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BOBOLINK MINSTREL:

OR,

REPUBLICAN SONGSTER

FOR

1860.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY,

Author of "Crayon Sketches," etc.

"Lincoln and Liberty!"

May every man who feels and thinks
The time of triumph is at hand,
Repeat the song of bobolinks,
Now ringing through our happy land:
"Now I'll drink-on—drink-on—drink-on
From soft-flower cups filled with dew;
Cousin Lincoln—Lincoln—Lincoln.
Here are my best respects to you."

NEW YORK:

O. HUTCHINSON, PUBLISHER,

272 GREENWICH STREET.

1860.

DAVIES & KENT, Printers.

118 Nassau Street, N. Y.

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1860.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by

GEORGE W. BUNGAY,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for
the Southern District of New York.

DAVIES & KENT,
STREOTYPERS AND ELECTROTYPERS,
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CONTENTS.



PAGE

The Republican Platform.....	5
The Lincoln Flag	9
Strike for the Right.....	10
Hurrah Chorus.....	11
Hurrah for Abe Lincoln.....	12
A Suit of Lincoln Green.....	14
The People's Nominee.....	15
Flag of the Brave	17
Come On!.....	18
Abe of Illinois.....	19
Our Country's Call.....	20
The Grand Rally	21
Up, again for the Conflict.....	22
For Freedom and Reform	24
Freedom's Battle Call.....	25
Campaign Song.....	26
Ridden by the Slave Power.....	27
I Spurn the Bribe.....	29
Brave Old Abe.....	30
Jordan.....	32
Seventy-Six	33
The Present Crisis	34
Honest Abe of the West.....	35
On to Victory.....	36
Song of Freedom.....	37
National Cement	38
Poor Little Doug.....	41
The Bay State Hurrah.....	42
The Bobolink's Campaign Song.....	43
The Cause of Liberty.....	45
Lincoln, the Pride of the Nation.....	46
Rallying Song.....	47
The Flag of the Free.....	48

	PAGE
The Fate of a Fowler.....	49
Rallying Song of Rocky Mountain Club.....	51
Up for the Conflict.....	52
Have You Heard the Loud Alarm?.....	53
Forward, the Ninth!	55
The March of the Free.....	57
Our Flag is There	58
Lincoln and Victory.....	59
The Fugitives	61
We'll Send Buchanan Home.....	62
Rallying Song.....	64
Lincoln	65
Song.....	66
Campaign Song	68
Freemen, Banish All Your Fears	69
"Wide-Awake Club" Song	70
Lincoln and Liberty	71
New Nursery Ballads.....	72

THE

REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

Resolved, That we, the delegated representatives of the Republican electors of the United States, in convention assembled, in the discharge of the duty we owe to our constituents and our country, unite in the following declarations :

First—That the history of the nation, during the last four years, has fully established the propriety and necessity of the organization and perpetuation of the Republican party, and that the causes which called it into existence are permanent in their nature, and now, more than ever before, demand its peaceful and constitutional triumph.

Second—That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence, and embodied in our federal Constitution, is essential to the preservation of our Republican institutions, and that the federal Constitution, the rights of the States, and the Union of the States must and shall be preserved.

Third—That to the Union of the States this nation owes its unprecedented increase in population ; its surprising development of material resources ; its rapid augmentation of wealth ; its happiness at home and its honor abroad, and we hold in abhorrence all schemes for disunion, come from whatever source they may ; and we congratulate the country that no Republican member of Congress has uttered or countenanced a threat of disunion, so often made by Democratic members of Congress, without rebuke and with applause from their political associates ; and we denounce those threats of disunion, in case of a popular overthrow of their ascendancy, as denying the vital principles of a free government, and as an avowal of contemplated treason,

which it is the imperative duty of an indignant people strongly to rebuke and forever silence.

Fourth—That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions, according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political faith depend, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of any state or territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes.

Fifth—That the present Democratic administration has far exceeded our worst apprehensions, in its measureless subserviency to the exactions of a sectional interest, as is especially evident in its desperate exertions to force the infamous Lecompton Constitution upon the protesting people of Kansas—in construing the personal relation between master and servant, to involve an unqualified property in persons—in its attempted enforcement everywhere, on land and sea, through the intervention of Congress and the federal courts, of the extreme pretensions of a purely local interest, and in its general and unvarying abuse of the power intrusted to it by a confiding people.

Sixth—That the people justly view with alarm the reckless extravagance which pervades every department of the federal government; that a return to rigid economy and accountability is indispensable to arrest the system of plunder of the public treasury by favored partisans; while the recent startling developments of fraud and corruption at the federal metropolis show that an entire change of administration is imperatively demanded.

Seventh—That the new dogma that the constitution of its own force carries slavery into any or all the territories of the United States, is a dangerous political heresy, at variance with the explicit provisions of that instrument itself, with contemporaneous exposition, and with legislative and judicial precedent, is revolutionary in its tendency, and subversive of the peace and harmony of the country.

Eighth—That the normal condition of all the territory of the United States is that of freedom; that as our republican fathers, when they had abolished slavery in all our national territory, ordained that no person should be de-

prived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, it becomes our duty, by legislation, whenever legislation is necessary, to maintain this provision of the constitution against all attempts to violate it; and we deny the authority of Congress, of a territorial legislature, or of any individuals, to give legal existence to slavery in any territory of the United States.

Ninth—That we brand the recent reopening of the African slave trade, under the cover of our national flag, aided by perversions of judicial power, as a crime against humanity, a burning shame to our country and age, and we call upon Congress to take prompt and efficient measures for the total and final suppression of that execrable traffic.

Tenth—That in the recent vetoes by their federal governors of the acts of the Legislature of Kansas and Nebraska, prohibiting slavery in those territories, we find a practical illustration of the boasted Democratic principle of non-intervention and popular sovereignty, embodied in the Kansas and Nebraska bill, and a denunciation of the deception and fraud involved therein.

Eleventh—That Kansas should of right be immediately admitted as a State under the constitution recently formed and adopted by her people, and accepted by the House of Representatives.

Twelfth—That while providing revenue for the support of the general government, by duties upon imposts, sound policy requires such an adjustment of these imposts as to encourage the development of the industrial interest of the whole country, and we commend that policy of national exchanges which secures to the workingmen liberal wages, to agriculture remunerating prices, to mechanics and manufacturers an adequate reward for their skill, labor, and enterprise, and to the nation commercial prosperity and independence.

Thirteenth—That we protest against any sale or alienation to others of the public lands held by actual settlers, and against any view of the free homestead policy, which regards the settlers as paupers or supplicants for public bounty, and we demand the passage by Congress of the complete and satisfactory homestead measure, which has already passed the house.

Fourteenth—That the National Republican party is opposed to any change in our naturalization laws, or any State legislation by which the rights of citizenship, hitherto accorded to immigrants from foreign lands shall be abridged or impaired; and in favor of giving a full and efficient protection to the rights of all classes of citizens, whether native or naturalized, both at home or abroad.

Fifteenth—That appropriations by Congress for river and harbor improvements of a national character, required for the accommodation and security of an existing commerce, are authorized by the constitution, and justified by an obligation of the government to protect the lives and property of its citizens.

Sixteenth—That a railroad to the Pacific Ocean is imperatively demanded by the interests of the whole country; that the federal government ought to render immediate and efficient aid in its construction, and that, as preliminary thereto, a daily overland mail should be promptly established.

Seventeenth—Finally, having thus set forth our distinctive principles and views, we invite the co-operation of all citizens, however differing on other questions, who substantially agree with us in their affirmance and support.

105

THE

BOBOLINK MINSTREL.

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## THE LINCOLN FLAG.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

*Air*—"Yankee Doodle."

UNROLL the Lincoln flag, my boys,  
Where freemen's sons are speeding,  
And wave it while a rag, my boys,  
Remains where Freedom's bleeding.  
Our hearts are true as steel, my boys,  
And every man's a brother ;  
While we have hearts to feel, my boys,  
Our hands will help each other.

Up with the tapering mast, my boys,  
As high as Cheever's steeple ;  
Then make our banner fast, my boys,  
The standard of the people.  
Our hearts are true as steel, etc.

Free labor and free speech, my boys,  
And Lincoln for our leader,  
And a free press to teach, my boys,  
America, God speed her !  
Our hearts are true as steel, etc.

**STRIKE FOR THE RIGHT.**

ONCE more to the combat with rekindled zeal,  
Our flag to the breeze, and our hands to the steel !  
We strike for the right, and we ask no delay,  
We're ready and eager to rush to the fray.

Strike for the right, men, strike for the right !  
Close up your ranks, men, show them your might !  
Rulers may tremble, and power may quail ;  
We strike for the right, and the right shall prevail.

Our forests and lakes, from Wisconsin to Maine,  
Send out their brave sons to the conflict again ;  
While mountain and prairie with camp-fires aglow,  
Re-echo the war-cry and welcome the blow.

Strike for the right, etc.

The trumpets are sounding, the battle's begun,  
There's danger to face, and there's work to be done ;  
The timid and sluggard may shrink from the fray,  
The glory compensates our struggles to-day.

Strike for the right, etc.

Already their peril is felt by our foes,  
Already they falter and shrink from our blows  
The shout of our comrades rings thrilling and clear ;  
The victory's certain, the victory's near.

Strike for the right, etc.

A cheer for our leaders, the twin-hearted braves !  
A cheer for the banner that over us waves !  
With Lincoln and Hamlin we've nothing to fear ;  
The victory's certain, the victory's near.

