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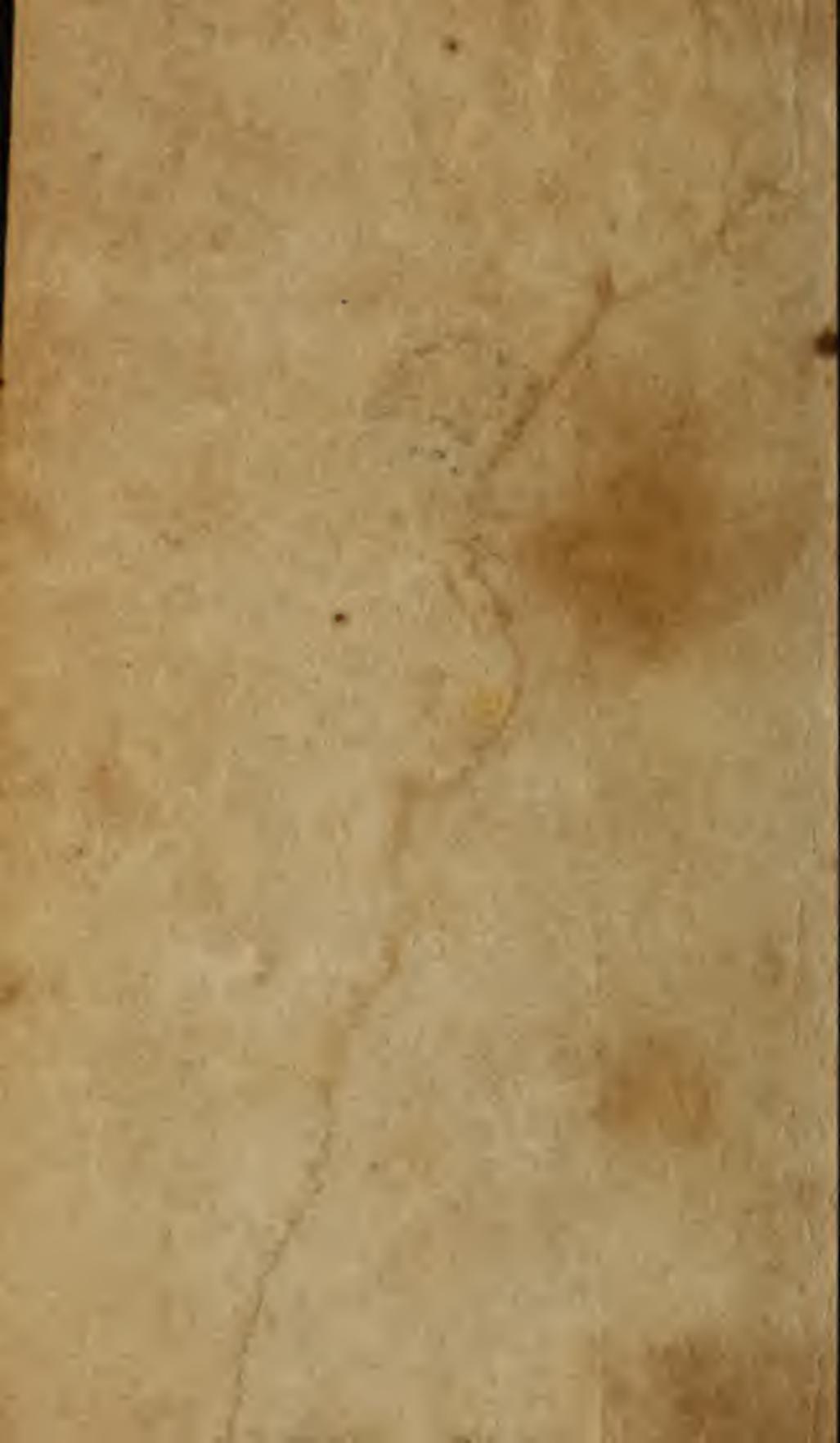
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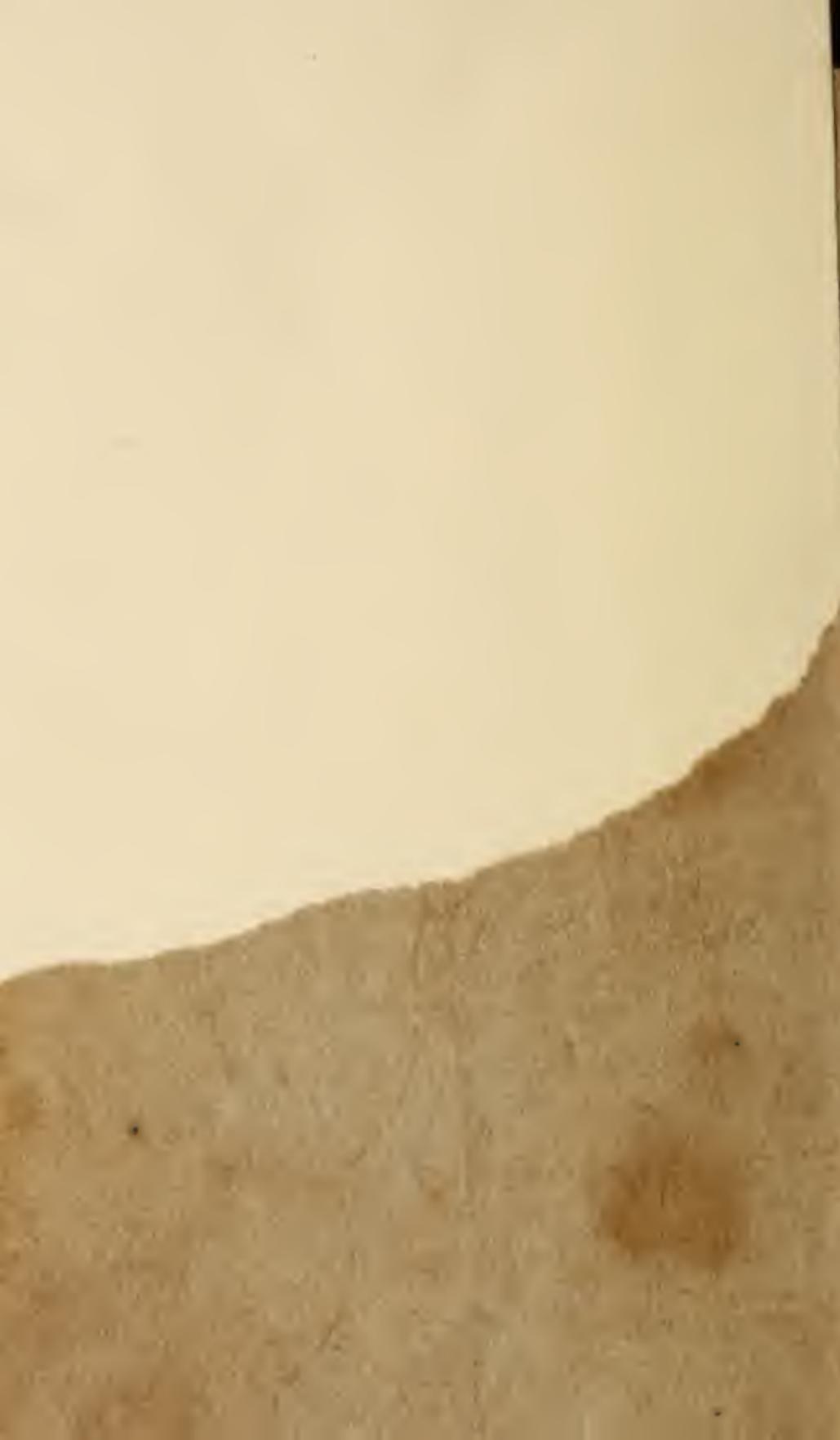
Division

Section









THE
AMERICAN PATRIOTIC
SONG-BOOK,



A COLLECTION OF
POLITICAL, DESCRIPTIVE, AND
HUMOUROUS SONGS,

OF
NATIONAL CHARACTER,

AND

THE PRODUCTION OF AMERICAN POETS ONLY.

Interspersed with
A NUMBER SET TO MUSIC.

To Hull, and such heroes, a garland we raise,
Their valour in battle exultingly praise.

PHILADELPHIA :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY W. M'CULLOCH,
No. 306, MARKET STREET.

.....
1813.

AMERICAN PATENT OFFICE

BEFORE ME

Subscribed and sworn to before me

on this _____ day of _____ 19____

at _____

Notary Public in and for the State of _____

My Commission Expires _____

10

THE
AMERICAN
PATRIOTIC SONG-BOOK

HUZZA, FOR THE AMERICAN TARS ;
OR, HULL AND VICTORY.

WRITTEN BY CHARLES HARFORD.

On the capture of the Guerrierre, a British Frigate, of 49 guns, by Captain Hull, of the American Frigate Constitution, of 44 guns, after an action of 30 minutes, when the Guerrierre was blown up.



Ye brave defenders , of your country's



cause, Receive the triumph of its loud ap-



plause ; Your valor put a haughty foe to



flight, Who dar'd our tars to meet him in the

ff.



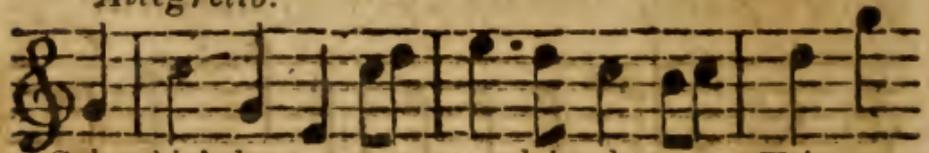
fight: Three cheers proclaim'd the Constitution

ff.



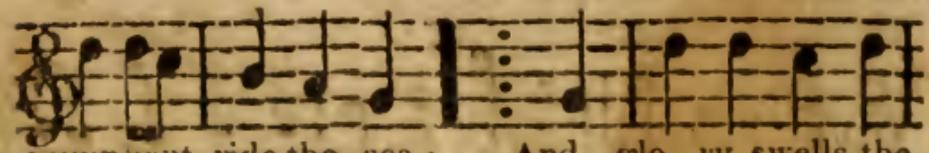
free From vaunting threats of ruthless tyranny.

Allegretto.



Columbia's banners now proclaim her tars Tri-

Second Time Chorus.



umphant ride the sea; And glo-ry swells the



trump of fame, To gallant Hull and vic-to-ry.

Britannia's flag usurp'd the mountain wave,
 And claim'd her pow'r to murder and enslave ;
 "The pathless deep," by Nature's God made free,
 She proudly said, "*shall all belong to me !*"
 But in her claim Columbia found a flaw ;
 Hull tried the cause, and gain'd by *Cannon Law*.

Heroic Chief—thro' endless time thy name
 Will stand recorded on the lists of fame :
 "*A brave Commander, and his Country's friend,*
 "*On whom she could in danger's hour depend.*"
 Thro' ev'ry age thy noble worth will raise
 The grateful tribute of unbounded praise.

To gallant Bush, and his immortal band,
 Who fell with glory in the famous stand ;
 A mourning country will to them erect
 The monument of its unfeign'd respect ;
 That death may also to their fame conspire,
 At freedom's shrine bid valour's sons expire.

OUR NAVY.

ON wings of glory, swift as light,
 The sound of battle came,
 The gallant Hull in glorious fight,
 Has won the wreathes 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 Rodgers, with his gallant crew
O'er the wide ocean ride,
To prove their royal spirit true,
And crush old Albion's pride.

Let brave Columbia's band, &c.

'Then hail another Guerriere 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 heav'n-born Eagle soar,
Her deeds of glory shall be read,
When Tyrants are no more.

Let brave Columbia's noble band, &c.

CAPTAIN HULL.

AT sea, Captain Hull fell in with John Bull—

“Bravo!” says Johnny,

“A Yankee I've caught, 'tis what I long sought,
To England I'll take him,” says Johnny.

So when Donald Traquair was caught by a Bear,
“Bravo!” says Donald,

“As sure’s I’m a Scot, a Yankee I’ve got ;
What will I do with him ?” says Donald.

“Why bring him along.”---“Guid faith, he’s too strong.

Oh ! Oh !” says Donald,

“This chiel does so squeeze me, come quickly and ease me,

Make haste or he’ll kill me,” says Donald.

Thus when Captain Hull had lather’d John Bull,

“High ho !” says Johnny,

“Fire off your lee gun, we can’t fight nor run,

“So completely disabled is Johnny.”

So they fir’d the lee gun—“’Twas very fine fun.”

“Oh no !” says Johnny,

“Tis no fun for me, to be beat on the sea,

Where no ship, I thought, could fight Johnny.”

The Constitution and the Guerriere.

AVAST ! says Captain Dacres,
There’s a ship-load of wiseacres

Trespassing on our ocean ;

To flog these tarnations

On the highway of nations

Is the highway to promotion.

So to work, my jolly tars,

Clear the decks, right the spars,

Trim the Guerriere, my lads, for action ;

And when the lubbers come,

With one roll of the drum,

Let’s douse the Yankee jib in a fraction.

But the gallant Captain Hull

Never minding Master Bull,

And smiling at his vain boasting ;

Fill'd his sails to the breeze,
 And made ready at his ease,
 To give the mighty bullock a rib-roasting—

Up with three flags, says Jack ;
 Our frigate is a crack

And, blast me, let's give 'em no quarter ;
 Ev'ry man at his gun
 Shall have a bit of fun

To blow 'em, in a crack, out of water—

But Jonathan kept cool
 At the roaring of the Bull

His heart fill'd with every thing but fears ;
 And squirting out his quid,
 As he saw the Captain did,

He clear'd out his mouth for three cheers—

And when he had got so nigh
 As to see the white o' the eye

Of the terrible lord of the ocean ;

Up with four flags, says he,
 As Jack's got up three,

And plague on it, let's teach them a notion.

So Jack he fir'd away

With a devil of a spray,

All the while in a devil of a passion ;

But Jonathan's first rakers

Gave the fierce Captain Dacres

Some notion of the Yankee way of threshing.

And as Bull did not like

All his three flags to strike,

Tho' his decks they were mow'd like a stubble :

Says the well-bred captain Hull,

If you please Mister Bull,

My people shall save you that trouble :

Then before he could rally
 Came the Yankee finale
 To complete Mister Bull his disaster ;
 And he call'd to his steward
 To fire a gun to leeward,
 And acknowledge the Yankee his master.

As soon as Jack cried enough,
 The Yankee's sterner stuff,
 Struck the ensign of his soul to compassion ;
 And from his own mess
 To his foe in distress
 Sent the Doctor, some grog, and a ration.

Thus John Bull was admonish'd,
 And more ever astonish'd,
 To beware how he treats Yankee Doodle ;
 And not to swagger again
 On this side of the main,
 For fear he should look like a noodle.

The Constitution and Guerriere.

BRITANNIA's gallant streams
 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 bellowing thunders roar.
 When Yankee meets the Briton,
 Whose blood congenial flows,

By Heaven created to be friends,
 By British outrage foes ;
 Hard then must be the battle fray,
 Ere well the fight is o'er.

Now they ride, side by side,
 While the bellowing thunders roar,
 While cannon's fire is flashing fast,
 And the bellowing thunders roar.

Still, still for noble England,
 Bold Dacres' streamer's fly ;
 And, for Columbia, gallant Hull's,
 As proudly and as high.

Now louder rings the battle din,
 More thick the volumes pour ;
 Still they ride, side by side,
 While the bellowing thunders roar,
 While the cannon's fire is flashing fast,
 And the bellowing thunders roar.

Why lulls Britannia's thunder,
 That wak'd the war'ry war ?
 Why stays that gallant Guerriere,
 Whose streamer wav'd so fair ;
 'That streamer drinks the ocean wave !
 That warrior's fight is o'er !
 Still they ride, side by side,
 While Columbia's thunders roar,
 While the 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 braver 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 thunders 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 Bush and Morris fell,
 That heart so well in battle tried,
 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 Heaven's plain decree—
 Then take the wat'ry field.
 To ocean's farthest barrier then
 Your whit'ning sail shall pour ;
 Safe they'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.

HAIL, Muse ! inspire the cause,
 Give noble Hull applause.

On ocean's deep, where fair Columbia's sails
 Spread wide and full before the cheering gales,

Just as declining Sol, had reached the west,
 And day was ebbing to his wonted rest,
 A scarlet flag ;—the flag of bondage rose,
 And pointed out to Freemen Freedom's foes.

High in the air the red and white appear'd,
 By Independence, virtue, valor rear'd ;
 The Constitution fierce, with men who glow'd
 To free their country of oppression's load,
 Bore down upon the Guerriere from afar,
 And play'd the dreadful clarions of war.

Our gallant boys' huzza,
 Fill'd England's tars with awe ;
 And still they fought and bled,
 And still they join'd the dead.
 Hail, Muse ! inspire the cause,
 Give noble Hull applause.

Old Neptune, list'ning from his coral car,
 Heard with a joyous smile the thund'ring war ;
 And shook his trident thrice, and bade the sea
 Be still ; and harken to the voice of Liberty.
 The noisy waves were hush'd ;—the cannons'
 fire flash'd,
 Freemen and slaves, Freedom and slavery
 clash'd.

Our brave commander Hull rode in the storm,
 And shew'd Britannia's slaves, Columbia's form,
 Th' unfettered Eagle soar'd above his head,
 And struck the sons of tyranny with dead,
 They fell :—the boast, the pride of Albion fell,
 And future ages shall the victory tell.

Hail ! gallant minded tars !
 True praise shall heal your scars,
 And gratitude exclaim
 Sound, sound the trump of Fame !

THE YANKEE SEA FIGHT.

MUSE, wake the song,

Let earth prolong

The strains of action great and glorious,

Of Yankee pride,

And valor tried,

Of Yankee tars in fight victorious.

Strike loud the soul exulting strain,

The strain which Britain's heart appals,

Sing how this Black Beard of the main,

Beneath a "Yankee cock boat" falls.

The Guerriere sweeps,

Her subject deeps,

At ev'ry mast a flag is flying,

In conscious might,

Begins the fight,

With triple gauntlet Hull defying.

And now impell'd by fav'ring breeze,

Along the Constitution towers,

And gains the boaster of the seas,

Unaw'd amid her iron showers.

Before the foes,

In battle close,

Behold aloft the Eagle streaming :

Four standards high,

Wav'd in the sky,

And quick the battle glare was gleaming.

The Guerriere pours a flaming cloud,
 In horror from her thund'ring guns,
 As thick it streams 'mid belchings loud,
 Respondent from Columbia's sons.

The battle storms,
 In loud alarms,
 For thirty-two's they twenty-four her ;
 The "crack ship" reels,
 Each blow she feels,
 And deep the bullet augers bore her.

Now death stalks dread with mien aghast,
 And stain her decks with crimson'd tide ;
 And now behold her mizen mast,
 Recumbent thunder o'er her side.

