

THE
REPUBLICAN
CAMPAIGN SONGSTER,

FOR

1860.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH

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BY H. DAYTON,

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Southern District of New-York.

P R E F A C E .

FOR twenty years past, in each of our quadrennial elections, the SONG has been recognized as a legitimate political power, scarcely secondary in its influence to that of the SPEECH itself, giving an impulse and a glow to masses of men, and relieving the tedium almost necessarily consequent upon protracted attention to the orator, however cogent his argument, or however polished his rhetoric. All parties invoke its aid, though many of their wise men sneer at it as trivial, and beneath the intelligence of the age. This is their mistake. Because it is just on the level of that intelligence, it is *not* trivial. Nothing is trivial that finds a response in the great heart of humanity, and stirs it with hope, or fills it with energy, or lifts it up with aspiration, as the influences of the moon control the tidal currents of the sea. He who has witnessed the effect of ten thousand voices, uniting in the chorus of a political song, adapted to some popular air, will never, thenceforth, call it trivial. Not a few who read this remark will recall the exciting canvass of 1840, when, if not for the first time in the history of our politics, certainly to a far greater extent than ever before, the practice of singing was introduced into our political gatherings; and from the Lakes to Florida, from the Mississippi to the Atlantic coast, rolled out the homely refrain, a promise and a prophecy of victory to the gallant soldier of Tippecanoe. Ever since then, though perhaps never to an equal degree, the political song has exerted a marked influence in our Presidential contests. It is not necessary that it should possess much literary merit; if it condenses into some rhythmic form, a popular thought,

emotion, or purpose, it is enough to give impulse to the popular heart, however homely the verse or unartistic the air to which it is sung.

For the present collection of songs, if viewed from the standpoint of literary criticism, but little is claimed. What the editor could do, within the limited time allowed for his work, and the crude materials furnished to his hand, he has done. If there are some things here that offend the fastidious, let such reflect that those very things may have a power to stir into activity some honest heart that could scarcely be reached by more refined and subtle modes of expression. It must be obvious, too, from the very necessity of the case, that, in a work like this, adaptation to the popular taste must take precedence of any purely æsthetic considerations. While, therefore, the editor is not indifferent to the latter, he has endeavored to conform his compilation to the demands of the former, so far as his limited range of selection would allow him to do so. It is right to add, however, that he believes that a fair degree of literary merit may be affirmed of many of the songs in this volume, while for some it may be fearlessly claimed that they are gems of the first water.

Hoping that it may contribute, in some degree, to the interest and effectiveness of our public meetings, and to fill with good cheer and a spirit of resolute courage, many hearts that are longing and battling for the Right, this Campaign Republican Songster is humbly submitted to the judgment of the Republican masses, by one who is with them in faith, in work, and in the glad expectation of a coming victory.

W. H. B.

NEW-YORK, *June 12th*, 1860.

T H E

Republican Campaign Songster.

UP FOR THE CONFLICT.

BY WM. H. BURLEIGH.

AIR—"The Old Oaken Bucket."

*Respectfully dedicated to the Ashland and Rocky Mountain Clubs of
Brooklyn.*

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, honor, fortune, 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 hill-side 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 royal 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 harvests and homes 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 their 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!

FREEDOM AND REFORM.

[“The sacred side is gaining in the conflict of justice and oppression.”—JEFFERSON.

“United on the sacred side of freedom and reform.”—CHASE.]

AIR—“*We'er 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.

CHORUS—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.

L I N C O L N A N D L I B E R T Y .

[“Honest Abe Lincoln”—born in Kentucky—followed the plow and the path of rectitude in Indiana—and mauled rails and Stephen A. Douglas in Illinois.]

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 Slavocrat's giant he slew;
 Then shout for the freedom-preferring—
 For Lincoln and Liberty too.

They will 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 !

MANHOOD.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head and a' that ;
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that ;
 For a' that and a' that ;
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd, for a' that.

What though on homely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin gray and a' that,
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that ;

The honest man, tho' e'er so poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd, for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that ;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world all o'er,
 Shall brothers be, for a' that.

Terms Explained:—Gowd—gold.

Hodden—homespun, or mean.

Gree—honor, or victory.

THE WOOD-CHOPPER OF THE WEST.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Far echoing in the dim old woods,
 Over the prairie lands and floods,
 I hear reverberating strokes,
 That rive in rails the prostrate oaks.

The woodman stands, sun-crowned and tall,
 And wields with giant strength the maul
 That drives the wedge at every blow,
 Like Thor's huge hammer, sure and slow.

And his Herculean arms will hew
The shadowing trees that hide the view
Of the grand White House from the West,
That all may see our eagle's nest.

This woodman is a pioneer,
And he will cut a pathway clear
From Illinois to Washington,
Before his noble task is done.

We hear the thunder of his blows,
Where the vast Mississippi flows,
And echo unto echo calls,
From granite hills and mountain walls.

The monarchs of the hills and vales
Are split into protective rails,
To fence within its dark domains
The curse that comes with slaves and chains.

Fence out the wrong of power and place ;
Fence in the rights of all the race ;
Fence out the greedy hand that steals ;
Fence in the noble heart that feels.

Fence out the tyrant and his sway ;
Fence in the hero of the day ;
Fence out oppression, vice, and crime ;
Fence in the truth from heaven sublime.