Strike for the right, etc.

**HURRAH CHORUS.**

For Lincoln now we sing our lay,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
For he's the man, say what you may,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
Now Illinois has one great son,  
Who over the course swift will run.  
He is the man, an honest one,  
Oh, he's the man for me.

Old Abe can maul, or he can thrash,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
He'll give it to your Loco trash,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
Your two-faced man is naught to him,  
E'en now his prospects are all dim,  
Abe is the man, an honest man,  
He is the man for me.

Abe is not rich in worldly goods,  
Oh no, oh no, oh no !  
But in his thoughts, his works, his words,  
He's true, he's true, he's true.  
'Tis he who loves his wife and friends,  
And o'er his duty daily bends.  
He is the man, an honest man,  
He is the man for me.

Upon the Eagle he shall ride,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

And of our nation be the pride,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
 While Douglas shall remain below,  
 And his own horn still have to blow.  
 Abe is the man, an honest man,  
 He is the man for me.

---

## HURRAH FOR ABE LINCOLN!

*Tune—"Boatman Dance."*

HURRAH ! hurrah ! did you hear the news ?  
 The Democrats have got the blues ;  
 They're puzzled now, and all afraid,  
 Because we've nominated ABE.  
 Then shout, freemen, shout !  
 Shout, freemen, shout !  
     We'll all unite  
     And bravely fight  
 For the Star of Freedom's dawning.  
 Hi ! ho ! we'll put them through,  
 Split their rails, and haul them too ;  
 Hi ! ho ! we'll put them through,  
 Split their rails, and haul them too.

In all their ranks they can not find  
 A candidate to suit their mind ;  
 They kick and squirm, but 'tis no use,  
 Their game is up, their platform's loose.  
 Then shout, freemen, shout !  
 Shout, freemen, shout !  
     We'll all unite  
     And bravely fight '  
 For the Star of Freedom's dawning.  
     Hi ! ho ! etc.

They know that they will lose the day  
 If they take up with *Stephen A.* ;  
 And so to add to their humbug swell,  
 I think they'd better take up *Bell*.  
 Then shout, freemen, shout !  
 Shout, freemen, shout !  
 We'll all unite  
 And bravely fight  
 For the Star of Freedom's dawning.  
 Hi ! ho ! etc.

I hear they've bought an old steam-tug,  
 On which to place poor little Dug ;  
 For President too late they've found  
 His coat tail comes too near the ground.  
 Then shout, freemen, shout !  
 Shout, freemen, shout !  
 We'll all unite  
 And bravely fight  
 For the Star of Freedom's dawning.  
 Hi ! ho ! etc.

We'll give them HAM enough this fall,  
 To satisfy them one and all ;  
 Served up in style quite neat and plain,  
 Just imported from *Old Maine*.  
 Then shout, freemen, shout !  
 Shout, freemen, shout !  
 We'll all unite  
 And bravely fight  
 For the Star of Freedom's dawning.  
 Hi ! ho ! etc.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! we are sure to win,  
 And the way we'll beat will be a sin ;

The coming year's impending blast  
 Will show them they have crowed their last.  
 Then shout, freemen, shout!  
 Shout, freemen, shout!  
 We'll all unite  
 And bravely fight  
 For the Star of Freedom's dawning.  
 Hi! ho! we'll put them through,  
 Split their rails, and haul them too;  
 Hi! ho! we'll put them through,  
 Split their rails, and haul them too.

---

## A SUIT OF LINCOLN GREEN.

THE knight of Snowden—James of yore,  
 (A braver ne'er has been,)  
 Sir Walter\* tells us that he wore  
 A suit of Lincoln green!

A uniform we *soon* shall see  
 For true men; 'twill be seen,  
 Republicans! that garb must be  
 Of sober Lincoln green!

Yes! brothers, let us here be sworn  
 For men of honest mien,  
 No better colors can be worn  
 Than sober Lincoln green!

---

\* See Scott's description of James Fitz-James in "The Lady of the Lake."



## THE PEOPLE'S NOMINEE. ✓

BY KARL KRITON.

*Air*—"Nelly Bly."

REPUBLICANS! with peerless might,  
 Proudly lead the van!  
 Strike for freedom! strike for right!  
 "Old Abe's" an honest man.  
 He, a noble President,  
 'The ship of state shall guide;  
 While o'er a nation's senators,  
 Hamlin shall preside.  
 Hi! Lincoln! ho! Lincoln!  
 An honest man for me;  
 I'll sing for you—I'll shout for you—  
 The People's nominee.

Once we had a compromise,  
 A check to Slavery's wrong;  
 Douglas crushed the golden prize,  
 To help himself along.  
 Then the North, and then the West,  
 Arose with giant power;  
 Pierce succumbed to the South's behest,  
 But Douglas had to cower.  
 Hi! Douglas! sly Douglas!  
 A senator would be;  
 So he tried the "Squatter dodge,"  
 And went for Kansas free.

Democrats, (or "office rats,")  
 Met to nominate;  
 "Fire-eaters" came, all aflame,  
 To sever State from State;

Their slave-code, (*and Covode,*)  
 Caused the "Softs" to quake ;  
 The "Little Giant," now defiant,  
 No slave-code would take.  
 Oh ! alas ! beef is scarce !  
 To the North they go :  
 See once more, at Baltimore,  
 Our *united* foe !

But the People met *en masse*,  
 In the boundless West ;  
 Of Freedom's sons a noble class !  
 Some loved Seward best ;  
 Chase, McLean, and Bates, I ween,  
 Are worthy such a call ;  
 "Old honest Abe's" the People's choice,  
 And we'll roll on the ball.  
 Hi ! Lincoln ! ho ! Lincoln !  
 President shall be ;  
 One and all, roll on the ball,  
 For the People's nominee.

No missile sent, with ill intent,  
 Across the Ohio River ;  
 The South's dark crime, in God's own time,  
 She'll wipe away forever.  
 Yet here we stand, proud Freedom's band,  
 No compromise with wrong ;  
 For truth and right we'll bravely fight,  
 Be this our battle-song—  
 Hi ! Lincoln ! brave Lincoln !  
 President shall be ;  
 We'll one and all *vote* this Fall  
 For the People's nominee.

✓  
**FLAG OF THE BRAVE.**

REPUBLICANS, list to the shouting  
Of armies of freemen afar ;  
They come from each valley and mountain,  
To gather their ranks for the war ;  
That shout is the watch-word of freemen,  
Their banner is borne by the brave ;  
On its folds behold Lincoln and Hamlin,  
The Union—they're able to save.  
Huzza, then, for Lincoln and Hamlin,  
Let the Banner of Liberty wave ;  
With Lincoln and Hamlin, our bosoms  
Will beat to the march of the brave.

Come North and come South all together,  
If shoulder to shoulder we stand,  
The Flag of our Country forever  
Will wave o'er our prosperous land ;  
No foreign aggressor can fright us,  
Our colors still proudly shall wave ;  
With Lincoln and Hamlin to lead us,  
We'll stand by the Flag of the Brave.  
Huzza, then, etc.

Away, then, ye carpers and croakers,  
Away with your snarling and spite ;  
The bright sun of Freedom is rising,  
Illuming political night.  
In the East see its radiance glowing  
And gilding the earth with its rays ;  
See Falsehood and Ignorance flying  
Like owls from its glorious blaze.  
Huzza, then, etc.

## COME ON!

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

Ho ! hearts of Freemen, true and brave,  
 With honest ardor beating,  
 A nation, robbed by every knave,  
 Calls on us now to help and save—  
 To snatch her glory from its grave,  
 And looks for no retreating ;  
     March to the music, boys !  
     Freedom forever !  
 Victory waits for our  
     Earnest endeavor !

The day of final doom has come  
 To Slavery's dark aggression,  
 And gathering like a whirlwind's hum,  
 A People's voice for trump and drum,  
 We'll charge the swooping Dragon home,  
 The red fiend of Oppression !  
     March ! etc.

Free hands shall till that virgin soil—  
 The sunset's blooming neighbor ;  
 And there, where simple freemen toil,  
 Beyond the slave-mart's bloody moil,  
 No chain shall clank, nor whip shall coil,  
 On limbs of honest labor !  
     March ! etc.

Avaunt the coward's cringing plea,  
 The dread of " Dissolution ;"

Our free soil *ever shall be free,*  
 And threatful braggarts soon may see  
 Their Treason's Harvest-Home shall be  
 To reap their own confusion!

March! etc.

Then rally rally! True and Brave,  
 Come on for God and Freedom!  
 Before eternal justice wave,  
 From heaven the crime-avenging glaive,  
 And Ruin howl above our grave  
 As over ancient Edom!

March to the music, boys,

Freedom forever!

Victory waits for our

Earnest endeavor!

---

### ABE OF ILLINOIS.

FROM many a freeman's home and hearth  
 There comes a shout of joy,  
 (Who loves a soul of genuine worth,)  
 For Abe, of Illinois.

No servile politician he—  
 "True gold, without alloy;"  
 Unanimous our vote will be  
 For Abe, of Illinois.

No! not for party—not for spoil.  
 Will he his gift\* employ,  
 But for his country's good will toil,  
 "Old Abe," of Illinois.

---

\* The highest gift of the Nation—the office of President.

Our hero once was short of pence,  
 An humble farmer's boy,  
 We *know* he'll teach us how to "Fence—"  
 "Old Abe," of Illinois.