Now closer still,
 With bloodier will,
 Aboard behold bold Dacres steering :
 In reeking pride,
 With prow to side,
 His crew with hopes of vict'ry cheering.

But vain his hopes, for Hull the brave,
 A fire of devastation kept,
 The Guerriere totters o'er her grave,
 Her main and foremast both are swept.

They view their crash,
 By cannon's flash,
 Hull touch'd with manly human feeling ;
 Bids cease the roar,
 Nor longer pour,
 The death ball on the foeman reeling.

No flag the bully had to strike,
 From him both mast and flag were torn ;

Each splinter'd stump he view'd alike,
Of all its haughty honors shorn.

The Guerriere now,
From stern to prow,
Was dark with blood and carnage smoaking ;
When sad and drear,
Her voice we hear,
In leeward gun submissive croaking.

“ My boys,” cried Hull, “ the day is ours,
“ The brave soul'd pirates' crest is low,”
Prouder the victor Eagle towers,
And glory's wreath surrounds his brow:
Soon shall the foe,
Our prowess know,
That strains our waters with pollution ;
Each ship we have,
Find just as brave,
Each “ cock beat” find a Constitution.

ON THE CAPTURE OF THE GUERRIERE.

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 freemans dying groan !
 Be the flag a moment furl'd,
 But valor ne'er is o'erthrown——
 He's immortal in each world.

Warriors ! smile upon your wounds :
 See our MORRIS fight and bleed ;
 Your all applauding country sounds,
 " Love and Glory are your meed."

Shout ! the British lions fall !
 Shout ! the star-flag streams along !
 Mercy ! is the Briton's call,
 VICTORY ! Columbia's Song !!!

THE CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

THE sun inclin'd in western heaven,
 Sublimely fell the shades of even,
 When by swift breeze the war ships driven,
 Rode o'er old ocean haughtily.

Like two proud eagles soaring high,
 To combat flutt'ring in the sky,
 Each from the other scorns to fly,
 Each seeks the contest vauntingly.

Brave Hull upon the foeman steers,
 Sees his black'd sails, his thunder hears ;—
 Three flags aloft the Briton rears,
 And four the bold American.

Long did the haughty Briton boast,
 First place in glory's dazzling host,

His claim to honour's brightest post,
All but Columbia ratified.

"Come on, fierce braggart of the main,"
She cried, "I dare thee with thy train,
"Of death and discord, hell and pain,
"And all thy league demoniac.

"Rifled unarm'd on every sea,
"Insulted long and scorn'd by thee,
"Thou king of theft and piracy,
"Now yield to justice' minister!"

Her genius swept with pinions bright
The blue profound, a crown of light
Hangs o'er her as she waits the fight,
With hope and pride's anxiety.

Now fierce and dread the death storm jars,
Far flam'd the fi'ry bolts of wars,
The God of fight, horrific Mars,
Watch'd o'er the conflict gloomily.

Here Albion's boast—Columbia's there,
Flung high their smoking clouds in air,
And Pity view'd the dismal glare,
And shudder'd in despondency.

Wide flash'd the glitt'ring show of arms,
The cannon pour'd his sweeping storms,
Deep mouth'd he grumbled dread alarms,
And frown'd with aspect turbulent.

The foes together fearless sweep,
Fame's harvest eager both to reap,
Whilst growling o'er the redden'd deep,
The dogs of death skulk terrible.

With dang'rous strength they both contend,
 The sinking Guerriere scorn'd to bend,
 The Britons to the last contend,
 'Till comes despair precipitate,

The Constitution plough'd in pride
 The yielding seas, 'till side to side,
 She pour'd a devastation wide,
 And snatch'd the wreath of victory.

For e'er the first few moments past,
 'The Briton view'd with mien aghast,
 Each flag o'erthrown, each crashing mast
 Torn from him unrelentingly.

Now wilder still the combat pour'd,
 Its hail of fate incessant shower'd,
 'Till reel'd, o'ercome and overpower'd
 The pride of Albion insolent.

No more the air with death balls teem'd,
 No more the blaze of battle steam'd,
 Mar's flaming front no longer gleam'd,
 'The Briton ceas'd submissively!

Strike the gay harp to honor's lays,
 Loud sound the cheerful notes of praise,
 And kindle glory's brightest blaze,
 In homage due to bravery.

America! resplendent wake,
 Let Heaven and earth accordant shake,
 Sublime thou'st pledg'd the mighty stake,
 And borne the palm from Englishmen.

Long slumb'ring on the couch of ease,
 Long hast thou priz'd the seraph peace,
 And sought for happiness' increase,
 And Heaven of sweet tranquillity.

But if the war field must be sought,
 And if the signs of death be fought,
 To thee shall laurel'd wreathes be brought,
 To thee the crown of victory.

All nations shall respect thy name,
 All ages yield thee like acclaim,
 Times latest breath shall sound thy fame,
 And waft it to eternity!

LILLI BULL-ERO.

WHEN Guerriere, 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 farrow'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 Lilli-bull-ero-lilli-bull-a.

Near the banks of Newfoundland the British fell to
 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
 seals.

American seamen, &c.

The high sounding threat, flying at the mast head,
 Appall'd not the hearts of a newly ship't crew,
 Each man to his gun advanc'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 and 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 squabblers may each other provoke,
 I hate their fell 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 firelocks, your country preserve,
 Since the hotter the war, boys, the sooner comes
 peace

American seamen, &c.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGLAND.

IN ancient times, no matter where,
 A nation liv'd of wise men,
 Who Lawyers fed with special care,
 Bombailiffs and excisemen !!!

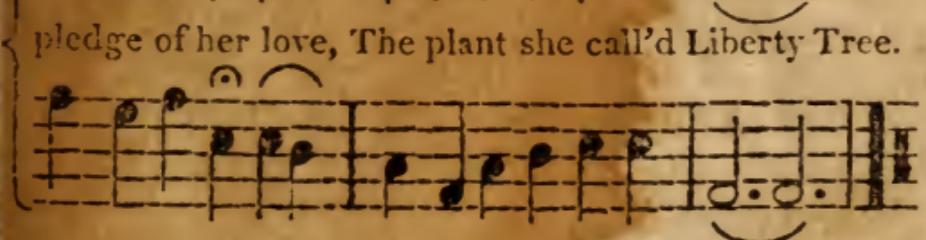
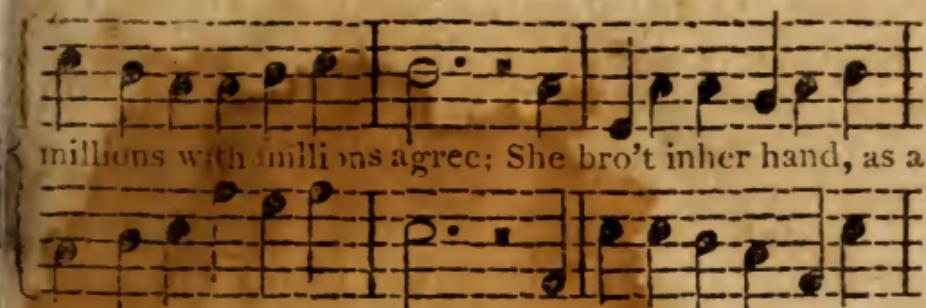
Who made good laws, to guard a hare,
 A partridge, or a pheasant,
 And left the poor, to nature's care,
 Say---was not this right pleasant.

Who cut each other's throats for fun,
 On land and on the water,
 Whilst half the world look'd weeping on,
 And half was burst with laughter.

Who shut up men within stone walls,
 Because they were indebted,
 Then let them out when hunger's calls
 Had them to shadows fretted !

Who kept in pay ten thousand knaves,
 And fifty thousand villains ;
 To make their fellow creatures slaves,
 For sake of pence and shillings.

Who to that country would not run,
 Where such like freedom's got at,
 Where birds escape the fatal gun,
 And men alone are shot at ?



This 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 distinction they came,
For freemen like brothers agree :
With one spirit endow'd, they one friendship
pursued.

And their temple was *Liberty Tree*.

Beneath this fair branch, like the patriarchs of
old,

Their bread, in contentment they eat ;
Unwearied with trouble, of silver or gold,
Or the cares of the grand and the great.

With timber and tar, they old England supplied,
Supported her power on the seas ;
Her rattles they fought, without having a groat,
For the honour of *Liberty Tree*.

But hear, O ye nations, a tale most profane,
 O all ye tyrannical powers ;
 Kings, Commons and Lords, are united amain,
 To cut down this garden of ours.—
 From the east to the west, blow the trumpets
 to arms,
 Thro' the land, let the sound of it flee ;
 Let all, far and near, unite without fear,
 In defence of our *Liberty Tree*.

Ye American ladies, excuse us awhile,
 From doting on your true loves charms ;
 The fatigues of the war, the soldier's long toil,
 Makes us forget love's in your arms ,
 But we must arise, our proud foes to chastise,
 Who repine at our living thus free ;
 The laurels we reap, we'll lay at your feet,
 With our spoil, we'll grace *Liberty Tree*.

ON THE MEMORABLE VICTORY

Obtained by the gallant Captain Paul Jones, of
 Le Bon Homme Richard, (or father Richard)
 over the British ship of war Seraphis, of 44
 guns, under the command of Captain Pearson,
 September 23, 1779.

O'ER the rough main with flowing sheets,
 The guardian of a num'rous fleet,
 Seraphis from the Baltic came ;
 A ship of less tremendous force,
 Sail'd by her side the self-same course
 Countess of Scarborough was her name.
 And now their native coast appear,
 Britannia's hills their summits rear
 Above the German main :

Fond to suppose their danger o'er,
 They southward coast along the shore,
 Thy waters, gentle Thames, to gain.

Full forty guns Seraphis bore,
 Tnd Scarborough's Countess twenty-four,
 Mann'd with Old England's boldest tars—
 What flag that rides in Gallic seas,
 Shall dare attack such piles as these,
 Design'd for tumults and for wars!

Now from the topmast's giddy height,
 A seaman cried—' Four sail in sight,
 ' Approach with favouring gales ;'
 Pearson resolv'd to save the fleet,
 Stood off to sea, these ships to meet,
 Tnd closely brac'd his shiv'ring sails.

With him advanc'd the Countess bold,
 Like a black tar in wars grown old :
 And now these floating piles drew nigh ;
 But, muse, unfold, what chief of fame,
 In the other warlike squadron came,
 Whose standard at his mast-heads fly.

Twas Jones, brave Jones, to battle led
 A bold a crew as ever bled,
 Upon the sky surrounded main ;
 The standards of the western world,
 Were to the willing winds unfur'd,
 Denying Britain's tyrant reign.

The good Man-Richard led the line ;
 The Alliance must with these combine,
 The Gallic ship they Pallas call,
 The Vengeance, arm'd with sword and flame ;

These to attack the Britons came—
 But two accomplish all.

Now Phœbus sought his pearly bed :
 But who can tell the scenes of dread,
 The horrors of that fatal night !
 Close up these floating castles came :
 The Good Man Richard burst in flame ;
 Seraphis trembled at the sight.

They felt the fury of her ball,
 Down, prostrate down the Britons fall :
 The decks were strew'd with slain :
 Jones to the foe his vessel lash'd ;
 And, while the black artillery flash'd,
 Loud thunders shook the main.

Alas ! that mortals should employ,
 Such murd'ring engines to destroy,
 That frame by heav'n so neatly joined,
 Alas ! that e'er it was decreed,
 That brother should by brother bleed,
 And pour such madness in the mind.

But thou, brave Jones, no blame shalt bear,
 The rights of men demand your care ;
 For these you dare the greedy waves—
 No tyrant, on destruction bent,
 Has plann'd thy conquest ; thou art sent,
 To humble tyrants and their slaves.

See !—dread Seraphis flames again—
 And art thou, Jones, among the slain,
 And sunk to Neptune's cave below ?—
 He lives—though crowds around him fall,
 Still he unhurt survives them all ;
 Almost alone he fights the foe.

And can your ship these strokes sustain?
Behold your brave companions slain,
All clasp'd in ocean's cold embrace,
Strike, or be sunk—the Briton cries——
Sink, if you can—the chief replies,
Fierce lightnings blazing in his face.

Then to the side three guns he drew,
[Almost deserted by his crew]
And charg'd them deep with woe,
By Pearson's flash he aimed hot balls :
His main-mast totters—down it falls——
O'erwhelming half below.

Pearson had yet disdain'd to yield,
But scarce his secret fears conceal'd,
And thus was hear to cry,
' With hell, not mortals, I contend :
' What art thou—human or a fiend,
' That dost my force defy ?'

' Return, my lads, the fight renew ?'——
So call'd bold Pearson to his crew ;
But call'd, alas ! in vain ;
Some on the decks lay maim'd and dead ;
Some to their deep recesses fled,
And hosts were shrouded in the main.

Distress'd, forsaken, and alone,
He haul'd his tatter'd standard down,
And yielded to his gallant foe ;
Bold Pallas soon the Countess took,——
Thus both their haughty colours struck,
Confessing what the brave can do.

But Jones, too dearly didst thou buy,
These ships possess so gloriously,

Too many deaths disgrac'd the fray :
 Your barque that bore the conquering flame,
 That the proud Briton overcame,
 E'en she forsook thee on thy way.

For when the morn began to shine,
 Fatal to her the ocean brine,
 Pour'd through each spacious wound ;
 Quick in the deep she disappear'd ;
 But Jones to friendly Belgia steer'd,
 With conquest and with glory crown'd.

Go on, great man, to scourge the foe,
 And bid these haughty Britons know,
 They to our thirteen stars shall bend :
 The stars that clad in dark attire,
 Long glimmer'd with a feeble fire,
 But radiant now ascend.

Bend to the stars that flaming rise,
 On western worlds, more brilliant skies,
 Fair freedom's reign restor'd,——
 So when the magi, come from far,
 Behold the God-attending star,
 They trembled and ador'd.

ROYAL SPORT.

'THE genius of Freedom, of unsullied fame,
 In Europe was hunted as royal fair game :
 Eluding the chase of his Albion foes,
 He sought in Columbia a place to repose.

Nor long under cover till Britain's fell pack,
 Took scent of the genius and followed his track,
 Asserting their title to hunt on the ground,
 Wherever his majesty's game could be found.

The sons of Columbia, the heirs of the soil,
 Such savage like sporting determin'd to spoil,
 Resolved like freemen their rights to maintain,
 And drove the fell pack to their kennel again.

The blood-hounds of Britain again we now spy,
 Unkennell'd, uncoupled, and all in full cry,
 And driving full speed to be in at the death,
 To wind his shrill horn upon Freedom's last breath

There's all the old Tories and old Refugees,
 And merciless Indians united with these,
 At the sound of the bugle they follow the track,
 And join in the chase with the old British pack.

Though daring awhile to make game of our cause,
 Unpunish'd they shall not long sport with our laws,
 For lashing the puppies half train'd to the chase,
 We'll send them to Scotia again in disgrace.

Though spies, and though traitors should practise their
 wiles,
 Fair freedom shall ne'er be entrapped in their toils,
 Like true-blooded Yankees, we'll smoke their stale
 strick,
 And play them the game of old seventy-six.

John Bull may bellow, his lion may growl,
 His bullies may bluster, his war dogs may howl,
 Like our fathers our freedom we'll ever maintain,
 They beat the whole pack and we'll beat them again

LIBERTY HALL.



Old Homer!—but what have we with him to



do? What are Grecians or Trojans to me or to



you? Such heathenish heroes no more I'll in-

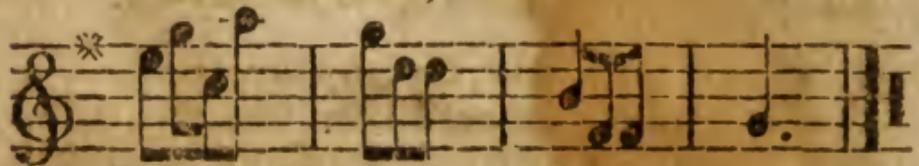


voke, Choice spirits assist me, attend, hearts of

Sym.



oak. Tol de rol, &c.



Sweet peace lovely handmaid of science and art,
Unanimity take your petitioner's part.

Accept of my song, 'tis the best I can do,
But first may it please you—my service to you.
Perhaps my address you may premature think,
Because I have mention'd no toast for to drink:

There are many fine toasts, but the best of them
all

Is the toast of the time, which is *Liberty Hall*.

That fine British building by Alfred was fram'd,
Its grand corner stone Magna Charter is nam'd;
Independency came at integrity's call,
And form'd the front pillars of *Liberty Hall*.

This Manor our forefathers bought with their
blood,

And their sons, and their sons' sons have prov'd
the deed good ;

By that title we stand, with that title we'll fall,
For life is not life out of *Liberty Hall*.

Ye sweet smelling courtlings of ribband and lace
Ye spaniels of power and bounty's disgrace :
So supple, so servile, so passive ye fall,
'Twas passive obedience lost *Liberty Hall*.

But when Revolution set bounds to the crown,
And Bunker's hill thunder knock'd tyranny
down :

No frown cloth'd with terror appear'd to appal,
The doors were thrown open of *Liberty Hall*.

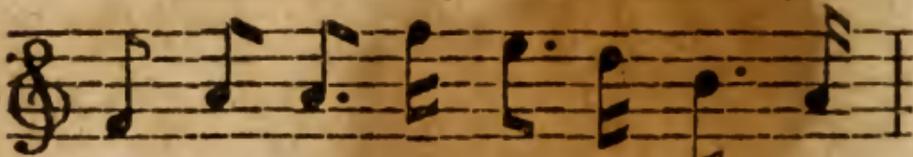
Columbia triumphant her ships sweep the sea,
Her standard is justice, her watch word *be free*,
Great Washington's name boast Americans all,
God bless him and bless us in *Liberty Hall*.

On Vere is dis all—Monsieur wants to know,
'Tis neither at Marli, Versailles, Fontainbleu ;
'Tis a palace of no mortal architect's art,
For *Liberty Hall's* an American's Heart.

IMPRESSMENT OF SEAMEN.