COME, UP WITH THE BANNER

(Popular Air.)

Come, fling out your banner,
 Ye sons of the West,
 For the noble, the true, and the brave ;
 Gird on your bright armor,
 At Freedom's behest,
 And onward, your country to save.
 Come, light up your camp-fires,
 And throw up your walls,
 And onward to duty, where Liberty calls—
 Onward to save, onward to save,
 With LINCOLN to lead the van.

The prairies are glowing
 With Freedom's clear light,—
 All strife and division have ceased.
 To the far western mountain,
 All glowing and bright,
 We will LINCOLN (link on) the hills of the east.
 Then up with your banner,
 Ye sons of the West,
 And onward to conquest at Freedom's behest ;
 Onward to save, onward to save,
 With LINCOLN to lead on the van.

We fear not the minions
 Of Tyranny's host,
 Though clad in their armor of mail ;

With Truth and Equality,
 Ever our boast,
 We will boldly their vanguard assail.
 Then up with your banner,
 Ye sons of the West,
 And onward to conquest, at Freedom's behest ;
 Onward to save, onward to save,
 With LINCOLN to lead on the van.

May the genius of Liberty
 Spread her bright wing,
 Away over mountain and dale,
 Let the homes in the wilderness
 Evermore ring
 With the music of Liberty's tale.
 Then up with your banner,
 Ye sons of the West,
 And onward to conquest, at Freedom's behest ;
 Onward to save, onward to save,
 With LINCOLN to lead on the van.

THE POOR VOTER'S SONG.

AIR—"Lucy Long."

They knew that I was poor,
 And they thought that I was base ;
 They thought that I'd endure
 To be covered with disgrace ;

They thought me of their tribe,
Who on filthy lucre dote,
So they offered me a bribe,
For my vote, boys ! my vote
O, shame upon my betters,
Who would my conscience buy !
But I'll not 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, while I can,
To the honest and the true,
Like a man, like a man !
O, shame, &c.

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, to be bought !
O, shame, &c.

THE BOBOLINK'S (CAMPAIGN) SONG.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

[When the hobolink 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 is 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 thinkin'—thinkin',
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 PEOPLE'S CHANT.

BY WM. H. BURLEIGH.

Our hearts with holy ardor glow,
Hurrah!

The spoiler's power to overthrow,
Hurrah!

To scourge the robbers to their den,
And give the rule to honest men.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

For Truth and Right we take our stand,
Hurrah!

For only they can save the land,
Hurrah!

And bring again, beneath their sway,
The glory of our ancient day.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

We march with hearts resolved and strong,
Hurrah!

To grapple with the hoary wrong,
Hurrah!

Our battle-cry, Free Speech! Free Soil!
Free Homesteads for the sons of toil!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Then peal again the onset-note,

Hurrah!

We'll conquer with the freeman's vote,

Hurrah!

Till victory crowns our righteous cause,

We'll neither faint, nor tire, nor pause.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

GOD MADE US FREE!

AIR—"America."

When Britain's tyrant hand,
Spread darkness o'er the land

A dismal night,

The deeds by patriots done,

Heaven's benediction won—

God sent them Washington,

And all was light.

The same kind hand appears

Through intervening years—

'Tis God's own will.

Sedition's voice was heard,

Threat'ning her hordes to gird,

When JACKSON spoke the word,

And all was still.

Now shall the people join—
 When fiendish clans combine,
 To spread the blight
 Of *Slavery* through the realm—
 Place LINCOLN at the helm,
 And faction's votaries whelm
 In utter night.

Here then shall Freedom bide,
 And spread her mantle wide ;
 'Tis Heaven's decree.
 And through all coming days,
 Mingled with hymns of praise,
 The undying shout we'll raise,
 GOD MADE US FREE !

GOD AND THE RIGHT

AIR—"America."

Sons of our northern land,
 Of the old patriot band,
 Rouse for the fight ;
 Ready to "do or die."
 Ring out your battle cry,
 Lincoln and Victory,
 God and the right.

Sons of those sires who brought
Old England's sons to naught,
 By land and sea ;
Uphold your country's fame !
Stain not her glorious name
With Slavery's deeds of shame,
 Dare to be free !

Stand for your Western plains,
Crimsoned with martyr stains,
 Plant now your feet ;
Yield not a single rood,
You need not be subdued ;
Stand as your fathers stood,
 Sound no retreat !

Follow your leader on !
Young Empire's chosen son
 Leads in the fight.
Fling your proud flag on high,
Ring out your battle cry,
Lincoln and Victory,
 God and the right !

"HONEST ABE.

AIR—"Bennie Havens, O."

Now all good fellow-citizens,
 A song I'm going to sing,
 In praise of "Old Abe Lincoln"
 We'll make the welkin ring ;
 For in the drear November,
 Democracy will know
 How "Abe" will be next President,
 For he is all the go.

CHORUS—Then all good fellow-citizens,
 Come stand up in a row,
 And shout for Honest Abraham,
 For he is all the go.

The South once struck for Liberty,
 And acted well their part,
 But like the women now they wear
 The cotton next their heart ;
 Their threats about disunion,
 We know are only blow,
 But "Abe" will show them what is right,
 For he will be the go.