To fence the Union all around  
 He'll work—*he will not toy*;  
 The cause is earnest and profound,  
 For Abe, of Illinois.

---

## OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

*Tune*—"Hail, Columbia."

AWAKE! ye sons of freedom, rise  
 Can ye not hear your country's cries?  
 Were ye but told that foes invade,  
 That rifles flash and deadly blade  
 Seek to destroy her glorious peace,  
 How swift your arms to bring release!

Strengthen your arms! lest dangers come  
 More fearful than the victim's doom;  
 Lest faction riot through our land,  
 Lest brother, slain by brother's hand,  
 Calls loud to Heaven for vengeance on  
 This happiest nation 'neath the sun.

Shall this, our land so gifted, be  
 Cramped by a section's tyranny?  
 Shall North, or South, or East, or West,  
 Claim despotism o'er the rest?  
 Nay, let us now and ever be  
 Joined in fond equality.

Our fathers fought for liberty,  
 They bled and died, and now shall we  
 Deny to others what they gave  
 To us, their children, from the grave?  
 Can we still cherish Slavery,  
 And call our country still, "The Free?"

Then, onward! patriots, *poll*-ward, on!  
 Till your glorious cause be won,  
 On! for right and liberty,  
 On! for just equality,  
 On! and let the watchword be,  
 "Lincoln! Hamlin! Victory!"

---

## THE GRAND RALLY.

From hilltop, from valley, from mountain, from plain  
 Come, Freemen, assemble, assemble;  
 The glad shout of Freedom send forth like a flame,  
 At its sound shall fell Tyranny tremble.  
 From woodland and heather,  
 Come gather, come gather,  
 And unfurl the bright flag of Freedom forever.  
 'Tis the province of thee,  
 Being sons of the Free,  
 To combat with tyrants, 'tis Freedom's decree!

From the forge, from the mines, from the anvil we  
 call  
 Working-men, sons of toil! 'tis thy right  
 To combat with those who would labor enthral,  
 And be foremost of all in the fight;

From workshops and fields,  
 Come, Labor, reveal  
 Honest faces which oil, smoke, and dust can't conceal,  
 Make every sledge that you sling  
 On the firm anvil ring  
 The bold song of Freedom that Labor is King.

For Liberty, "Lincoln," for "Hamlin," our cause,  
 And a free public domain, we fight ;  
 A free Constitution, correct honest Laws,  
 Elevation of labor and right.  
 We swear in our might,  
 On this spot to unite,  
 For "Free Soil"—in our natures we love it ;  
 The "Territories" shall be  
 As unpledged and free  
 As the eagle that hovers above it.

## UP, AGAIN FOR THE CONFLICT.

BY WM. H. BURLEIGH.

*Air*—"The Old Oaken Bucket."

Up, again for the conflict ! our banner fling out,  
 And rally around it with song and with shout !  
 Stout of heart, firm of hand, should the gallant boys be  
 Who bear to the battle the Flag of the Free !  
 Like our fathers, when Liberty called to the strife,  
 They should pledge to her cause fortune, honor, and life,  
 And follow wherever she beckons them on,  
 Till Freedom exults in a victory won !  
 Then fling out the banner, the old starry banner,  
 The battle-torn banner that beckons us on !



They come from the hillside, they come from the glen—  
From the streets thronged with traffic and surging with  
men ;

From loom and from ledger, from workshop and farm,  
The fearless of heart and the mighty of arm,  
As the mountain-born torrents exultingly leap,  
When their ice-fetters melt, to the breast of the deep ;  
As the winds of the prairie, the waves of the sea,  
They are coming, are coming, the Sons of the Free !

Then fling out the banner, the old starry banner,  
The war-tattered banner, the Flag of the Free !

Our leader is one who, with conquerless will,  
Has climbed from the base to the brow of the hill ;  
Undaunted in peril, unswerving in strife,  
He has fought a good fight in the battle of life ;  
And we trust him as one who, come woe or come weal,  
Is as firm as the rock and as true as the steel,  
Right loyal and brave, with no stain on his crest,  
Then hurrah, boys, for honest " Old Abe of the West !"  
And fling out your banner, the old starry banner,  
The signal of triumph for " Abe of the West !"

The West, whose broad acres, from lake-shore to sea,  
Now wait for the harvest and home of the free !  
Shall the dark tide of Slavery roll o'er the sod  
That Freedom makes bloom like the garden of God ?  
The bread of our children be torn from our mouth,  
To feed the fierce dragon that preys on the South ?  
No, never ! the trust which our Washington laid  
On us for the future shall ne'er be betrayed !

Then fling out the banner, the old starry banner,  
And on to the conflict with hearts undismayed.

## FOR FREEDOM AND REFORM.

BY F. A. B. SIMKINS.

*Air*—"We are a Band of Freemen."

Ho! ye men of every station,  
 Join with us for Reformation,  
 And for Freedom for the Nation—  
     We're for Freedom and Reform.  
         We're a band of freemen,  
         We're a band of freemen,  
         We're a band of freemen,  
         We're for Freedom and Reform.

On the "sacred side" forever,  
 We'll sustain "oppression" never,  
 But we'll fight for "justice" ever—  
     We're for Freedom and Reform.

We'll dry up disunion screechers,  
 And wipe out the slave-code teachers,  
 And cashier the slave-trade preachers—  
     We're for Freedom and Reform.

We will oust the treasury robbers,  
 And the host of hireling fobbers,  
 And the horde of "live-oak jobbers—  
     We're for Freedom and Reform.

With "Old Abe" to go before us,  
 And the flag of Freedom o'er us,  
 We will shout the sounding chorus—  
     We're for Freedom and Reform.

## FREEDOM'S BATTLE CALL.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

*Tune*—"Old Hundred."

UNROLL the flag of stripes and stars ;  
Light bonfires on the mountain's height ;  
Harness the men whose battle scars  
Proclaim their courage in the fight ;  
Ring the bronze bells in all the spires ;  
Toss the flame-rockets heaven high ;  
Let brazen cannon belch in fires,  
And shouts of freedom rend the sky

Our fathers' blood cries from the dust ;  
Their hearts beat in these hearts of ours ;  
Their God is the great God we trust ;  
Their crown of thorns our wreath of flowers.  
Above their hallowed graves we tread,  
Upon their sacred ashes kneel,  
And in the presence of the dead  
Unsheathe their battered blades of steel.

So help us God ! come weal or woe,  
We pledge our honor and our lives  
To fight for freedom while a foe  
To man within our reach survives !  
Lo ! serried ranks of heroes brave  
March to the music of the free,  
Across the prairies, like a wave  
Swept by the strong wind from the sea.

They rally from the sunny lands,  
Over the border line which parts  
The States, but not the clasping hands,  
In whose hot palms beat kindred hearts.

From the Green Mountains' lofty towers,  
 Where Freedom sits upon her throne,  
 Crowned with a wreath of wildwood flowers,  
 They come like guests to feasts at noon.

Like Saul among the Hebrews, stands  
 Our chief, a head and shoulders higher  
 Than other chiefs, and in his hands  
 Our stripes grow dim, our stars seem nigher ;  
 Upon his brow the signet seal  
 Of honor shines, and we will crown  
 The honest man, whose heart can feel—  
 Whose arms can strike oppression down.

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## CAMPAIGN SONG.

*Air*—"Hail to the Chief."

FREEMEN, the day of your triumph is dawning,  
 Shake out the folds of your banner once more ;  
 Join in the anthem that heralds the morning —  
 See ! the long night of oppression is o'er.

Hark ! from our native hills  
 Comes there a shout that thrills  
 Liberty's temple from portal to dome,  
 Glory to God on high !  
 Union with Liberty,  
 Finds in the hearts of our people a home.

Burnish your armors like heroes in story,  
 Sound the loud tocsin that calls to the war ;  
 Freedom enthroned in the land of her glory  
 Bids you march on by the light of her star.  
 Let the wild echo sweep  
 Back from each mountain steep ;

Brave old Columbia joins in the fray,  
 While with united voice  
 Liberty's sons rejoice  
 In the proud triumph that waits them to-day.

Then shall our country's name shine through the ages,  
 Bravely redeemed by the *men* of her soil ;  
 Then shall the birthplace of heroes and sages  
 Honor the brawny-armed servants of toil.  
 Rally, young hearts and brave,  
 Let your broad banner wave  
 Over the nation from inland to sea.  
 Hasten the coming time,  
 When every land and clime  
 Breaking their shackles shall march with the free.

R. M. N.

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## RIDDEN BY THE SLAVE POWER.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

*Tune*—"Benney Haven."

RIDDEN by the slave power,  
 Crushed beneath the chain,  
 Now is come our rising hour,  
 Lo ! we're up again.  
 And voices from the mountain height,  
 Voices from the vale,  
 Say to Freedom's fearless host,  
 There's no such word as fail,  
 There's no such word as fail,  
 Say to Freedom's fearless host,  
 There's no such word as fail.

Ay ! we're up to hurl the fiend  
 From off the tyrant throne ;  
 To strike for man a mightier blow  
 Than earth has ever known ;  
 To drag your code of whips and gyves  
 Up to the light of day,  
     And wash from our escutcheon's front  
     The bloody stain away,  
     The bloody stain away,  
     And wash from our escutcheon's front  
     The bloody stain away.

