

REPUBLICAN



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THE CAMPAIGN OF 1860.

REPUBLICAN SONGS
FOR THE PEOPLE,
Original and Selected.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

COMPILED BY THOMAS DREW,
Late Editor of the Massachusetts Spy.

BOSTON:
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1860.

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1. The army of the Free! They come,
With banners waving high;
God for the right! Their loud hurra,
And Liberty their cry;
They come! They come! with strong intent
No craven men are they,
2. From blue Ketchikan's lofty peak, —
From Kansas' field of blood —
From San Francisco's Golden Gate —
From Huron's northern flood —
They come! They come! and Slavery quail
Before their stern array.
3. They come not as the conqueror comes,
When love and mercy flee,
But ~~they~~ come to bless the Prairie Land,
With Homesteads of the Free,
They come to stay the iron rule
Of Slavery's naughty sway.
4. They come with strong and noble hearts
With Liberty imbrued,
They come to set the nation right,
These men of dauntless mood;
And martyr'd Kansas shall no more
Beware their long delay.
5. Truth crush'd to earth shall rise again
Nor speak with bated breath,
The lessons taught by none of you
Who wrestled with death
And those shall fill dishonor'd graves
Who Freedom's rights betray.
6. Then to the battle one and all,
From every hill and vale;
And let the shout of Freedom ring
On every swelling gale
With Lincoln in the van there's none
Your conquer'ing march can stay.

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Dedication.

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

— OF —

All Republican Clubs in the United States

THIS LITTLE VOLUME OF

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE COMPILER.

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REPUBLICAN SONGS

FOR THE PEOPLE.

“Oppression shall not always reign.”

BY HENRY WARE, JR.

TUNE — *The Hurrah Song.*

Oppression shall not always reign;
There comes a brighter day,
When Freedom, burst from every chain,
Shall have triumphant way.
Then Right shall over Might prevail,
And Truth, like hero armed in mail,
The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
And hold eternal sway.

E'en now that glorious day draws near,
Its coming is not far;
In earth and heaven its signs appear,
We see its morning star;
Its dawn has flushed the Eastern sky;
The Western hills reflect it high;
The Southern clouds before it fly;
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

What voice shall bid the progress stay
 Of Truth's victorious car?
 What arm arrest the growing day,
 Or quench the solar star?
 What dastard soul, though stout and strong,
 Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,
 Or Slavery's guilty night prolong,
 And Freedom's morning bar?

The Day has come! the Hour draws nigh!
 We hear the coming car!
 Send forth the glad exulting cry!
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
 From every hill, by every sea,
 In shouts proclaim the Great Decree,
 "All chains are broke, all men are free!"
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

"Shool."

I know a man, they call him Douglas,
 Didn't he try to bother and boggle us,
 Soft soap, butter, honeyfuggle us?
 Dis cum bibble allah boo, slow reel.
 Shool — shool — Dug can't rule.
 Shool I shack-a-rack, shool a babba cool,
 The first time I saw Steve a wriggle eel,
 Dis cum bibble allah boo, slow reel.

Ha, ha, ha, he! ha, ha, ha, he!
 Did you ever hear such a nominee
 As Johnny Bell of Tennessee.
 Dis cum bibble allah boo, slow reel.

Shool, shool, Bell can't rule.
 Shool, I shack-a-rack, shool a babba cool,
 The first time I saw Johnny Bell a eel
 Dis cum bibble allah boo, slow reel.

See in the lock-up, if you can see,
 Pull away, tear away, secede Yancey,
 He's a Dimmycrat, one of the fancy,
 Dis cum bibble allah boo, slow reel.
 Shool, shool, Yancey mule,
 Shool, I shack-a-rack, shool a babba cool,
 The first time I saw Yancey shoot his unc'
 Dis cum bibble allah boo, slow hunk.

We'll all go on to Washington City,
 And in the East Room sing this ditty,
 Pious old Buck, your fate we pity,
 Dis cum bibble allah boo, slow reel.
 Shool, shool, Buck's bad rule.
 Shool I shack-a-rack shool a babba cool,
 The last time I saw Buck on the stage,
 History groaned o'er a blotted page.

Lincoln and Liberty.

Sung at the Ratification Meeting of the Lincoln Club,
 Columbus, O.

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 slaveocrat's 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!

Song of the Officeholder.

TUNE — *A few days.*

Oh! what in the world will become of me,
 In a few days — a few days,
 Oh! where will all my *perquisites* be?
 I'm going home.
 'T will be the end of my last year,
 In a few days — a few days,
 The loaves and the fishes will disappear,
 I'm going home.

For I'm not wanted here,
 But a few days — a few days.

For I'm not wanted here,
 I'm going home.

Oh, I can't stay in Washington,
 But a few days — a few days,

Oh, I can't stay in Washington,
 I'm going home.

Oh, what will the "old public functionary" do?
 In a few days — a few days,

His term of office will be through,
 And he'll go home.

His party has broken beneath his weight,
 A few days — a few days.

He may go to Ostend and rusticate,
 Or he may go home.

And there he'll have to stay,
 A few days — a few days.

And there he'll have to stay,
 In his bachelor home.

Oh, he can't stay in the White House,
 A few days — a few days,

Oh, he can't stay in the White House,
 He must go home.

Oh, what will be Arnold Douglas' fate?
 A few days — a few days,

He's come this time a little too late,
 He'll stay at home.

His tricks have been trumped, he's lost his play,
 A few days — a few days,

He'll be "sent to Chicago," and there he'll stay,
 He'll stay at home,

For he's a nuisance here,
 A few days — a few days,
 For he's a nuisance here,
 He may go home.
 Oh, he can't stay in Washington,
 But a few days — a few days,
 Oh, he can't stay in Washington,
 He may go home.

Oh, where will J. C. Breckinridge go?
 In a few days — a few days,
 Where the cypress, and weeping-willow grow,
 And he 'll go home,
 He's served old Buck four years as mate,
 For a few days — a few days,
 But he can't command the ship of state,
 He 'll go home,
 For he's not coming here,
 In a few days — a few days,
 For he's not coming here,
 He 'll stay at home.
 Oh, he won't be President,
 In a few days — a few days,
 Oh, he won't be President,
 He 'll stay at home.