Columbia's sons, your sires address you,



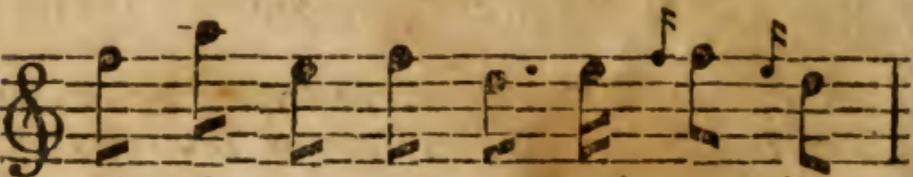
From the tombs hear them complain, Bri-



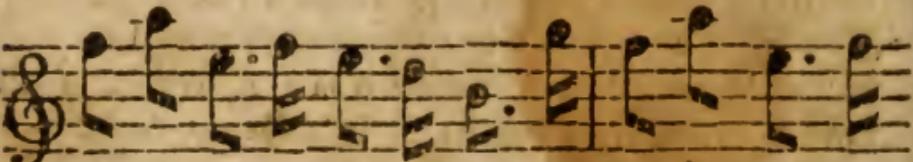
tain still our sons im - pres - sing,



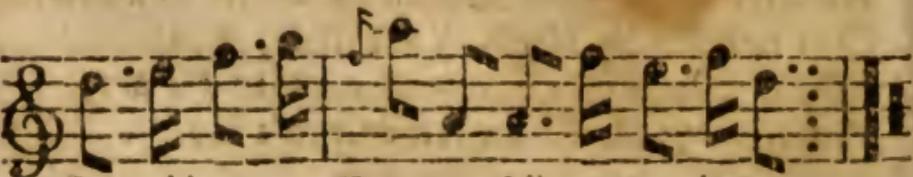
Ty - ran - ni - zes o'er the main.



Live for ev - er, con - sti - tu - tion,



Live for ever, rights of man, Live for ever, O,



Columbia, Here true Liber - ty began.

"Thousands doom'd to base subjection,
 " Spend in chains their hopeless lives ;
 " Torn from all that claim affection,
 ' Parents, children, friends, and wives."

Hear ! the father, thus bemoaning,
 " Oh, my sons, for you I die ;
 While his captive children, groaning,
 In their floating dungeons lie.

See, the line of battle closing,
 See, the gallant foe advance,
 See our hardy sons opposing,
 Forc'd to fight the tars of France.

Arouse, assert the rights of freemen ;
 Rescue from their dens of woe ;
 Arouse, and save impressed seamen,
 Rouse, to strike the faithless foe.

Britons ! Christians ! arm the savage ?
 Both alike with fury yell,
 On our frontier how they ravage,
 Like fierce furies loos'd from hell.

See the woods with fire are gleaming,
 Thus protection Britain sells ;
 Hear the babes and mothers screaming,
 Mix'd with hideous savage yells.

Avarice, accurst of human vices ;
 Let astonish'd earth behold !
 Scalps are bought at stated prices !
 Malden pays the price in gold !

Freeman, no longer bear such slaughters !
 Avenge your country's cruel foe ;
 Rouse, and save your wives and daughters,
 Rouse--expel the faithless foe.

Britain o'er Columbia glories,
 [Half seduc'd as she believes ;]
 Counting on a gang of Tories,
 Soon to help a group of thieves.

Men, who yield to base seduction,
 Soon must bear their country's frown,
 Doom'd to death and dire destruction,
 Let the hand of wrath come down.

Danger binds us all together
 Round our eagles freemen flock,
 Our defence in stormy weather,
 Union is our surest rock.

All in bonds of love united,
 Rally under freedom's tree,
 By our country's cause invited,
 Let us perish or be free.

Live for ever, &c.

THE KEY OF SEDITION.

Tune, Daddy Neptune one day, to Freedom did say.
 When our fathers of yore hove in sight of thi^s
 shore,
 And the sailors were first heard to sing land,
 From their cabin so hamper'd on deck they all
 scamper'd,
 To take the first peep at New England ;
 The rough rugged shores of New England ;
 The wild woods and rocks of New England ;
 So pleas'd at the view, they directly hove too,
 And caper'd ashore in New England.

Then they tore up the soil with abundance of
toil,

And they soon made a beautiful green land :
And they planted a tree, which they called Li-
berty,

In the generous soil of New England.

It flourish'd and grew in New England—

Its branches spread over New England—

And under its shadow, our forefathers have
had—O

The richest of joys in New England.

But a Mr. JOHN BULL, who would lord it in
full,

Came out in a rage from Old England ;

And swore that this tree, no longer should be

Found growing so high in New England :

That it never belong'd to New England—

Tho' it already bloom'd in New England—

So we soon came to blows—with a huge
bloody nose

He was glad to pack off from New England !

Then came Monsieur FRANK, all so nimble and
crank,

Who thought o'er the world he should swing
hand ;

From rabble and robbery, to kick up a bobery,

'Mong the peaceable folks of New England ;

To sew his wild oats in New England—

To sap the fair trees of New England—

To our tight little navy, he soon cried
“ peccavi ! ”

And caper'd away from New England !

And now it is said, that these fellows run mad,
 Won't leave us in peace in this free land ;
 One says we must join in his wars, or resign
 This beautiful tree of New England,
 Our snug little homes in New England—
 Our sweethearts and wives in New Eng-
 land—

Our traitors may go, but the tyrants shall
 know,
 That we heed not his threats in New England.

Our administration are all botheration,
 Running foul of each breaker and quicksand ;
 They might know, witless dunces, the method
 at once,

Is to give up the helm to New England—
 To the great and the good in New Eng-
 land—

To the soldier and sage in New England—
 Our true " Northern Notions " would settle
 commotions,
 And teach them respect to New England.

Our rulers, distracted, have left unprotected
 Our wealth on the ocean and inland ;
 To sink, burn, destroy, seems to give them
 great joy

The hard earn'd fruits of New England—
 Which we rais'd on the hills of New Eng-
 land—

Which we drew from the seas of New
 England—

Yet these Buckskins will find, the Yankees
 inclin'd

To stick to the Rights of New England.

But since war is declar'd, let us all be prepar'd,
 For the dangers that threaten our dear land ;
 With Strong to parade us, whoe'er may invade
 us,
 We'll fight for the rights of New England
 We'll die or live free in New England—
 In the shade of the Tree of New England!—
 And the nation shall know, who is truly their
 foe,
 Is also the foe of New England.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS.

AWAKE, awake ! to glory wake !
 The din of battle calls ;
 A nation's wrongs your slumbers break :
 Columbia lives—or falls ! !
 Ye free born spirits, take the field ;
 Your country's wrongs redress,
 Your country's rights with glory shield,
 Your country's fears repress !

A haughty foe invades your rights,
 And triumphs in our spoil ;
 She glories in her base exploits,
 And fattens on our toil :
 Your commerce withers on the main,
 Your sons in slav'ry groan !
 Your brothers' blood your harbours stain,
 Your childless mothers mourn.

Here secret spies infest your land,
 Enkindling discord's flame ;
 Combining with a venal band
 To crush our eagle frame ;

To arm the sire against the son,
 The son against the sire !
 To cause a brother's blood to run,
 To quench a brother's ire.

The lurking savage yells for prey,
 Along the western wild ;
 The hunter's track is watch'd by day,
 By night his sleep beguil'd :
 His wreaking cottage frights the gloom,
 His infants shriek th' alarm,
 His wife sinks lifeless in a swoon,
 Or bleeds within his arms.

O God ! wilt thou not judge our foes ;
 And let thy wrath descend ?
 Avenge an injur'd people's woes,
 Their righteous cause defend ?
 Inspire our sons to take the field ;
 Their country's wrongs redress ;
 Their country's rights with glory shield,
 Their country's fears repress !

Lives here a wretch who would not fight ?
 A miscreant who would fly ?
 A dastard who would yield his right ?
 Or grudge to freely die ?
 When wrongs and insults croud his sight,
 And sicken on his heart ;
 When pow'r gives law, and int'rest right,
 And truth means only art.

GOD SAVE AMERICA.

God save America, Free from tyrannic sway,

Till time shall cease: Hush'd be the din of arms,

And all proud war's alarms; Follow in

all her charms, Heaven born peace.

God save great WAASHINGTON !
 Fair Freedom's chosen son,
 Born to command :
 May ev'ry enemy
 Far from his presence flee,
 And be grim tyranny,
 Bound by his hand.

Thy name, O MONTGOMERY,
 Still in each heart shall be,
 Prais'd in each breath :
 Though on the fatal plain,
 Thou wast untimely slain,
 Yet shall thy virtues gain
 Rescue from death.

And now ye heroes brave,
 Who seek a warrior's grave
 In vict'ry's arms,
 When to the battle led,
 Bright laurels round your head,
 Shall still a lustre shed
 In war's alarms.

AMERICAN SEAMENS' LAMENTATION.

FROM dungeons of Britain, which float on the
 main,
 O hear the sad tale of our sorrowful moan ;
 The sun of your freedom for us shines in vain,
 As captives we live but to sigh and to groan.
 Then pity, dear brothers, the fate we de-
 plore,
 Let our dear native land but receive us once
 more.

The insolent Briton who rules us with scorn,
 With heart made of stone, does but mock at
 our grief,
 Nor feels for the pangs of our state so forlorn,
 In hopes that our thraldom may find no relief.
 Then pity, dear brothers, the fate we de-
 plore,
 Let our dear native country receive us
 once more.

O brothers ! ye boast of your Liberty won,
 By Washington's feats, and by deeds of your
 own ;
 No ray meets our eyes of bright liberty's sun,
 Forc'd to fight and to die for a land not our
 own.
 Then pity, dear brothers, the fate we de-
 plore,
 Let our friends and our country receive
 us once more.

How happy with you to conquer or die,
 For country and liberty offer our lives,
 At the word of command be still ready to fly,
 Protecting our parents, our children and
 wives.
 Then pity, dear fathers, the fate we de-
 plore,
 Let our dear native country receive us once
 more.

Forget not your sailors, in thraldom severe,
 Who cease not to think and to pine after you

Be not plunder'd of all which a man holds most
 dear,
 Nor suffer our days to be number'd but few.
 Then pity, dear nation, our sorrowful
 strain,
 Nor let us for ever solicit in vain.

— — —

RISE, YANKEES, RISE.

HARK, hark! the war whoop sounds—what
 yelling!

Breaks in upon our startled ears!—
 Our lives and liberties are selling,
 And tories are the auctioneers!!

Rise, Yankees, rise! gird on your armour—
 Drag every traitor from his cell;
 Silence with death their factious clamour,
 And stop the savage whoop and yell.

Shall Yankees, who in freedom glory—
 Nurs'd in the lap of Liberty,
 Descend to truckle to a tory?
 Or, to a tyrant bend the knee?

I ask, shall we full blooded Yankees,
 To kings and nobles cringe with blows,
 Because they've crowns and crinkum crankies,*
 Superbly bound about their brows?

Or shall a set of puny traitors,
 E'er make the Yankee's blood run chill?

* A Yankee term for superfluities.

Heavens, no!—Though they were all Deca-
turs,*
Yankees would be freemen still.

Yes, blood and carnage, death and slaughter,
Shall ensue e'er they shall yield!
E'er tories shall their freedom barter,
Corses thick shall strew the field!

What! yield our freedom, fame, and glory,
By the blood of thousands won?
Tell not in Gath the shameful story,
Nor let the tale reach Askelon!

Rise, Yankees, rise! Gird on your armour—
Drag every traitor from his cell!
Silence with death their factious clamour,
And stop the savage whoop and yell.

Arise! I say—and to the battle—
Off!—dare them to the bloody fray!
Bid trumpets sound—drums, bullets rattle—
Americans, arise! away!

JERSEY BLUE.

YOUNG Jersey Blue, attend the call,
One invitation to us all:
Come forward, *March*, the way is clear,
Young Jersey Blue, come Volunteer.

Volunteer, &c.

Our country calls the Brave to arms,
Dash on, my Boys, 'tis War's alarms;

* That is, possessing his valor and courage
without his principles.

Support the cause, its Freedom dear,
Young Jersey Blue, come Volunteer.

Volunteer, &c.

Let not a factious Tory band,
Create disorder through our land ;
Or stop your progress, never fear,
Young Jersey Blue, come Volunteer.

Volunteer, &c.

Our fathers' toils should not be vain,
The cause of seventy six maintain ;
They fought and bled for freedom dear,
Young Jersey Blue, come Volunteer.

Volunteer, &c.

See how your brother lives impress'd ;
In British dungeons sore distress'd ;
His sighs and groans now strike my ear,
Young Jersey Blue, come Volunteer.

Volunteer, &c.

The savage foe is out again,
Our western friends by them are slain ;
And caused by British gold, 'tis clear—
Young Jersey Blue, come Volunteer.

Volunteer, &c.

Justice proclaims her great demands,
Revenge and power is in our hands ;
And vengeance calls the champion here,
Young Jersey Blue, come Volunteer.

Volunteer, &c.

And methinks I hear you say,
To meet our foes I'll march away ;
Produce your roll, I'm ready here,
A Jersey Blue I'll Volunteer.

Volunteer, Volunteer, &c.

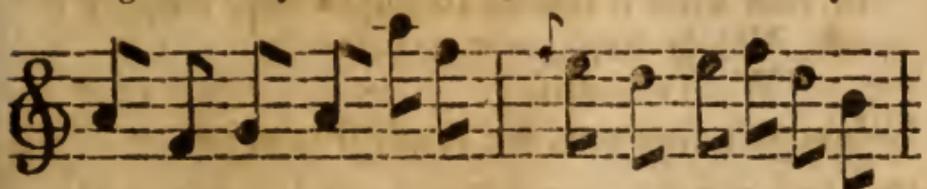
UNANIMITY.



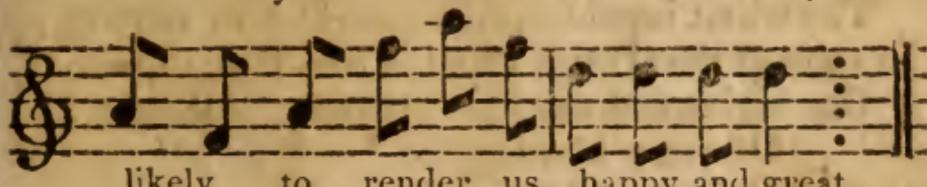
Ye true honest demo's and friends to the nation, Whom



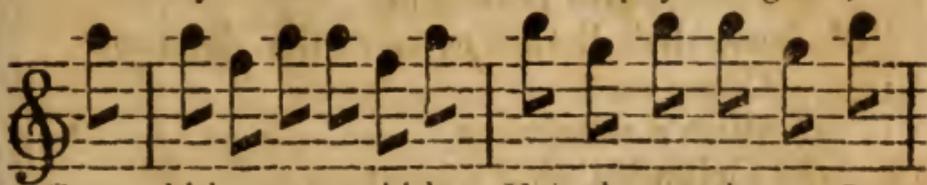
nothing can sway from these United States, Lend your



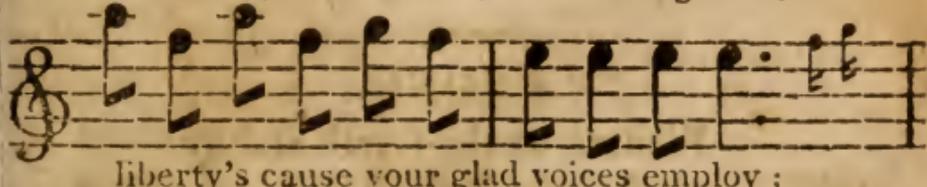
hearts and your hands to the administration, So



likely to render us happy and great,



Come hither, come hither, United together, In



liberty's cause your glad voices employ ;



Come see, wish'd u - nan - im - i - ty,



Sons of Columbia shall ever enjoy.

No longer shall party commotion divide us,
 Columbians all in one mind shall agree ;
 Our foes shall no longer insult and deride us,
 But trembling before our cannon shall flee :
 Now the hostile nation
 Shall see with vexation,
 In vain their insidious attempts they employ ;
 While we,
 Wish unanimity,
 Columbia's free sons are resolv'd to enjoy.

The chief of this nation once more shall behold us
 The truest republicans the world does contain ;
 In spite of the Tories who fain would have sold us,
 Our rights and our liberties still to maintain :
 Of every blessing
 Possess and possessing,
 No feuds shall disturb us or faction destroy--
 Come see
 Wish'd unanimity
 Sons of Columbia shall ever enjoy.

A SONG.

Written on the fourth of July.

NOW Europe's convuls'd with the discord of war,
 Without e'en a hope of experiencing peace ;
 And the loud cries of anguish resound from afar—
 And contention will last long ere it must cease.

Fell tyranny sways with his grim iron hand,
 And stretches his arm of oppression around :
 Strikes horror afar at ambition's command,
 The life-thrilling blessings of freedom to wound.

And all are compell'd to resume the fell sword,
 'To deal devastation and vengeance around':
 And at the proud Regent or Bonaparte's word,
 Must crimson the plain or the ocean profound.

"When demons of war love to revel in gore,"
 From the land of contention, oppression and
 woes,

Fair Liberty's flown, and now dwells on the shore,
 Where civil commotion ne'er makes her repose.

Oh yes ! from their clime the fair Goddess has fled,
 And triumphantly sail'd on th' Atlantic's proud
 wave,

To Columbia, where many bold heroes have bled,
 'Neath her branches, and made it the land of the
 brave.

For Columbia's the land of free conscience and
 thought,

The land where contentment and happiness reign ;
 Which blessings the blood of our fore-fathers bought,
 And their children will scorn their bright glory to
 stain.

Let Columbians then welcome grim war's dire
 alarms !

And assert to the world, and maintain that she's
 free ;

Let the patriots and heroes rush boldly to arms,
 And say "Death or sweet Freedom our motto-
 shall be."

A Washington again may direct the fell war,
 And a Wayne, or a Hamilton pour the loud fire ;
 A Morgan with vengeance may flame from afar,
 And a Putnam his soldiers with ardour inspire.

Then soon, haughty England shall tremble again,
 (For tyrants must tremble when freemen take
 arms)

And our ships shall exultingly ride o'er the main,
 For Columbians are born to know Liberty's
 charms.

ON THE RANDOLPH FRIGATE,

Blown up near Barbadoes, 1779.

WHAT distant thunders rend the skies,
 What clouds of smoke in columns rise,
 What means this dreadful roar !
 Is from his base Vesuvius thrown,
 Is sky-topt Atlas tumbled down,
 Or Etna's self no more ?

Shock after shock torments my ear ;
 And lo !—two hostile ships appear,
 Red lightnings round them glow :
 The Yarmouth boasts of sixty-four,
 The Randolph thirty-two—no more—
 And will she fight this foe !

The Randolph soon on Stygian streams
 Shall coast along the land of dreams,
 The island of the dead !
 But fate, that parts them on the deep,
 May save the Briton yet to weep
 His days of victory fled.

Say, who commands that dismal blaze,
Where yonder starry streamer plays ?

Does Mars with Jove engage !

'Tis Biddle wings those angry fires,

Biddle, whose bosom Jove inspires

With more than mortal rage.

Tremendous flash !—and hark, the ball
Drives through old Yarmouth, flames and all ;

Her bravest sons expire ;

Did Mars himself approach so nigh,

Even Mars, without disgrace, might fly

The Randolph's fiercer fire.