Free to speak the burning truth,  
     All fetterless the hand,  
 Never shall the Yankee's brow  
     Bear the cursed brand.  
 Send the gathering freemen's shout  
     Booming on the gale ;  
     Omnipotence is for us,  
     There's no such word as fail,  
     There's no such word as fail,  
     Omnipotence is for us,  
     There's no such word as fail.

They're gathering on the mountain,  
     They're gathering on the plain,  
 And 'neath the tramp of Freedom's host  
     The broad earth shakes again.  
 And 'this their glorious rallying cry,  
     Whose firm hearts never quail :  
     God and the people ! on for right,  
     There's no such word as fail,  
     There's no such word as fail,  
     God and the people ! on for right,  
     There's no such word as fail.

## I SPURN THE BRIBE.

WRITTEN BY ONE WHO COULD NOT BE BOUGHT.

*Tune*—"Mountains, Farewell."

THEY knew that I was poor,  
 And they thought that I was base,  
 And would readily endure  
 To be covered with disgrace.  
 They judged me of their tribe,  
 Who on dirty mammon dote ;  
 So they offered me a bribe  
 For my vote, boys, my vote !  
 Oh, shame upon my BETTERS,  
 Who would my conscience buy !  
 But shall I wear their fetters ?  
 Not I, indeed, not I.

My vote ? it is not mine  
 To do with as I will—  
 To cast, like pearls to swine,  
 To these wallowers in ill ;  
 It is my country's due,  
 And I'll give it as I can  
 To the honest and the true,  
 Like a man, boys, a man !

Did I swallow down the hook  
 That was bated by the base,  
 How could I dare to look  
 My children in the face ?  
 Could I teach them the right way,  
 While I heard a voice within,  
 Reproach me night and day,  
 With my sin, boys, sin ?

No ! no ! I'll hold my vote  
 As a treasure and a trust ;  
 My dishonor none shall quote,  
 When I'm mingled with the dust ;  
 And my children, when I'm gone,  
 Shall be strengthened by the thought,  
 That their father was not one  
 To be bought, boys, bought.

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## B R A V E O L D A B E .

BY W. CUTTER.

*Tune*—"Auld Lang Syne."

FROM West, from East, from South, from North,  
 What eager-growing throngs  
 For brave Old Abe are pouring forth  
 Their patriotic songs !

For brave Old Abe, my boys !  
 For brave Old Abe ;  
 Take up the song, and reel it along  
 For brave Old Abe !

He's just the man for you and me,  
 He's just the man for all ;  
 A truer, braver heart than he  
 The people can not call.

For brave Old Abe, my boys !  
 For brave Old Abe ;  
 Take up the song, roll on the ball  
 For brave Old Abe !



Old Abe is made of genuine stuff,  
 The sort that never fails ;  
 For Cabinet-work he's good enough—  
 First-rate for splitting rails.

For brave Old Abe, my boys !  
 For brave Old Abe ;  
 We'll split the Democratic rail  
 With brave Old Abe !

Old Abe, they say, is not genteel—  
 He wears a slouching hat ;  
 But, with a heart as true as steel,  
 He's none the worse for that.

For brave Old Abe, my boys !  
 For brave Old Abe ;  
 As true as steel, with a heart to feel,  
 Is brave Old Abe !

The flatboat Abe can navigate—  
 At that he's tried his hand ;  
 And now the good old ship of state  
 We'll trust to his command.

To brave Old Abe, my boys !  
 To brave Old Abe ;  
 We'll give the helm of this good realm  
 To brave Old Abe !

From West, from East, from South, from North,  
 Turn out the growing throng ;  
 Young men and old come rushing forth,  
 With earnest hearts and strong.

For brave Old Abe, my boys !  
 For brave Old Abe ;  
 Take up the song, and ring it along  
 For brave Old Abe !

## J O R D A N.

*Air.*—"The other Side of Jordan."

I LOOKED to the South and I looked to the West,  
 And I saw black Slavery a comin',  
 With Democratic doughfaces harnessed up in front,  
 Driving niggers to the other side of Jordan.  
 Take off coats, boys, roll up the sleeve ;  
 Slavery is a hard foe to battle, I believe.

Slavery and Freedom must have a fight—  
 The crisis "irrepressible" is comin' ;  
 Black Slavery will get knocks from a free ballot box,  
 And go staggering to the other side of Jordan.  
 Take off, etc.

At the Capitol of these United States  
 Mason sent Hyatt to jail accordin' ;  
 But that hero will not yield to him,  
 On this or the other side of Jordan.  
 Take off, etc.

Pryor sent a challenge to the chief of the West,  
 Potter drew his bowie-knife accordin' ;  
 So the bully from the South hid away—  
 He didn't want to go t'other side of Jordan.  
 Take off, etc.

Sunner was threatened by a coward from his cups—  
 The statesman sent him spinning to the door ;  
 Remember bully Brooks, he has gone,  
 With bloody hands, t'other side of Jordan.  
 Take off, etc.

## S E V E N T Y - S I X .

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

*Air*—"Heroes' March."

WHAT heroes from the woodland sprung,  
When through the fresh-awakened land  
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,  
And to the work of warfare strung  
The yeoman's iron hand.

Hills flung the cry to hills around,  
And ocean mart replied to mart,  
And streams whose springs were yet unfound  
Pealed far away the startling sound  
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,  
From mountain river swift and cold ;  
The borders of the stormy deep,  
The vales where gathered waters sleep,  
Sent up the strong and bold,

As if the very earth again  
Grew quick with God's creating breath,  
And from the sods of grove and glen  
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men  
To battle to the death.

The wife whose babe first smiled that day,  
The fair, fond bride of yester-eve,  
And aged sire, and matron gray  
Saw the loved warriors haste away,  
And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun,  
Already blood on Concord's plain

Along the springing grass had run,  
 And blood had flowed at Lexington  
 Like brooks of April rain.

The death-stain on the vernal sward  
 Hallowed to Freedom all the shore;  
 In fragments fell the yoke abhorred;  
 The footstep of a foreign lord  
 Profaned the soil no more.

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## THE PRESENT CRISIS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

*Air*—"Freemen, Awake."

WHEN a deed is done for freedom, through the broad earth's  
 aching breast  
 Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from East to  
 West;  
 And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within  
 him climb  
 To the awful verge of manhood, while an energy sublime  
 Of a century bursts full blossomed on the thorny stem of  
 time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantane-  
 ous throe,  
 When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to  
 and fro;  
 At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing start,  
 Nation wildly looks on nation standing with mute lips  
 apart,  
 And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath  
 the Future's heart.

## HONEST ABE OF THE WEST.

BY EDMOND C. STEDMAN.

*Air*—"Star-Spangled Banner."

O HARK! from the pine-crested hills of old Maine,  
Where the splendor first falls from the wings of the  
morning,  
And away in the West, over river and plain,  
Rings out the grand anthem of Liberty's warning!  
From green rolling prairie it swells to the sea,  
For the people have risen, victorious and free;  
They have chosen their leaders, and bravest and best  
Of them all is Old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!

The spirit that fought for the patriots of old  
Has swept through the land and aroused us forever;  
In the pure air of heaven a standard unfold  
Fit to marshal us on to the sacred endeavor!  
Proudly the banner of Freemen we bear,  
Noble the hopes that encircle it there!  
And where battle is thickest we follow the crest  
Of gallant Old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!

There's a triumph in urging a glorious cause,  
Though the hosts of the foe for a while may be stronger,  
Pushing on for just rulers and holier laws,  
Till their lessening columns oppose us no longer;  
But ours the loud pæan of men who have past  
Through the struggles of years, and are victors at last;  
So forward the flag! leave to Heaven the rest,  
And trust in Old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!

Lo! see the bright scroll of the Future unfold!  
Broad farms and fair cities shall crown our devotion  
Free Labor turns even the sands into gold,  
And the links of her railways chain ocean to ocean;

Barges shall float on the dark river waves,  
 With a wealth never wrung from the sinews of slaves,  
 And the chief in whose rule all the land shall be blest,  
 Is our noble Old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!

Then on to the holy Republican strife! —  
 And again, for the future as fair as the morning,  
 For the sake of that freedom more precious than life,  
 Ring out the glad anthem of Liberty's warning!  
 Lift the banner on high, while from mountain to plain  
 The cheers of the people are sounded again—  
 Hurrah! for our cause—of all causes the best!  
 Hurrah! for Old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!

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## ON TO VICTORY.

BY DANIEL BATCHELER.

Loud we answer! lo we come,  
 Responsively to Freedom's call!  
 In faith we come, in strength we come,  
 To do a sacred work for all;  
 As did our fathers, so will we  
 Move fearless on to victory!

God is our guide! From field and wave,  
 From plow, from anvil, and from loom,  
 We come our heritage to save,  
 And speak to the tyrant his doom.  
 All o'er the land, from sea to sea,  
 Resounds our watchword, "Liberty!"

Hail to our flag! Let Lincoln bear  
 The glorious standard to the van;  
 Through stripes and stars interwoven there  
 We read the natal rights of man;  
 Our fathers loved it; so will we,  
 And onward move to victory!

## SONG OF FREEDOM.

Ye who dwell in quiet hamlets,  
Ye who crowd the busy ways—  
All who love this great Republic  
In these dark, imperiled days,  
Does your Freedom never seem  
Like the beauty of a dream ?

Must the lightning's flash and thunder  
On our slumber glare and break,  
Ere from false and fleeting visions  
We to real danger wake ?  
Must the earthquake's heavy tread  
Crush us sleepers with the dead ?