Oh, where will Bell and Everett be?
 In a few days — a few days,
 Far up Salt River as you can see,
 On their way home,
 'Tis a region that they 've often tried,
 For a few days — a few days,
 But the locoes now are by their side,
 Let 'em go home.

For they've no business here,
 For a few days — a few days,
 For they've no business here,
 Let 'em go home.
 Oh, they can't come to Washington,
 In a few days — a few days,
 Oh, they can't come to Washington,
 They'll stay at home.

Oh, what will the office-holders do?
 In a few days — a few days,
 Toucey and Cass and their noisy crew,
 They'll go home,
 For all their villanies stand confessed,
 A few days — a few days,
 And they'll soon make way for Abe of the West.
 And scatter off home;
 They'll get no "fodder" here
 In a few days — a few days,
 They'll get no "fodder" here,
 They'll go home.
 Oh, they can't stay in the offices
 But a few days — a few days,
 Oh, they can't stay in the offices,
 They'll hurry home.

Old Abe's Preliminary Visit to the White House.

TUNE — *The King and Countryman.*

One Abr'am there was who lived out in the West,
 Esteemed by his neighbors the wisest and the best,
 And you'll see, on a time, if you follow my ditty,
 How he took a straight walk up to Washington City.
 Ri tu, &c.

His home was at Springfield, out in Illinois,
Where he'd long been the pride of the men and "the
boys;"

But he left *his* white house with no sign of regret,
For he knew that the people had another to let.

Ri tu, &c.

So Abr'am he trudged on to Washington straight,
And he reached the White House through the Avenue
gate,

Old Buck and his cronies, (some chaps from the South,)
Sat round the East room rather down in the mouth.

Ri tu, &c.

Old Abe seized the knocker and gave such a thump,
Buck thought the State ship had run into a stump:
He trembled all over and turned deadly pale;

"That noise," said he, "must have been made with a
rail."

Ri tu, &c.

"Run Lewis, run Jerry, and open the door"—

And the "functionary" nearly fell down on the floor—
"There's only one man that knocks that way, I'm blessed!
And he is that tarnal old ABE OF THE WEST!"

Ri tu, &c.

The Cabinet, frightened, sat still in their seats,

While Abr'am impatient the rapping repeats,

"I hope it *ain't* Abe," said old Buck, pale and gray,
"If it is, boys, there 'll be here the devil to pay."

Ri tu, &c.

At last, though reluctant, Buck opened the door,
 And found a chap waiting, six feet three or four;
 "I have come, my fine fellows," said Abe to the ring,
 To give you fair notice to vacate next Spring."

Ri tu, &c.

"The people have watched you, and made up their mind
 That your management's running the country behind;
 You're badly in debt, and your plan is a bold one,—
 To make a new debt to pay off the old one."

Ri tu, &c.

"You and Douglas have so split your party in twain
 That Spalding's best glue can't unite them again;
 And both parts are useless, the country don't need 'em,—
 For one goes *for Slavery*, and the other '*gainst Freedom*."

Ri tu, &c.

"So the people conclude that the best thing to do,
 Is to right the State ship, and hire a new crew,
 And engage a new Captain as soon as they can,
 And it's my duty to tell you that I AM THE MAN!"

Ri tu, &c.

"Come in," says old Buck, "and sit down, Mr. Lincoln,—
 The remarks you have made are something to think on;
 I don't care a *cuss* for the *country*, that's flat!
 But if you'll beat Douglas you can take my old hat!"

Ri tu, &c.

"Steve Douglas," said Abe, "he belongs in my State,
 And I did beat him well in the year '58:—
 If I catch him *again* in the canvass, he'll find
 What it means when folks talk about 'running behind.'"

Ri tu, &c.

“So you needn’t fear Dug, let him scheme and conspire,—
 He’s as deep in the mud as you’re in the mire;
 And this moral he’ll learn when his game is all played:—
 That it is not by ‘squatting’ that ‘sovereigns’ are
 made.”

Ri tu, &c.

“Mr. Lincoln,” says Buck, “your notions, I think,
 Are extremely correct, and I ask you to drink;
 We’ve the best of ‘J. B.,’ green seal and old sherry,
 And I’ve no objection, just now, to get merry.”

Ri tu, &c.

Says Abr’am: “My friends, I’ve come here to say
 That the democrat ‘dog’ has just had his day;
 The people have trusted you more than they *ought to*;
 And all that I ask is a glass of cold water.”

Ri tu, &c.

“Cold water!” said Buck, “we’ve got it, I think,
 Though ’tis not, with our party, a favorite drink;
 Our tippie we take on its own naked merits,
 And we need something strong to keep up our spirits.”

Ri tu, &c.

The Cabinet searched the White House with a will,
 But they did not find water “put down in the bill;”
 Jerry Black made report, that, “without any doubt,
 The whiskey was plenty, but water was out.”

Ri tu, &c.

So Abe took his leave and returned to the West,
 Leaving Buck and his Cabinet somewhat depressed, —
 For they saw with a glance how ’twould end, without
 fail, —

They were bound for Salt River, *this time*, ON A RAIL!

Ri tu, &c.

By factions torn, they can't unite,
 They fight for spoil — each wants a bite.
Hurrah! &c.

Poor Bigler's in an awful sweat,
Hurrah! &c.

And so is Yancey and B. Rhett,
Hurrah! &c.

And Jerry Black is mighty sick,
 For Schnable's at him with a stick.
Hurrah! &c.

Old Abe will guide the ship of State,
Hurrah! &c.

Regardless of such traitor's fate,
Hurrah! &c.

The Union flag unfurled he'll fling,
 And to the nation peace will bring.
Hurrah! &c.

Old honest Abe, we'll call thee soon.
Hurrah! &c.

To be our country's great Tycoon,
Hurrah! &c.