CHORUS—Then all good fellow-citizens, &c.

Then up my boys, and at them,
And never lax your zeal,
Till we have gained the victory,
 And proved our honest zeal ;
Against the sham Democracy
Your march should not be slow,
To make " Old Abe " the President,
 For he is all the go.

CHORUS—Then all good fellow-citizens, &c.

And ye who love our Liberty,
For which our Fathers died,
Don't let our children's children say
 The voice of Nature cried
In vain to us, but at the polls,
Let everybody know,
That " Abe " will be next President,
 " Pro bono publico."

CHORUS—Then all good fellow-citizens,
Come stand up in a row,
And drink the heath of " Honest Abe,"
For he is all the go.

"LONG TIME AGO."

When Washington was President,
A long time ago,
The great Northwest was Freedom's own,
Forever to be so.

No border robbers cursed her soil,
Sustained by federal tools,
No "Squatter Sovereigns" then were bred
In Democratic schools.

The love of Freedom was no crime,
For which men's blood did flow,
In the days of True Democracy,
A long time ago.

In the days of, &c.

'These glorious days are now gone by ;
How altered are the times,
When office is secured and kept
By foul, officious crimes !
A Sheriff's posse now can strike
The innocent and free,
And Marshals arm a bloody mob
By Government decree.
Could tyrants thus have ruled our land,
And ordered all things so,
In the days of True Democracy,
A long time ago ?

In the days of, &c.

In the days of our first President,
 A long time ago,
 When Slavery was condemned to die,
 And Freedom bid to grow,
 We coveted no other lands,
 Nor islands in the sea ;
 No Filibuster diplomats
 Did represent the Free ;
 No " Conference" of Buchaneers
 To all the world did show
 Democracy an empty name,
 A long time ago.

Democracy an empty, &c.

ARISE! YE SONS OF HONEST TOIL

BY WM. H. BURLEIGH.

Arise! ye sons of honest toil;
 Arise! arise! arise!
 Ye free-born tillers of the soil,
 Arise! arise! arise!
 Come from the workshop and the field,
 Prepared to conquer, not to yield,
 The ballot-box your sword and shield—
 Arise! arise! arise!

Since he must sow who fain would reap,

Arise ! arise ! arise !

Let cowards fail, let sluggards sleep—

Arise, ye free ! arise !

Lo ! in the West how broad and grand

The empires of the future stand !

Shall Slavery snatch them from your hand ?

Arise ! arise ! arise !

By all the hopes that round you throng,

Arise ! arise ! arise !

By all your hatred of the wrong,

Arise ! arise ! arise !

By all your memories of the time

When right was might, and wrong was crime ;

By all that makes your lives sublime,

Arise ! arise ! arise !

The spirits of your fathers call—

Arise ! arise ! arise !

There's room for all and work for all—

Arise ! arise ! arise !

Come up at Liberty's behest,

From North and South, from East and West,

And do, for truth and right, your best—

Arise ! arise ! arise !

STRIKE FOR THE RIGHT.

 BY E. W. LOCKE.

Up, freemen ! once more for the conflict prepare,
 With hands that can do, and with hearts that can dare ;
 When Liberty calls we are prompt to obey,
 And ready and eager to rush to the fray.

CHORUS.

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.

The homes of the free, 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.

CHORUS—Strike for the right, &c.

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 struggle to-day.

CHORUS—Strike for the right, &c.

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.

CHORUS—Strike for the right, &c

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.

CHORUS—Strike for the right, &c.

THE BANNER OF FREEDOM.

AIR—“ *Star Spangled Banner.* ”

'Tis the banner whose folds floated over our sires,
When the trumpet's shrill note summoned heroes to war,
When the hills were aflame with their beaconing fires,
Through the smoke-clouds of battle it shone like a star ;
And at Freedom's behest,
Came our bravest and best,
To strike for the rights of a nation opprest—
Oh, long may that banner triumphantly wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

Unfurl it once more !—let it beacon us on,
Not to fields where the cannon-shot ploughs up its path,
But to those where the triumphs of Right may be won,
By the weapons of Truth, wielded never in wrath :

Old Error turns pale
As they smite through her mail,
And the hour hastens on when the Right shall prevail,
And the banner of Freedom triumphantly wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

We have chosen a leader to bear up our flag,
ABE LINCOLN, "the honest," the noble and true :
And with him and our HAMLIN, from mountain and crag
We'll fling out our banner, the red, white and blue.
When the battle is done,
And the victory won,
To the White House our conquering host will march on,
With the banner of freedom, the flag ever blest,
And our land shall in peace and prosperity rest.

Then a shout for our banner, a shout for our cause,
'Tis the noblest on earth, and our watch-word shall be,
"The whole Constitution, the Union and Laws,
And freedom to all that by nature is free."
With a Homestead for all,
Proud oppression must fall,
With a heart and a will let us roll on the ball.
Then follow our banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

THE PEOPLE ARE A-COMING.

I hearkened in the East and I hearkened in the West,
 And I heard a fising and a drumming ;
 And my heart bobbed up in the middle of my breast,
 For I knew that the people were a-coming.

Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
 Abe and the people are a-coming !

Oh, pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
 Lincoln and the people are a-coming I believe !

