when the patriot zeal doth move,
The hero yields his palm to love.
MUST THOU GO, MY GLORIOUS CHIEF?

(Lord Byron.)

Must thou go, my glorious chief,
Severed from thy faithful few,
Who can tell thy warriors' grief,
Madd'ning o'er that long adieu.

Woman's love and friendship's zeal,
Dear as both have been to me;
What are they, to all I feel,
With a soldier's faith for thee.

Idol of the soldier's soul,
First in fight,—but mightless now;
Many could a world control;
Thee alone no doom can bow.

By thy side for years I dared
Death, and envied those who fell,
When their dying shout was heard
Blessing him they served so well.

Would that I were cold with those,
Since this hour I live to see;
When the doubt of coward foes,
Scarce dare trust a man with thee,
Dreading each should set thee free.

Oh although in dungeons pent,
All their chains were light to me;
Gazing on thy soul unbent.

Would the sycophants of him,
Now so deaf to duty's prayer,
Were his borrow'd glories dim,
In his native darkness share.
Were that world this hour his own,—
    All thou calmly dost resign,—
Could he purchase with that throne.
    Hearts like those which still are thine.

WHEN ROW-DOW BEATS THE DRUM.

(Upton.)

Merry plays the drummer boy,
Marching to the march of joy,
Mirth and music his employ,
    Never, never glum.

If on duty here or there,
Loose and free as mountain air,
Oh, what joy his looks declare
    When row-dow beats the drum,
    The drum,
    When row-dow beats the drum,

Merry do the fifers play,
To beguile the tedious way,
On the route, by night or day,
    Never, never glum.

Soldiers are for battle made,
Fighting is the soldier's trade:
No, nor never ne'er dismayed
    When row dow beats the drum, &c
HOLLOW DRUM.

When the hollow drum has beat to bed,
When the little fifer hangs his head,
Still and mute the Moorish flute,
And nodding guards watch wearily;
Then will we, from prison free,
March out by moonlight cheerily;
When the Moorish Cymbals clash by day;
When the brazen trumpets shrilly bray;
The slave in vain may then complain
Of tyranny and knavery;
Oh, would he know the time to go,
And slyly slip from slavery.
When the hollow drum, etc.

THE POOR LITTLE CHILD OF A TAR.

In a little blue garment, all ragged and torn,
With scarce any shoes to his feet,
His head uncover'd, a look all forlorn,
And a cold stony step for his seat;
A boy cheerless sate, and as passengers pass'd,
With a voice that might avarice bar,
"Have pity," he cry'd 'let your bounty be cast,
To a poor little child of a Tar.

"No mother have I, and no friend can I claim,
Deserted and cheerless I roam;
My father has fought for his country and fame,
But alas, he may never come home!
Pinch'd by cold and by hunger, how hapless my state!

Distress must all happiness mar,
Look down on my sorrows, and pity the fate,
Of a poor little child of a Tar.

"By cruelty driven from a neat rural cot,
Where once with contentment we dwelt,
No friend to protect us, my poor mother's lot,
Alas! too severely she felt.
Bow'd down by misfortune, death made her his own,
And snatch'd her to regions afar;
Distress'd and quite friendless, she left me to roam
The poor little child of a Tar."

Thus plaintive he mourn'd, when a sailor that pass'd,
Stop'd a moment to give him relief,
He stretched forth his hand, and a look on him cast,
A look full of wonder and grief,
"What, my William;" he cry'd, "my poor little boy!—
With wealth I'm return'd from the war,
Thy sorrows shall cease, ne'er shall grief more annoy,
You, the poor little child of a Tar."
POVERTY’S NO SIN.

Poor Kate with nosegay basket trim,
    Sent forth a plaintive cry,
Her varied flowers round the brim,
    She bids each trav’ller buy;
But heedless pass’d the giddy throng:
    In vain she hoped to win,
She sigh’d and held her basket low;
    Sure poverty’s a sin.

She silent grieves, but perseveres;
    By hunger pinch’d and cold;
A brute who saw her falling tears,
    Grew impudent and bold,
By force he press’d the modest maid,
    Who pity wish’d to win,
Who struggled, blush’d, and frowning said,
    So poverty’s a sin.