For up Salt River Buck must go,
 With Bigler, Yancey, Black & Co.
Hurrah! &c.

Campaign Song.

AIR — A little more cider.

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 — For he is all the go,
 For he is all the go,
 We 'll make old Abe next President,
 For he is all the go.

From the land of sun and flower,
 From Tampa's deadly shore,
 Comes up a long and dismal wail,
 "Democracy's no more;"
 No more she 'll rule this nation,
 Nor resurrection know,
 For "Abe" will be next President,
 As he is all the go.

CHORUS — For he is all the go, &c.

From the iron hills of William Penn,
 To the Pacific's golden gate,
 In honest old Abe Lincoln,
 We read a nation's fate;
 To corruption and dishonesty
 He 'll deal a deadly blow,
 And make a worthy President,
 As every one does know.

CHORUS — For he is all the go, &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 — For he is all the go, &c.

Lincoln and Hamlin.

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.

Oh where, tell me where ?

TUNE—*Highland Laddie.*

Oh where, tell me where, was this Abra'm Lincoln born ?
 Oh where, tell me where, was this Abra'm Lincoln born ?
 In a cabin down in old Kentuck, one cheerless wintry
 morn,

And on Hardin County hills he was trained to plough-
 ing corn.

In a cabin, &c.

Oh what, tell me what, means the sound that fills the
 air ?

Oh what, tell me what, means the sound that fills the
 air ?

It is the welcome voice that comes from freemen every-
 where,

Shouting, "Hail to Abe Lincoln, the ploughman's son
 and heir!"

It is the welcome, &c.

Oh why, tell me why, do the loud huzzas begin ?

Oh why, tell me why, do the loud huzzas begin ?

It is because at mauling rails, "Abe's" practised hand
 is "in,"

And the people know, in Freedom's fight, his mauling
 hand will win.

It is because, &c.

Oh who leads the yeomen in battle, tell me who?
 Oh who leads the yeomen in battle, tell me who?
 It is "Old Honest Abe," my boys, who stands some six
 feet two,—
 And a noble, stalwart worker, to freedom ever true.
 It is "Honest Old Abe," &c.

By whom, tell me whom, will November's fight be won?
 By whom, tell me whom, will November's fight be won?
 The Democratic spoilsmen horde will soon begin to run,
 And our *rail*-mauling candidate will march to Washing-
 ton.

The Democratic, &c.

Oh what, tell me what, then will virtuous Jemmy do?
 Oh what, tell me what, then will virtuous Jemmy do?
 He'll "follow in the footsteps" of his office-holding crew,
 And with Fowler, down in Cuba, strike for slavery
 anew.

He'll follow, &c.

Hurrah Song.

Corruption rules our plundered land,
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Favor and fraud go hand in hand,
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Republicans in might arise,
 Tread to the earth their bribes and lies.
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

For Lincoln then, three cheers, my boys,
 Hurrah! &c.

The people's man — the nation's choice,
 Hurrah! &c.

Let freemen only rule the free!

Republicans! to victory!

 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

The Night of the Secession.

AIR — *The night before her bridal.*

'Tis the night of the secession, and to-morrow Dug must
 wear

The emblems of affliction amid his bushy hair;

But not the wormwood bitter, nor the mournful sprig of
 rue,

Can picture forth his sadness, for the hope that's fallen
 through.

'Tis the night of the secession,— there are sounds, but
 not of glee;

There's a shrieking and a groaning from the torn Democ-
 racy;

Their smiles are changed to sorrow, now the morrow is
 so near,

That must part them, and forever, from the spoils they
 hold so dear.

Free Homesteads.

TUNE — *John Anderson, my Jo, John.*

A CAMPAIGN SONG.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 The "farms" of "Uncle Sam," John,
 For Freedom's sons were meant;
 But now the powers of slavery
 Have said it shan't be so.
 I mourn I live to see this day,
 John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
 When thou and I were young,
 We hoped to get a farm, John,
 For ilka gallant son;
 But the lands are gied to slavery;
 Where can our bairns go?
 Oh, must they live in poverty,
 John Anderson, my Jo?

Oh, dinna sab sae sair, dear wife,
 I bring you joyfu' news,
 "Old Honest Abe's" the man, dear wife,
 The people won't refuse.
 He'll lead us on to victory,
 Triumphant o'er our foe,—
 The gallant sons of Freedom's soil
 Have sworn it shall be so!
 The prairies i' the West, dear wife,
 To Freedom shall be given.
 The "vile old harlot, slavery,"
 Shall from free soil be driven!

Our boys shall get their farms, dear wife,
 And thou and I will go
 And tent their bairns' bairns, dear wife,
 Their lads and lassies too.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
 Ye fill my heart wi' joy.
 A farm upon the prairie, John,
 For ilka darling boy!
 "Old Abe" will help them split the rails
 To fence them in, ye know!
 And ye ken they'll keep out slavery, too,
 John Anderson, my Jo.

The Wigwam Song.

TUNE — *Yankee Doodle.*

'Twas on the sixteenth day of May,
 We met in wigwam caucus,
 And there we laid our plans so well,
 The Democrats can't balk us:
 They say 'tis but rhetorical,
 That all men are made equal,—
 They put themselves a mile too high,
 As they 'll find in the sequel.

CHORUS — Our honest Abe will pull them down,
 In spite of their wry faces;
 And Hannibal will storm their heights,
 And help them from their places

'Tis to the Union of the States,
 We owe the augmentation
 Of honor, wealth and happiness,
 That mark this Yankee nation;

But Democrats have threatened us,
 If they were overthrown, sirs,
 They'd tear our Constitution up,
 And march away alone, sirs.

CHORUS — Our honest Abe, &c.

Let all the States enjoy their rights,
 Nor meddle with each other,
 Each keep its own appointed sphere,
 Nor brother war with brother,
 But Buck and his dear slaveocrats,
 And vile dough-faced abettors,
 Are lengthening out, by land and sea,
 Their patriarchal fetters.

CHORUS — Our honest Abe, &c.