The Briton views his mangled crew,

“ And shall we strike to thirty-two ? —

(Said Hector, stain'd with gore)

“ Shall Britain's flag to these descend—

“ Rise and the glorious conflict end,

“ Britons, I ask no more !”

He spoke—they charg'd their cannon round,

Again the vaulted heavens resound,

The Randolph bore it all:

Then fix'd her pointed cannons true—

Away the unwieldy vengeance flew ;

Britain, thy warriors fall.

The Yarmouth saw, with dire dismay,

Her wounded hull, shrouds shot away,

Her boldest heroes dead—

She saw amidst her floating slain

The conquering Randolph stem the main—

She saw, she turn'd—and fled !

That hour, blest chief, had she been thine,

Dear Biddle, had the powers divine

Been kind as thou wert brave ;

But Fate, who doom'd thee to expire,
 Prepar'd an arrow, tipt with fire,
 And mark'd a watery grave.

And in that hour, when conquest came
 Wing'd at his ship a pointed flame,
 That not even he could shun—
 'The battle ceas'd, the Yarmouth fled,
 'The bursting Randolph ruin spread,
 And left her task undone!

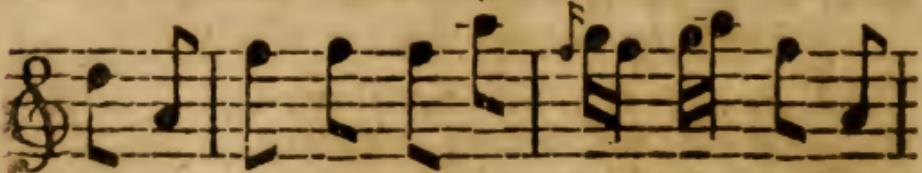
HAIL COLUMBIA.



Hail, Columbia, happy land, Hail, ye heroes,



Heav'n born band! Who fought and bled in freedom's



cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, And



when the storm of war was gone, Enjoy'd the



peace your valour won. Let Independence be our boast,



Ev - er mindful what it cost, Ev - er grateful



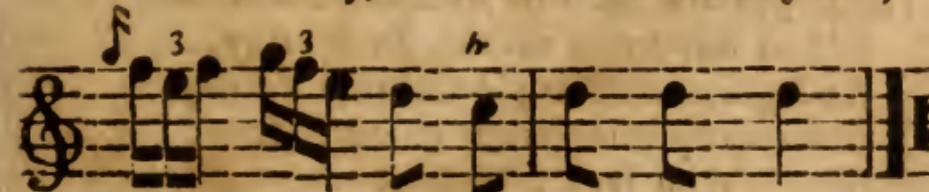
for the prize, Let its altar reach the skies.



Firm—united— let us be, Rallying round our



lib - er - ty, As a band of brothers join'd,



Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

Immortal Patriots ! rise once more,
 Defend your rights, defend your shore ;
 Let no rude foe with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe with impious hand,

Invade the shrine were sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well earn'd prize.

While off'ring peace sincere and just,
In Heav'n we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.

Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound, the trump of fame,
Let Washington's great name,
Ring thro' the world with loud applause,
Ring thro' the world with loud applause,
Let ev'ry clime to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear.

With equal skill, and god-like pow'r,
He govern'd in the fearful hour
Of horrid war : or guides with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.

Firm—united, &c.

Behold the Chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
But arm'd with virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heav'n and You.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscur'd Columbia's day,
His steady mind from changes free,
Resolv'd on Death or Liberty.

CHORUS.

Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty ;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find:

THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

LO ! where yon shore enraptur'd stands display'd,
 And the calm soul with bliss ecstatic swells ;
 Where virtue smiles, in modest garb array'd,
 And meek contentment uncorrupted dwells,
 There lays Columbia ! Independent, Free,
 There reigns unceasing, Peace and Liberty !
 There live the sons of now-departed sires,
 Who like their fathers will their rights defend :
 Whose breasts the smallest insult quickly fires,
 Who ne'er to princes, nor to kings will bend.

For, as brave patriots, they never can see
 Oppression reign, where now smiles Liberty !
 There liv'd great Washington by all rever'd,
 There Schuyler died, and Warren bled ;
 There rests a Putnam, once to all endear'd,
 There sleeps a Wayne amongst the silent dead !
 While poor Columbia mourns her sons so brave,
 And weeps lamenting o'er each hero's grave !
 There all are free ! united there they live,
 Maintain their rights with patriotic zeal ;
 Like kindred friends, each other's wants relieve,
 A bright example, for each other, feel !

And with their fathers' blood this bliss was bought,
 For it they bled, for it they nobly fought !
 There does the foreigner, driv'n from the land
 That gave him birth, by dire oppression, hie !
 And soon delighted, joins the patriot band,
 Who live United, but Divided die !
 Then, there contented spends his days in peace,
 In thoughtless ease, tranquillity and bliss !
 Delightful place ! above all nations blest,

It dreads no Despot's vile, offensive, nod ;
 A people ne'er by tyranny oppress,
 Who fear no mortal, tho' they fear a God !
 Thus do they live intrepid, firm, and brave,
 And thus they die and sink into the grave !
 Then, may sweet health and plenty round them smile
 May peace and pleasure with them ever reign ;
 And soft ey'd Mirth, each tedious hour beguile,
 Pluck from the wounded breast the thorn of pain
 And may Columbia live for ever free,
 Maintain her Rights, her Laws, her Liberty !

WAR SONG.

TO arms, to arms, in haste arouse,
 And boldly stride the warlike field ;
 Go meet the tyrants, base-born slaves,
 And point them to their op'ning graves,
 Or bid the daring vassals yield.
 'Tis Freedom's cause invokes your aid,
 Off, noble freemen, hence, away ;
 Loud let the trumpets sound afar,
 The drums proclaim the rage of war,
 And every loyal heart be gay.
 Proud Britain shall be humbled low,
 And own the equal rights of man ;
 The brave that fight in freedom's cause,
 Shall teach respect to Freedom's laws,
 For sacred Justice leads the van.
 Then warriors rouse, shake off your fears,
 Great Independence loudly calls ;
 March boldly through Canadian snows,
 Let Quebec meet your heaviest blows,
 And quickly raze her towering walls.

What though you fall beneath the pile ?

The gen'rous heroes' tomb is near ;
There sleeps the great Montgomery, blest,
Brave Wolfe reclines in peaceful rest,
The warrior's deathless fame is here.

Death! 'tis a name, an empty sound !

That ne'er disarm'd, nor shook the brave ;
Then fight for Independence just,
For though the hero sink to dust,
The wreathes of glory deck his grave.

Fame shall exalt his name to heav'n,

And bear it on her sacred scroll ;
For when a Freeman bravely dies,
His worth like incense shall arise,
'Till fleeting time shall cease to roll.

Then rouse to arms, your country calls,

Hence march to meet the foe afar ;
Charge home like men, make sure the day,
And drive the dogs of war away,
Sound, sound, aloud the trump of war.

THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT

Between the republican Frigate *L'Ambuscade*,
Captain Bumpard ; and the British royal Frigate
Boston, Captain Courtney, off the coast of New
Jersey.—(1792.)

RESOLVED for a chase,
All Frenchmen to face,
Bold *Boston* from Halifax sailed,
With a full flowing sheet,
The pride of the fleet,
Not a vessel she saw, but she hailed :

With Courtney, commander, who never did fear,
Nor returned from a fight with "a flea in his ear."

As they steered for the Hook,
Each swore by his book,
"No prayers should their vengeance retard;
"They would plunder and burn,
"They would never return
"Unattended by Captain Bumpard!
"No Gaul can resist us, when once we arouse,
"We'll drown the monsieurs in the wash of our
bows!"

A sail now appear'd,
When towards her they steer'd,
Each crowned with his Liberty-Cap;
Under colours of France did they boldly advance,
And a small privateer did entrap--
The time may have been when their nation was
brave,
But now, their best play is to cheat and deceive.

Arrived at the spot
Where they meant to dispute,
Thus Courtney sent word, in a heat:
"Since fighting's our trade,
"Their bold Ambuseade
"Must be sunk, or compell'd to retreat:
"Tell captain Bumpard, if his stomach's for war,
"To advance from his port, and engage a bold tar."

Brave captain Bumpard
When this challenge he heard,
Though his sails were unbent from the yards.
His topmasts struck down,
And his men half in town;
Yet sent back his humble regards--

The challenge accepted ; all hands warn'd on board,
Bent their sails, swore revenge, and the frigate un-
moor'd.

The Boston, at sea,
Being under their lee,
For windward manœuvred in vain ;
'Till night coming on,
Both lay by 'till dawn,
Then met on the watery plain,
The wind at north east, and a beautiful day,
And the hearts of the Frenchmen in trim for the fray.

So, to it they went,
With determin'd intent
The fate of the day to decide
By the virtues of power ;
(No argument louder
Was e'er to a subject applied)
A Gaul with a Briton contends,
Let them stand to their guns, and we'll see how it
ends.

As the Frenchman sail'd past,
Boston gave him a blast,
Glass bottles, case knives, and old nails,
A score of round shot,
And the devil knows what,
To cripple his masts and his sails ;
The Boston suppos'd it the best of her play
To prevent him from chacing—if she ran away.
The Frenchman most cool,
(No hot-headed fool,)
Return'd the broadside in a trice
So hot was the blast,

He disabled one mast,
 And gave them some rigging to splice,
 Some holes for to plug, where the bullets had gone,
 Some yards to replace, and some heads to put on.

Three glasses, and more,
 Their cannons did roar,
 Shot flying in horrible squads ;
 'Midst torrents of smoke,
 The Republican spoke,
 And frighten'd the Anglican gods !
 Their frigate so maul'd, they no longer defend her,
 And, Courtney shot down—they bawled out to sur-
 render !

“ La ! what a blunder
 “ To provoke this French thunder !
 “ Think with the devil he deals—
 “ But since we dislike
 “ To surrender and strike,
 “ Let us try the success of our heels :
 “ We may save the king's rigate by running away,
 “ The Frenchman will have us—all hands—if we
 “ stay !”

So squaring their yards,
 On all captain Bumpards
 A volley of curses they shed—
 Having got their discharge,
 They bore away large,
 While the Frenchman pursued, as they fled.
 But vain was his haste—while his sails he repair'd,
 He ended the fray in a chase—

The Gaul got the best of the fight, 'tis declared,
 The Briton—the best of the race !

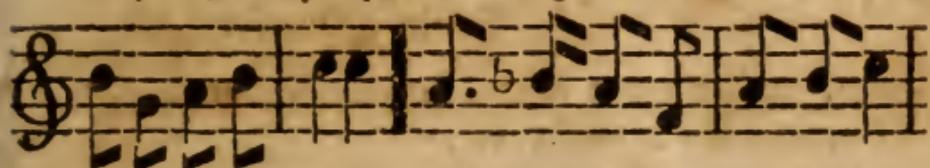
YANKEE DOODLE.



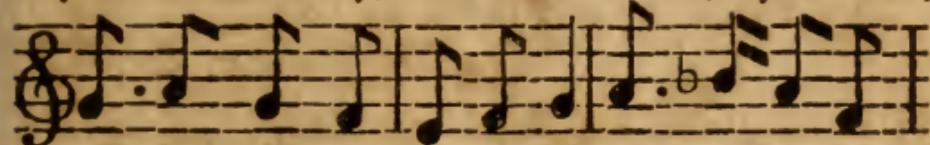
Columbia's sons, for ever brave, Will conquer or will



die, sir, They'd prefer a glorious death, 'Fore



they'd from Britons fly, sir. Yankee Doodle, boys for war,



Yankee Doodle dandy, Yankee Doodle,



boys, for war, We've ev'ry thing quite handy.

Brave Rogers still scours o'er the main,

And John Bull flies for fear, sir,

Lest Yankee guns should once again,

Unwelcome greet his ear, sir.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

John Bull remains still in a dread,

And trembles in his shoes, sir,

For if we catch him, his big head,

We'll sorely beat and bruise, sir.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

When Yankee boys do take Quebec,
 And that will shortly be, sir,
 We hope John Bull may break his neck,
 Should he attempt to flee, sir.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

Then cheer up, boys, fear no alarm,
 Nor Britons, while they boast, sir,
 For vict'ry we will surely have,
 When Yankees guard our coast, sir.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

Come, strike your tents, boys, march away,
 The enemy is nigh, sir,
 Let Britons ne'er forget the day,
 The Yankees made them fly, sir.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

At Lexington, and Bunker's Hill,
 And many places more, sir,
 We beat John Bull, till he'd his fill,
 And made him growl and roar, sir.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

At Ticonderoga, the brave boys,
 From the Green Mountain far, sir,
 Shew'd Johnny Bull they fear'd no noise,
 Nor with his slaves to war, sir.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

Next Trenton shew'd what deeds of might
 The Yankees could perform, sir.
 For dark and dismal was the night,
 We beat them in a storm, sir.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

Johnny Bull now rag'd and storm'd,
 And great Burgoyne sent o'er, sir,

But e'er he had his men well form'd,
 We Yankees beat him sore, sir.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

To Monmonth then we went full speed,
 Nor respite gave poor John, sir,
 At Stony Point we made him bleed,
 And vict'ry was our own, sir.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

At Guilford next John shew'd his face,
 But had to turn his back, sir,
 At Eutaw Springs he met disgrace,
 For Fayette found the track, sir.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

Poor John still tho't another chance
 Might still more lucky be, sir,
 But at Yorktown we made him dance,
 And fainly he would flee, sir.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

Then sound aloud the trump of fame,
 And let the Britons know, sir,
 That should they dare to come again,
 They'd meet a deadly foe, sir.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

When Yankee boys each use his gun,
 As their dads done before, sir,
 O! then, odd zooks! what charming fun,
 To hear John weep and roar, sir.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

Columbia's genius then will smile
 On heroes with delight, sir,
 Who in their former Yankee style,
 Put Johnny Bull to flight, sir.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

The American Frigate Alliance.

AS Nuptune trac'd the azure main
 That own'd, so late, proud Britain's reign,
 A floating pile approach'd his car,
 'The scene of terror and of war.

As nearer still the monarch drew
 [Her starry flag display'd to view]

He ask'd a Triton of his train

“What flag was this that rode the main?”

“A ship of such a gallant mien

This many a day I have not seen,

To no mean power can she belong,

“So swift, so warlike, stout, and strong.

“See, how she mounts the foaming wave—

Where other ships would find a grave,

Majestic, awful, and serene,

“She sails the ocean, like its queen—

“Great monarch of the hoary deep,

Whose trident awes the waves to sleep,

[Replied a Triton of his train]

“This ship, that stems the western main,

“To those new, rising States belongs,

Who, in resentment of their wrongs,

Oppose proud Britain's tyrant sway,

“And combat her, by land and sea.

“This pile, of such superior fame,

From their strict union takes her name,

For them she cleaves the briny tide,

“While terror marches by her side.

“When she unfurls her flowing sails,

Undaunted by the fiercest gales,

In dreadful pomp she ploughs the main,
 “ While adverse tempests rage in vain.

“ When she displays her gloomy tier,
 The boldest foes congeal with fear,
 And, owning her superior might,
 “ Seek their best safety in their flight.

“ But when she pours the dreadful blaze,
 And thunder from her cannon plays,
 The bursting flash, that wings the ball,
 “ Compells those foes to strike, or fall.

“ Though she, with her triumphant crew,
 Might to their fate all foes pursue ;
 Yet, faithful to the land that bore,
 “ She stays, to guard her native shore.

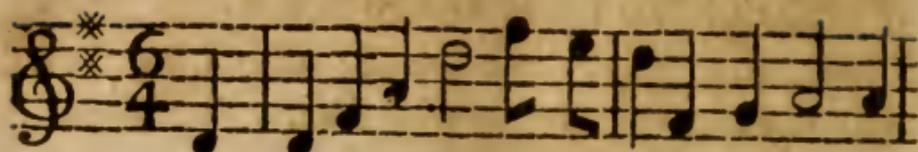
“ Though she might make the cruisers groan
 That sail within the torrid zone,
 She kindly lends a nearer aid,
 “ Annoys them here, and guards the trade.

“ Now traversing the eastern main,
 She greets the shores of France and Spain ;
 Her gallant flag display'd to view,
 “ Invites the old world to the new.

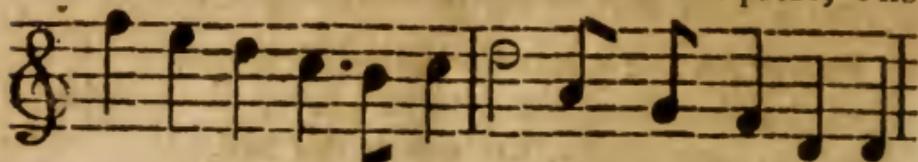
“ This task achieved, behold her go
 To seas congealed with ice and snow,
 To either tropic, and the line,
 “ Where suns with endless fervour shine.

“ Not, Argo, on thy decks were on,
 Such hearts of brass, as here abound ;
 They for their golden fleece did fly,
 Those sail--to vanquish tyranny.”——

JEFFERSON AND LIBERTY.



Ye sons of Columbia who cherish the prize, The



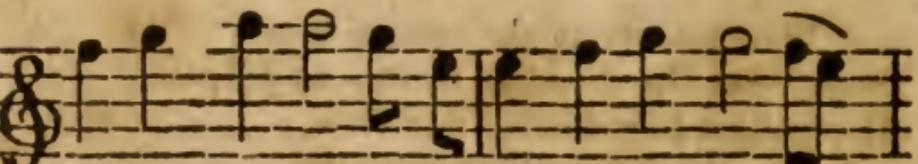
arms of your fathers so valiantly gain'd, Like the



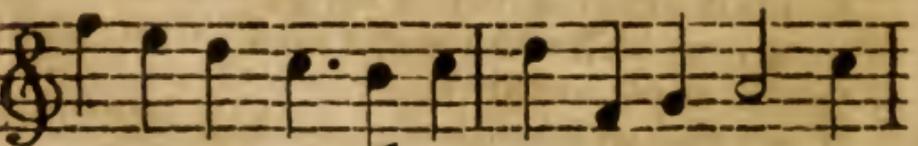
sun unobscur'd may your glory arise, And your



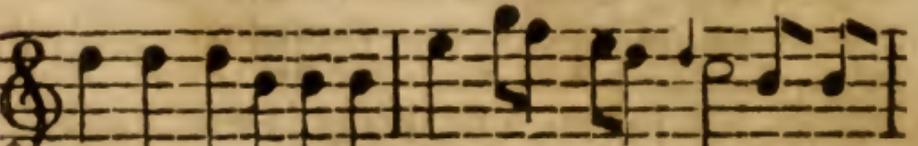
lib - erties flourish forev-er unstain'd, While



Mars clad in gore, bids the far thunders roar, May



freedom and peace bless our dear native shore, And



ne'er may the sons of Columbia be slaves, While the



earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls in waves.