Tom Truelove flush’d with golden ore,
    His constant girl he knew,
Just cried—’tis lucky I’m on shore,
    To her relief he flew.
His cudgel laid the assailant low,
    While Tom did thus begin;
D’ye mind me lubber, don’t ye know,
    That poverty’s no sin.

Then bore his prize with love and pride
    Beneath his conquering arm,
And swore he’d keep her by his side,
    And shield her-safe from harm.
Thy sails, says Tom, shake in the wind,
Thy cheeks look pale and thin,
But cheer my lass, the breeze is kind,
For poverty's no sin.

Kate told him all her friends were dead,
And she distress'd and low;
Avast, he cried, enough is said,
His heart felt all her woe.
Here, take this gold, 'tis all your own,
'Twas you that made me win,
I've fought for you and you alone.
Why poverty's no sin,

Rigg'd like a lady, Kate next day
Was made by Tom a wife,
And cheerly passes life away,
They know no care or strife.
To her the needy tell their grief;
Who asks, is sure to win,
She says, and always gives relief,
That poverty's no sin.

WILLIAM AND MARIA,

Tiro' tossed amid the ocean's bed,
My faithful William be,
Still as he 'scapes the stormy dread,
Each thought shall tend to me.
This little knot my bosom bears,
While quiv'ring in the wind,
Still the rude blast, my William shares,
Yet still his heart's behind,
While gentle breezes fill the sail,
And to his cot he hies;
His Maria she shall still prevail,
And thus methinks he sighs;
Can absence separate one mind?
Can constancy e'er fail,
He rises, leaves a tear behind,
And tends the swelling sail.

THE DASHING WHITE SERGEANT
*Sung by Miss Stephens.*

If I had a beau,
For a soldier who'd go,
Do you think I'd say no,
No, no, not I!
When his red coat I saw,
Not a sigh would it draw,
But I'd give him eclat for his bravery!
If an army of amazons ere came in play,
As a dashing white Sergeant I'd march away.
March away.

When my soldier was gone,
D'ye think I'd take on,
Sit moping forlorn!
No, no, not I!
His fame my concern,
How my bosom would burn,
When I saw him return, crown'd with victory!
If an army of amazons, &c.
STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

O! say can you see, by the dawn’s early light,
What so proudly we hail’d at the twilight’s last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro’ the perilous fight,
O’er the ramparts we watch’d were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket’s red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh! say, does the Star-spangled Banner yet wave,
O’er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
On the shore dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe’s haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o’er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning’s first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.
’Tis the Star-spangled Banner, O! long may it wave,
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
And where is that band, who so vauntigly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep's pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of fight or the gloom of the grave,
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heaven-rescu'd land,
Praise the Power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust;"
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

THE WARRIOR'S GRAVE.
(D. L. Richardson.)
The years of vanished life
The gun's loud voice hath told:
The breast that dared the battle strife
Is motionless and cold!

The muffled drum's dull moan,
The requiem of the brave,
Hath 'woke the deep responsive groan,
Above a warrior's grave.

He lies on his dark bed,
With cold unconscious brow,
For sleep's eternal spell is spread
Around his pillow now.

Behold the crimson sky,
And mark yon setting sun,
For, like that orb, once bright on high,
Was he whose race is run.

A few short moments' flight
Hath widely changed his doom;
The worm shall be his bride to night,
His home the cheerless tomb.

The midnight blast shall howl.
The dews his cold limbs steep,
The wolf and wild dog loudly growl,
Nor wake his dreamless sleep.

And vain the dirge of woe
That haunts his place of rest;
The spirit smiles in glory now,
In regions of the blest.
THE SOLDIER’S IDE.
BY FITZSIMMONS.
Sung by Mr. Philipps.

The moon was beaming silver bright,
The eye no cloud could view;
Her lover’s step in silent night,
Well pleas’d, the damsel knew,
   At midnight hour,
   Beneath the tower,
He murmured soft, “Oh, nothing fearing
   With your own true soldier fly,
And his faithful heart be cheering;
   List! dear, ’tis I;
List! list, list, love; list! dear, ’tis I;
With thine own true soldier fly.”