Hear ye not succeeding ages,  
From their cloudy distance cry ?  
See ye not the hands of nations  
Lifted toward the threat'ning sky ?  
*Now or never*, rise and gain  
Freedom for this fair domain !

We have vanquished foreign tyrants—  
Now the battle draws anear ;  
Let not Despots have this boasting ;  
That a Freeman knows to fear ;  
By your Fathers' patriot graves,  
Rise ! nor be forever slaves !

Speak ! ye orators of Freemen,  
Let your thunder shake these plains ;  
Write ! ye editors of Freedom,  
Let your lightning rive these chains ;  
Up ! ye sons of Pilgrims, rise !  
Strike for Freedom, or she dies :

Give this land to future ages  
*Free*, as God has made it free ;  
 Swear that not another acre  
 Shall be cursed with Slavery ;  
 Strike for Freedom and for right,  
 God himself is Freedom's might.

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## NATIONAL CEMENT.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

*Air*—"Yankee Doodle."

A UNION SAVER, brush in hand,  
 Once made the tour of this broad land,  
 To patch the Union breaking through,  
 And mend the Constitution, too ;  
 He found, betwixt the North and South,  
 A crack wide as an earthquake's mouth,  
 And gave to Everett and Bell  
 Directions how to use it well.

Don't let the earth divide, my boys,  
 Let Everett patch the Union well  
 Don't let the Union slide, my boys,  
 Or we shall have to TOLL the Bell.

Buchanan next, alas, he found,  
 Prostrate and bleeding on the ground ;  
 He'd fallen from his platform's wreck  
 And broken his white-bandaged neck.  
 'This surgeon placed his head once more  
*Upon its trunk wrong side before,*



And glued it fast, and since that day  
He looks and walks a different way.

And that's the reason why, my boys,  
The truth can scarcely find his mouth ;  
His head was fixed awry, my boys,  
And leans toward the sunny South.

When Cushing smashed his China ware,  
The man of glue was passing there ;  
It was in Mexico he fell—  
The crash will be remembered well ;  
He patched the pieces with his glue,  
And the cracked China looked like new,  
Until his dishes were upset

At Charleston, where his party met.  
Send Cushing to Japan, my boys,  
For the Tycoon to take about ;  
For he is just the man, my boys,  
To let his yearning bowels out.

Robust and rotund sitting there,  
In the premier's uneasy chair,  
Our gallant Cass displays his sword—  
'Twas broken like his broken word.  
A magic touch, a drop of glue,  
Repaired them both for the *review*,  
Alas, a drop fell on the chair,  
And glued our Squatter Sovereign there.

Alas! alas! alas! my boys,  
Should he be lifted from the chair,  
The sitting part of Cass, my boys,  
Will still, I fear, be sitting there.

Next came a formidable job,  
To stop the leakage made by Cobb ;

In rivulets like liquid gold,  
 The treasures from the Treasury rolled.  
 In vain appliances were crammed,  
 Cobb, not the wasting tide, was *dammed* ;  
 Spalding himself, with all his glue,  
 Could not have stopped its leaking through.  
     Give us a Cobb with corn, my boys,  
     In the great public crib of ours,  
 For what is Plenty's horn, my boys,  
     Good for, without the fruits and flowers ?

'Tis said a tall man from the West  
 Will stop this leakage in the chest,  
 And caulk the sinking ship of state,  
 For he is brave and wise and great ;  
 He'll save the vessel and her crew,  
 Without the use of Union glue ;  
 He'll mend the Presidential chair,  
 And put the White House in repair.  
     So from our bending spars, my boys,  
     Fling up your caps, hurrah, hurrah,  
 Unfurl the flag of stars, my boys,  
     For honest Abe shall lead the war.

Let Spalding have his sphere alone,  
 Without a rival near his throne ;  
 And Union Savers take the hint,  
 Their liquid has no sticking in't ;  
 At Charleston they could not cohere ;  
 Should they unite around their *bier*,  
 They'll do what Old Whigs did before—  
 Leave monuments at Baltimore.

Now give us three times three, my boys,  
     Once more with hearts in our huzzas ;  
 Thunder again, for see, my boys,  
     Lincoln unrolls the flag of stars.

## POOR LITTLE DOUG.

A NEW NIGGER SONG TO AN OLD NIGGER TUNE.

*Air*—"Uncle Ned."

DERE was a little man and his name was Stevy Doug,  
 To de White House he longed for to go ;  
 But he hadn't any votes fru de whole of de Souf,  
 In de place where de votes ought to grow.

So it aint no use for to blow—

Dat little game of brag won't go ;  
 He can't get de vote 'case de tail ob de coat  
 Is hung just a little too low.

His legs dey war short, but his speches dey war long,  
 And nuffin but his sef could he see ;  
 His principles war weak, but his spirits dey war strong,  
 For a thirsty little soul was he.

So it aint no use for to blow, etc.

He couldn't sleep o' nights for de nigger in de fence,  
 So his health it began for to fail ;  
 And he suffered bery much from de 'fects ob a ride  
 Dat he got on a Lincoln rail.

So it aint no use for to blow, etc.

He shivered and he shook in de cold Norf blast,  
 And de wind from de Souf dat blew ;  
 But de Locofoco ship hove him overboard at last,  
 So his friends had to all heave to.

So it aint no use for to blow, etc.

## THE BAY STATE HURRAH.

LINCOLN 's the chief to lead the way,  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !  
 The fire by night—the cloud by day,  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !  
 Mailed in truth and strong in hand,  
 He'll bring us to the Promised Land.  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

The ship of state, with tattered sail,  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !  
 Is madly driving 'fore the gale,  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !  
 He'll soon repair her crippled form,  
 And bring her safely through the storm.  
 Hurrah ! etc.

The sable flag that o'er us waves,  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !  
 Shall float no longer over slaves,  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !  
 From Kansas' dark and bloody ground,  
 To California's farthest bound.  
 Hurrah ! etc.

Free speech LINCOLN will aye defend,  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !  
 And Slavery's curse he'll ne'er extend,  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !  
 He goes for Freedom's holy cause,  
 For equal rights and equal laws.  
 Hurrah ! etc.

Then let us all, with loud acclaim,  
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
 Repeat the chorus of a name,  
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
 A name at which the tyrant quails,  
 A name which every good man hails—  
 Lincoln! Lincoln! Lincoln! Lincoln!  
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Then rally, Freemen, for the fight,  
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
 The arm of God is for the right,  
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
 The right he'll own and bless the hand,  
 That strikes for Freedom through the land.  
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
 Lincoln! Lincoln! Lincoln!

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## THE BOBOLINK'S CAMPAIGN SONG.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

[When the bobolink migrates to the South, he stops singing changes his plumage, and is known as the rice-bird of Georgia and the Carolinas, and the reed-bird of Maryland.]

WHEN I am at the sunny South,  
 I dare not sing my mellow strains;  
 A song of freedom from my mouth  
 Would drown amid the din of chains;  
 So I think-on—think-on—think-on,  
 Until my visit there is spent.  
 Now Abe Lincoln—Lincoln—Lincoln  
 Is to be our President.

So, in the clover meadows here,  
 I spread with joy my happy wing,  
 And long before another year  
 In the fair South-land I can sing :  
 Now I'll drink-on—drink-on—drink-on  
 From the soft flower-cups filled with dew,  
 Cousin Lincoln—Lincoln—Lincoln,  
*Here are my best respects to you.*

May every man who feels and thinks  
 The time of triumph is at hand,  
 Repeat the song of bobolinks,  
 Now ringing through our happy land,  
 If long Lincoln—Lincoln—Lincoln  
 Fails, notwithstanding my sweet strains,  
 I shall get, I'm "think-in"—"think-in,"  
*A coat of feathers for my pains.*

I can be chief musician here ;  
 Only a reed or rice-bird there ;  
 I hush my notes for half the year,  
 And change the plumage that I wear.  
 In bright fields I blink-on—blink-on ;  
 Now I am not a plumed poltroon,  
 I'll vote for honest cousin Lincoln,  
 To take the Presidential throne.

They have no bards nor bobolinks  
 To sing for Liberty divine  
 In the fair land where Slavery clinks  
 Her chains across the border line.  
 They will clink-on—clink-on—clink-on  
 Until the Union breaks in twain,  
 Unless votes for Lincoln—Lincoln,  
 Fall like storms of summer rain.

**THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY.**

*Tune*—"Watchman, Tell us of the Night."

THE glorious cause is moving on,  
The cause once led by Washington !  
The cause that made our fathers free,  
The cause of glorious Liberty !  
Our ranks now swell, our votes now tell,  
On Freedom's cause we love so well !  
And Slavery's power, now waning fast,  
In midnight shade will soon be cast.  
Then labor, labor, labor still,  
Each vote declares a Freeman's will ;  
Soon Heaven's own gift the slave's will be,  
The boon of glorious Liberty.

Tell us no more of Slavery's power,  
'Tis weakness when compared with ours.  
'Tis Satan's power condemned to die,  
Freedom is strengthened from on High.  
Tyrants now quail, their courage fails ;  
But ours, inspired by Heaven, prevails.  
Thrice armed are we in righteousness,  
And this our foes themselves confess.

Then onward, onward, onward still,  
See how our ranks with Freeman fill !  
Soon o'er the world will all men see  
Triumphant glorious Liberty.