By art more than arms our foes have long try'd,
 To lead the brave sons of Columbia in slav'ry,
 Their force we've withstood, and their power
 defy'd,
 And repuls'd each attack with republican
 brav'ry.

Though our internal foes,
 May our freedom oppose,
 Our firmness and zeal, to the universe shows,
 That ne'er will, &c.

The agents of Briton like fiends in disguise,
 Have kindled the fire of faction around us ;
 Yet unaw'd by the flame we united arise,
 To pull down the Babel that strove to con-
 found us.

All intrigue is in vain,
 We'll united remain ;
 And our rights and our liberties ever maintain.
 And ne'er shall, &c.

Calumny and falsehood in vain raise their voice,
 To blast our republican's fair reputation,
 But Jefferson still is American's choice,
 And he will her liberties guard from inva-
 sion.

Tis the wretches who want,
 To unite church and estate,
 That the name of M'Kean, truth, and Jefferson
 hate.

But ne'er will, &c.

Cloak'd up in religion they've nothing to fear,
 Intrigue there may triumph and vice be de-
 fended,
 How true to their god, and our laws they ap-
 pear,
 Whilst destroying that freedom for which we
 contended.

Like the serpent of old,
 Whilst array'd in fine gold,
 The arrows of death and destruction they hold.
 But ne'er will, &c.

At freedom's fair temple see Jefferson stand,
 Unaw'd and unmov'd by the thunder of fac-
 tion,
 Let all true Americans join hand and hand,
 And witness this day their heart felt satisfac-
 tion.

His much honour'd name,
 And his virtue and fame ;
 In triumphant strains to the world we'll pro-
 claim.
 And ne'er will, &c.

Remember election is liberty's race,
 By which noble charter our freedom we
 cherish,

At the helm of our nation then Jefferson place,
That our free Constitution and rights never
perish.

Still America's pride,
In her cause has been try'd,

And he in her council was born to preside,
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls
in waves.

AN ODE.

HAIL! time propitious! hail the coming day,
When justice will resume her ancient sway;
Hail, Congress! whose unbiass'd firm decrees,
Will hold the public title to the seas,
'Till ev'ry nation shall be bath'd in gore
And kings, and tyranny, be heard no more;
Hail, patriots, statesmen, sages gone of old,
Who valued Independence more than gold,
Hail, ye immortal shades of soldiers dead,
Who in the tumult of fierce warfare bled.

In temples which fair nature rears,
Your ev'ry worthy deed appears
There stamp'd; where marble is not known
Will be your virtue, and renown:
When this great globe is wrapt in flame,
The latest trumpet shall proclaim,
Honor be the 'ward of heroes
Laurels for the victors' brows.

When Hector fell the martial God did weep,
His brightest son sunk in eternal sleep,

Achilles dragg'd him, by his shining car
 The hapless victim of a cruel war.
 This act o'erclouded all the conqu'ror's fame,
 And mark'd with shame, and ignominy his name.
 Lo when our brave Montgomery died,
 Mars stood in radiance, by his side,
 Saw the great warrior there ; and prest
 The lifeless body, to his warlike breast.

This was an honor due ; which Fame
 Will o'er the hemispheres proclaim,
 Wake with her trumpet, slumb'ring worth,
 And give to battle second birth.

Rouse our manly indignation,
 Place each hero at his station ;
 Stir up Warren's, Greene's, and Wayne's,
 To lead our armies to the plains.

Peace weeping, with her olive branch has fled,
 To the dark vault, where Washington is laid ;
 There, while the battle lasts, resolv'd to stay
 When o'er, she'll sparkle with a double ray ;
 Light, science, commerce, manufactures, art
 And all that elevates the human heart ;
 But hark a dreadful storm begins to roll,
 See ! how it blackens from the arctic pole
 The angry clouds surcharg'd with death draw near,
 And fill the traitors to our land with fear.

Now on the thunder see he comes,
 Beat, Columbia, beat the drums,
 Raise your banners high in air,
 The God of victory is here ;
 Behold the fire in his eye,
 It flashes like the fire of sky ;

See he carries bloody spears
Columbia's Freedom ;—now appears.

Oh ! in the battle may our cannons roar,
And echo spread the noise from shore to shore,
Each patriotic breast with vengeance glow,
To hurl destruction on our common foe:
Thus our great sires, a brave united host
Drove lords and hirelings, from our fertile coast ;
Taught monarchs to respect our freeborn right
Or nobly dar'd them to a noble fight ;
And shall we tamely yield the greatest good,
Achiev'd and cherish'd by our fathers' blood.

FRIENDSHIP.

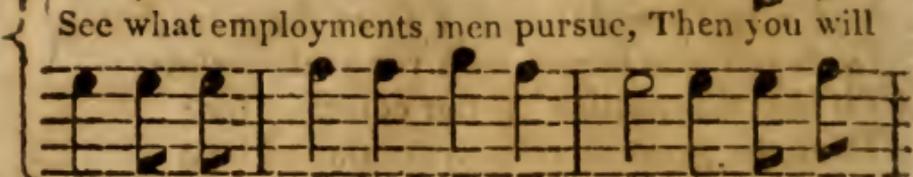
The musical score is written on four staves. The first two staves are grouped by a brace on the left. The first staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is in bass clef with a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are placed between the staves. The third and fourth staves are also grouped by a brace on the left. The third staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The fourth staff is in bass clef with a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics continue between these staves.

Friendship to ev'ry gen'rous
There may the sons of sorrow

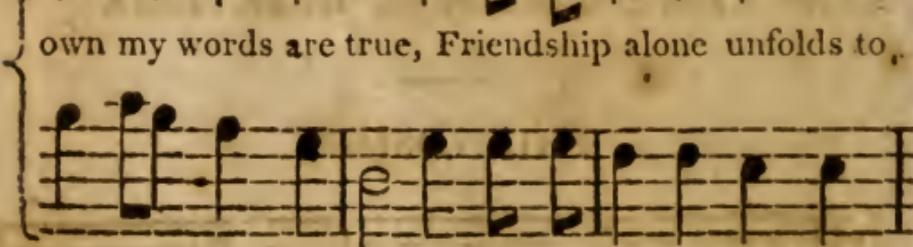
mind, Opens a heav'nly trea - sure,
show, Sources of real plea - sure;



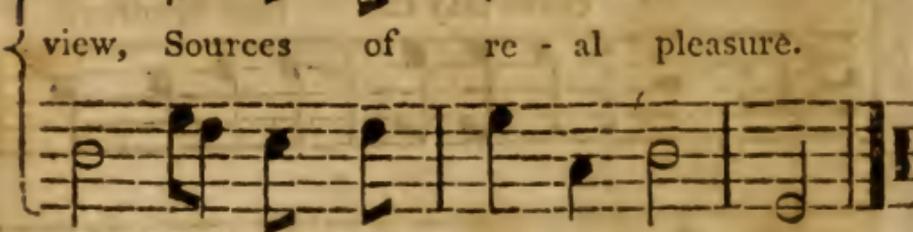
See what employments men pursue, Then you will




own my words are true, Friendship alone unfolds to,




view, Sources of real pleasure.



Poor are the joys which fools esteem,
 Fading and transitory ;
 Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
 Or a delusive story :
 Luxury leaves a sting behind,
 Wounding the body and the mind ;
 Only in friendship can we find,
 Pleasure and solid glory.

Beauty with all its gaudy show,
 Is but a painted bubble ;
 Short is the triumph wit bestows,
 Full of deceit and trouble :
 Fame, like a shadow flies away,
 Titles and dignities decay ;
 Nothing but Friendship can display,
 Joys that are free from trouble.

Learning, that boasted glitt'ring thing,
 Scarcely is worth possessing ;
 Riches, for ever on the wing,
 Cannot be call'd a blessing :
 Sensual pleasure swells desire,
 Just as the fuel feeds the fire ;
 Friendship can real bliss inspire,
 Bliss that is worth possessing.

Happy the man who has a friend
 Form'd by the God of nature ;
 Well may he feel and recommend,
 Friendship with his Creator :
 Then as our hands in friendship join,
 So let our social powers combine ;
 Rul'd by a passion most divine,
 Friendship with our Creator.

OLD SEVENTY-SIX.

TUNE.—*Yankee Doodle.*

WHEN Freedom's sons, at Heav'n's command,
 Shook off the British nation,
 America did then assume
 An independent station.

The Congress then were men of sense,
 And truly patriotic !
 They swore they would not pay their pence
 To any king despotic !

CHORUS.

And this the law of seventy-six,
 We swear each to maintain, sir,
 No such vile things, as lords, or kings,
 Shall in America reign, sir.

The laws they made were quick obey'd,
 Whigs vied with whigs for glory :
 And Jack Burgoyne, like creeping Ned,
 Went home to tell his story.
 At Bunker's Hill—Howe had his fill,
 His troops were mow'd down, sir,
 While Gage, poor soul ! who lov'd bones whole,
 'Fraid to quit the town, sir.

And this law, &c.

Cornwallis next, like frightened mole,
 At Yorktown burrow'd deep, sir,
 But Washington, with bombs and gun,
 Soon rous'd him from his sleep, sir,
 He made them prance a Yankee dance,
 Whilst martial music sounded,
 Lay down their arms five hundred score,
 By rebel troops surrounded.

And this the law, &c.

Then straight they flew to George their king,
 And told the doleful tale, sir,
 How th' rebels swarm'd throughout the land,
 And cover'd hill and dale, sir,

His courtiers too did round him throng,
 And all to make him easy ;
 No consolation could afford,
 Alas ! it drove him crazy.

And this the law, &c.

And now, behold his vengeful frown,
 Brimful of wrath and chagrin,
 Keeps western posts, and takes our ships,
 And won't stand to his bargain.
 Then let's unite, assert our right,
 Thrash his majestic back, sir,
 Starve all their isles, confound their wiles,
 And turn up t'other jack, sir.

And this law, &c.

Whole hosts of priests and kings combin'd,
 (For their own preservation)
 With gogs and magogs, emp'ror too,
 A pretty combination !
 But Frenchmen they, march brisk away,
 And shoot, and flash, and scare 'em,
 Ca Ira sing, and Marsell'ois hymn,
 And bayonet all before them.

And this the law, &c.

The Duke of York—light as a cork,
 In 'letter to his pappy,
 " My grenadiers have beat Monsieurs,
 And made me truly happy !
 Then pappy banish all your fears,
 I've made this protestation,
 To fight it out, and bring about
 Their total extirpation.

And this the law, &c.

“ Our loss is small, scarce none at all,
 Compar'd with th' en'my's losses,
 We've lost, big, little, great and small,
 Three men, two hundred horses.
 I could do no less, than send express,
 (For vict'ry always pleases)
 I've tak'n a town—it's all my own,
 'The French call it—Landrecies.”

— And then this law, &c.

In vain the lion boast his strength,
 That none's so strong as he, sir,
 For now, behold ! reverse of fate !
 Down on his bended knee, sir.
 Thus fares it with those tyrant souls,
 Who th' rights of man oppose, sir,
 While 'gallic cock pick'd out his eyes,
 The snapper pin'd his nose, sir,

And this the law, &c.

Prophets of old, have long foretold,
 And also revelation,
 Most clear point out, beyond a doubt,
 The downfall of 'British nation.
 For their Alpha and Omega,
 Will sure come to an end soon,
 Give 'em a kick, and tell old Nick,
 “ Take crazy George”—his grand son.

CHORUS.

And this the law of seventy-six,
 We swear each to maintain, sir !
 No such vile things, as lords or kings,
 Shall in America reign, sir.

BATTLE OF THE KEGS.



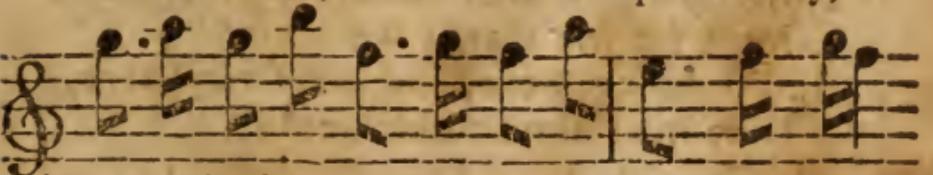
Galants attend, and hear a friend, Trill



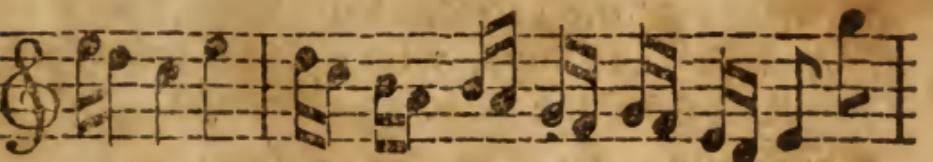
forth harmonious ditty, Strange things I'll tell,



which late befel, In Phi-la-del-phia city,



'Twas early day, as poets say, Just as the sun



was rising, A soldier stood on a log of wood, And



saw a sight sur-pris-ing.

As in amaze, he stood to gaze,

The truth can't be denied, sir,

He spy'd a score of kegs—or more,

Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too, in jerkin blue,
 The strange appearance viewing,
 First rubb'd his eyes, in great surprise,
 Then said—some mischief's brewing.

These kegs now hold the rebels bold,
 Pack'd up like pickled herring :
 And they're come down t' 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 some ran there,
 Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cry'd, which some deny'd,
 But said the earth had quaked :
 And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
 Ran thro' the streets half naked.

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

Now in a fright, he starts upright,
 Awak'd by such a clatter :
 He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
 ' For God's sake, what's the matter ?'

* Sir William Howe,

At his bed side he then espy'd
 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 on float,
 And rang'd before the city.

The motly crew, in vessels new,
 With Satan for their guide, sir,
 Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
 Come driving down the tide, sir.

Therefore prepare for bloody war ;
 These kegs must all be routed :
 Or surely we despis'd shall be ;
 And British courage doubted.

The royal band now ready stand,
 All rang'd in dread array, sir,
 With stomach stout, to see it out,
 And make a bloody day, 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† vales, the rebel dales,
 With rebel trees surrounded,
 The rebel woods, and hills and floods,
 With rebel echoes sounded.

* Sir William Erskine.

† The British officers were so fond of the word rebel,
 that they often applied it most absurdly.

The fish below, swam to and fro,
 Attack'd from ev'ry quarter ;
 Why sure, thought they, the de'il's to pay
 'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, thro' strongly made,
 Or rebel staves and hoops, sir,
 Could not oppose their pow'rful foes,
 The conqu'ring British troops, sir.

From morn to night, these men of might
 Display'd amazing courage ;
 And when the sun was fairly down,
 Retir'd to sup their porridge.

An hundred men, with each a pen,
 Or more, upon my word, sir,
 It is most true, would be to few,
 Their valour to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day
 Upon these wicked kegs, sir,
 That years to come, if they get home,
 They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

NIGHT, blessed night, had gently spread,
 Her curtain round the soldier's head ;
 When as pale Hecate's hour begun,
 Appear'd the form of Washington.

I saw Columbia's Saviour rise,
 And mark'd the fury in his eyes :
 I saw him wield a gleaming sword,
 And heard with joy the hero's word.

Soldier be firm, intrepid, brave,
 And men'ry shall your deeds engrave ;
 Your cause is just, the just must sway,
 This says the KING, whom I obey.

Where loudest wars the thunders sound,
 Where greatest shakes the bloody ground,
 Where execution most is done,
 Will be, your former champion.

Soldiers, be resolute in heart,
 Freedom and thee shall never part ;
 Unsheathed let your sword remain
 To cut away your country's stain.

The sudden voice of buglehorn,
 Now introduc'd the blazing morn :
 But still the hero is with me,
 America and Liberty.

YANKEE TARS.

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 stranger
 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.

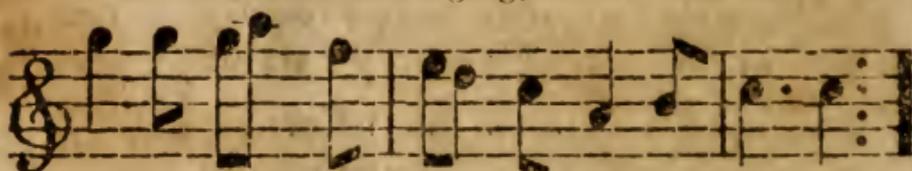
AMERICA, COMMERCE, AND FREEDOM.



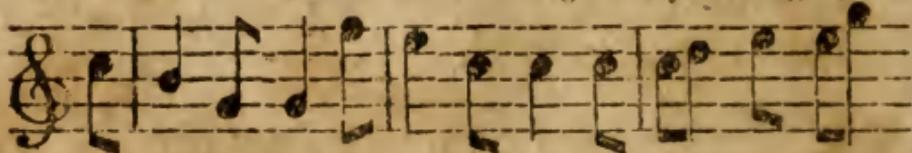
How blest the life a sailor leads, From



clime to clime still ranging, For as the calm the



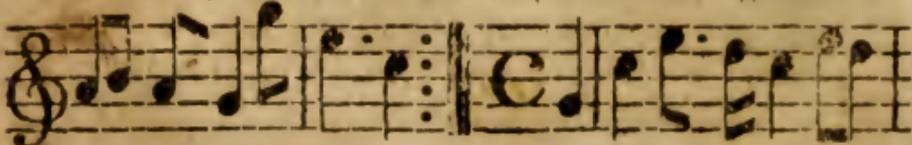
storm succeeds, The scene delights by changing.



Tho' tempests howl across the main, Some objects still



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 if landsmen look pale never



heed 'em, But toss off a glass to each favourite lass, To



Amer - i - ca, Commerce, and Freedom, To A-



mer - i - ca, Commerce, and Freedom.

But when arriv'd in sight of land,
 Or safe in port rejoicing,
 Our ship we moor, or sails we hand,
 Whilst out the 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 toss 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 it's 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.

How blest the Life a Soldier leads.

Tune—America, Commerce, and Freedom.

HOW blest the life a soldier leads,
 From town to country ranging,
 For as the halt the march succeeds,
 Our toil delights by changing.
 Tho' cannons roar along the field,
 And comrades bleed beside us,
 Our hearts are like our bayonets steel'd,
 These dangers never fright us.
 Should fresh troubles come, we'll take sword
 and gun,
 If the enemy attack, we'll not heed 'em.
 But prime, load, and fire, and charge as they
 come nigher,
 'Twas the way our brother soldiers gain'd
 their freedom.
 Our country's call we will obey,
 'Tis what we take delight in ;

Altho' we're snug at home to-day,
 To-morrow we may be fighting.
 Should foreign troops invade our lands,
 We'll welcome them on shore, sir ;
 Republicans they can't withstand ;
 They well knew this before, sir.