Then whisper’d Love, “Oh maiden fair,
   Ere morning shades its ray,
Thy lover calls;—all peril dare,
   And haste to horse away;
   In time of need,
   Yon gallant steed,
That champs the reign, delay reproving;
   Shall each peril bear thee by,
With his master’s charmer roving;
   List! dear, ’tis I
List! list, list, love, list! dear, ’tis I;
With thine own true soldier fly.”

And now the gallant soldier’s Bride,
   She’s fled her home af a
And chance, or joy, or wo be tide,
She’ll brave with him the war!
And bless the hour,
When 'neath the tow'r,
He whisper'd soft, "Oh, nothing fearing
With thine own true Soldier fly,
And his faithful heart be cheering:
List! dear, 'tis I;
List! list, list, love, list! dear, 'tis I
With thine own true Soldier fly."

LOVE AND BATTLE.

Air—"Yankee Doodle."—(Jesse Hammond.)

A soldier wooed a peerless maid,
Soft love his bosom swelling,
And as they on the mountain stayed,
His tender tale was telling;
When, across the distant vale,
They heard the war-drums rattle,
The trump, far-sounding in the gale,
Called him from love to battle.

The soldier looked a long adieu,
His breast with ardour glowing,
And she with sobs, sad, soft, and true,
Beheld her lover going:
'Fare thee well', the soldier cried,
'Again the war-drums rattle;
A fervent pray'r to heaven she sighed
To bring him back from battle.
The soldier fell among the slain,
Upon the bed of glory;
And, from another favoured swain,
She heard the fatal story.
'I thought,' said she, 'twould be his lot,
When I heard the war-drums rattle;
Had he staid here he'd not been shot;
So never go to battle!'
THE AWKWARD RECRUIT.

Behold poor Will just come from drill,
Not long ago I listed,
I sold my cart to pay the smart,
But money they resisted.
I don't know what will be my lot,
But think it mighty odd, sir,
That they should pop a lad like I,
Among their awkward squad, sir.

I wish I was at home again,
And got my working clothes on,
My greasy hat, as here it sat,
And Sunday woolen hose on,
But at command, I'm forc'd to stand
As stiff as any poker,
And in this plight wheel to the right,
Or my head it would be broke, sir.

I walked and run with Corporal Fun,
Till I wore three pair of shoes out,
And got such knocks as tho'f I' the stocks,
To make me turn my toes out.
I'm sure that they can mean no good,
To run me out of breath, sir;
And then this thing under my chin,
It throttles me to death, sir.

Here like a mankin I may stand,
With fingers below my breeches,
And dare not even move my hand
To scratch my head when it itches.

15
And then the soap and flower, too,
Is plastered on my head, sir:
But for my king and country
I'll fight until I'm dead, sir.

Zounds! now my blood begins to rise,
It shows that I'm a Briton,
And, if the foe should dare to land,
Huzza! my boys, we'll spit 'em.
Each man must to his motto stand,
And that you know, 's a lion,
If Englishmen go heart and hand,
Why, d—n 'em we defy 'em.

ADIEU, FAIR MAID.

(W. W. Waldron.)

Adieu, fair maid, 'tis glory's call
Compels me thus to part;
To thee I leave my life, my all,
To thee consign my heart.
Should absence prove my charmer true,
How dear the gift will be,
And, when its pulses throb for you,
Think, think oh, then, of me!

But should it in the gloomy day
Of battle's dread alarms,
Neglect the accustom'd homage pay
To fair Amanda's charms.
Oh, let it not her bosom move.
   It still can faithful be,
This, this its constancy can prove;
   Think, think, oh, then, of me.

Should death forever seal mine eyes,
   To fill a warrior's tomb,
Oh, then, the grateful offering prize,
   'Twill be Amanda's doom!
How blest, in blissful realms above,
   United e'er we'll be;
No envious absence mars our love;
   Think, think, till then of me.

HARK THE TRUMPET SOUNDS A VICTORY!