The worst extravagance pervades
 Our whole administration;
 Covete shows up the bribery
 Of men in every station;
 'Tis time the mean and lying knaves,
 From power and place to sunder,
 Who use our money to oppress
 The very men they plunder.

CHORUS — Our honest Abe, &c.

Hurrah, my boys, the Fourth of March
 Will tell another story;
 Our country under honest Abe,
 Will rise to its true glory:
 No more shall business be oppressed,
 Nor times be out of joint, sirs,
 The narrow men with narrow minds
 We 'll narrow to a point, sirs.

CHORUS — Our honest Abe, &c.

The Hurrah Song.

For Lincoln now, our candidate,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 To place him in the chair of State,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 He's true as steel, an honest man,
 A better show us, if you can.
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

We spread our banners to the sky,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 For ancient rights and liberty,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 We scorn the black and bloody hand
 That slavery stretches o'er the land.
 Hurrah! &c.

There's Kansas knocking at our door,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Her plundered rights we will restore,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 On history's gibbets they shall die
 Who wrought Lecompton's infamy,
 Hurrah! &c.

Down with the mean, man-thieving clique,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Who threat our glorious shield to break,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Ours is the creed of Washington,
 North, South, and East and West are one.
 Hurrah! &c.

Our fathers did not bleed in vain,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 The West shall know nor lash nor chain,
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Perish! who say our eagle bears
 A yoke amid his stripes and stars.
 Hurrah! &c.

The Rail Song.

TUNE— *King and Countryman.*

There is an old chap in the west countree,
 And a story about him is going around,
 That with his own axe he can fell a big tree,
 And split from it rails to fence in his ground.
 Ri tu di nu, &c.

He tried his axe on the foes of the free,—
 The keen-edged axe that never fails,
 And he split the sham Democracee;
 But the pieces were all too small for rails.
 Ri tu di nu, &c.

Ho, farmers, hear their taunts and sneers,
 As if faithful labor were mortal sin,
 And give Honest Abe, the next four years,
 A farm that don't need fencing in.
 Ri tu di nu, &c.

Come, give him the chance, for we know he is smart,
 And can split the rails with a patriot's zest;
 And he'll work, with a freeman's arm and heart,
 To fence slavery out of the mighty West.
 Ri tu di nu, &c.

Campaign Song — Wide Awake.

AIR—*A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.*

Oh, hear ye 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.

CHORUS — Then give us Abe, and Hamlin too,
 To guide our gallant ship;
 With stalwart boys to man the decks,
 We'll have a merry trip.

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 Western plan.
 If once Dug gets astride of that,
 He is a used-up man.

CHORUS — Then give us Abe, and Hamlin too,
 To guide our gallant ship
 With stalwart boys to man the decks,
 We'll have a merry trip.

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 it 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,
We'll make the Locos walk the plank,
And then a merry trip.

Where are They?

TUNE — *Where, oh where are the Hebrew children?*

Where, oh where is the lordly party,
Where, oh where is the lordly party,
Which so long has ruled the nation,
Worse and worse, from year to year?

CHORUS — Torn asunder by fierce dissensions,
Torn asunder by fierce dissensions,
Torn asunder by fierce dissensions,
Leaders all, — “gone to the grass.”

Where, oh where is the valiant Stephen?
Where, oh where is the valiant Stephen?
Where, oh where is the valiant Stephen?
He who fights the Administration,
Reckless now of victory?

CHORUS — He “went up” in the row at Charleston,
He “went up” in the row at Charleston,
He “went up” in the row at Charleston,
Chosen there to stay at home.

Where, oh where is "Jimmy" Buchanan?
 Where, oh where is "Jimmy" Buchanan?
 Who went up to the Federal Mansion,
 Placed there as the people's choice?

CHORUS — He has lost all popular favor,
 He has lost all popular favor,
 He has lost all popular favor;
 Soon he'll go from whence he came.

Here, oh here are the people's champions,
 Here, oh here are the people's champions,
 Leaders bold of the opposition,
 In the fall, to sweep the land.

CHORUS — Honest Abe and Hannibal Hamlin,
 Honest Abe and Hannibal Hamlin,
 Honest Abe and Hannibal Hamlin,
 Theirs the lead, we follow on

Illinois to Maine sends greeting,
 Illinois to Maine sends greeting;
 Maine returns the salutation,
 East and West the welkin rings.

THEN — Three loud cheers for the people's ticket,
 Three loud cheers for the people's ticket,
 Three loud cheers for the people's ticket,
 Hurrah! Hurrah! hip, hip, Hurrah!

Campaign Song.

TUNE—*Wait for the Wagon.*

Come, all ye good Republicans,
 And join us in our song,
 For our Lincoln, and for Hamlin,
 And so help our cause along.

For Lincoln and Hamlin,—Lincoln and Hamlin,—
Lincoln and Hamlin are going to Washington.

Our boys went to Chicago,
And did the thing 'twas right,
By nominating Abraham
To lead us through the fight.

So wait till November,—wait till November,—
Wait till November, and we'll all vote for Abe.

The Locos are at loggerheads,—
They scarce know what about,—
They're afraid that our tall sucker
Is going to "trot them out."

For old Abe is going,—old Abe is going,—
Old Abe is going to be our President.

We have set the ball to rolling,
And have our flags unfurled,
And this shall be our battle-cry:
"Lincoln against the world."

And Union forever!—Union forever!—
Union forever, with Lincoln President.

Honest Old Abe.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

AIR — *Star-spangled Banner.*

Oh, 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!**

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 grand 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!**

Campaign Song.

BY P. P. P.

AIR — *The Poachers.*

Come, all ye sons of freedom, and raise a tuneful song;
 Awake your notes of victory, and let them roll along
 For Lincoln our next President, the nation's noblest son,
 And we'll put him in the White House, 'way down in
 Washington,
 And we'll put him in the White House, 'way down in
 Washington.

From California on the West, Pacific's distant shore,
 To Massachusetts in the East, where ocean surges roar,
 A shout for Lincoln, President, is heard from every one,
 And they'll put him in the White House, 'way down in
 Washington,
 And they'll put, &c.

