

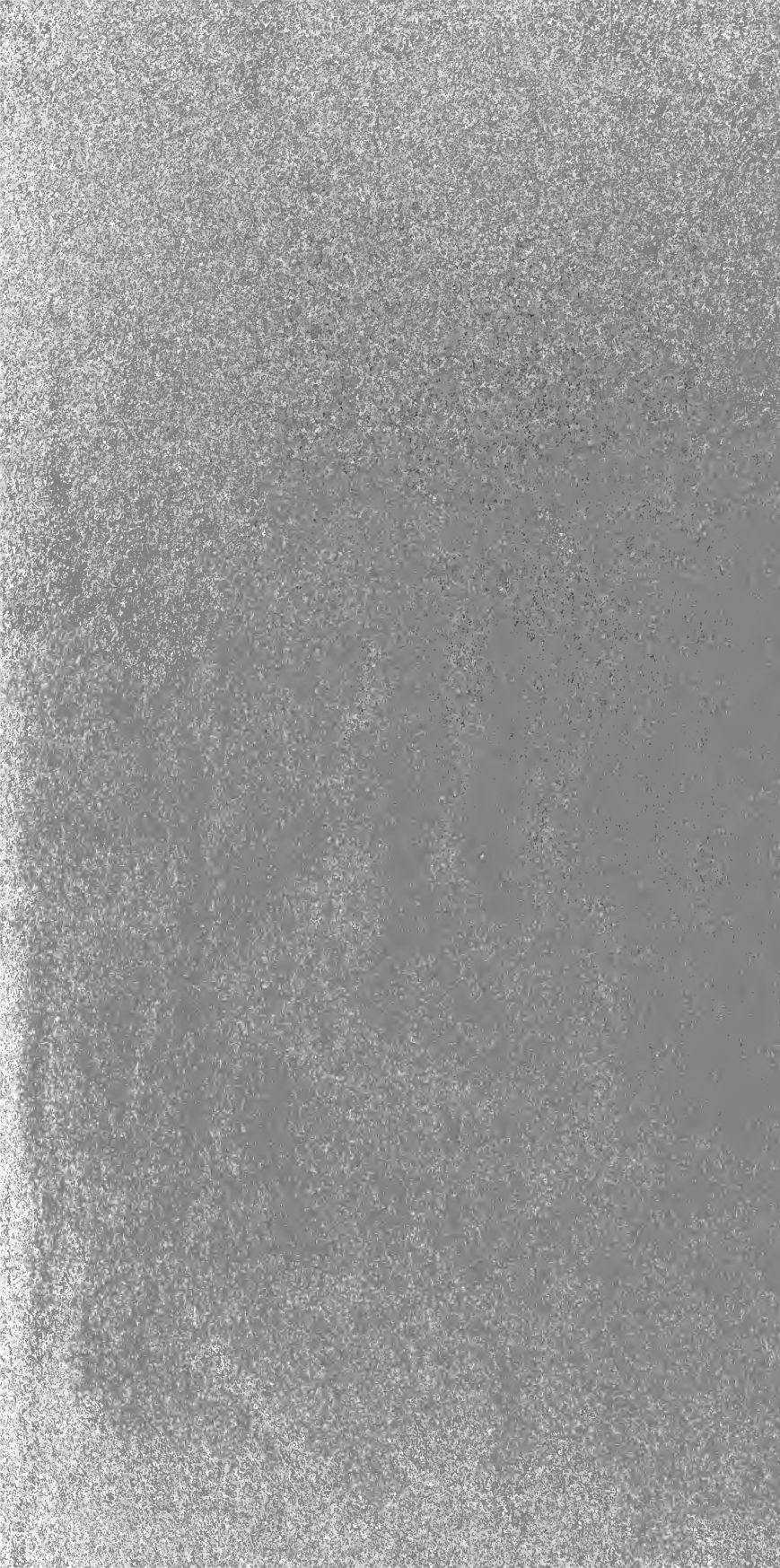




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# Rocky Mountain

## SONG BOOK:

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PUBLISHED FOR THE USE OF THE  
**FREMONT FLYING ARTILLERY,**  
OF PROVIDENCE.

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PROVIDENCE:  
DU DAH & CO.  
1856.