(Cherry.)

He was famed for deeds of arms,
She a maid of envied charms;
Now to him her love imparts,
One pure flame pervades both hearts;
Honour calls him to the field,
Love to conquest now must yield;
Sweet maid, he cries, again I'll come to thee
When the glad trumpet sounds a victory!

Battle now with fury glows,
Hostile blood in torrents flows;
His duty tells him to depart,
She prest her hero to her heart;
And now the trumpet sounds to arms,
Amid the clash of rude alarms.

Sweet maid, &c.
He with love and conquest burns,
Both subdue his mind by turns,
Death the soldier now enthralls,
With his wounds the hero falls!
She, disdaining war's alarms,
Rushed, and caught him in her arms!
O, Death he cried, thou'rt welcome now to
For, hark, the trumpet sounds a victory.

SOLDIER REST! THY WARFARE O'ER
(Sir Walter Scott.)

Soldier, rest thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking;
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier rest thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
Nor rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war steeds champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here,
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping;
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,
At the day break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound the drum,
Booming from the bitter shallow.
Under sounds shall none be near;
Guards nor warders challenge here:
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Houting clans or squadron stamping.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A BATTLE.

(Cobb.)

Oh, what a sight it was to see,
Oh, what a din what a glorious rattle;
And I so snug perched up in a tree,
Had a bird's-eye view of the battle.
Ambition is a hero's boast;
Therefore I choose so high a post.
To be calm and cool
In the midst of a fray
Is a hero's rule,
Then tell me, pray,
Where could I be
So cool as in a tree?
And near to the top,
I was safe from a pop.
Oh, what a sight it was to see;
Oh, what a din, what a glorious rattle,
Ever give me a post in a tree,
With a bird's-eye view of a battle.
There were Chicksaws and Cherokees,
And Mohawks and Miamis
And Shenectawas and Catabaws,
All their schemes and their squaws!
Oh what a sight, &c.
THE TRUMPET OF GLORY

(T. Moore)

Oh! think when a hero is sighing,
What danger in such an adorer!
What woman can dream of denying
The hand that lays laurels before her.
No heart is so guarded around,
But the smile of a victor will take it,
No bosom can slumber so sound,
But the trumpet of glory will wake it.
Love sometimes is given to sleeping,
And woe to the heart that allows him,
For ah; neither smiling nor weeping
Have power at those moments to rouse him.
But though he were sleeping so fast,
That the life almost seem'd to forsake him;
Believe me, one soul-thrilling blast
From the trumpet of glory would wake him.

FAREWELL MY DEAR ROSA.

(T. Blake.)

Farewell, my dear Rosa, I'm summon'd afar,
To lead on to battle the children of Fame;
But thy love, like a shield, in the perils of war,
Will save from dishonour thy hero's proud name.
Adieu, then my Rosa, nay, weep not, my love,
The lone days of absence will quickly pass o'er,
And I will return to the bosom and prove,
Delight that regret shall not cloud ever more!
A HERO MY SOLDIER RETURNS.
(Shannon.)

With victory's wreath on his brow,
A hero my soldier returns,
Ah, does he remember each vow;
My heart, how it trembles and burns.
No longer the drum's martial sound,
Tells the sad hour we must sever;
'Tis love's herald, proclaiming around,
Fond hearts are united for ever.
In absence I've numbered the days,
That past by my fast falling tears,
But this moment of transport o'er pays
Whole ages of anguish and tears.
No longer the drum's martial sound, &c.

OH, PRITHEE, COME MY SOLDIER BOY.
(Dimond.)

Oh, come away, my soldier boy,
From war to peace incline thee;
Thy laurel time shall never destroy,
But love with roses twine thee.

Come, come, away,
Love chides thy stay,
O, prithee come my soldier.

Let fife and drum preserve their place,
While softer sounds delight thee;
The fiddle shall our wedding grace,
But horns shall never fright thee.

Come, come away, &c
THE COSSACK MELODY.

Loud the trump of war was blowing,
Glory call'd me to the fray,
When my love with eyes o'erflowing
Cried—awhile delay;
Gentle youth, thy steed detaining,
Stay and hear my fond complaining
Gentle youth; oh, stay.