While Democrats do hold the sway, corruption is the
 rule;
 Buchanan he is nothing but pro-slavery's dirty tool;
 But now, with Lincoln President, we'll have an honest
 one.
 And we'll put him in the White House, 'way down in
 Washington,
 And we'll put, &c.

Now see from every valley, from mountain, hill and plain,
 We're sweeping all before us, from Oregon to Maine,
 With Lincoln for our Captain, November's battle won.
 Then we'll put him in the White House, 'way down in
 Washington.
 Then we'll put, &c.

Then speed the Lincoln banner, and shout for Abraham,
 We're bound to have the victory o'er Democratic sham,
 Our enemies are vanishing, like dew before the sun.
 And we'll put him in the White House, 'way down in
 Washington,
 And we'll put, &c.

Our Glorious Constitution.

AIR — *Tullochgoram.*

Our country spreads out far and wide,
 From mountain top to ocean tide,
 And mighty States lie side by side,
 In peaceful, happy union.

O'er all our borders wide and free,
 All our borders,
 All our borders,

O'er all our borders wide and free,
 In brotherly communion.

O'er all our borders wide and free,
 A noble, patriot band agree,
 To guard their chartered liberty,
 Our glorious Constitution.

Our fathers gave the sacred scroll,
 Wrenched from a despot's stern control,
 With bloody hands, but noble soul,
 In dreadful revolution.

And cherished be its spotless page,
 And cherished be,
 And cherished be,
 And cherished be its spotless page,
 While rivers run to ocean.

And cherished be its spotless page,
 From faction and judicial rage,
 As time rolls on from age to age,
 Our glorious Constitution.

Let demagogues exert their force
 To sway it from its destined course,
 Its choicest social rights coerce,
 And spread around confusion.
 Republicans in firm array,
 Republicans,
 Republicans,
 Republicans in firm array,
 With generous resolution,
 Republicans in firm array,
 Will right its wrongs, — direct its way, —
 Instinctive, will its laws obey,
 Our glorious Constitution.

What though the storms of strife arise,
 And thunders roll along the skies,
 And loud and fierce ascend the cries
 Of treason and disunion!
 With Old Abe Lincoln, firm and true,
 Old Abe Lincoln,
 Old Abe Lincoln,
 With Old Abe Lincoln, firm and true,
 We fear no dissolution.
 With Old Abe Lincoln, firm and true,
 To still the storm, — the strife subdue, —
 The recreant shall his vow renew,
 T' our glorious Constitution.

Though traitors seek to rule the hour,
 Like demons, with malignant power,
 And change a nation's richest dower
 To haggard destitution,
 We'll raise our banner broad and high,
 Raise our banner,
 Raise our banner,
 We'll raise our banner broad and high,
 Inscribed with retribution.
 We'll raise our banner broad and high,
 And spread its stars along they sky,
 And "sink or swim," and "live or die,"
 By our glorious Constitution.

Little Dug.

TUNE — *Uncle Ned.*

Dere was a little man, and his name was Stevy Dug,
 To de White House he longed for to go, —
 But he hadn't any votes through de whole ob de Souf,
 In de place where votes ought to grow.

CHORUS — So it ain't no use for to blow, —
 Dat little game of brag won't go;
 He can't get de vote, 'case de tail ob his coat
 Is hung just a little too low.

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

CHORUS — So it ain't no use for to blow, &c.

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

CHORUS — So it ain't no use for to blow, &c.

He shivered and he shook in de cold north 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.

CHORUS — So it ain't no use for to blow,—

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

Union,— Song and Chorus.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

I.

This the word, beyond all others,
 Makes us love our country most,
 Makes us feel that we are brothers,
 And a heart-united host!
 With hosanna, let our banner
 From the house-tops be unfurled,
 While the nation holds her station
 With the mightiest of the world!

CHORUS — Take your harps from silent willows
 Shout the chorus of the free;
 “ States are all distinct as billows,
 Union one, — as is the sea! ”

II.

From the land of groves that bore us,
 He's a traitor who would swerve!
 By the flag now waving o'er us,
 We the compact will preserve!
 Those who gained it, and sustained it,
 Were unto each other true,
 And the fable well is able
 To instruct us what to do!

CHORUS — Take your harps from silent willows,
 Shout the chorus of the free;
 "States are all distinct as billows,
 Union one, — as in the sea!"

The Chicago Convention.

They come, they come, a gallant host,
 The chosen guard of Freedom's van;
 From city, plain, and sea-girt coast,
 To choose and crown the coming man.

A nation beats her morning drum,
 And bids her sons to her behest,
 From North, from South, from East to come,
 And clasp the hand of golden West.

The Prairie State her Lincoln names,
 A gallant hero in the fight
 For Liberty and righteous aims,
 "OLD ABE," the Union and the Right!

That freedom which our fathers won,
 Their sons will ever dare maintain,
 Our empire 'neath the setting sun,
 Shall not be cursed with Slavery's chain.

Our stars and stripes shall only wave
 Protection to the gallant free,
 Its broad folds never more shall save
 The bold slave-trader of the sea.

Then onward to the golden West,
 Ye chosen guard of Freedom's van;
 We'll blaze upon our banner's crest
 A triumph for the coming man.

Lincoln and Victory.

AIR — *Auld Lang Syne.*

All hail! ye gallant freemen true,
 United heart and hand;
 Who in the noble cause of right,
 Have fearless vowed to stand;
 Unfurl your banner to the breeze,
 And wave it o'er the sea,
 And herald wide Free soil, free men,
 Free homes and victory.

Oh, by the blood your fathers spilt,
 Fair Freedom's cause to gain;
 By that high principle without,
 That spurns Oppression's chain.
 Arise! your country bids you rise!
 Her faithful champions be;
 And herald wide, "Free soil, free men,
 Free homes, and victory."

Be strong,— for oh, the day is near,
 The bright and glorious day,—
 When Truth and Justice shall prevail,
 Where Error now has sway.

Then spread your banner to the breeze,
 And wave o'er land and sea;
 And herald wide, "Free soil, free men,
 Free homes, and victory.