## BULLY BROOK'S.

AIR.—“*Blue Tail Fly.*”

There's many a blustering, swaggering knave,  
 To Congress sent, the South to save,  
 But the blackest name, upon the books,  
 Is that of bully Preston Brooks,

*Chorus.*—Then Bully brag on, we don't care,  
 Then Bully brag on, we don't care,  
 Then Bully brag on, we don't care,  
 You're sure to run away.

Oh! should you go at any time,  
 To South Carolina's sultry clime,  
 Be careful of her shades and nooks,  
 For 'tis the home of Bully Brooks. (*Chorus.*)

For Bully lies in wait, you know,  
 And in the back he deals his blow;  
 He takes the time, when no one looks,  
 A rare assassin, Bully Brooks. (*Chorus.*)

He took poor Sumner unprepared,  
 The only way in which he dared;  
 But Burlingame his mutton cooks,  
 And a feather white, wears Bully Brooks. (*Chorus.*)

Said he “I've often heard them tell,  
 That Anson always rings the bell;  
 And I prefer policemen's hooks,  
 To rifle balls,” says Bully Brooks. (*Chorus.*)

There's Toombs, has promised, that he will  
 Call his roll of Slaves on Bunker Hill;  
 But Burlingame, at Niagara's fall,  
 Your name without response did call. (*Chorus.*)

Your chivalry can run no risk,  
 It stands upon a trifle;  
 You'll strike a man behind his desk,  
 But not behind his rifle. (*Chorus.*)

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AIR.—“*Blair and I called on our Van.*”

Oh! Fillmore, what a blunder,  
To say that they will sunder  
The Union when we're under  
The gallant, young Fremont.

*Chorus.*—Though bound to beat Buchanan, blue,  
With Douglass, and his ruffian crew,  
We're bound to save the Union, too,  
With the gallant, young Fremont.

Should it be undertaken,  
They'll find they have mistaken,  
The customer they are waking;  
In the gallant, young Fremont.

*Chorus.*—Though bound, &c.

We know that they will bluster,  
And get all in a fluster,  
But that will not pass muster,  
With the gallant, young Fremont.

*Chorus.*—Though bound, &c.

Disunion, they'll be crying,  
But Southern Nullifying,  
Is game not worth the trying,  
On the gallant young Fremont.

*Chorus.*—Though bound, &c.

At their first insurrection,  
They'll find for their inspection,  
A Jackson resurrection  
In the gallant, young Fremont.

*Chorus.*—Though bound, &c.

They call us Union haters,  
Do these same strife creators,  
We'll undeceive the traitors  
With the gallant, young Fremont.

*Chorus.*—Though bound, &c.

We're firm in resolution,  
Against all dissolution,  
We're for the Constitution  
And the gallant, young Fremont.

*Chorus.*—Though bound, &c.

This land, our sires did gain it,  
With Freemen's blood did stain it,  
And freemen shall maintain it,  
With the gallant, young Fremont.

*Chorus.*—Though bound, &c.

## THE CONTRAST.

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

OH! a keen eye, and a steady hand,  
 And a heart for the People's woe,  
 A will to give the stern command,  
 And a soul that fears no woe!

*Chorus:*

A soul that fears no foe, my boys!  
 A soul that fears no foe,  
 A will to give the right command,  
 And a soul that fears no foe!

For these the land is bleeding now,  
 For these do Freemen pray,  
 And these upon his face and brow,  
 Our leader bears to-day!

*Chorus:*

Our leader bears to-day, my boys, &c.

But the white cravat, and the glassy eye,  
 And the face whose lines recall  
 The party craft of time gone by—  
 Oh! turn them to the wall!

*Chorus:*

Oh, turn them to the wall, my boys, &c.

Oh! a keen eye, and a steady hand,  
 And a heart for the People's woe,  
 A will to give the stern command,  
 And a soul that fears no foe!

*Chorus:*

A soul that fears no foe,  
 A soul that fears no foe,  
 An eye, and a hand, and a heart, and a will,  
 And a soul that fears no foe!

## A CANDIDATE FOR AUCTION.

AIR—" *Benny Havens, O!*"

Our candidate's for auction,  
 We'll sell him rarely low—  
 He's just come from the "holy See,"  
 To be made a "holy show;"  
 So now's your time to buy us,  
 Let each his offer call—  
 We'll sell him cheap, for ready cash,  
 "Dark-lantern," "grip," and all.