For years have Freeman bravely stood,  
And breasted persecution's flood ;  
With justice armed, they've kept the field,  
No threats or flattery made them yield.

Their flag, so fair, still floats in air ;  
 And mark ! next year 'twill still be there,  
 Inscribed in letters bold and free,  
 With one great idea, Liberty !

Then sound it, sound it, sound it strong,  
*That Freedom 's right, and Slavery 's wrong.*  
 And soon this truth will all men see,  
 And vote for glorious Liberty.

## LINCOLN, THE PRIDE OF THE NATION.

*Tune*—"The Red, White, and Blue."

FOR Lincoln, the choice of the nation,  
 The pride of the fearless and free,  
 We'll drink to his health and his station,  
 Whatever that relation may be.

His heart beats for Freedom remaining  
 On the soil where our Liberty grew—  
 For our brethren in Slavery sustaining,  
 The free flag—the Red, White, and Blue.

There are lands where the millions are yearning  
 For Freedom from Tyranny's chain ;  
 For ours let our efforts be turning,  
 To shield her from Slavery's stain.  
 For Lincoln, he stands with devotion,  
 And swears to the Union he's true ;  
 And he'll struggle from ocean to ocean,  
 To plant there the Red, White, and Blue.

No sectional feuds shall e'er sever  
 The bands which our forefathers wrought ;  
 The Union forever and ever !  
 Unsullied, unstained, and unbought,



Is the watchword from Lincoln we borrow,  
 And he stands by his promise so true ;  
 Then who will our leader not follow,  
 When his flag is the Red, White, and Blue ?

Our voices are joined then for Union,  
 The stars and stripes are above ;  
 Huzza all for Lincoln and Hamlin !  
 Huzza for the men that we love !  
 The old Union ship, when well guided,  
 'Twill be found that the timbers are true ;  
 And soon will the storm have subsided  
 That threatened the Red, White, and Blue.

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### RALLYING SONG.

THE war drums are beating ;  
 Prepare for the fight !  
 The people are gathering  
 In strength and in might ;  
 Fling out your broad banner  
 Against the blue sky  
 With Lincoln and Hamlin  
 We'll conquer or die.

The clarion is sounding,  
 From inland to shore ;  
 Your sword and your lances  
 Must slumber no more ;  
 The slave-driving minions,  
 See, see, how they fly !  
 With Lincoln and Hamlin  
 We'll conquer or die.

March forth to the battle,  
 All fearless and calm ;  
 The strength of your spirit  
 Throw into your arm ;  
 With ballots for bullets,  
 Let this be your cry :  
 With Lincoln and Hamlin  
 We'll conquer or die !

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## THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

A LAMENT.—BY ELLA FARMAN.

*Air*—"Evening Bells."

THE Flag of the Free, the Flag of the Free,  
 It droops over land, and over sea—  
 Our country's pride, our starry boast,  
 Fair hope of all Earth's weary host—  
 The Flag of the Free, the Flag of the Free,  
 It droops over land, and over sea.

What glorious souls have passed away  
 Since first thy folds enstarred the day !  
 We miss the voice of many a brave,  
 And Freedom's field hath many a grave.  
 The Flag of the Free, etc.

Oh, brothers, wave the stars again !  
 Let not it all be all in vain !  
 The foes are gathering in their might,  
 And now must reign the Wrong or Right.  
 The Flag of the Free, etc.

## THE FATE OF A FOWLER.

[Showing how it is best to be off with the Old Love before you are on with the New.]

*Tune*—"Lord Lovel."

A FOWLER one morning a poaching would go,  
 "I'm in for a bagful," quoth he ;  
 So in Uncle Sam's manor he shot high and low,  
 And helped himself plentiful-ly, lee, lee,  
 And helped himself plentiful-ly.

Just then there chanced to be cocking his eye  
 Uncle Sam's head-keeper, J. B.,  
 Who caught the bold Fowler poaching so sly,  
 All under the greenwood tree, tree, tree,  
 All under the greenwood tree.

"Oh, what are you doing?" the head-keeper cried,  
 "You son of a gun!" cried he ;  
 "I'll have you taken, and bound, and tied,  
 By the laws of this great countree, ree, ree,  
 By the laws of this great countree."

"Hush! hush! not a word!" the Fowler he said,  
 "You'll do no such a thing," said he ;  
 "For out of this game my friends shall be fed,  
 And you shall be first, d'ye see? see? see?  
 And you shall be first, d'ye see?"

So a bargain was straightway struck between  
 The Fowler and sly J. B.,  
 And many a year, in the forest green,  
 They feasted right loving-ly, lee, lee,  
 They feasted right loving-ly.

But after a while the keeper grew old,  
 "And not so fit is he,"  
 Said Uncle Sam, "as the Douglas bold,  
 My forester for to be, be, be,  
 My forester for to be."

So the Fowler bethought him to take his game  
 No longer to ancient J. B.,  
 And straight to the friends of the Douglas he came,  
 As they gathered in Charleston cit-y, tee, tee,  
 As they gathered in Charleston cit-y.

"Ho! ho!" quoth the keeper, "if that's your way,  
 My day is not out," quoth he;  
 And straight to his master he said his say,  
 With a semblance of great hones-ty, tee, tee,  
 With a semblance of great hones-ty.

"A Fowler your manor is poaching upon!"  
 "Very well, then," said Samuc<sup>l</sup>, said he:  
 "Go seize the vile caitiff, Isaiah and John,  
 And hang him on yonder tree, tree, tree,  
 And hang him on yonder tree!"

So the Fowler was caught at his poaching at last,  
 And the moral is plain to see:  
 Be off with old friendships ere new ones are fast,  
 And look out for the wrath of J. B., B., B.,  
 And look out for the wrath of J. B.

## RALLYING SONG OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN CLUB.

“FREE TERRITORIES FOR FREE MEN.”

*Tune*—“Koch-e-lunk.”

COME all ye who work like brothers,  
Come from store, from shop, from hall,  
Pass the watchword to the others ;  
Don't you hear our rallying call ?  
Freedom for our Western prairies,  
Freedom to Pacific's shores,  
Freedom gave our land to freemen,  
Free it shall be evermore.

Rally once more round the banner,  
In the fight be true and strong,  
Keeping step with freemen's music,  
With one voice we'll shout our song—  
Freedom, etc.

Let the past be now forgotten,  
While sweet Freedom's foes we rout ;  
All we ask of each one coming,  
Vote for Freedom, work and shout—  
Freedom, etc.

Have you heard from old New Hampshire,  
How the strikers struck up there ;  
Dealing deadly blows to Slavery,  
Singing in the evening air—  
Freedom, etc.

Then Connecticut right nobly  
 Next sustained the glorious fight,  
 Conquered all the foes of Freedom,  
 Shouting till the morning light—  
 Freedom, etc.

Shall the Empire State be wanting  
 When the others stand so true?  
 Then let each one do his duty,  
 Work there is for us and you.  
 Freedom, etc.

Come, then, Freemen, come and join us,  
 You who never came before,  
 All we ask is, vote for Freedom,  
 Till it reigns from shore to shore.  
 Freedom, etc.  
 W. B. H.

---

## UP FOR THE CONFLICT!

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

*Tune*—"Gaily the Troubadour."

UP to our altars, then,  
 Haste we and summon  
 Courage and loveliness,  
 Manhood and woman;  
 Deep let our pledges be,  
 Freedom for ever;  
 Truce with oppression,  
 Never! oh, never!

By our own birthright,  
Granted of Heaven,  
Freedom on sea and earth,  
Be the pledge given ;  
If we have whispered truth,  
Whisper no longer ;  
Speak as the tempest does—  
Stern and stronger.

Still be the tones of truth  
Louder and firmer,  
Startling the haughty South  
With the deep murmur.  
God and our Charter's right !  
Freedom for ever !  
Truce with oppression,  
Never ! oh, never !

---

## HAVE YOU HEARD THE LOUD ALARM ?

*Tune—" Granite State."*

FROM the green hills of New England,  
From the Western slopes and prairies,  
From the mines of Pennsylvania,  
Have you heard the loud alarm ?  
For the war note has been sounded,  
And the Locos stand astounded,  
While their rule, in ruin founded,  
Sinks before the people's arm.

Steeped in infamous corruption,  
Sold to sugar-cane and cotton,  
Lo! a nation's heart is rotten,  
    And the vampires suck her blood ;  
O'er our broad and *free* dominions  
Rules the Cotton king whose minions  
Clip our fearless eagle's pinions,  
    And invite Oppression's reign.

We have chosen us a leader,  
And with "resolute endeavor"  
Let us strike at once—or never,  
    For the land we love so well ;  
With a victory before us,  
And a stainless banner o'er us,  
Let us shout the joyful chorus,  
    Ringing loud the Freedom bell.

We believe as did the heroes  
Of our noble Revolution,  
That our noble constitution,  
    Is the guide to Liberty ;  
And we go for non-extension,  
In the field, as in convention,  
And rejoice in the declension  
    Of the curse of all the free.

With a patriot heart to guide us,  
All the *railing* accusations,  
Honest Abraham occasions,  
    Greet our ears as pleasant chimes ;  
For a son of honest labor,  
Calling every man his neighbor,  
Grasping Freedom's trenchant saber,  
    Stands the hero of his times.



Come, then, friends of working-classes—  
 Every State beneath its banners—  
 And with shouts and loud hosannahs  
     Raise the people's standard high ;  
 Roll along the mighty chorus,  
 And the reeling foe before us  
 Never more shall triumph o'er us,  
     For a brighter day is nigh.