Song.

AIR — "*Good Old Colony Times.*"

In poor old Democratic times,
 When James Buchanan was king,
 Some political chaps fell into mishaps,
 Because they could not sing.
 The North, it wanted one tune,
 And the South, it wanted another;
 And the tune that they tried to please the one,
 Kicked up a row with the other.
 The North got terribly riled,
 And the South went off in a storm;
 And the "Little Giant" is waiting for "game,"
 With his principles under his arm.
 Now, Stephen, pray don't be a dunce;
 There is one way you can come in:
 Just manage to strike up two tunes at once,
 And the ticket you're sure to win.
 But the ides of November are coming,
 And "Old Abe," is out "on his pegs,"
 And as sure as you live, he will come in ahead,
 For he's very long in the legs,
 He is very long in the legs,
 And Douglas is short in the legs,
 And Lincoln will surely come in ahead,
 For he's very long in the legs.

The Lincoln 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 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! &c.

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, &c.

Free speech Abe Lincoln will 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, &c.

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,—
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
 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!
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Du Da.

Sung at the Republican Ratification Meeting, at Springfield, Illinois.

TUNE — *Camptown Races.*

There's an old plow "hoss," whose name is "Dug,"
 Du da, du da,
 He's short and thick,— a regular "plug,"
 Du da, du da day.

CHORUS — We're bound for to work all night,
 We're bound for to work all day;
 I'll bet my money on the "Lincoln hoss"
 Who bets on Stephen A?

The "Little Plug" has had his day,
 Du da, du da,
 He's out of the ring by all fair play,
 Du da, du da day.
 We're bound, &c.

He tried his best on the Charleston track,
 Du da, du da,
 But couldn't make time with his "Squatter Jack,"
 Du da, du da day.
 We're bound, &c.

"Old Abraham's" a well-bred nag,
 Du da, du da,
 His wind is sound, — he'll never lag,
 Du da, du da day.

In '58 he tried his gait,
 Du da, du da,
 He trotted Douglas through the State,
 Du da, du da day.

In '60 now we're going to trot,
 Du da, du da,
 So "plank" your money on the spot,
 Du da, du da day.

The "Lincoln hoss" will never fail,
 Du da, du da,
 He will not shy at ditch or "rail,"
 Du da, du da day.

The "Little Dug" can never win,
 Du da, du da,
 The Squatter cheat's too much for him,
 Du da, du da day.

His legs are weak, his wind unsound,
 Du da, du da,
 His "switch tail" is too near the ground,
 Du da, du da day.
 We're bound, &c.

Ratification Song.

TUNE — *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 the cause, fortune, honor, and life;
 And follow, whenever 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;
 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! ”
 Then fling out your banner,—the old starry banner,—
 The signal of triumph for “ Abe in the West! ”

The West, whose broad acres, from lake shore to sea,
 Now wait for the harvest 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!

The Broom.

Oh, the broom boys, the broom! and we’ll make a clean
 sweep
 Of the trash that has troubled us long.
 The Dred Scott decision
 Must have a revision,
 And from history pass into song.
 Oh, the broom, boys, the broom!

Oh, the broom, boys, the broom! and we'll make a clean
sweep

Of the trash that has gathered so long.

Constitution and law

In the slave driver's paw;

Shall no more be the bulwark of wrong.

Oh the broom, boys, the broom!

Oh, the broom, boys, the broom! and we'll make a clean
sweep

Of the trash that has bothered us long.

The "respectable nine,"

With their slave-code so fine,*

Must come down from the bench into song.

Oh the broom, boys, the broom?

* "Nine respectable old gentlemen of the Supreme Court! I mean to say nothing against them. I know them now, but I want to ask who they will be in ten years? That is according to whether Mr. Seward is elected President. I would as soon have a slave-code made by Congress as the Supreme Court. Yes, sooner; because if it is made by Congress, we can repeal it if we like, but the decision of the Court remains. The Judges are not amenable to popular will. They sit for life. It was the history of the world, and in England it has passed into a proverb, that the worst laws were made, not by legislatures, but by unjust judges."

B. F. BUTLER'S *Speech at Charleston.*

Oh the broom, boys, the broom! and we'll make a clean
sweep

Of the trash that has troubled us long.

That he who would rule,

Must be slavery's tool,

From a truth, must be changed to mere song.

Oh, the broom, boys, the broom!

Oh the broom, boys, the broom! and we'll make a clean
sweep

Of the trash that has troubled us long.

That the nigger should reign

O'er our Western domain,

Is a humbug that's not worth a song.

Oh, the broom, boys, the broom!

We'll give Lincoln the broom, and he'll make a clean
sweep

Of the trash that has troubled us long.

He'll sweep out the knaves

Who would make us all slaves,

And would sell our last right for a song.

Oh, the broom, boys, the broom!

A Campaign Song.

TUNE— *The Harp that once in Tara's Halls.*

Take down the harp of last campaign,

In Freedom's name that rung;

And to a new and joyous strain,

Let every chord be strung.

We waked its music long ago
 For good old "Tippecanoe,"
 And later did its numbers glow,—
 "Fremont and Dayton," too.

When foul corruption's minions stalk
 Unblushing through the land;
 And influence and money walk,
 As shameless, hand in hand;
 When might is right, and honest men
 Are pointed out with scorn,
 Methinks the proper time is then
 To sound the rallying horn.

Rouse ye, then, in whose pulses boil
 The daring and the vow;
 The artist from his shop of toil,
 The farmer from his plough;
 The landed and the landless man,
 Who will not fawn to power;
 Stand up! act nobly! for ye can
 Make this the crisis hour.

Fling out your banners for the fight!
 And blazoned be thereon,
 "Lincoln and Hamlin for the right!"
 And fortune shall be won.
 Firm be your hearts, and strong your blows,
 Until the triumph come:
 Rest, the staunch patriot only knows,
 When victory bids him home.

Lincoln and Liberty.