Who bids for MILLARD FILLMORE,  
 Th' "*Ex-press*" is bound to go;  
 He's just come back from the *Holy See*,  
 To be made "*a holy show.*"

By accident exalted  
 To the Presidential chair,  
 He went abroad and blew his horn  
 With a braggart flunkey's air;  
 He traversed the *Campagna*,  
 And kissed the Pope's big toe,  
 But he's not the man for our *Campaign*,  
 And so we'll sell him low.

Who bids for MILLARD FILLMORE,  
 Th' *Ex-press* man, old and slow,  
 Who's just returned from the *Holy See*  
 To be made "*a holy show.*"

A mansion on the *Thames* had he,  
 A castle on the *Maine*;  
 He lived six weeks upon the *Spree*,  
 For ten he was "*on-Seine.*"  
 He had a sweet and fair retreat  
 Where the *Rhine's* dark waters flow;  
 He also had a well-kept seat  
 Upon the quiet *Po*.

So who will bid for FILLMORE,  
 Fresh from the *Spree* and *Po*?  
 We coaxed him back from the *Holy See*  
 To be made "*a holy show!*"

AIR.—“ *Here’s to you, Harry Clay!*”

Why, what a host of candidates  
Did start to try their luck,  
To see who’d be next President ;  
There’s Douglass, Pierce and Buck.

*Chorus.*—Here’s to you, John Fremont  
Here’s to you, my noble soul,  
Here’s to you, with all my heart,  
And you shall be the people’s choice,  
And that before we part—  
Here’s to you, John Fremont !

And the first upon the list  
Was the giant Douglas—Steve ;  
His claims were canvassed by his friends,  
And he was asked to leave.

*Chorus, &c.*

The next was General Cass,  
Once our Minister to France,  
He’d only do to *Parlez vous*—  
He had’nt got a chance.

*Chorus, &c.*

How happy Franklin Pierce must be,  
Since he’s turned out so well,  
For he can leave off war, and soon  
In peace and *Concord* dwell.

*Chorus, &c.*

So they trotted out at last,  
That Federalist, Buchanan,  
And then they made a platform black  
For their candidate to stand on.

*Chorus, &c.*

Young Iowa, far in the West,  
Has fired the signal gun,  
She met the foe, and laid him low—  
Her work was bravely done.

*Chorus, &c.*

Hark ! a voice rings out from Vermont’s hills,  
And sounds far o’er the plain,  
“ We’ve rolled our twenty thousand up,  
Now, do ye likewise, Maine.”

*Chorus, &c.*

They've done their work in the Pine Tree State,  
 The ruffians strove in vain,  
 They're beat in spite of all their boast,  
 And Hamlin governs Maine.

*Chorus.*—

The Jersey boys are wide awake,  
 Their work will be well done,  
 And Stockton cannot get that State,  
 With his money, or *big gun!*

*Chorus.*—

When Pennsylvania's turn shall come,  
 The friends of Freedom there,  
 Will give her vote to John Fremont,  
 And make Buchanan stare.

*Chorus.*—

And in our own good native State,  
 Where freemen can't be sold,  
 We'll show the friends of Buck and Fill,  
 We spurn their bribe of gold.

*Chorus.*—

And in the gallant Empire State,  
 We'll run them, neck and neck,  
 We'll beat the friends of Fillmore there,  
 As well as Buck and Breck.

*Chorus.*—

The ruffians all, both great and small,  
 Have had their *ipse dixit*,  
 They can't come in, ain't it a sin?  
 Not no how they can fix it.

*Chorus.*—

And having thus, disposed of all,  
 From Beersheba to Dan—  
 The people's voice has made its choice,  
 And John Fremont's the man.

*Chorus.*—

## CAMPAIGN SONG.

AIR.—“ *Villikins and his Dinah.*”

As Buchanan was walking by the White House, one day,  
His eyes did roll upwards, and thus he did say,  
“I’m looking for lodgings, and this is the thing,  
So I guess I will take it quite early next spring.”

Singing, to la la la ral la to ral la la.