---

## FORWARD, THE NINTH!

[This was the watchword of the Flunkies (*i. e.*, Seymour Democrats) during the last election in Connecticut, in which contest the Republicans were victorious. Three cheers for "Buckingham," and the "Old Nutmeg State."]

*Tune*—"Excelsior."

THE shades of night were falling fast,  
 As through the "Nutmeg State" there passed  
 A warrior with a Banner nice,  
 On which was seen this strange device—  
     Forward, the Ninth!\*

His face was red ; his eye beneath  
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath ;  
 And in his "Irish brogue"† there rung,  
 The accents of that unknown tongue—  
     Forward, the Ninth!

In Elm City‡ he heard a noise,  
 Jim English thanking the "B-boys."

---

\* "Forward, the Ninth!" the words of command from the mouth of the warrior in the Mexican war.

† A rare Dimecrat.

‡ New Haven.

Northeast old Windham County\* shown ;  
 And from his lips escaped a groan,  
     Forward, the Ninth !

“Trust Windham not,” *Fernando*† said—  
 “Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
 The ‘Wide-Awakes’ are out in force.”  
 He answered, while his voice was hoarse,  
     “Forward, the Ninth !”

“Shtop, honey,” Bridget said, “and rest  
 Your weary head *agin* my breast.”  
 A tear stood in his *Rum*-shot eye,  
 But still he answered with a sigh,  
     “Forward, the Ninth !”

Beware old Windham County’s spunk !  
 Old Windham County never’ll flunk.  
 This was the Wide-Awakes’ last good-night ;  
 A voice replied far up the height,  
     “Forward, the Ninth !”

A traveler by the faithful hound  
 In Windham County dead was found,  
 Still grasping tighter than a vice  
 That Banner with the strange device—  
     Forward, the Ninth !

There in the twilight, cold and gray,  
 Our Locofoco champion lay,  
 Nor since that day, nor far, nor nigh,  
 Has ever voice been heard to cry—  
     Forward, the Ninth !

---

\* Windham County gave a heavy vote for Freedom.

† Fernando Wood could not save the State, with all his importation and declamation.

## THE MARCH OF THE FREE.

BY HON. HORACE GREELEY.

HARK! an earthquake's deep roar o'er the country is  
booming,

But no ruin behind it is seen ;

With joy each heart swelling, each visage illuming,  
Earth brightens where'er it hath been.

The West's gallant spirits first thrilled to its pealing,  
As onward it roll'd to the sea ;

Now the North, East, and Center the impulse are feeling,  
'Tis the rising and march of the Free !

No portents precede, and no true hearts deplore it,

No bright stars wane dim in the sky ;

Misrule's cohorts faint are alone swept before it,  
And quail as its blast hurtles by ;

Corruption's shrunk bands to their caverns are driven ;  
As chaff in the tempest they flee,

While full on the ear, 'neath the glad smile of heaven,  
Break the shouts and the march of the Free !

No banners are lifted, no trumpets are sounding,

As that host in its triumph moves on ;

And the burst of deep joy from each valley resounding,  
Tells how tearless the victory 's won.

As trembles the earth to its mighty emotion,  
More firm grows each Patriot knee ;

While People and States, from the Lakes to the Ocean,  
Proudly join in the march of the Free !

From thy borders, Penobscot, their shout has ascended ;

Connecticut's tide bears it on ;

Till with thine, Mississippi, its surgings are blended,  
And Roanoke recalls glories gone ;

Thou, placid Ohio, art thrilled with the spirit  
Waked from Michigan's marge to the sea,  
Where our own noble Hudson so proudly shall bear it,  
And joy in the march of the Free!

---

### OUR FLAG IS THERE.

Our flag is there—the starry flag  
Our stout forefathers gave,  
O'er Freedom's home, Free Soil, Free Men,  
In triumph long to wave!  
Yet all its bright and shining folds  
Foul Slavery seeks to stain,  
Till Freedom's host is called to fight  
Her battle o'er again!  
And fight we will, from vale to hill,  
The battle-cry is heard,  
Till with Free Speech, Free Soil, Free Men,  
The nation's heart is stirred.

Oh, blessed Freedom! peerless boon!  
Worth all the world besides;  
For thee, how many hero souls  
Have gladly bled and died!  
And 'tis for thee, dear Liberty,  
We gather in this fight,  
To save thy flag from stain and shame,  
And Slavery's awful might!  
Free Speech, Free Labor, and Free Soil—  
Lincoln and Right unrolled,  
Are mottoed there for Freedom's host,  
On every shining fold.

Our Flag is there! oh, bright and fair,  
 It leads the millions on,  
 Till Slavery's surging waves be stayed,  
 And Freedom's battle won!  
 And valor's arm and beauty's smile  
 Shall bid it proudly wave,  
 Till not a rood of Freedom's soil  
 Is cursed by chain or slave!  
 Free speech, Free presses, far and wide,  
 Be these the battle cry,  
 Till Freedom's flag in Freedom's cause  
 Is crowned with victory!

---

## LINCOLN AND VICTORY!

MEN of the North, who remember  
 The deeds of your sires, ever glorious,  
 Join in our pæan victorious,  
 The pæan of Liberty!  
 Hark! on the gales of November,  
 Millions of voices are ringing,  
 Glorious the song they are singing—  
 Lincoln and Victory!  
 Hurrah!  
 Join the great chorus they're singing,  
 Lincoln and Victory!

Come from your forest-clad mountains,  
 Come from the fields of your tillage,  
 Come from city and village—  
 Join the great host of the free  
 As from their cavernous fountains

## REPUBLICAN SONGSTER.

Roll the deep floods to the ocean,  
 Join the great army in motion,  
 Marching to Victory!

Hurrah!

Echo from ocean to ocean,  
 Lincoln and Victory!

Far in the West rolls the thunder,  
 The tumult of battle is raging,  
 Where the sons of Freedom are waging  
 Warfare with Slavery!  
 Struggling with foes who would bind them,  
 Lo! they implore you to stay them!  
 Will you to Slavery betray them  
 No! no! they shall be free!

Hurrah!

Swear that you'll never betray them—  
 Never! they shall be free!

Men of the North, who remember  
 The deeds of our sires, ever glorious,  
 Join in our pæan victorious,  
 The pæan of Liberty!

Hark! on the gales of November,  
 Millions of voices are ringing,  
 Glorious the song they are singing—  
 Lincoln and Victory!

Hurrah!

Join the great chorus they're singing,  
 Lincoln and Victory!

## THE FUGITIVES.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

UNDER the cover of darkness,  
Watching with lynx-like-eyes,  
Parting the tangled brushwood,  
Boldly they seek the prize.  
Swift, for the boon is Freedom,  
Urging them on to speed,  
No matter how they suffer,  
No matter how they bleed.

Far from the highways keeping,  
Living as best they can,  
Famine so grim and ghastly,  
Fearing far less than man—  
Into the swamps and marshes,  
Fleeing from danger's track,  
On to their goal they journey,  
Never once turning back.

Hunted with guns and sabers,  
Little their eyes can sleep;  
Fainting and drooping and bleeding,  
Steadily on they keep—  
Watching the North Star glimmer,  
Down through the gloom of night,  
Praying for strength to struggle  
On in their feeble flight.

Is there no sigh of sadness,  
When from the slaver's lash  
Into the wilds and thickets  
Some of their victims dash—

Braving the scourge and rifle,  
 Fleeing to swamps and caves,  
 Dwelling with poisonous reptiles,  
 Rather than live as slaves ?

Oh ! to the freedom-loving,  
 Oh ! to the hearts that feel,  
 How in their simple sorrow  
 Stories like these appeal !  
 Is there no love of pity  
 Left in the Nation's breast,  
 That, for the love of Freedom,  
 Man should be so oppressed ?

---

## WE'LL SEND BUCHANAN HOME.

*Air*—"Few Days."

OLD "Honest Abe" we will elect,  
 In a few days—few days ;  
 The Loco-focos we'll eject,  
 And send Buchanan home.  
     For we will wait no longer,  
     Than a few days, a few days,  
     For we can wait no longer,  
     To send Buchanan home.

Buchanan is in great distress,  
 These few days—few days ;  
 His grief he scarcely can express,  
 Because he's going home.  
     For we will wait no longer, *etc.*

Abe Lincoln will be President,  
 In a few days—few days ;  
 To him the people will present,  
 Buchanan's present home.  
     For we will wait no longer, *etc.*



## REPUBLICAN SONGSTER.

November it is near at hand,  
In a few days—few days ;  
The people, then, throughout the land,  
Will send “ Old Jimmy” home.  
For they will wait no longer, etc.

The people they are not afraid,  
In a few days—few days,  
To take for Vice, with “ Honest Abe,”  
A man from Maine, his home.  
For they will wait no longer, etc.

Then shout for Abe of Illinois,  
For a few days—few days ;  
For Hamlin too your lungs employ,  
For they shan't stay at home.  
For we will wait no longer, etc.

The fourth of March will soon be here,  
In a few days—few days ;  
The time for “ Honest Abe” is near,  
To enter his new home.  
For we will wait no longer, etc.

For Lincoln and for Hamlin, too,  
For a few days—few days,  
We'll work with hearts that's always true,  
To those they love at home,  
For we will wait no longer, etc.