I hearkened at the doors of Old Tammany Hall,
 When the leaders at the bar were a-rumming—
 And I heard the poor soft shells crack agin the wall
 When they found that the people were a coming !

Oh, pull off your coat, &c.

I looked in at Mozart, and knocked very loud,
 Where the Wooden-headed hards were a-chumming,
 But as soon as I told them that Abe had a crowd,
 Oh, they knew that the people were a-coming !

Oh, pull off your coat, &c

At Stuyvesant Hall they are rolling on the ball,
 And the rush and the roar are benumbing
 To the minions of a dynasty that totters to its fall,
 For they know that the people are a-coming !

So pull off your coat, &c

There's a panic in the South, and a world of windy talk,
 And the value of the Union they are summing,
 But the eaters of their dirt may as well prepare to walk,
 For 'tis certain that the people are a-coming!

Then pull off your coat, &c.

There's a rattle in the East and a rattle in the West;
 There's a Yankee Doodle fifeing and a drumming;
 On the ides of November you'll find out the rest,
 And you'll know that the people are a-coming!

So pull off your coat, &c.

The honest men are waking in our old Empire State,
 In spite of the Democratic gumming
 About Seward and Chicago and the smashing of a slate—
 Oh, the people of New-York are a-coming!

Three cheers for "Honest Abe," then, together
 we'll give—

Lincoln will be President as sure as you live!

NO FETTERS FOR FREEDOM.

'Tis said that once old Persia's king,
 In mad, tyrannic pride,
 Cast fetters on the Hellespont,
 To curb its swelling tide.

But freedom's own true spirit heaved
The bosom of the main ;
It tossed those fetters to the skies,
And bounded on again !

The scorn of each succeeding age
On Xerxes' head was hurled,
And o'er that foolish deed has pealed
The long laugh of a world.

Thus, thus defeat, and scorn, and shame
Is his who strives to bind
The restless leaping waves of thought,
The free tide of the mind.

For liberty shall light the hall,
And bless the humble hearth—
An emanation from the Lord,
To fill the glad wide earth.

Then, courage! ye who war with wrong,
And tyrant power assail !
God strikes for those who strike for right
And truth shall yet prevail !

UP, LAGGARDS OF FREEDOM.

Up, laggards of freedom!—our free flag is cast
To the blaze of the sun and the wings of the blast ;

Will ye turn from the struggle so bravely begun?
From a foe that is breaking—a field that's half won?

Up, ye who still boast of hearts beating and warm—
Rise, from lake shore and ocean's, like waves in a storm;
Come, throng round your banner in Liberty's name,
Like winds from your mountains, like prairies aflame!

For deeper than thunder of summer's loud shower,
On the dome of the sky God is striking the hour;
Shall we falter before what we've prayed for so long,
When the wrong is so weak and the right is so strong?

Come forth altogether—come old, and come young,
Freedom's vote in each hand, and her song on each tongue
Truth naked is stronger than falsehood in mail;
The wrong cannot prosper, the right cannot fail.

Like leaves of the summer once numbered the foe,
But the hoar frost is falling, the Northern winds blow;
Like leaves of November ere long shall they fall,
For earth wearies of them, and God's over all.

Then gather! then gather! from near and from far—
For Liberty calls all her sons to the war!
A LINCOLN leads on—and the hosts of the free
Surge up, at his call, like the waves of the sea!

FREEDOM'S BATTLE CALL.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

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 bronzed bells in all the spires ;
Toss the flame-rockets heaven high ;
Let black-lipped cannon belch in fires,
And shouts of freedom rend the sky.

Our fathers' blood cries from the dust ;
Their hearts heave 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.

HURRAH FOR THE LEADER!

BY EDGAR PHILLIPS.

Now Error disheartened sinks faint on the plain,
And Truth in her majesty rises again ;
Sweet Liberty gladdens her sons with a smile,
And the light of progression moves fast o'er the dial.
In purpose united, with banners unfurled,
We'll shout, till the echoes arouse the glad world,

Hurrah for the leader who marshals our van !
 Hurrah for the farmer, the statesman and man !

Descendants of fathers who fought and who bled
 In the front ranks of Freedom, disgrace not the dead !
 Nor with servile submission their memory stain,
 By yielding the rights which they fought to maintain.
 In purpose united, &c.

Our champion has met the proud chief of our foes ;
 And though fierce was the struggle, yet proudly arose
 From the field well-contested, the tall waving crest
 Of the gallant and "honest Old Abe of the West."
 In purpose united, &c.

To the work that awaits you, brave sons of the North !
 Go boldly and firmly, not vauntingly forth ;
 Be worthy your mission, be steadfast and true,
 For the hopes of a nation have centred in you.

In purpose united, with banners unfurled,
 We'll shout, till the echoes arouse the glad world,
 Hurrah for the leader who marshals our van !
 Hurrah for the farmer, the soldier and man !

ALL HAIL! YE GALLANT HEROES.

All hail! ye gallant heroes,
 Who march in Freedom's train,
 Come forth and take your places—
 We close our ranks again;
 For, God be praised! New-England
 Takes once more her ancient place—
 Again the Pilgrim's banner
 Leads the vanguard of the race.

CHORUS—Then sound again the bugle,
 Call the battle-roll once more,
 The true, the good, the just proclaim—
 “The rule of wrong is o'er!”