The drum beats alarm, we appear with our arms,
 Tho' the enemy advance we'll not heed 'em ;
 We'll march till we meet, we will make them
 retreat,
 'Tis the way that we'll support the cause of
 freedom.

Returning home with cheerful hearts,
 Our friends delighted greet us ;
 Presenting us with flowing bowls,
 The pretty lasses meet us ;
 Their smiles, my lads, drive off dull care,
 And banish every sorrow ;
 We'll drink, and dance, and laugh, and sing,
 And take our rest to-morrow.

Then drink round, my boys, 'tis the first of our
 joys,
 May we have our arms and courage when we
 need 'em,
 To prime, load, and fire—so we'll raise our
 fame still higher,
 And support the constitution and our freedom.

To the Volunteers of the United States.

BRAVE Sons of Freedom ! go,
 Maintain Columbia's cause,
 Drive hence the daring foe,
 And bid him fear our laws.

'Tis Liberty that fires
 The spirits of the brave,
 Her breath each soul inspires,
 And bids it dare the grave.

When Albion's fetter'd host,
 Invites the battle's rage,
 Each free man at his post,
 Shall arm to arm engage.

And while the storm beats high,
 Columbia's sons advance,
 Nor fear like men to die,
 Or share victorious chance.

The rage of war grows hot,
 The falling victims die,
 But glory marks the spot
 Where brave Columbians lie.

The storm is black with death,
 The vivid lightnings blaze ;
 But still, the scepter'd wreath,
 Thy arm, O Freedom ! sways.

Columbia's sons shall rise,
 And crush the tyrant low ;
 For if they frown, he dies,
 And meets his overthrow.

Sweet Freedom ! thou hast charms,
 To break oppression's chain ;
 Within thy fost'ring arms,
 Embrace this vast domain.

Then civil discord hence,
 And daring foes, away ;

Blest Freedom's our defence,
The Sun that lights our day.

Hail Union! hail our Rights!
Hail Peace or honest war
Hail most the man who fights
In fame, he shines, a Star.

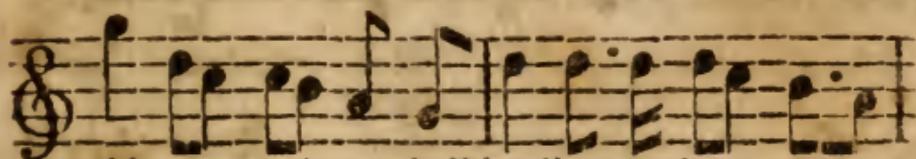
The Freeman quits his cot,
And all domestic joys;
He hails the Soldier's lot,
And angry battle's noise.

Sweet music to his ears,
When Liberty's the prize,
Sweet solace to his fears,
He conquers, or he dies.

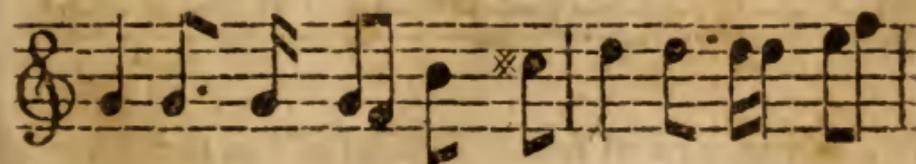
TARS OF COLUMBIA.



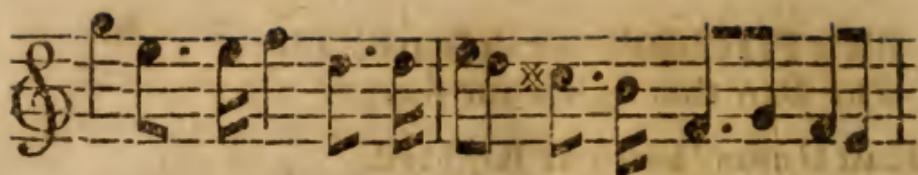
Ye tars of Columbia, the trumpet of fame, Thro' the



world your actions shall loudly proclaim, See



Liberty's genius in triumph arise, Re-



recording your deeds as she mounts thro' the skies, Re-



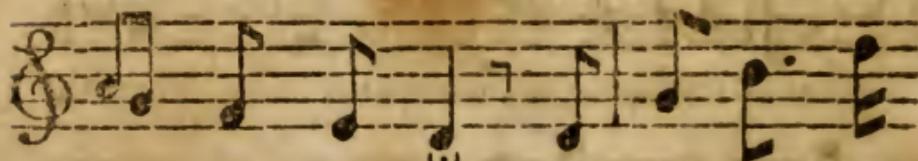
recording your deeds as she mounts thro' the skies



Whilst at the hostile shore, where thund'ring cannons



roar, The note of each brave tar, each



brave tar shall be, Not tribute but



glo - ry, we'll die or be free.

The brave sons of freedom who fell in the cause,
Supporting our rights, Independence and laws ;

As the actions of heroes, by history are grac'd,
 First shall Somers, Decatur, and Wadsworth be
 plac'd.

Whilst at the, &c.

See Preble exalted, a monument stand!
 Surrounded by heroes, who under his command,
 On Tripoli's tyrant their vengeance have hurl'd,
 And the deeds of Columbians resound thro' the
 world.

Whilst at the, &c.

May Washington's genius our country defend,
 And that charter maintain which freedom has
 penn'd ;

But should tyranny dare our rights to invade—
 By our tars shall the daring attempt be repaid.

Whilst at the, &c.

AMERICAN SAILORS CONQUERORS.

COME, come, my lads, the glasses raise ;

Let's drink to gallant Hull, Sir,

For well our Constitution he

Sustain'd against John Bull, Sir.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

Where's now the Guerriere ? Deep she sinks

Beneath old Neptune's Acres ;

Hull, Hull's the Lad, will make them glad

To bear away with Dacres.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

Our good Live Oak, 'gainst British Oak

On Ocean shall maintain, Sir,

With Yankee balls, and hearts of Oak

Its claims to Ocean, vain, Sir.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

Next on the list, let Jones be prest,
 Whose gallant little Wasp, Sir,
 With Sting in tail, the Frolic frail,
 In close embrace does clasp, Sir.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

But force superior renders vain
 His noble deeds at sea, Sir,
 Poictiers, the boast of Britain's host,
 Re vanquishes his prey, Sir.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

Thus at the pass of Thermopyle
 Leonidas opposes
 His country's foes ; yet conquer'd, lost
 No honour, Sir, nor roses.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

Decatur, now, with manly brow
 United States, commanded :
 The Macedonian phalanx, laid
 Full low, his prize demanded.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

Brave Chauncey, let us not forget
 Upon the Lake Ontary,
 For Royal George and Regent Prince,
 He, to our ports, will carry.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

And all our Tars, in hottest wars
 With Britain's sons will strive, Sir :
 And like Van Tromp—o'er sea will romp ;
 And them from ocean drive, Sir.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

In bumper toast, our noble host,
 Together let us drink, Sir :
 Our officers and eke their crews
 From danger ne'er shall shrink, Sir,
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

Columbia, hail ! To weep and wail
 Thy lot, shall never be, Sir,
 Thy Stripes and Stars, our jolly Tars
 Shall keep from danger free, Sir,
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

THE TRIPLE VICTORY.

NO more of such blathering nonsense,
 'Bout the Nelsons of old Johnny Bull ;
 I'll sing you a song, 'pon my conscience,
 'Bout Jones and Decatur and Hull !
 Dad Neptune, has long, with vexation,
 Beheld with what insolent pride,
 The turbulent, billow-wash'd Nation,
 Has aim'd to control his salt tide.

CHORUS.

Sing lather away jonteel and aisy ;
 By my soul, at the game Hob-a-Nob,
 In a very few minutes we'll please ye,
 Because we do work by the job.

There was Dacres at vaunting and boasting,
 His equal you'll seldom come near !
 But Hull, betwixt Sinking and Roasting,
 Despatch'd his proud frigate Guerriere !
 Such treatment to him was a wonder,
 Which serv'd his proud spirit to choke,

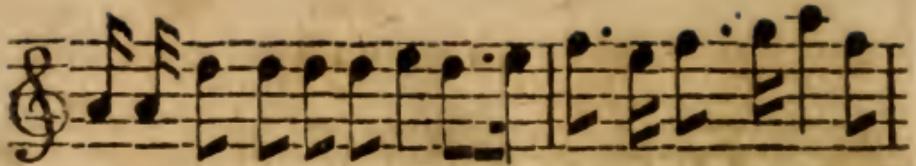
And when to the bottom our thunder
 Had sent her, we laugh'd at the joke.
 Sing lather away jonteel and aisy ;
 For Hull, at the game Hob-a-Nob,
 Is the boy that will surely amaze ye,
 So well he can work by the job.

T'other day worse than gout, fit or cholic,
 The Wasp, with brave 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.

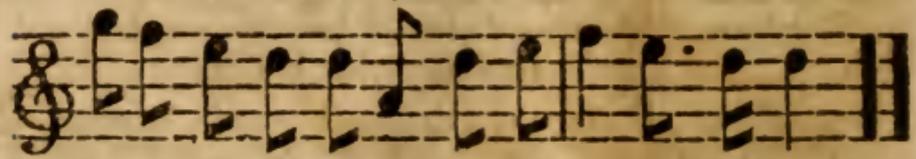
Sing lather away jonteel and aisy,
 For Jones, at the game Hob-a-Nob,
 Is the boy that will quickly amaze ye,
 Because he takes work by the job.

Now to augment our brave little navy,
 And add to the pride of each state,
 Decatur, without fat or gravy,
 Has dress'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.

Sing lather away jonteel and aisy,
 Decatur to play Hob-a-Nob,
 Will in seventeen minutes amaze ye,
 Huzza ! 'twas a quick finish'd job.



And our fame at Tripoli recorded still shall be, And



Decatur, brave Decatur's name remembered be with joy.



Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! boys,



Mars guards for us, what we did independent gain, Huz-



za! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! boys, Co-



lum - bia still unrestrained sails the main.

Haughty and proud the tawny sons of Tripoli,
Had long been a pest to our independent sail-
ing:

And vainly thought they to enslave were free,
While their flag wav'd unfurl'd o'er the main,

But Decatur soon taught them, 'midst all their
peals of thunder,
To Columbia's flag, 'twas their wisdom to sur-
render ;

And their frigate in a flame, gave a glory to
his name,

And their frigate in a flame, gave a glory to
his name,

And laurels grac'd the bosoms of Columbia's fair.
Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! &c.

In Congress with joy, met the guardians of our
rights,

Determin'd to give to merit its renown :

And surrounded the brows which the hardy tar
requisites

With a fair wreath and a fam'd laurel crown—

And the loud trump of Fame o'er earth and
ocean sounding,

With Barron, Preble, Talbot, and Decatur's
name resounding ;

And our fame at Tripoli, recorded still shall
be,

And our fame at Tripoli, recorded still shall
be,

And freedom's loving choir sing the glories of
that day.

Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! &c.

Arise ! arise ! you sprightly sons of mirth,

Receive your protectors with open arms re-
turning :

And view the spoils they with their blood have
bought :

Columbia's flag high waving in the air.

And the American seaman henceforward shall
be penn'd,

A terror to his foe and an honour to his friend;
From the scourge of Tripoli, our children shall
be free,

From the scourge of Tripoli, our children shall
be free,

And millions yet unborn shall rejoice in our
fame.

Huzza ! huzza ! huzza, &c.

DECATUR'S VICTORY.

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 arriv'd, free from terms,
or condition :

Repair to the sea ;

You conqu'ers shall be ;

And proclaim to the world, that Columbia is free !

Beside 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 ever-
more ;

That Decatur old Neptune's proud Trident shall
bear,

And the laurels of Vict'ry triumphantly wear !

The Naiads, in chariots of coral so bright,
Skim'd swiftly the wide liquid plain, quite en-
chanted :

Soon the proud Macedonian gladden'd their sight,
And Decatur advancing, with courage undaunt-
ed !

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 ap-
plause !

Dame Amphitrite flew to the Archives above,
'To see the great mandate of Neptune recorded,
When tracing the records of Libyan 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 raptures she cries, here Decatur I'll place,

On the page, which the deeds of brave Wash-
ington grace !

Now charge all your glasses with sparkling wine,
And toast our brave tars, that so bravely defend
us ;

While our Naval Commanders so nobly com-
bine,

We defy all the ills haughty foes e'er can send
us !

While our goblets do flow ;

The praises we owe,

To Valour and Skill, we will gladly bestow,

And may grateful the sons of Columbia be !

To Decatur, whom Neptune crowns Lord of
the sea !

FREEDOM AND PEACE.



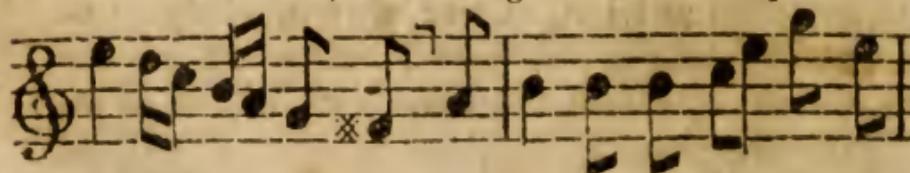
While Europe's mad Pow'rs o'er the ocean are



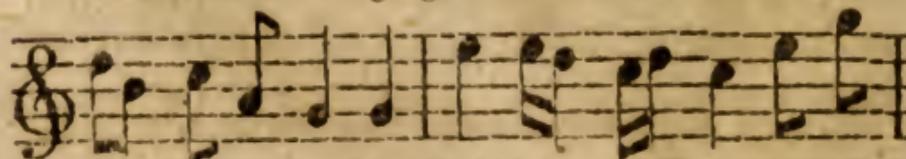
ranging, Regardless of right, with their



bloodhounds of war, Their kingdoms, their empires dis-



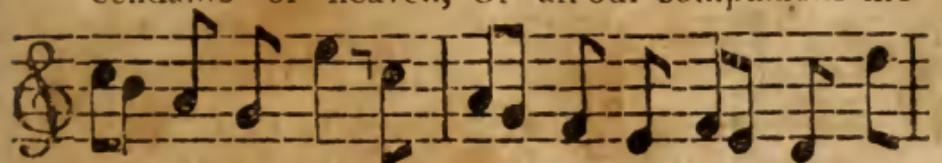
tracted and changing, Their murders and ruins re-



sounding afar : Lo ! Freedom and Peace, fair des'



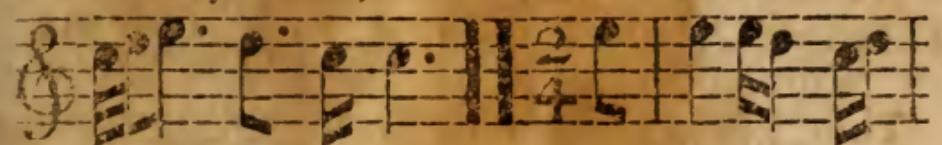
cendants of heaven, Of all our companions the



noblest and best, From dark eastern nations by



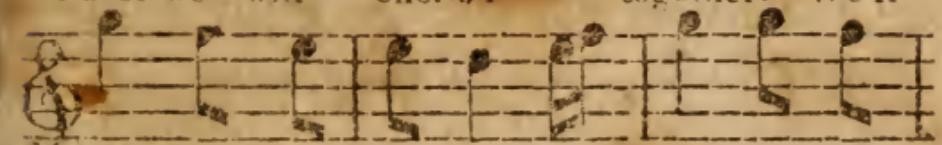
anarchy driven, Have found a retreat in the



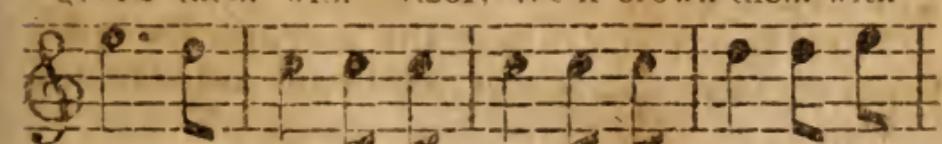
climes of the West. Then Freedom and



Peace we will cherish together. We'll



guard them with valor, We'll crown them with



art; Nor ever resign up the one or the



other, For all that Ambition's proud



Here dwell the blest cherubs, so dear to our wishes !

Here thron'd in our hearts they inspire all our schemes ;

They sport round each cottage, with smiles and with blisses,

They glide through our streets—they sail down our streams ;

The shades of our heroes immortal, delighted, Look down from the radiant mansions of day :

“ Be firm !” they exclaim, “ Be for ever united,

“ And nations may threaten, but cannot dismay.”

For Freedom and Peace, &c

The demons of Discord are roaming the ocean,

Their insult and rapine and murder are law !

From scenes so atrocious, of blood and commotion,

It is great—it is godlike awhile to withdraw !

Perhaps when the hand that has fed, is suspended—

When Famine's pale spectres their steps overtake,

The firm voice of Truth, at last, be attended,
 And Justice and Reason once more re-awake.
 But Freedom and Peace.

Away ! with the vultures of War and Ambition,
 Who headlong to rearing of navies would run,
 Those cancers of nations—those pits of perdi-
 tion—

Where Britain and France will alike be un-
 done :

Far nobler the arts of our country to nourish,
 Its true independence and pow'rs to increase,
 And while our resources of industry flourish,
 To hail the glad blessings of Freedom and
 Peace.

Then Freedom and Peace, &c.

The storm we defy—it may roar at a distance,
 Unmov'd and impregnable here we remain ;
 We ask not of Europe for gifts or assistance,
 But Justice, Good-Faith, and the Rights of
 the Main :

Should these be refus'd,—in ourselves we're a
 world :—

And those who may dare its domains to in-
 vade,

To death and destruction at once shall be hurl'd,
 For Freedom hath sworn it, and shall be
 obey'd !

Then Freedom and Peace. &c.

We want neither emperor, king, prince, nor
 marshal,
 Navies to plunder, nor Indies to fleece ;

Our honest Decrees are, "To all be impartial,"

Our Orders of Council, still "Freedom and Peace ;"

But Commerce, assail'd by each vile depredator,

Our country has will'd for a while to restrain;
And infamy light on the head of the traitor

Who tramples her laws for base lucre and gain.

Then Freedom and Peace, &c.

Look round on your country, Columbians, undaunted,

From Georgia to Maine—from the Lakes to the Sea :

Is one human blessing or luxury wanted

That flows not amongst us unmeasur'd and free ?

Our harvests sustain half the wide eastern world,

Our mines and our forests exhaustless remain;

What sails on our great Fishing-Banks are unfurl'd !

What shoals fill our streams from the depths of the main !

Then Freedom and Peace, &c.

The fruits of our country, our flocks and our fleeces,

The treasures immers'd in our mountains that lie,

While discord is tearing old Europe to pieces,

Shall amply the wants of our people supply :

New Roads and Canals on their bosoms conveying

Refinement and wealth, thro' our forests shall
roam :

And millions of Freemen, with rapture survey-
ing,

Shall shout out, " O Liberty, this is thy
home !"