Vain her tears and vain her sorrow,
Swiftly from her sight I flew;
Saying, if I live to morrow,
I'll return to you.

From that hour which did us sever
Never, I beheld her never,
From that hour I bade for ever
Peace of mind adieu.

THE LAST WORDS OF MARMION.

(Sir Walter Scott.)

The war, that for a space did fail,
Now, trebly-thundering; swelled the gale,
And "Stanly" was the cry:
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fir'd his glazing eye:
With dying hand above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade;
And shouted "Victory,"
"Charge, Chester, charge, on, Stanly, on,"
Were the last words of Marmion.
THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.
(Moore.)

Merrily every bosom boundeth,
    Merrily, oh, merrily, oh,
Where the song of freedom soundeth,
    Merrily, oh, merrily, oh,
There the warrior's arms shed more splendour,
Their the maiden's charms shine more tender,
    Every joy the land surrounded,
    Merrily, oh, merrily, oh.

Wearily every bosom pineth,
    Wearily, oh, wearily, oh,
Where the band of slavery twine,
    Wearily, oh, wearily, oh,
There the warrior's dart hath no fleetness,
There the maiden's heart hath no sweetness,
    Every flower of life declineth,
    Wearily, oh, wearily, oh.

Cheerily then from hill to valley,
    Cheerily, oh, cheerily, oh,
Like your native fountain sally,
    Cheerily, oh, cheerily, oh,
If a glorious death won by bravery
Sweeter be than breath sighed in slavery,
    Round the flag of freedom rally,
    Cheerily, oh, cheerily, oh.
ON BY THE SPUR OF VALOUR GOADED.

On by the spur of valour goaded,
Pistols primed, and carbines loaded,
Courage strike on hearts of steel,
While each spark through the dark gloom of night,
Lends a clear and a cheering light,
Who a fear or doubt can feel,
Who a fear or doubt can feel,
While each spark, &c.
Like serpents now through thickets creeping,
When on our prey like lions leaping;
Calvette, to the onset lead us,
Let the weary traveller dread us,
Struck with terror and amaze,
While our swords with lightning blaze;
Thunder to our carbines roaring,
Bursting clouds, in torrents pouring,
Wash the sanguine dagger's blade,
Ours a free and roving trade,
To the onset let's away,
Valour calls and we obey,
To the onset, &c.

THOUGH I AM NOW A VERY LITTLE LAD.

Air—"The White Cockade."—(O’Keefe.)

Though I am now a very little lad,
And fighting men cannot be had,
For want of a better I may do,
To follow the boys with a rat tat too,
I may seem tender, yet I'm tough,
And though not much of me, I'm right-good stuff
Of this I'll boast, say more who can,
I never was afraid to face my man.
I'm a chickabiddy see,
Take me now now now,
A merry little he,
For your row dow dow.
Brown Bess I'll knock about, oh! that's my joy,
With a knapsack on my back like a roving boy.

In my tartan plaid a young soldier view,
My philibeg, and dirk, and honest blue;
Give the word and I'll march where you command,
Noble sergeant, with a shilling then strike my hand.
My captain when he takes his glass,
May like to toy with a pretty lass,
For such a one I've roguish eye,
He'll never want a girl when I am by,
I'm a chickabiddy see, &c.

Though a barber has never yet mowed my chin,
With my great broad sword I long to begin,
Cut, slash, ram, dam, oh! glorious fun;
For a gun pip-pop, change my little pop-gun,
The foes should run like geese in flocks;
Even Turks should fly like Turkey cocks;
Wherever quartered I shall be,
Oh! zounds! how I'll kiss my landlady.
I'm a chickabiddy see, &c.
I DIE ON A BED OF ROSES.

My father's flocks adorn'd the plain,
Retirement's joys possessing;
He flourish'd in the sun's mild reign,
His home and children blessing;
When round us rag'd destructive war,
And fire and slaughter spread afar,
Defeated, shamed,
Our sire exclaimed!

'My sons, high heaven disposes;—
On thorns we tread,
Yet those we dread
Ne'er sleep on a bed of roses.'