Along the lovely Hudson
 A shout of triumph breaks,
 The Empire State is speaking
 From the ocean to the lakes;
 The northern hills are blazing,
 The northern skies are bright,
 And the fair young West is turning
 Her forehead to the light.

CHORUS—Then sound again the bugle,
 Call the battle-roll once more,
 The nation's shout comes thundering on,
 Like the old ocean's roar.

Push every outpost nearer,
 Press hard the hostile towers,
 Another Balaclava,
 And the Malakoff is ours!
 Then fling abroad our banner,
 The emblem of the free,
 And pass along the watchword—
 LINCOLN and VICTORY!

CHORUS—Then sound again the bugle,
 Call the battle-roll once more,
 The nation's shout comes thundering on,
 Like the grand ocean's roar.

THE WESTERN STAR.

AIR—“*Gaily the Troubadour.*”

Brightly the WESTERN STAR
 Beams o'er our land,
 Shedding its radiance
 On every hand;
 Kind are its bounteous rays,
 Chasing our fears—
 Western Star! Western Star!
 Give it three cheers.

Richly it brings us
 Promise of peace—

Giving from misrule
 Joyful release ;
 Tidings of triumph
 It brings to our ears—
 Western Star! Western Star
 Give it three cheers.

Mechanics and Farmers
 Hail the glad day,
 When Free Labor gives them
 Good price and pay.
 Brightly the Western Star
 O'er us appears—
 LINCOLN, the "*Rail-splitter!*"
 Give him three cheers.

They who "the victors' spoil"
 Claimed as their own,
 Shall this year their power see
 Fully o'erthrown ;
 Right shall prevail over
 Misrule of years—
 Western Star! Eastern Star!
 Give *each* three cheers.

All shall *encore* again,
 Loudly the shout,
 The PEOPLE will raise when
 The *Slaveites* are out,

When Buchanan's defunct,
 And misrule disappears—
 For LINCOLN and HAMLIN
 Three times three cheers!

OLD ABE AND THE FIRE-EATERS

BY R. COLBY.

X a 46

TUNE—"Dearest May."

The "happy family" gathered
 In the Gulf State No. 1,
 Where waves the fierce Palmetto,
 And to seed Seceders run;
 Out spoke the valorous Yancey,
 "The Union is dissolved,
 If Douglas don't go overboard,
 On that we are resolved."

Oh Yancey, the gay, now is your time of day,
 The "Honest Abe" is splitting rails to fence the Gulf,
 they say.

The squadron of the Gulf declared
 That when the time should come,
 To inaugurate a Northern man,
 With General Quattlebum

It would sail straight up to Washington,
 With trumpet, fife and drum,
 And knock the Black Republicans
 Half way to "kingdom come."

Oh, Quattlebum and Yancey, put your squadron in array,
 Old Abe will fence you in "dry dock" on that eventful
 day.

And when you fiery gentlemen,
 The Capitol shall seize,
 You may take the gold and General Cass,
 And anything you please—
 Provided you will let Covode
 Run his Committee, till
 Your schemes and James Buchanan's
 Are put through that little mill.

Oh Yancey, the gay, from Alabama Bay,
 Stand out to sea, before Abe's fence comes poking down
 that way.

For the flat-boat ticket carries
 The Rail-splitters aboard ;
 While the Wide-Awakes in Lincoln green,
 The frith of Wigfall ford ;
 With the Black-Hawk banner floating,
 And old Abe to lead along,
 We'll scare the ducks at Baltimore,
~~And~~ each Richmond chittagong—

So Yancey, right away, ask for quarter while you may,
~~And~~ expect none ever after Abe's inauguration day.

Oh no: in "Abraham's bosom,"
 The Union shall abide ;
 While down that Gulf impassable,
 Slidell and Yancey slide ;
 Not a single drop of comfort
 For the fire-eater's tongue,
 While ~~we~~ beneath the Black-Hawk banner,
 We the wigwam shout prolong.

Oh stay, Yancey, pray, before that dismal day,
 When Abe shall fence that Gulf so you can never come
 this way.

OUR STANDARD-BEARER.

BY ROBERT A. CUMMING.

Who carries the flag of our Union ?
 He is valiant and true, and as tall as the yew,
 A giant in strength, and conservative too,
 Who carries the flag of our Union.

Of all his proud foemen he vanquished the best ;
 For Douglas, the squatter, his prowess confessed ;
 And like young Lochinvar he comes out of the West,
 To carry the flag of our Union.

Who carries the flag of our Union ?

An American Bayard—a knight without stain,
 He marches in triumph o'er fallacies slain,
 And Democrats mutter and grumble in vain,
 For he carries the flag of our Union

Full knightly he stands, armed with truth, as in mail ;
 Oh ! well may his enemies tremble and quail,
 For their quibbles and falsehoods he splits *like a rail*,
 And he stands by the truth and the Union

Then up with our flag ! let it flaunt in the gale ;
 Our hosts are united, the right must prevail,
 For Lincoln's the choice of the Union.

THE LINCOLN FLAG.

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 any steeple ;

Then make our banner fast, my boys,
The standard of the people.

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.

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, my boys,
And every man's a brother ;
While we have hearts to feel, my boys,
Our hands will help each other.