Then Freedom and Peace, &c.

Great shades of our fathers ! unconquer'd, vic-
torious !

To whom, under Heav'n, our Freedom we
owe,

Be witness, that Peace we revere still as glo-
rious—

For Peace ev'ry gain for a while we forego ;
But should the huge Son of Ambition and Plun-
der—

Should Ocean's proud scourges our Liberty
claim—

Your spirits shall ride in the roar of our thunder,
That sweeps to the gulph of perdition their
name.

For Freedom and Peace, &c.

Our strength and resources defy base aggression.

Our courage—our enterprize—both have
been try'd,

Our nation, unstain'd with the crimes of op-
pression,

Hath Heav'n's own thunderbolts all on our
side :

Then henceforth let Freeman and Freeman be
brother,

Our Peace and our Liberty both to assert :

Nor ever resign up the one nor the other
 For all that Ambition's proud pomp can impart.

CHORUS.

Then Freedom and Peace we will cherish together,

We'll guard them with valor—we'll crown them with art ;

Nor ever resign up the one or the other
 For all that Ambition's proud pomp can impart.

DECATUR AND THE NAVY.

LET glory proclaim to the hills of the west,
 The triumphs of freedom afar ;

Our song be Decatur and Liberty blest,
 Huzza to the brave, and the war.

The gallant commander and all his brave band,
 Rejoice at the sight of the foe ;

Three cheers give the signal ; each heart and
 each hand,

Conspires to strike the firm blow.

Then, furious, the cannons' fierce thunderings
 roar,

Death speedily follows the blaze,

The dead and the dying be cover'd with gore,
 While Freedom the contest surveys.

Sweet Goddess ! that guides us to glory and
 fame,

And rides in the terrible blast,

Now give to Decatur a glorious name,
That long as his country shall last.

The fierce Macedonian soon yields to the foe,
She yields to the gallant and brave ;
Success to our sailors wherever they go,
And in death, sweet peace to their grave.

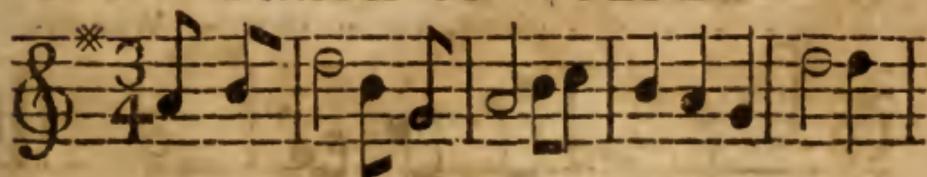
Huzza to the brave that triumphantly ride,
And traverse the boisterous sea,
Columbia's glory, her honour and pride,
And freedom's fair bulwark shall be.

Our brave, gallant Navy shall sooner or later,
The ocean, victorious, plough,
And liberty, conquest, with noble Decatur,
Shall make the proud Albion bow.

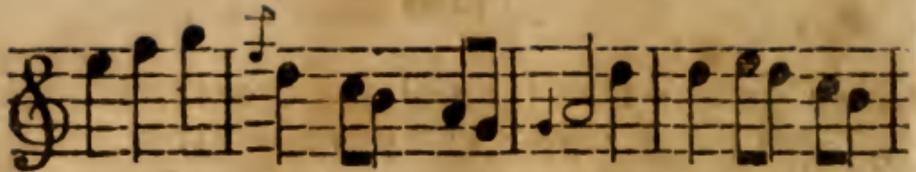
The Tars of Columbia were born to be brave,
Their birthright is Liberty blest ;
To shield it from insult, from ruin to save ;
Shall long be the pride of each breast.

Then hail to our Navy, all hail in a bumper !
And Jones, and Decatur, and Hull,
May Rodgers soon meet the fierce roving
"Plumper,"
And drub his old friend Johnny Bull.

DEATH OF WOLFE.



In a mouldering cave, a wretched retreat, Bri-



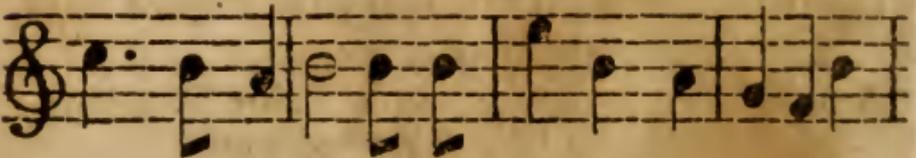
tannia sat wasted with care. She wept for her



Wolfe, then exclaimed against fate, And gave herself



up to despair. The walls of her cell, she had



sculptur'd around, With th' exploits of her favourite



son; Nay even the dust, as it lay on the



ground, was engrav'd with some deed he had



done, - - - - - Was en-



grav'd with some deed he had done.

The sire of the gods, from his crystalline
Beheld the disconsolate dame, [throne,
And mov'd with her tears, he sent Mercury
down,

And these were the tidings that came :
Britannia forbear, not a sigh nor a tear
For thy Wolfe, so deservedly lov'd ;
Thy grief shall be changed into tumults of joy :
For thy Wolfe is not dead, but remov'd.

The sons of the earth, the proud giants of old,
Have fled from their darksome abodes ;
And such is the news that in heav'n is told,
They are marching to war with the gods :
A council was held in the chamber of Jove,
And this was their final decree :
That Wolfe should be call'd to the army above,
And the charge was entrusted to me.

To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew :
Wolfe begg'd for a moment's delay :
He cry'd, O forbear, let me victory hear,
And then thy command I'll obey.
With a darkening film I encompass'd his eyes,
And bore him away in an urn ;
Lest the fondness he bore to his own native
shore,
Might tempt him again to return.

HULL, JONES, DECATUR AND BAINBRIDGE.

YOU good fellows all,
Who for converse and mirth here assemble to-
gether,
Or serious or gay, o'er your wine, punch,
or nappy,

So cheerful and happy—be it foul or fair weather,

We've a new theme for story—and national glory :

Not the glory that glistens round tyrants and thrones,

But the glory of Freemen—the valor of Seamen,

I mean brave Decatur, Hull, Bainbridge and Jones.

Come put round the pitcher,

Good liquor invites us—the occasion much more,

Once a month should a frigate—here bring us to swig it,

Our bumpers, like broadsides—we'll fire o'er and o'er,

In seventeen minutes, despatch all that's in it.

And like Hull and Decatur—make them alter their tones,

Or as Jones cured the cholic—in Johnny Bull's Frolic,

Or Bainbridge the Java gave to Old Davy Jones.

Once more let us charge—

May our arms, as at sea, be glorious on shore,

May men of merit command men of spirit,

Who by skill like our seamen our fame shall restore,

And whene'er we invade, may no gasconade,

Cause the foe's derision and our citizen's groans,

But disregarding all faction—seek to rival in action,

The glory of Decatur, Hull, Bainbridge and Jones.

DECATUR'S NAVAL VICTORY.

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, fol de rol,
 Cannon loud as thunder,
 From brave Decatur, Jones, and Hull,
 Makes Johnny Bull knock under.

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

Yankee doodle, &c.

The British thought we had no 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 peccavi,
 Or with our well aim'd yankee play
 Soon send them to old Davy.

CHORUS.

Yankee doodle, crack away,
 With cannon loud as thunder ;
 Our yankee boys will show them play,
 Till Johnny Bull knock under.

JONES'S VICTORY.

YE brave sons of freedom, whose bosoms
 beat high,
 For your country, with patriot pride and emo-
 tion,
 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 in-
 vaded.

Swift over the wave from the combat she
 flew,
 By a sting keen and terrible arm'd and defend-
 ed ;
 Her broad wings were white as the rough ocean
 spray,
 And sixteen long arms from her side she ex-
 tended.

The winds waft her gaily—but soon
 way,

The foe of her father for battle array'd him—
 From his forehead were waving the standard of
 Spain ;

But the proud step and stare of his nation be-
 trayed him.

Like the fierce bird of Jove, the Wasp darted
 forth,

And, be the tale told with amazement and won-
 der !

She hurl'd on the foe, from her flame-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 from her red mouth she
 threw,

And how from her broad 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 flew from his death-wound, aghast and
 affrighted ;

But the Wasp darted forward her death-doing
 sting,

And full on its bosom, like lightning, alighted.

She pierc'd through his entrails, she mad-
 den'd his brain,

And he writh'd and he groan'd as if torn with
 the cholic ;

No more shall John Bull rue the terrible day,
 For the American Wasp in a Frolic.

The tremors of death now invaded his limbs,
 And the streams of his life blood, his closing
 eyes drawn ;

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.

Now drink to Decatur, and Rodgers and Hull,
 And to ev'ry brave heart, to his country that's
 true ;

But never forget whilst the glass circles round,
 The fame of the Wasp, her Commander, and
 Crew.

THE PRAISE OF COLUMBIA.



To no monarch, no tyrant in robes we will



sing, The pension bought sounds from a heart of de-



ceit; Let Love give the harmony, Friendship the

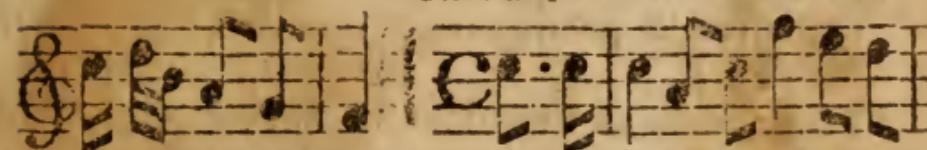


string, Bright Joy strike the chord, and the

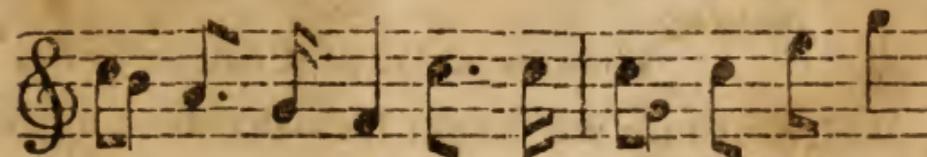


Muses repeat, Bright Joy strike the chord, and

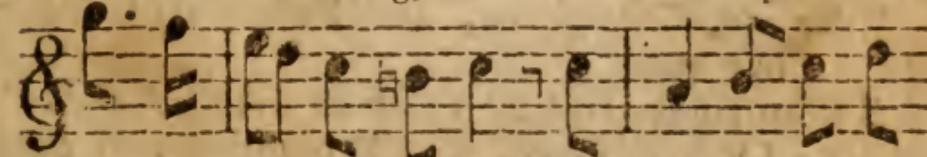
Chorus.



the Muses repeat. 'Tis the praise of Columbia a-



wakens the song, And the loud trump of Fame



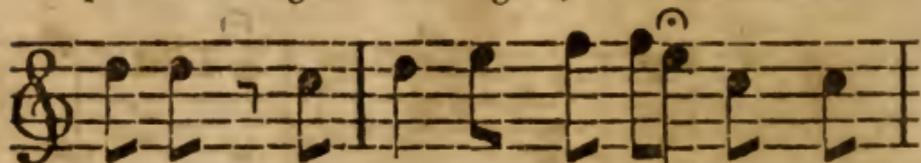
shall re-echo the strain. America's Free-



dom the theme shall prolong, And the world will re-



peat it again and again, America's



Freedom the theme shall prolong, And the



world will repeat it again and again.

For oppression no altar nor temple we raise,
Where the proud sons of indolent pow'r might
rest ;

'Tis goddess of Freedom we honour and praise,
Whose temple is found in each patriot's
breast.

Then in praise of Columbia, &c.

Independence we fought for—that blessing we
gain'd—

Trade, Commerce, and Plenty still add to
our store ;

These rights still by valor be ever retain'd,
And Peace, Love, and Friendship still dwell
on the shore.

Then in praise of Columbia, &c.

May the brave sons of Freedom still form a
proud band,

And e'er guard the shore where bright Lib-
erty reigns ;

May heav'n in unity link heart and hand,
 And smile on the host that no slavery stains.

CHORUS.

Then in Praise of Columbia awaken then song,
 And the loud trump of Fame shall echo the
 strain ;
 America's Freedom the theme shall prolong,
 And the world will repeat it again and again.

SONG.

A NEW way, in battle to give sailors spunk
 Ratty tatty, ratty tatty,
 Is to make the ship's crew about three parts
 drunk,
 Ratty tattoo tattoo.

The British commanders (there is not a doubt)
 This capital method must have found out,
 And now put in practice, to me doth seem clear,
 And if two or three minutes you will lend an
 ear,
 To what I am singing I'll make it appear,
 Ratty tatty tattoo.
 When Rodgers so wickedly, that time did pelt,
 Ratty tatty, ratty tatty,
 With unerring bullets, the ship Little Belt,
 Ratty tattoo tattoo.

The ships were so near, one could almost chuck
 A biscuit 'board either, yet scarce a ball struck,
 Th' American frigate, which does prove at once,

The British were drunk, and fir'd all by chance,
Men sober would ne'er have shot so much as-
kance,

Ratty tatty tattoo.

When Jones, in the Wasp, made the Frolic a
wreck,

Ratty tatty, ratty tatty,

And with dead and wounded so cover'd her deck,

Ratty tattoo tattoo.

The ships were so near, 'tis amazing how few
Were wounded and kill'd of the American crew;
A single back-woods man, behind a ship's mast,
In one third the time the engagement did last,
Could kill thrice the number; he'd pop them
so fast;

Ratty tatty tattoo.

Decatur's opponent did think (it seems plain)

Ratty tatty, ratty tatty,

The Yankees were all riflemen,

Ratty tattoo tattoo

So at a good distance he prudently thought
It best to engage, and keep at long shot;
Which is prov'd by the trifling effect of their
fire,

While more prudent conduct to them was so
dire,

Ratty tatty tattoo.

May always the British that fine plan pursue,

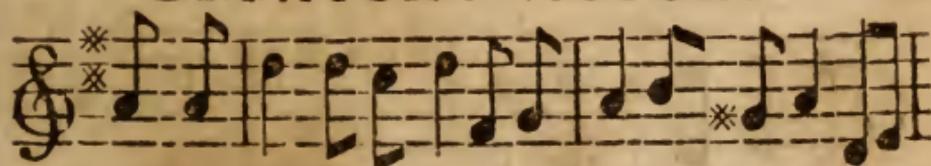
Ratty tatty, ratty tatty,

Our gun boats will all then find something to do,

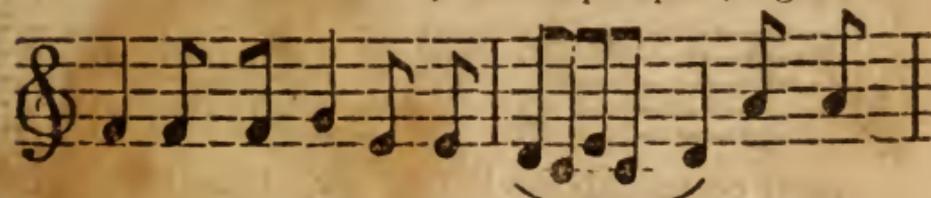
Ratty tattoo tattoo,

The men on the decks have nothing to fear,
 'Though greatly expos'd, they'll always be clear
 Of danger from gun-shot, this conclusion I draw
 From what Rodgers, Decatur, Hull and Jones
 felt and saw,
 For British Dutch courage then let us huzza.
 urrrrrrrrrratty tatty tattoo.

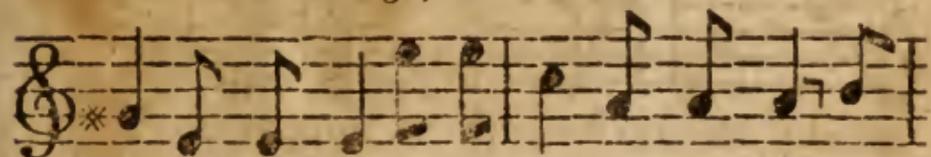
DECATUR'S VICTORY.



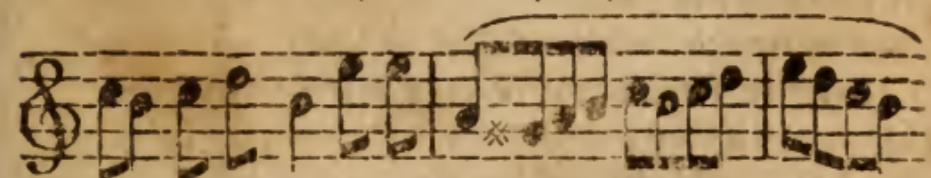
On a cruise we set sail, With a prosperous gale, Our



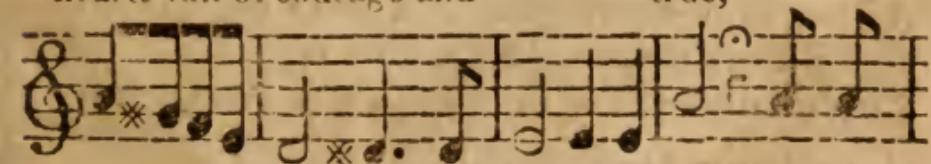
hearts full of courage, and true; On a



cruise we set sail, With a prosperous gale, Our



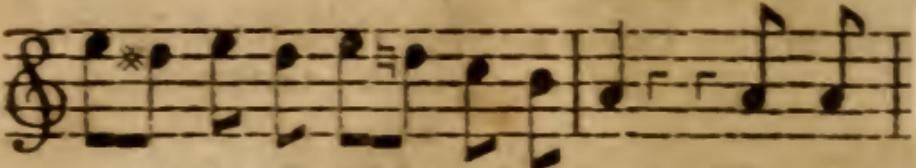
hearts full of courage and true,



Our hearts full of courage and true, To our



Frigate we drink, She will conquer or sink, While De-



ca - tur commands the brave crew, To our



Frigate we drink, She will conquer or sink, While De-



catur commands the brave crew, Huzza! Huz-



za! Huzza! for Deca - tur, Huz - za!

A sail heaves in sight,
 We prepare for the fight ;
 Clear the decks, my boys, is the cry !
 Hammocks up, chests below,
 And the netting we stow,
 All hands to their quarters quick fly.

Three cheers, three cheers,
 Three cheers, my brave boys, three cheers.
 Our cannon loud roar'd,
 Masts went by the board ;

While broadsides are pour'd in her lee,
 The Macedonian strikes,
 To American stripes ;
 And Decatur's triumphant at sea.
 At sea, at sea,
 And Decatur's triumphant at sea.

DECATUR'S VICTORY.

Tune—'Anacreon in Heaven.'