AIR— *Adams and Liberty.*

Hail to the chief, who for freedom advances!
 Shout for the cause that has tarried so long!
 Sing! for the glory of justice enhances,
 And broken is the spell of the fetter and thong!
 Hail to the gallant crest,
 Gleaming above the West!
 Hail to the lofty, the blameless, and true!
 Hark to the people's cry,—
 Lincoln and Liberty!
 Lincoln shall triumph, and Liberty too!

Sound loud the tocsin! Ho, leap at the warning,
 Into the lists of a leader so true!
 And on, in the light of a heavenly morning,
 The martyrs of Liberty languished to view!
 Hail to the gallant crest, &c.

Strike, freemen, strike, for the pride of the nation!
 Strain every nerve for the hope of the Free!
 And oh, soon the dawn of a day of salvation
 To millions unborn shall meridian see!
 Hail to the gallant crest,
 Gleaming above the West!
 Hail to the lofty, the blameless and true!
 Hark to the people's cry,—
 Lincoln and Liberty!
 Lincoln shall triumph, and Liberty too.

Freemen, Banish all your Fears.

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 ?
Foeman 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 to hand,
 We will march, a conquering band,
 Till the altars of our land
 Glow with freedom's fires.

The Freeman's Union.

Hurrah for the dauntless legion,
 Who gathered from sea to sea,
 From cabin and hall as the clarion call
 Hails the fearless and true and free;
 They march with the tread of freemen,
 And each heart beats quick and strong
 Like waves that sweep o'er the boundless deep,
 The columns bound along!

Hurrah for the gallant Lincoln,
 Who leadeth in Freedom's van!
 Who wanteth not brains or inches
 And is *every inch a man*;
 Hurrah for the gallant Hamlin!
 Join in, ye sons of Maine;
 Ye eastern hands clasp western hands
 And swell the shout again.

Hurrah for the cause of freedom,
 For the true and pure and bright,
 For the armies that march 'neath heaven's pure arch
 To battle for truth and right,
 Hurrah for the rights of freemen,
 Let the shout ring loud and long,
 The banners fling out as we charge and rout
 The serried hosts of wrong!

Hurrah for victory, waiting
 To perch on our standard's crest;
 We banish our fears and welcome with cheers
 Our leader — "Old Abe of the West."
 Ye men of brain and of muscle!
 Give forth the freemen's decree,
 We war with the hosts of error
 The ceaseless crusade of the free!

The Banner of Freedom.

With a cheer and shout,
 Fling the banner out,
 The good old starry banner!
 To the mainmast tip,
 Of our gallant ship,
 With a million hands to man her!
 To the breeze unrolled,
 Give each starry fold,
 To our foes a sign and warning,
 That slavery's night,
 In the coming fight,
 Shall yield to the light of morning.

CHORUS.— Oh the Dem's may croak,
 But it is no joke,
 This hurrah for Lincoln, Hamlin;
 Oh the Dem's may croak,
 But it is no joke,
 This hurrah for Lincoln, Hamlin!

By every tongue
 Are the praises sung,
 That swell the Lincoln chorus;
 With an honest man
 To lead the van,
 Corruption flees before us!
 You may scoff and rail,
 But he's bound to flail,
 The whole pack gorged with plunder,
 And to Union's track,
 Bring the nation back,
 By factions rent asunder! —
 CHORUS.— Oh the Dem's may croak, &c.

There is "Little Dug,"
 Such a monster "bug,"
 If HUM is placed before it!
 "Abe" mauled his pate
 So in fifty-eight,
 The "squatter" can't get o'er it!
 He may squirm and twist,
 But he can't resist,
 The verdict millions utter,
 'Tis too late to pin
 His coat tails in
 They hang too near the gutter!
 CHORUS.— Oh the Dem's may croak, &c.

O this glowing zeal,
 Which the people feel,
 All other far surpasses !
 "Let us help to day"
 "Drive the rats away"
 Is shouted by the masses !
 Let us leave no trace
 Of a sneak dough-face,
 In a presidential mansion,
 But elect a man,
 Who will place a ban,
 On slavery expansion !
 CHORUS.— Oh the Dem's may croak, &c.

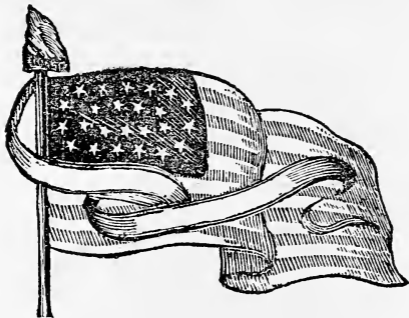
Then with earnest trust,
 In a cause that's just,
 Fling the banner out, of freedom !
 Leaving lies and tricks,
 As in fifty-six,
 To the Democrats, who need 'em !
 To the breeze unrolled,
 Give each starry fold,
 To our foes a sign and warning,
 That slavery's night,
 In the coming fight,
 Shall yield to the light of morning !
 CHORUS.— Oh the Dem's may croak, &c.

The Flag of our Union.

“ A song for our banner? ” The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station;
“ United we stand, — divided we fall! ”

It made and preserves us a nation.

CHORUS— The union of lakes,—the union of lands,
The union of States none can sever,—
The union of hearts,— the union of hands,—
And the Flag of the Union for ever.



What God in his wisdom and mercy designed,
And armed with his weapons of thunder,
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined,
Have the power to conquer or sunder!

CHORUS — The union, &c.

A Song for the Campaign.

AIR — *Wait for the Wagon.*

Come, all ye friends of freedom,
 And rally in each State,
 For Honest Old ABE LINCOLN,
 The people's candidate!
 With LINCOLN as our champion,
 We'll battle for the Right,
 And beat the foes of Freedom,
 In next November's fight.

CHORUS — Hurrah! boys, for Lincoln!
 Hurrah! boys, for Lincoln!
 Hurrah! boys, for Lincoln!
 Hurrah! for Hamlin, too!

The people want an honest man —
 They 're tired of fools and knaves;
 They 're sick of imbecile "J. B.,"
 Who in the White House raves.
 They want a man for President,
 Of firm, unyielding will,
 Who is both honest, brave and true,
 And OLD ABE fills that bill!