THE WATCHWORD OF THE FREE.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

HURRAH to the note that rising swells
From lake to rolling sea !
Of truth and victory it tells—
'Tis the watchword of the free !
That watchword comes o'er hill and plain,
From Western lands afar ;
Our ocean waves repeat the strain—
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

The star our fathers watched of yore
To guide their steps aright,
Though long bedimmed, displays once more
Its rays of peerless light ;
It shines on many a hill and plain
Of Western lands afar !
It gleams upon the rocks of Maine—
Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza !

And sunnier climes the anthem spread
O'er their time-honored graves,
To tell us freedom's light is shed
E'en on a land of slaves.
Our free note from Missouri's plain,
Where sinks the evening star,
Is echoing from the rocks of Maine—
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

Hail to the tillers of the land,
Whose brave hearts beating free,
Disdain with fettered slaves to stand,
And bow the suppliant knee.
Their watchword from Missouri's plain,
Borne on the breeze afar,
Is echoing from the rocks of Maine—
Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza !

We vow by all the rights of toil,
And by our fathers' graves,
The air that floats o'er freedom's soil
Shall not be breathed by slaves !

Our free note from Missouri's plain,
 Where sets the Western star,
 Is echoing from the rocks of Maine—
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

With "HONEST ABE" to lead the van,
 No sluggards shall we be—
 We battle for the rights of man,
 And such alone are free!
 Then fling again, from hill and plain,
 Our onset-shout afar,
 From California to Maine—
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

HURRAH FOR LINCOLN.

A corrupt administration
 Shall no more disgrace our nation;
 Rogues shall seek their proper station,
 For we've found an *honest* man.
 One with arm that's true and steady—
 One with heart and voice that's ready.
 Yes, good ABRAHAM has said he
 Would consent to lead the van.

Then, hurrah for ABRAHAM LINCOLN;
 'Tis a glorious thing to think on
 He'll not waver, no! nor wink on
 Machinations and deceit;

Lobby schemes and treasury stealing
 Find with him no "fellow feeling;"
 Haste he'll make their fraud revealing,
 Justice at his hands they'll meet.

Knowing this, ten thousand voices
 Shout Brave LINCOLN now our choice is;
 With good HAMLIN's help our cause is
 Sure to gain the victory;
 Anxious now to save the nation
 From a tyrant's usurpation,
 Men of every name and station
 Glad the summons will obey.

THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE.

AIR—"A wet sheet and a flowing sea."

Oh, hear you not the wild huzzas
 That come from every State;
 For honest Uncle ABRAHAM L.,
 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.

CHORUS—Then give us ABE and Hamlin too,
 To guide our gallant ship,
 With Seward, Sumner, Chase, and Clay,
 And then a merry trip.

Now, "O. P. F." 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'll feel, my dear,
 When sailing up Salt River,

CHORUS—Then give us ABE and HAMLIN too, &c.

Now rally, good Republicans

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 prowess shall be felt.

I tell you fight with all your might,

For ABE shall have the *belt*.

CHORUS—Then give us ABE and HAMLIN, too,

To guide our gallant ship,

With Seward, Sumner, Chase, and Clay

And then a merry trip.

NATIONAL CEMENT.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

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,
This 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 cob 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 calk 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.

HONEST ABE OF THE WEST.

BY EDMUND 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 turn 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 a 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!

ON TO VICTORY.

BY DANIEL BATCHELOR.

Loud we answer ! lo we come
Responsive now 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 plough, from anvil, and from loom,
We come our heritage to save,
And speak a tyrant faction's 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 stripe and star inwoven there,
We read the natal rights of man ;
Our fathers loved it--so will we,
And onward move to victory .

OLD ABE, THE RAIL-SPLITTER.

BY JESSE CLEMENT.

TUNE—"The Star Spangled-Banner."

Hark! hear ye the shouts which are shaking the hills,
 And filling with gladness our country's green valleys!
 'Tis the name of "Old Abe" that has magic which thrills
 The hearts of the legions whom Freedom now rallies.
 Oh, that name has a charm, like the tocsin's alarm;
 Which causes the freemen for conflict to arm;
 No more will they bow, like a bevy of slaves,
 To the dotards who rule as the tools of the knaves.

Too long has our country been cursed by the sway
 Of men who are living to multiply evil;
 It is time to arouse, and to despots cry, nay;
 This *spreading* of slavery—work of the devil—
 At a Democrat's hand may seem ever so grand,
 But cannot proceed in this rail-splitting land,
 For "Honest Old Abe," uneclipsed at his trade,
 Is mauling the rails, and the fence will be made.

We freemen have chosen this hard-working man—
 The friend of free-labor and honest requital—
 To summon us toilers, and keeping the van,
 To finish the work to humanity vital.

No more soil, which the brave, who are now in the grave,
 Shed their blood from the grasp of oppression to save,
 Must be turned into "commons" for men of black skin;
 So the rails of "Old Abe" will the darkies fence in!

ROLL ON THE BALL.

AIR—"Rosin the Bow."

Come all ye true friends of the Nation,
 Attend to humanity's call,
 Come join in your country's salvation,
 And roll the Republican ball.

CHORUS—Roll on the Republican ball,
 Roll on the Republican ball;
 For LINCOLN and HAMLIN and FREEDOM,
 We'll labor from now until fall.