AS the pride of Decatur the brave,
 Triumphantly sail'd mid the sea's dread commo-
 tion :

As undaunted and bold still he plough'd the
 rough wave,
 That tempestuously roll'd o'er the dark troub-
 led ocean :

 And with our standard unfurl'd,
 He proclaim'd to the world,
 That despots and monarchs from their seats
 must be hurl'd
 For Columbia! Columbia! would ever be free.
 While Decatur and Hull protect her liberty!

When the bold Macedonian indignant appear'd,
 (The pride of Britannia, the boast of the na-
 tion,)

And the crew by the words of her Carden soon
 cheer'd,
 Were eager to deal' mid their foes devastation
 And then soon side by side,
 They exulting did ride,

When a shot from Decatur shew'd their power
we defied.

Shew'd Columbia ! Columbia ! would ever
be free,

While Decatur and Hull protect her Liberty !

Decatur now swell'd with the pride of his foe !

A broadside quick sends, which re-echoes
like thunder,

And plainly they feel th' inveterate blow,

For the flag of Britannia is now rent asunder.

And soon they strike to the brave,

And many a British slave,

Is cast in the deep, and swallow'd by the wave.

And Columbia ! Columbia ! will ever be free,

While Decatur and Hull protect her Liberty !

Oh ! then let the name of Decatur the brave,

With Chauncy, Hull and Jones, and bold

Bainbridge uniting ;

Resound to the skies, and be borne o'er the

wave,

As heroes, and men, in a glorious war de-

lighting.

Tho' with our standard unfurl'd,

Have proclaim'd to the world,

That despots and monarchs from their seats

must be hurl'd.

For Columbia ! Columbia ! would ever be free,

While Decatur and Hull protect her Liberty !

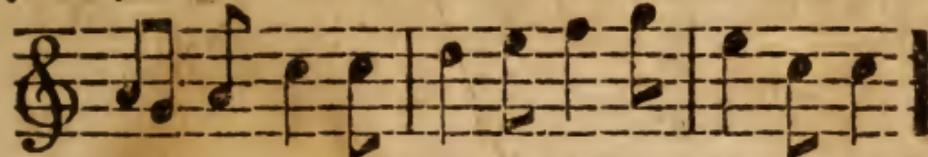
LAWRENCE'S TID-RE-I.



Come, all you boys, who Freedom prize, And



join my song in chorus, O! John Bull's found out, From



his last rout, When Yankees fight they'll conquer, O.



The Hornet's might, In glorious fight, We've



prov'd upon the Peacock, O! She



spread all sail, Then 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 these common plunderers the difference between the sons of Freedom, fighting for their country’s rights, and the base slaves of a cruel Tyrant.”—Then the crew, two by two, one after the other, gave nine cheers, and as if nothing at all ail’d them, they kept singing.



Tid re I, the Hornet, O! The Peacock met the



Hornet, O! And brushing her tail to spoil his



nest, The Hornet fought and lower’d her crest.

Now to’t we went,
 With firm intent,
 To do the job genteely, O;
 Her Union Jack,
 With great elact,
 They hoisted at their 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 made rattle, O.

We soon came up with her, and after a broad-side 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," we still kept playing them a bit of our

TID-RE-I, &c.

The Peacock game,
 We soon made tame,
 Each shot its object answered, O ;
 Bold captain Peake,
 In death does sleep,
 And thirty-six were wounded, O ;
 And our bold crew,
 Who are true blue,
 Now on her starboard rak'd her, O ;
 " Five minutes more,
 Her flag she'll low'r,"
 Exulting cried our captain, O.

At last down came the British flag, she fired a gun to the leeward, and at the same time hoisted her Jack (union down) as a signal of distress. This touch'd the heart of our brave captain, who ordered assistance to be given, and on boarding her, found she was as full of holes as a lime sieve, but in the act of helping our conquered foes, she filled, and down went

three of our bravest Tars, who notwithstanding kept singing

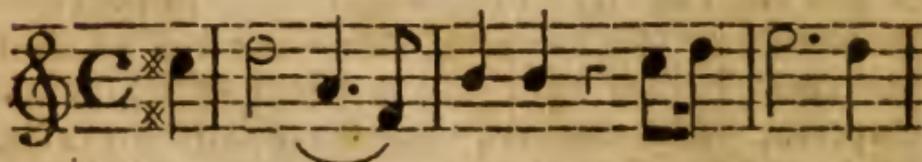
TID-RE-I, &c.

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 sails triumphant, O
 And when again,
 They plough the main,
 They'll ne'er disgrace their colours, O ;
 And Briton's 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 memory of those brave fellows, who have lost their lives for " Free 'Trade and Sailors' Rights;" and when we again receive sailing orders, we'll amuse John Bull with our

TID-RE-I, &c.

WHEN BRAZEN TRUMPETS.



When brazen trumpets, When brazen

THE PEACOCK AND HORNET.

Tune—"Old Granu Weal."

YE Demos attend, and ye Federalists too,
 I'll sing you a song that you all know is new,
 It is of a Hornet, true stuff I'll be bail,
 That tickled a Peacock, and lower'd his tail.

CHORUS.

Sing bubboroo dudderoo, Granu Weal,
 Our Hornets can tickle a British bird's tail.
 Their stings are all sharpen'd to pierce with-
 out fail,
 Success to our navy, says Granu Weal.

This Peacock was bred in the land of king
 George,
 His feathers were fine, and his tail very large,
 He spread both his wings, like a ship in full sail,
 And prided himself in the size of his tail.
 Sing bubboroo dudderoo, &c.

King George said, my bird, to America go,
 Each Hornet and Wasp is the British king's
 foe,
 Pick them up, my dear bird, spread your wings
 for the gale,
 But beware of the insects of Granu Weal.
 Sing bubboroo dudderoo, &c.

Away flew the bird at the word of command,
 His flight was directed to freedom's own land,
 But the Hornet discovered his wings like a sail,
 And quickly determin'd to tickle his tail.
 Sing bubboroo dudderoo, &c.

So to it they went with both beak and sting,
The Hornet still working keen under her
wing,

American insects, quoth she, I'll be bail,
Will ruffle your feathers, and lower your tail.
Sing bubboroo dudderoo, &c.

The Peacock now mortally, under the wing,
Did feel the full force of the Hornet's sharp
sting,
He flatter'd his crest with a wheu and a wail,
Sunk down 'fore the Hornet, and lower'd his
tail.

Sing bubboroo dudderoo, &c.

Success to brave Lawrence, who knows well
the nest,

Where Hornets and Wasps can with honor
still rest,

He'll send them with skill and with force I'll be
bail,

To humble king-birds, and to tickle their tail.
Sing bubboroo dudderoo, &c.

THE HORNET TRIUMPHANT.

Tune—Battle of the Nile.

REJOICE ! Rejoice ! Fredonia's sons, 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.

CHORUS.

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 pro-
 long.
 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 ! huzza ! &c.

Again ! again ! Columbia's flag again,
Triumphantly floats where Britannia's used
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 dy'd,

Its tyrant's fifth defeat in its bosom sought to
hide.

Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! &c.

Unite ! unite ! Columbia's sons, unite,

And hurl on aggressors the tempest they pro-
voke,

The fight is right, then raise your sabres bright,
And Britain soon shall tremble at the stroke.

The foe's on our coast ! put your mountain-oaks
in motion,

Fly to the main, for our wrongs were on the
ocean,

There, in a flood of fire,
Every tar shall breathe his ire,

His motto, while he fights,

Be " Free Trade, and Sailors' Rights,"

Till even handed Justice ev'ry injury requites.

Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! &c.

THE HORNET AND PEACOCK.

FILL high the sparkling bowl,

Exult, ye hearts of fire !

Columbia's flag unroll !

The deep-mouth'd trump inspire.

Columbia's wrongs have rous'd Columbia's
wrath,

Her hardy sons have issued forth,

To try in glorious fight their worth,

And vindicate the Seaman's right, thro' fire and
death.

Heard ye the cannon roar,

Tremendous o'er the main ?

Saw ye the floods of gore,

The sea's green wave distain'd

'Tis Britain's and Columbia's fight, which roars !

In dreadful shock our seamen close,

But British blood profusely flows,

While thro' the British ship the "avenging
tempest" pours.

'Tis Lawrence strikes the blow

Joy on the hero's soul ;

Lo ! on the hateful foe

The sailors' vengeance roll.

She reels ; her tall masts crack, thunder down ;

As on the blood-stain'd gunner's deck,

All despair, affright and wreck,

Now Peake to Lawrence yields Britannia's na-
val crown.

As when two thunder clouds engage,

And the fierce lightnings fly ;

As when contending tempests rage,
 Black'ning with storms the sky ;
 The Hornet so, and so the Peacock met—
 'Tis Lawrence now conducts to fame ;
 Exulting seamen praise his name,
 For Britain's flag descends—once more her star
 is set.

Brazil ! thy distant shore
 Witness'd Columbia's might,
 When England's haughty power
 Was quell'd in equal fight.
 'Twas justice nerv'd the blow which valour
 gave,
 The mighty God who rules the world,
 Approv'd, and saw confusion hurl'd
 On ocean's boasted lord, who dooms the seaman
 ' slave.'

THE HORNET.

ALL hail, Columbia's sons ! once more,
 Their glory beams o'er ocean bright ;
 All welcome to their native shore,
 Triumphant from the bloody fight.

CHORUS.

Columbia's sons shall ever be,
 The guardians of true Liberty.
 The gallant Lawrence stemm'd the sea,
 Nor fear'd to meet the haughty foe ;
 His flag, the flag of Liberty,
 Flow'd in the breeze and still shall flow
 Columbia's sons, &c.

A bird of Albion's daring race,
 Fast mov'd along on airy wing,
 The Hornet too with naval grace,
 Prepar'd to dart its warmest sting.
 Columbia's sons, &c.

The rage of battle warmer grew,
 Death reign'd with haughty triumph there,
 The thund'ring broadsides faster flew,
 Whistling along the floating air.
 Columbia's sons, &c.

But lo ! she strikes ; the Peacock's crest,
 Fast sinks to ocean's coral bed ;
 Down, down she goes ; there let her rest,
 And peace attend her sleeping dead.
 Columbia's sons, &c.

High in the glowing scrol of fame,
 In dazzling tints, this deed shall shine
 And there, brave Lawrence, shall thy name
 Live in an everlasting shrine.
 Columbia's sons shall be,
 The guardians of true Liberty.

COLUMBIA TRIUMPHANT.

Tune,—Tars of Columbia.

O'ER Washington's turrets, exalted on high,
 The Genius of Freedom, dear child of the
 sky,
 At the call of her sons, from celestial abodes,
 Quick descended from Nestor, Ambrosial,
 and Gods.

CHORUS.

For she heard the voice of war, resounding
 wide and far,
 And thus ev'ry jolly tar had resolv'd to live
 free,
 And burst ev'ry chain of abhor'd tyranny.

O'er the ample expanse quickly glanced her eye'
 On the Land, on the Sea, on the clear azure
 Sky,
 When lo ! her own Navy hove clearly in view,
 Her Commodore's Captains and bold hearted
 Crew.

Each eager for the fight, to maintain a Sai-
 lor's Right,
 By Decatur, Hull and Jones led on to vic-
 tory :
 The voice of each heart, I will die or be
 free.

Brave Hull led the van, far abaft was pale fear,
 He soon clear'd the decks of the far fam'd
 Guerriere,
 Left neither mast nor spars, nor standard for the
 wars,
 And her flames glory gleam'd on Columbia's
 Stars.

Then shout a loud huzza, our tars give
 Cannon Law,
 They were not press'd aboard, but are wil-
 ling, brave and free,
 To conquer or die, for the sweets of Li-
 berty.

The fame of our Jones, shall through ages re-
 main,
 His Wasp pluck'd the laurels from Britain
 and Spain,
 Let them talk of their trophies from Gallia won,
 We will match't by the deeds of Columbia's
 Son.

And tell the British tars t'avoid Columbian
 wars,
 By Decatur, Hull and Jones, we're led to
 Victory.
 And the voice of each heart is I'll die or
 be free.

Decatur then rose on her extended view,
 The Hero of Tripoli quickly she knew,
 And with plaudits aloud hail'd her favorite Son,
 When he laid low the flag of the proud Ma-
 cedon.

Loud she heard the cannons roar, and re-
 echo from the shore,
 Britons boasting is no more, for the tars of
 Liberty
 Have rights, and will conquer, will die or
 be free.

Brave Stewart, Bainbridge, Porter with full
 sails come on
 In the glorious path, like our great Washing-
 ton,
 With heart, and with hand in support of our
 laws,
 To spend their best blood in Columbia's
 cause:

Loud hear our cannons roar and re-echo
 from the shore,
 Proud Britons boast no more, for the Tars
 of Liberty,
 Have rights and will conquer, will die or
 be free.

COLUMBIA'S BULWARK.

Tune—' *Hail Columbia.*'

HAIL ! ye heroes of the sea !
 Hail ! ye sons of Liberty !
 Supporters of Columbia's cause ;
 Supporters of Columbia's cause ;
 Who snatch'd the trident of the wave,
 And whirl'd it o'er the sailor's grave.
 Who with our ocean warriors fought,
 And freedom with our life's blood bought,
 Whose breasts their country's cause inspires,
 Whose bosoms Independence fires.

CHORUS.

Round the festive board now join,
 Taste with us the sparkling wine,
 Let each bumper bring to mind,
 Heroes to the grave resign'd.
 Hail ! brave Hull ! a country's boast ;
 The noblest guardian of our coast,
 Who first triumphant sail'd the deep ;
 Who first triumphant sail'd the deep ;
 And long proud Dacres will regret,
 The day when he the hero met
 But boldly fighting by his side
 In honour's lap a warrior died,

Whose loss we'll mourn, deplore his doom
Till death shall sweep us to the tomb.

Round the festive board now join,
Taste with us the sparkling wine,
Let each bumper bring to mind,
Bush into the grave resign'd.

Hail ! brave Jones ! a country's pride,
The second hero of the tide :

Whose Wasp's sharp sting soon mortal prov'd ;
Whose Wasp's sharp sting soon mortal prov'd,
Who like some wild and heedless rake,
A glorious Frolic chanc'd to take ;
And taught those boasters of the waves,
Columbia's sons wou'd ne'er be slaves ;
Receiv'd a country's warmest praise,
That deckt his brow with honour's lays.

Round the festive board now join,
Taste with us the sparkling wine,
Let each bumper bring to mind,
Heroes to the grave resign'd.

Hail ! Decatur ! freedom's child,
On whom kind fortune prosp'rous smil'd ;
Who's fame was stamp'd at Tripoli ;
Who's fame was stamp'd at Tripoli ;
And who triumphant to our shore,
The Macedonian boldly bore ;
But ah ! once more we weep and mourn,
For him who'll ne'er again return.
Who fought and died upon the wave,
And found at length a watery grave !

Round the festive board now join,
Taste with us the sparkling wine ;
Let each bumper bring to mind
Fury to the grave resign'd.

Hail ! noble *Liberty* bridge ! patriot hail !
Who wafted by the heav'nly gale,
Exulting plough'd the raging main ;
Exulting plough'd the raging main ;
And when the *Jacobin* descried,
Soon check'd her d *—* subdu'd her pride ;
But ah ! a hero *—* aton'd,
Who 'neath the fatal shot long groan'd,
'Till wafted to his native shore,
'Then sunk in death to rise no more.

Round the festive board now join,
Taste with us the sparkling wine ;
Let each bumper bring to mind,
Allwyn to the grave resign'd.

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

Tune—“ *The wandering sailor plows the main.* ”

YE honest tars of Yankee mould,
Whose gallant actions fame has told !
Permit a brother tar to greet,
The flag of our “ *Mosquitoe Fleet,* ”
Which you have taught to triumph o'er
The flag which rul'd the waves before !

Our Constitution first began
To assert the equal “ *rights of man,* ”
In that domain where Britain's pride
Those rights to other realms denied—

But Hull soon sent her Guerriere's bones
To seek a birth with "Davy Jones."

Our little Wasp on dauntless wing,
Had flown aboard to try her sting,
And being both alert and brave,
She took a Frolic on the wave ;
But this so far impair'd her might,
A stronger "Foeman" stopt her flight.

▲ happier victory the fates
Decrees for the United States--
Decatur, on that brilliant day,
Might "*veni, vidi, vici,*" say ;
For Britain's naval empire shook
When he the Macedonian took !

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

Our ships are staunch, our tars are brave
As ever dar'd affront the wave ;
We wish--when they abroad must roam--
To bear the peaceful olive home--
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 to fame--

“ From equal force he'll never fly,
 “ But conquer, or most nobly die !

AMERICA INDEPENDENT.

Tune—“ Yankee doodle.”

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

CHORUS.

With Yankee Doodle 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.
 With 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.
 With Yankee, &c.

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

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

But Hull that story did not like,
 So return'd them shots a few, sirs,
 Which caus'd the British flag to strike,
 To Yankee Doodle doo, sirs.
 With Yankee Doodle, &c.

Now next bold Jones the Frolic took,
 Upon the ocean too, sirs,
 O how the British ship she shook,
 To Yankee Doodle doo, sirs.
 With 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,
 How hard that Wasp did sting, sirs.
 With Yankee Doodle, &c.

Sure Whinyates thought our guns
 Could'nt take a Frolic too, sirs,
 But soon he struck his marrow bones,
 To Yankee Doodle doo, sirs.
 With Yankee Doodle, &c.

Tw'as next the Macedonian met,
 Brave commodore Decatur,
 A Yankee ship, cried he, I'll bet,
 Prepare, my boys, to take her.
 With 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.
 With Yankee Doodle, &c

COLUMBIA'S NAVAL ANNALS.

IN the tight Constitution, our hero departed,
 Who had learn'd how to fight or to fly ;
 His ship, she was staunch, and his crew honest
 hearted,
 All determin'd to conquer or die.

They met with a Warrior, by name and by na-
 ture,
 That had challeng'd the whole Yankee fleet,
 Our sailors, they stood, every man at his sta-
 tion,
 The Briton disdain'd to retreat.

In a broadside or two, not a mast was left
 standing,
 The deck it was cover'd with slain ;
 So Hull gave the Guerriere a good reprimand-
 ing
 For disturbing the rights of the main.

The tight little Wasp stung the foe in the tender,
 Though they thought to have captur'd a gem ;

For when her hot bullets had made them surrender,
 'Twas no longer a Frolic to them.

And Decatur, the Sailor's delight and his glory,
 Who once fought on the Barbary main ;

Determin'd to glitter for ever in story,
 Claims the merited laurels again.

He has done, what the boys of antiquity never
 Could do, or believ'd could be done ;

For the great Macedonian unconquered ever,
 His skill and his valour have won

Then drink to our Seamen, the pride of the nation,
 Whose valour's unequall'd in war ;

No stain shall e'er sally the proud reputation
 Of the gallant American Tar.

THE END.

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Those to which an asterisk (*) are affixed are set to music, or their tunes inserted to other songs in this same book.

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