We wander'd long on mountains wild,
As hardy hunters living;
In humble cot, at grandeur smiled,
Our father's hopes reviving,
When battle once more rag'd below,
He fought till captur'd by the foe!

Chain'd by harsh law,
On bed of straw,
Still heaven, he cried, disposes;
'My sons behold,
In honour bold,
I die on bed of roses.'

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

Young Delia once, a soldier's bride,
Assumed the soldier's garb;
But yet not her's the warrior's stride,
Nor her's the snaffled barb;
A cap and feather grac’d her brow,
    Her form the Highland ’plaid;
In vain—her voice so faint and low,
    The trembling fair betrayed.

The distant camp her Henry sought,
    His country’s foes t’ engage,—
Why cannot I, delightful thought!
    She cried, be Henry’s page?
Love urged the fond deceit, and love
    First, too, belied the maid,—
The dimpled smile, the chamois glove,
    The trembling fair betrayed.

Now, bolder grown, she moved along,
    All fled love’s sighs and tears;
Unscared, beheld the martial throng,
    Nor dreamed of future fears;
Yet oft, to arms and camps unused,
    She sought the woodland glade,
While o’er her cheek the blush suffused,
    The trembling fair betrayed.

And now as page, her Henry’s tent
    And arms ’twas hers to guard,
As he, with toil and danger spent,
    For soft repose prepared:
With firm and measured step she paced,
    Nor asked Minerva’s aid;
But still the foot and taper waist
    The trembling fair betrayed.
But hark! the trumpet sounds from far,  
The hostile legions shout—
Forth from his sheath, to meet the war,  
The glittering sword leaps out;
Where now her warrior's step, where now  
Her look, of nought afraid?
Her pallid cheek and hectic brow  
The trembling fair betrayed.
The legions join, the battle burns,  
Now these, now those prevail,
And many a shriek and shout, by turns,  
Swell on the vesper gale;
But who is he that stands alone?  
I ken his Highland blade;
He lives! she cried, and Love's fond tone
The trembling fair betrayed.

THE TRUMPET OF WAR.

When the trumpet of war calls the soldier to arms,  
From the midlap of peace, love, and beauty;
Impatient, he rushes to battle's alarms,  
With a heart full of war, love, and duty.
For war's dread alarms,  
He leaves dear woman's charms,
The bright eye, and the fair cheek of beauty;
The cannon's loud roar,  
The field drench'd with go
Proclaims he is doing his duty.

The enemy conquered, the warrior returns  
To the cot of content, love, and beauty;
No longer his bosom for victory burns,  
For in battle he did well his duty.
No more war's alarms
Bid him leave woman's charms,
The bright eye, and the fair cheek of beauty;
The trumpet's shrill bray
Sounds no more to the fray,
But in peace he reclines from his duty.

WHERE THE BANNERS OF GLORY ARE STREAMING.

A. BRAVURA.

(Rose.)

Where the banners of glory are streaming,
Her image still lingers above;
And her eyes seem all terribly gleaming,
Which glowed but with transports of love.
Deeds of arms my soul inspire
As the battling thunders roll;
She and fame my bosom fire,
And to conquest light my soul:
And mid slaughter madly wounding,
Heroes dying groans resounding,
Armour clashing,
Lightning flashing,
Angel pinioned o'er her lover.
With protecting wing she'll hover;
Valour's genius—Memory's pleasure,
Guardian of life's sacred treasure.

What can check the soldier's course,
Who, where war delights to rove,
Strikes with more than mortal force,
Urged by fame, impelled by love?
WHAT'S A VALIANT HERO?

(G. Colman.)

What's a valiant hero.
Beat the drum,
He’ll come,
Row de dow. &c.

Nothing does he fear, oh!
Risks his life,
While the fife,
Twittle, twittle, twero!
Row de dow, de dow,
Twittle, twittle, twero!

Havoc splits his ear, oh!
Groans abound,
Trumpets sound,
Ran tan tan ta rero,
Twittle, twittle, twero.