"Old Abe" he is honest and truthful,
 A live "representative man,"
 He's neither too old nor too youthful,
 So Democrats beat if you can.

CHORUS—Roll on the Republican ball, &c.

He's fresh from the ranks of the people,
 He's manly, he's tall, and he's straight;
 In height somewhat less than a steeple,
 And firm as a rock in his gait.

CHORUS—Roll on the Republican ball, &c.

As a man of the People, no wonder
 His name is a beacon of light,
 For the UNION he never will sunder,
 But its stars he will keep polished bright.

CHORUS—Roll on the Republican ball, &c.

We surely will beat in November,
 We'll distance them all in the race,
 For the people have spoken—remember,
 “OLD ABE” IS THE MAN FOR THE PLACE.

CHORUS—Roll on the Republican ball, &c.

THE MARCH OF THE FREE.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

Hark! an earthquake's deep roar o'er the country is boom-
 ing,

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 rolled to the sea;

Now the North, East, and Centre, 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 blasts hurtless 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 ;
With thine, Mississippi, its surgings are blended,
Potomac 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 !

RALLY, BOYS, RALLY!

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

AIR—"Hail to the Chief."

Ready, boys, ready! the fight has begun—
 Its clangor resounds to our uttermost border;
 Steady, boys, steady! together, as one,
 Fall into the ranks and march forward in order;
 Be this our battle-cry,
 "LINCOLN and LIBERTY."
 Far let it sound over hill-top and valley;
 Peal it out! peal it out!
 Loud as a thunder-shout!
 God for the righteous cause! rally, boys, rally!

Sons of the fathers who sealed with their blood,
 For us and our children, of freedom the charter,
 Stand for the cause as our Washington stood!
 And a curse on the wretch who his birthright would bar-
 Be this our battle-cry, [ter!
 "LINCOLN and LIBERTY."
 Far let it sound over hill-top and valley;
 Peal it out! peal it out!
 Loud as a thunder-shout!
 God for the righteous cause! rally, boys, rally!

Pilgrims of Freedom, who seek in the West
 The guerdon the despots of Europe denied you,
 Show yourselves worthy that priceless bequest,
Free homes for the free, which our sires did provide you:

Join in our battle-cry,
 "LINCOLN and LIBERTY!"

Far let it sound over hill-top and valley;
 Peal it out! peal it out!
 Loud as a thunder-shout!

God for the righteous cause! rally boys, rally!

Ye who hate rapine, injustice, and wrong,
 Ye who believe that the right is eternal,
 See how the hordes of Democracy throng
 To the standard of Slavedom, with purpose infernal!

Send forth your battle-cry,
 "LINCOLN and LIBERTY!"

Far let it sound over hill-top and valley—
 Peal it out! peal it out!
 Loud as a thunder-shout!

God for the righteous cause! rally, boys, rally!

Fearing not, doubting not, come with the might
 Of the hands that are free and the hearts that are
 loyal;

Victory waits for the True and the Right,
 And her largess, to all who uphold them, is royal.

Then be your battle-cry
 "LINCOLN and VICTORY."

Far let it sound over hill-top and valley;
 Peal it out! peal it out!
 Loud as a thunder-shout!

God for the righteous cause! rally, boys, rally!

THE SONG OF THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We cross the prairie, as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's Southern line,
And plant beside the cotton tree
The rugged Northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills
As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our Mother-land
Is on us as we go!

We go to plant her common schools
On desert prairie swells,
And give the Sabbath of the wild
The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man!

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
 That feed the Kansas run,
 Save where our pilgrim gonfalon
 Shall flout the setting sun !

We'll tread the prairie, as of old
 Our fathers sailed the sea,
 And make the West, as they the East,
 The homestead of the free !

THE BALLOT BOX.

AIR—Hark! the Song of Jubilee.

Freedom's consecrated dower,
 Casket of a princely gem !
 Nobler heritage of power
 Than imperial diadem !
 Corner-stone on which was reared
 Liberty's triumphal dome,
 When her glorious form appeared
 In the land she makes her home.

Purchased by as noble blood
 As in mortal veins e'er run,
 By the toil of those who stood
 At the side of Washington—

By the hearts that met the foe
On their native battle-plain,
Where the arm that strikes the blow.
Never needs to strike again !

Guard it, freemen ! guard it well !
Spotless as your maidens' fame !
Never let your children tell
Of your weakness or your shame—
That their fathers basely sold
What was bought with blood and toil,
That you bartered *right* for *gold*
Here on freedom's sacred soil !

Threw away your children's dower,
Freedom's glorious domain,
For the triumph of an hour,
And for party's paltry gain—
Never—for ye can and *must*,
By this weapon of the free,
Guard your fathers' sacred trust
From the blight of slavery.

FREE DISCUSSION.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

[“Living, I shall assert the right of FREE DISCUSSION ; dying, I shall assert it ; and, should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God, I will leave them the inheritance of FREE PRINCIPLES, and the example of a manly and independent defence of them.”—DANIEL WEBSTER.]

Back with the Southerner's
Padlocks and scourges !
Go—let him fetter down
Ocean's free surges,
Go—let him silence
Winds, clouds, and waters,
Never the Northerner's
Free sons and daughters !
Free as our rivers are
Ocean-ward going—
Free as the breezes are
Over us blowing.