And when the vict'ry has been won,  
In a few days—few days,  
And Abe is safe in Washington,  
His Presidential home.  
Then we need wait no longer,  
Than a few days—few days,  
Then we need wait no longer,  
For happy times at home.

## RALLYING SONG.

AWAKE and raise the battle shout,

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

And shake the starry banner out,

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

List, rallying braves, a scream is heard—

'Tis Freedom's eagle, dauntless bird;

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

He calls to victory—

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

He calls to victory—

From West to East the war-cry sweeps—Hurrah!

And echoes from our Northern steeps—Hurrah!

And proudly waves the flag we bear,

For every star is blazing there—Hurrah!

Each star is blazing there.

Our candidates are in the field—Hurrah!

And see! the awe-struck foemen yield—Hurrah!

“On to the White House,” is the cry;

For Union and for Liberty—Hurrah!

For blood-bought Liberty.

Brave Lincoln leads the mighty host—Hurrah!

The people's pride—the people's boast—Hurrah!

And Illinois clasps hands with Maine,

And bids Oppression cease its reign—Hurrah!

Forever cease its reign.

Unconquerable as the waves—Hurrah!

We'll bury all the fed'ral knaves—Hurrah!

With “Honest Abe” to lead the van,

Bushwackers, stop us if you can—Hurrah!

Yes, stop us—if you can.

Three hearty cheers, boys, for our cause—Hurrah !

Three for the Union and the Laws—Hurrah !

Now forward ! and the day is won,  
For Illinois' undaunted son—Hurrah !

For Illinois' brave son.

---

## L I N C O L N .

HE comes, he comes, the fearless man ;

Throw all your banners forth—  
Chicago bids him lead the van  
Of a united North.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
Let shouts for Lincoln ring ;  
In Union rights let all unite  
To hail our Prairie King.

A nations's hand has wreathed his brow  
With stars her valor won ;  
To Union's quick-step, marching now,  
Comes Freedom's Western Son.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ! etc.

Farewell to cliques that would disown  
The people's high behest—  
That people's waiting hand shall crown  
The champion of the West.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ! etc.

The people's rights, the people's voice,  
His battle-cry shall be—  
A nation, in Chicago's choice,  
Hails Freedom's sovereignty.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ! etc.

The equal rights of North and South  
 He fearless doth proclaim—  
 He'll tear disunion's flag from both,  
 And blast each traitor's name.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! etc.

Then 'neath the stripes Time's hand hath blent,  
 'Neath stars our fathers won,  
 Will make our Lincoln President  
 In Eighteen Sixty-one.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! etc.

---

## S O N G .

*Air*—"Dixey's Land."

FRIENDS of Freedom, hear the story,  
 How the Freemen in their glory

Went away, went away,

Went away, went away,

To the lakes, with the intention  
 Of attending the Convention,

Far away, far away,

Far away, far away.

Because the people do demand

A hero, a hero,

As leader of their Spartan band,

They'll take him from his "prairie-land,"

Away, away, away,

Across the line of Dixon.

At Chicago they selected  
 Lincoln, who will be elected,

Abraham, Abraham,

Abraham, Abraham.

As Honest Abe the people know him,  
 And all his actions go to show him  
     A true man, a true man,  
     A true man, a true man.  
 Because the people do demand, etc.

Friends of "Union" never falter,  
 Loco-focos can not alter,  
     Or delay, or delay,  
     Or delay, or delay,  
 Our country's laws or constitution,  
 By traitorous threats or persecution,  
     A single day, a single day,  
     A single day, a single day.  
 Because the people do demand, etc.

Yet there is another reason,  
 Why the traitor and his treason  
     Must decay, must decay,  
     Must decay, must decay :  
 Lincoln's friend and his protector,  
 His political director,  
     Was Harry Clay, Harry Clay,  
     Harry Clay, Harry Clay.  
 Because the people do demand, etc.

Friends of Liberty, we ask you,  
 And we will not overtask you,  
     Come away ! come away !  
     Come away ! come away !  
 Leave the Loco Southern section,  
 Save your country next election,  
     Election day, election day,  
     Election day, election day.  
 Because the people do demand, etc.

## C A M P A I G N S O N G .

*Air*—"Rosin the Bow."

THE Campaign commences most nobly,  
The battle has fairly begun,  
And every new struggle proves doubly  
That "Buck" and his minions are done.

With the East and the West linked together,  
Our candidates never can fail,  
For the weight of a slave aint a feather  
When Freemen get into the scale.

Every friend of our own "Gallant Harry,  
The Star of the West," has declared  
The coming election they'll carry,  
For every true man is prepared.

For "Protection" the party will rally,  
"Free homes for the homeless," as well,  
Then we'll hear every mountain and valley  
Ring forth to "Free Trade" its death-knell.

For Lincoln the party's united,  
For Hamlin the people are true,  
The watch-fires all have been lighted,  
As once for "Old Tippecanoe."

Then bring out the music and banners,  
The "*fence rails*," and orators too,  
And we'll teach Loco-focos good manners,  
As we did with "Old Tippecanoe."

## FREEMEN, BANISH ALL YOUR FEARS.

BY R. M'N.

*Air*—"Scots Wha Hae."

FREEMEN, banish all your fears,  
 Lo! the promised morn appears,  
 Long foretold by Freedom's seers—  
     Lincoln takes the field.  
 Victory flashes in his eye,  
 Speaks in every battle-cry,  
 Rings along the vaulted sky,  
     Blazes on his shield.

See the Western prairies flame  
 At the mention of his name ;  
 Hear a people's loud acclaim,  
     Conscious of their might ;  
 Then behold the guilty foe,  
 Glutted with a nation's woe—  
 Patriots, do you fear them?—No.  
     God will speed the right.

Standing on the sacred sod,  
 Where our fearless fathers trod ;  
 Must *we* tamely kiss the rod,  
     Bowing low the knee ?  
 Foemen of your country's weal,  
 Bid your pampered hirelings kneel,  
 Crush *them* with your iron heel—  
     We, at least, are free.

And by all we love on earth,  
 By the land that gave us birth,  
 Friends of toil and honest worth,  
     Like our honored sires,  
 Heart to heart, and hand in hand,  
 We will march, a conquering band,  
 Till the altars of our land  
     Glow with Freedom's fires.

---

### “WIDE-AWAKE CLUB” SONG.

*Tune*—“A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.”

OH, hear you not the wild huzzas  
 That come from every State?  
 For honest Uncle Abraham,  
     The People's candidate?  
 He is our choice, our nominee,  
     A self-made man, and true;  
 We'll show the Democrats this fall  
     What honest Abe can do.  
     Then give us Abe, and Hamlin, too,  
     To guide our gallant ship,  
     With Seward, Sumner, Chase, and Clay,  
     And then a merry trip.

Come, Granny Buck, you'd better go  
     While you can see the way,  
 For I fear your nerves won't stand the shock  
     On next election day.  
 So take your hat—what's that you say?  
     You are so cold you shiver—  
 Why, that's the way you feel, my dear,  
     When sailing up Salt River.  
     Then give us Abe, and Hamlin, too, etc.



I hear that Dug. is half inclined  
 To give us all leg-bail,  
 Preferring exercise on foot  
 To riding on a rail.

For Abe has one already mauled  
 Upon the White House plan ;  
 If once Dug. gets astride of that,  
 He is a used-up man.

Then give us Abe, and Hamlin, too, etc.

Come rally with us here to-night,  
 Be "Wide Awake" for fun,  
 For we shall surely win the day  
 Before old sixty-one.

From North to South, from East to West,  
 Our power shall be felt ;

I tell you fight with all your might,  
 For Abe shall have the *Belt*.

Then give us Abe, and Hamlin, too,  
 To guide our gallant ship,

With Seward, Sumner, Chase, and Clay,  
 And then a merry trip.

---

## LINCOLN AND LIBERTY.

BY F. A. B. SIMKINS.

*Air*—"Rosin the Bow."

HURRAH for the choice of the nation !  
 Our chieftain so brave and so true ;  
 We'll go for the great Reformation—  
 For Lincoln and Liberty too !

We'll go for the son of Kentucky—  
 The hero of Hoosierdom through ;  
 The pride of the Suckers so lucky—  
 For Lincoln and Liberty too !

Our David's good sling is unerring,  
 The Slaveocrats' giant he slew ;  
 Then shout for the Freedom-preferring—  
 For Lincoln and Liberty too !

They'll find what, by felling and mauling,  
 Our rail-maker statesman can do ;  
 For the People are everywhere calling  
 For Lincoln and Liberty too !

Then up with our banner so glorious,  
 The star-spangled red-white-and-blue,  
 We'll fight till our flag is victorious,  
 For Lincoln and Liberty too !

---

## NEW NURSERY BALLADS,

FOR GOOD LITTLE DEMOCRATS.

1. SING a song of Charleston !  
 Bottle full of *Rye* !  
 All the Douglas delegates  
 Knocked into pi—  
 For when the vote was opened,  
 The South began to sing,  
 "Your little Squatter Sovereign  
 Sha'nt be our King !"
2. Hi diddle, diddle ! the Dred Scott riddle !  
 The Delegates scatter like loons !  
 The Little Dug. swears to see the sport,  
 And the Southerners count their spoons.
3. There was a little Senator  
 Who wasn't very wise,  
 He jumped into Conventi-on  
 And scratched out both his eyes ;  
 And when he found his eyes were out,  
 With all his might and main,  
 He bolted off to Baltimore  
 To scratch them in again.

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