Then the scars he’ll bear, oh!
Muskets roar,
Small shot pour,
Rat a tat, too, tero,
Pop, pop, pop,
Twittle, twittle, twero.

What brings up the rear, oh!
In comes death,
Stops his breath,
Good bye, valiant hero,
Twittle, twittle, rat a tat,
Pop, pop, pop,
Row de dow, &c.
United States' Ship Delaware.
TOASTS.

1. The American Nation—May danger from abroad ensure union at home.
2. The president of the United States.
3. Our infant Navy—We must nurture the young Hercules in his cradle, if we would profit by the labours of his manhood.
4. The gallant Frigate Constitution—Whatever disasters may happen to her spars and rigging, we are certain she will always remain safe and sound in her Hull.
5. "The Memory of the gallant Bush—'Our tears like our joys come from the heart.'
6. The Officers and Crews of our little fleet—A galaxy of talent and courage—Let their country afford the means and occasion, and they will requite their country by victory and honour.
7. Freedom to our Commerce—It asks thousands for defence, and would give millions to revenue.
8. The Memory of our country's father—May his spirit inspire our councils in war and in peace.
9. The American Eagle—Instead of wasting her lightnings on the desert, may they be reserved for a nobler conflict on the deep.
10. A Free Press...The natural source of those rights of which a navy is the surest defence.
11. Our *National Union*—Strict fidelity to the nation in every state, and equal protection in the interests of every state by the power of the nation.

12. The Memory of Commodore Preble—A peerage and a statue rewarded the hero of Trafalgar—May the hero of Tripoli find a title and a monument in the imperishable gratitude of his country.

13. The people of the United States, amidst their rejoicings for the success of their arms, may they never forget that honorable peace is the noblest object of honorable war.

14. The *Ocean*, the gift of Deity for the free use of his creatures.

15. The Memory of Lieutenant *Bush*—his spirit ascended amid the roar of cannon, the first herald to the skies of the naval glory of America.

16. The Memory of Lieutenant *Funk*, who gloriously fell in the last action between the frigate United States and Macedonian.

17. The able bodied *Seamen* of the United States—they will never suffer any man to press them.


19. The memory of Commodore *Barry*, under whom *Decatur* and *Jones* commenced their naval education.

20. Commodore *Dale*—who stood the roughest tug of war in the *Bonne Homme Richard* under *Paul Jones*. 
21. The Constitution Frigate, who retaliated on the Guerrier, the spots of the Leopard.

22. Our Naval Commanders and their gallant crews; they will never plead defective masts and want of preparation as an apology for defeat.

23. Our Country—May it ever be distinguished by wisdom in council and energy in action.—

24. Our Navy—With such an auspicious dawn what may we not hope will be its meridian splendour.—Drank standing.—Glee, The Heroes of the ocean.

25. The Union of the States—May it never be endangered by foreign attachments, or by internal dissention.—Song, Columbia's Glory.

26. American gallantry. Patriotism its stimulous; glory its object, a nation's gratitude its reward.—Song, Decatur, Hull and Jones are here.

27. The Memory of those Brave Tars, who have nobly fallen in acquiring glory to the American navy—Glee, Hull's Victory.

28. The army of the United States.—Duet, All's well.

29. Commerce—The Parent of civilization—the Protectress of the arts—the Supporter of national greatness.—Glee; We be three poor Mariners.

30. Our Maritime rights—Let our government furnish the means, and our gallant tars stand ready to maintain them.—Song, Decatur's Victory.
31. The Memory of Washington—"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."—Drank standing.
Round—Wind gentle evergreen and form a shade,
   Around the tomb where Washington is laid,

32. The spirit of patriotism—May it always control the spirit of party.—Song, Our country's our Ship.

33. The cause of Liberty throughout the world—May free nations respect the rights of others, while they vindicate their own.—Glee, Here's a health to all good lasses.