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 forever,
 Truce with oppression,
 Never! oh, never!

THE BEAUTY OF LIBERTY.

“In all things that have beauty, there is nothing to man more comely than Liberty.”—MILTON.

When the dance of the shadows at daybreak is done,
 And the cheeks of the Morning are red with the Sun ;
 When he sinks in his glory at eve from the view,
 And calls up the planet to blaze in the blue—

There is beauty—but where is the beauty to see
 More proud than the sight of a nation when free?

When the beautiful bend of the bow is above,
 Like a circle of light on the bosom of love ;
 When the moon in her splendor is floating on high,
 Like a banner of silver hung out in the sky,

There is beauty—but earth has no beauty to see
 More proud than the front of a nation when free.

In the depth of the darkness, unvaried in hue,
 When shadows are veiling the breast of the blue ;

When the voice of the tempest at midnight is still,
 And the spirit of solitude sleeps on the hill,
 There is beauty—but where is the beauty to see
 Like the broad-beaming brow of a nation when free ?

When the striving of surges is mad on the main,
 Like the charge of a column of plumes on the plain ;
 When the thunder is up from its cloud-cradled sleep,
 And the tempest is treading the path of the deep ;
 There is grandeur and beauty—but nothing to me
 Is so grand as the brow of a nation when free !

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

East, West, and North, the shout is heard,
 Of freemen rising for the right—
 Each valley hath its rallying word,
 Each hill its signal light.

O'er Massachusetts' rocks of gray,
 The strength'ning light of freedom shines ;
 Rhode Island's Narraganset bay,
 Vermont's Green Mountain pines.

From Hudson's frowning pailsades,
 To Alleghany's laurelled crest,
 O'er lakes and prairies, streams and glades,
 It shines upon the West.

And brighter yet that light shall stream
In gladness over all our coasts ;
Till, beacons by its glorious beam,
Shall gather Freedom's hosts,

With iron wills and stalwart arms,
To guard our father's rich bequest,
And save from Slavery's deadly harms,
The broad and fertile West.

With all the hopes that can inspire
Hearts that to Liberty are true—
With every motive that can fire
Their zeal to dare and do,

They come from East and West and North—
Hurrah! a LINCOLN leads the van ;
And millions peal the war-cry forth,
" BEHOLD THE HOUR AND MAN !"

THE MIGHT WITH THE RIGHT.

May every year but draw more near
The time when strife shall cease,
And truth and love all hearts shall move
To live in joy and peace.
Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains,
For folly still her power maintains ;
But the day shall yet appear
When the might with the right and the truth shall be ;
And come what there may, to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.

Let good men ne'er of truth despair,
Though humble efforts fail ;
We'll give not o'er, until once more
The righteous cause prevail.
In vain and long, enduring wrong,
The weak may strive against the strong ;
But the day shall yet appear
When the might with the right and the truth shall be—
And come what there may, to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.

Though interest pleads that noble deeds
The world will not regard—
To noble minds, whom duty binds,
No sacrifice is hard.

The brave and true may seem but few,
But hope keeps better things in view—
And the day shall yet appear
When the might with the right and the truth shall be—
And come what there may, to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.

FREEDOM'S GATHERING.

The rallying shout of Freedom
Is pealing, long and loud ;
And far-off hills are writing
Her fire-words on the cloud ;
From Saco's silver fountains
A deep response is heard,
And Alleghany's Mountains
Send back the signal word.

The glorious West is shaking
The shackles from her hand—
State after State is taking
Her place in Freedom's band ;
They come—the strong battalions—
From East and West they come ;
And the heart-beat of the millions
Is the beat of Freedom's drum.

"To tyrant plots no favor!
 No heed to place-fied knaves!
 We'll dyke the land forever
 Against a tide of slaves!
 No inch of these broad acres,
 Our Freedom's fair domain,
 Shall from her sons be ravished,
 To bear the yoke and chain!"

Our vow is said! oh, hear it,
 Ye heavens, above us spread!
 The land is roused—its spirit
 Was sleeping, but not dead:
 For, from the far Penobscot's
 To California's coast,
 The onset-shout is sounding,
 And LINCOLN leads our hosts.

THE LAMENT OF AN "O. P. F."

An "O. P. F." at the White House gate
 One evening stood disconsolate;
 His dickey had lost its usual starch,
 His nose was more than ever a pug,
 And he said to himself, "On the Fourth of March
 Must I *march forth* from these quarters snug!"

“ I sold myself in an evil hour,
Body and soul to an Evil Power,
And now I'm cheated of my pay ;
For the South with scorn my claim doth flout,
With ' Every dog must have his day,'
But the day and dog are both—*played out.*”

“ Did the *South* e'er ask, and *I* refuse ?
At its demand I have changed my views,
Quarrelled with friends and pensioned foes,
Made Walker walk from his Kansas rule,
Ate dirt by pecks—and the devil knows
If I made myself more knave or fool.”

“ Too much of both—but rather more
Of the last—if I wasn't one before ;
For what is the upshot of it all ?
A record foul with a thousand stains,
Power, friends, and fame, beyond recall,
And the Southron's scorn for all my pains.”