CHORUS — Hurrah! boys, &c.

Old Fogies down at Baltimore
 In solemn conclave met,
 The "Union-Saving" farce to play,
 With Bell and Everett;
 But the people, next November,
 Will put them all to rout,
 And make them long remember
 That their Humbug game's "played out."

CHORUS — Hurrah! boys, &c.

The democrats are in a "fix,"
 No wonder that they shiver;
 For they all feel it in their bones,
 That they're going up Salt River!
 With their party split asunder,
 The truth is plain to all,
 That though united once they stood,
 Divided, now, they fall!

CHORUS — Hurrah! boys, &c..

Oh, Douglas, you can't win this race,
 You'd better clear the way —
 Your squatter doctrines won't go down;
 At home you'll have to stay.
 The Wide-Awakes are on the march
 O'er all our hills and vales —
 Our Giant-Killer's after you,
 With one of those old rails!

CHORUS — Hurrah! boys, &c.

And Breckinridge will soon find out
 The people he can't fool;
 They've had enough, these last four years,
 Of Democratic rule.
 But LINCOLN is their favorite,
 And he is bound to win. —
 When Buck steps out, next 4th of March,
 OLD ABE will then step in!

CHORUS — Hurrah! boys, &c.

Now all ye freedom-loving men,
 Who hate oppressive laws,
 Come, work together, heart and hand,
 In Freedom's glorious cause.

No more shall Slavery's deadly blight
 Spread over our fair lands;
 We want our soil for free white men
 With strong and willing hands.

CHORUS — Hurrah! boys, &c.
 Columbus, July 6, 1860.

That Old Man 'bout Fifty-two.

Hear the shout of Freedom rising,
 O'er our mountains o'er our dales,
 'Tis for Lincoln, brave and stalwart,—
 He's the boy to split the rails!
 Split the rails a nation's wanting
 For the fence she's building West;
 Guarding with a wall of freemen,
 Slavery from her virgin breast.

CHORUS.

Then clear the track, Old Abraham's coming,
 He's coming, boys, our work to do,—
 The "Orphans" fear they'll catch a drumming
 From that "old man 'bout fifty-two."

From his prairie home they've called him,
 Called him forth to lead the van;
 Old Northeast is battling with him,
 Battling for the rights of man!
 Soon you'll hear his bugle sounding,
 Millions waking at his call,—
 With his union banner waving,
 Bearding Douglas in his hall.
 Then clear, &c.

As the wildfire sweeps the prairie,
 He shall sweep our native land;
 Slave-ships shall not crowd the ocean,
 When brave Lincoln takes command;
 Then one shout for Freedom's boatman,
 And one more for old Northeast!
 Spread the table, guests are waiting,
 Sit ye down to Freedom's feast.
 Then clear, &c.

The Senator's Lament.

TUNE — *Robinson Crusoe.*

Now sadly I mourn of my happiness shorn,
 Not a vestige of hope I can think on,
 I have not a chance, e'er my cause to advance,
 When opposed by bold Abraham Lincoln.

CHORUS — He's a tall fellow, Abraham Lincoln,
 I look small beside Abraham Lincoln,
 Were it Seward or Bates, I might carry the
 States,
 But I'm puzzled with Abraham Lincoln.

Benton said long ago, my coat tails were too low
 For the sun of the White House to blink on,
 And I fear it is true, for my chances are few,
 When opposed by bold Abraham Lincoln.

If I don't get the vote, whether willing or not,
 To the shades of despair I must sink on;
 Bereft of all hope, in the grave I must drop,
 The victim of Abraham Lincoln.

I'm vexed by this Abraham Lincoln,
 Perplexed by this Abraham Lincoln,
 By day and by night, he seems ever in sight,
 Pursuing me,— Abraham Lincoln.

The Charleston boys, with their brawling and noise,
 Left me nearly of ruin the brink on;
 And Chicago, alas! drained the sand from my glass,
 When she voted for Abraham Lincoln.

Friends, save me from Abraham Lincoln;
 Be brave against Abraham Lincoln;
 Put an end to your broils, ere the places and spoils
 Be swallowed by Abraham Lincoln.

You very well know, if the power from us go,
 You won't have a dollar to drink on,
 But I'll treat you in droves, with the fishes and loaves,
 If you save me from Abraham Lincoln.

Prepare, then, for Abraham Lincoln,
 Haste! scare away Abraham Lincoln;
 And in spite of Covode, I your pockets will load,
 When you save me from Abraham Lincoln.

Strike for the Right.

Sung at the Ratification Convention at Warsaw, Ill.,
 July 2, 1860.

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 are 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 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, &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.

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 vict'ry is certain, the victory's near.

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 vict'ry is certain, the victory's near.

Then strike for the right, &c.

The Lincoln Banner.

Fling the Lincoln banner out!

Breezes are blowing:—

Loudly do Freemen shout,

“Let it be flowing!

Under its ample folds,

Quickly we'll rally,

From hill and dale, rock and dell,

Mountain and valley.”

Fling the Lincoln banner out !
 Let it be waving; —
 We've a country, and rights,
 That are richly worth saving;
 Gird on your armor bright,—
 True to each station ;
 Rush on the thickest fight,
 For their salvation !

Fling the Lincoln banner out !
 Keep it in motion:—
 Already, behold ! like
 The waves of the ocean,
 The people are moving,
 Around it to rally,
 From hill and dale, rock and dell,
 Mountain and valley !

Fling the Lincoln banner out !
 Its proud undulation,
 Millions will greet,
 With a loud acclamation:—
 Slave-trade, slave-extension,
 And tyranny never.
 But Lincoln and Hamlin,
 And Freedom forever !

Then fling the Lincoln banner out !
 Let it be floating;
 For freemen will strongly
 Sustain it, by voting:—
 Around it we'll rally,—
 Our cause it is glorious,—
 It can be — it must be —
 It will be victorious !

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 deprived 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 demo-

cratic 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.

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