34. The Wooden Walls of Old England—May they serve as a turnpike road to American glory.—

35. Withered be the arm—Palsied be the head that will not defend the rights of his country.—

36. Officers and men—May each American hero receive his pay when he has earned it.—

37. May we never feel want, and never want feeling for our countrymen.—

38. American Tars—They carry their protection at the mouths of their cannon.

39. Captain Jones in the Wasp—Which requires English seventy-fours to take an American sloop of war.—

40. The American Eagle—May its wings cover the ocean, and its claws grab the ships of the king of England.—

41. The Memory of Commodore Decatur—
   the noble father of a gallant son.
42. Commodore Truxton, the naval hero of 1799 and 1800—may his services never be forgotten.

43. The Memory of Commodore Preble.

44. The American Tars.

45. Lieutenants Allen and Nicholson, of the frigate United States.

46. The Memory of lieutenants Bush and Funk, who bravely fell in defence of their country.

47. The Wasp—she has given the enemy a mortal sting.

48. May the Genius of freedom stand sentinel on the watch tower of liberty, and hail Columbia with "All Well."

49. Our country, free, sovereign and independent, as declared in 1776 by America, and acknowledged by Britain in 1783—May she become a wilderness rather than submit to any nation on earth.

50. "Rotten masts"—The bulwark of Old England is worm eaten at last—may our Yankee Captains like true sailors, help it to new spars.

51. The genius of America—may she ever lead her sons to victory.

52. Our Country—its honour is our pride—the support of its honour is our Navy.

53. The Battle of the 29th of December—The sun of American glory then first beamed in the southern hemisphere—May its lustre increase through the successive periods of time, and in all the divisions of the globe.
54. The Memory of Lieut. Aylwin, and his companions in arms, who fell in the action with the Java.

55. The gallant spirit of our Naval Chiefs—In battle, fearless—in victory, modest and humane.

56. The memory of Washington—His spirit approves us from the skies—We never will forget that his valour and his wisdom have prepared our triumphs.

57. The American flag protected by true American blood—It will protect all who sail under it.

58. Independent America—She wants no instruction in the Freedom of the seas from the Tyrant of the land—her gallant TARS can vindicate alone the honor of her flag—they need no insidious aid from a despot.

59. Our National Rulers—May they learn from our victories on the ocean, that the path to honorable peace, is not through the wilderness, but over the Atlantic.

60. The glory that our Hull, Jones, Decatur, and Bainbridge, have brought from the Ocean, shall beam with brighter lustre, when the brave who have sought, shall share their fame.

61. That skill and Valor which deserve victory that magnanimity which commands the gratitude of the conquered

62. A merry girl, a good fiddle, and galore of grog to every true Sailor.
63. Plenty of rope, and a full swing to the enemy of his country.
64. Humour in full sail, and reason our pilot.
65. A free heart, a loving soul, and a fair wind for the port of pleasure.
66. Grog till we are tired of it, and shot in the locker.
67. Our Country happy and the people free.
68. May the topsails of hope never be reefed by the hand of despair.
69. The foe well tarr'd, and our tars well feathered.
70. In the storm of life, may we never cut our cable, or lose our best bower on the rock of despair.
71. A cool head and heart in a warm action.
72. A long pull, a strong pull and pull altogether, by Yankees, and a fig for the whole world.
73. May he who won't assist a brother sailor in distress, never moor his bark in the harbour of content.
74. May we never strike our colours without being knocked down.
75. Prosperity to the widows of our brave messmates: relief to their wants, and their children provided for.
76. Honesty in tatters, and the pleasure of new rigging him.
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Calm the winds, the distant ocean; Columbians, the glory and pride of the main.
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For England, when with fav'ring gale, For ever remember'd be the gallant story, From the Halifax station, Fresh blows the gale,
Farewell, my dear Rosa, Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
Gallants attend and hear a friend, Great way off at sea,
How blest the life a sailor leads, Hark! the muffled drum sounds Huzza for the lads of the ocean, Hallow'd the birth-day of liberty's nation,
High fill the bowl, and round it twine, Hail, Lawrence, hail! the god of war, Hark, hark, o'er ocean's subject wave, Hail to the day which arises in splendour,
Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling Hail to Columbia, fair Queen
How happy's the soldier that lives He comes from the wars, Hail to the Art whose effulgence
Hail, intrepid warrior, hail! He was famed for deeds of arms,
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