Then bowing quite low to the people around,  
He called them the bravest he ever had found ;  
The South was his darling, the North was his pride ;  
And, in speaking of Kansas, he tenderly sighed—

Singing, to la, &c.

’Twas thus he was talking sweet things to the crowd,  
When the *voice of the people* rose up clear and loud :  
“Here comes JOHN and JESSIE, so clear out the way,  
’Tis too late in the season for you to make hay.”

Singing, to la, &c.

“We go for Free Kansas, Free Speech, and Free Press,  
Our whole rights as Freemen we mean to possess,  
We want no ‘old fogies’ their yoke to lay on,  
So clear out the way for our JESSIE and JOHN !”

Singing, to la, &c.

Then Buchanan with weeping looked round on the crowd,  
But, alas ! for his *phelinks*, they cried very loud :  
“Make way for brave FREMONT ! our hero, make way,  
You can row up Salt River for *Ten Cents a Day.*”

Singing, to la, &c.

## M O R A L.

Now all ye wire-pullers take warning by this,  
Ere dreaming of gaining political bliss,—  
Don’t knock at the White House, or Uncle Sam’s Bin,  
Though a smart set of ruffians, you cannot come in.

Singing, to la, &c.

THE HERO WHO CONQUERED.

AIR—“ *The Bright Rosy Morning.*”

The hero who conquered,  
 And never gave o'er,—  
 The man we have chosen  
 For honors in store.

Oh ! let us, let us now engage  
 Round his banner to stand,  
 And glory, and strength, boys,  
 Shall fill all the land !

The day star is risen,  
 The patriot is come,  
 The mansion is ready,  
 We welcome him home !

Then cheer up, cheer up, freemen all !  
 Lend a hand—lend a hand,—  
 And glory, and strength, boys,  
 Shall fill all the land !

We win for no despot,  
 We fight not for hire,  
 The birthright of freemen  
 Is all we desire !

Then crowd up, crowd up to the deck,  
 Let the ship be well manned,  
 And glory, and strength, boys,  
 Shall fill all the land.



AIR—" *Dearest Mac.*"

Now, Freemen hear and mark me, sit down and I'll re-  
late

The treason that was uttered by a Doughface Candidate :  
He plumply says, before hand, that the *South* should not  
obey

If FREMONT be the *People's Choice* on next November's  
day !

CHORUS—

Think, Freemen all ! these sentiments recall,  
When Fillmore tries to blind your eyes  
To the *fact of Southern thrall !*

In other words—he says the South should " let the  
Union slide,"

The moment we no more agree to bow before its pride ;  
For years, and years, the North has borne the Slaver's  
sway alone—

" All this," says Fillmore, " goes for naught, if *once* we  
ask our own !"

CHORUS—Think, Freemen all ! &c.

'Tis he suggests the treason—he claps them on the back,  
And swears " they must be mad or fools to take a dif-  
ferent track !"

The " will of the majority's" a good thing in its way,  
So long—but *not an inch beyond*—supporting Southern  
sway !

CHORUS—Think, Freemen all ! &c.

Its " heads we win and tails you lose" the game he'd  
have them play,

If *their* man is elected, by all means, then obey !

But if he's *not*—'twere folly the issue to abide,

So heads we win and tails you lose ! and " let the Union  
slide."

CHORUS—Think, Freemen all ! &c.

Our bold *Freemountain Eagle* will tear the threat to  
shreds,

And if they try the traitor's game—their blood be on  
their heads !

" 'Tis an awkward thing," said Webster, in his grand  
reply to Hayne,

" This *dying without touching earth* "—Let FILLMORE  
*think again !*

CHORUS—And think, Freemen all ! &c.

## WE'RE FOR FREEDOM THROUGH THE LAND.

AIR—" *Old Granite State.*"

WE are coming, we are coming! freedom's battle is begun!  
 No hand, shall furl her banner ere her victory be won!  
 Our shields are locked for liberty, and mercy goes before:  
 Tyrants tremble in your citadel! oppression shall be o'er.

We are all for Fremont,  
 We are all for Dayton—  
 We are all for Liberty and Justice,  
 And for Freedom through the land.

We have hatred, dark and deep, for the fetter and the  
 thong ;  
 We bring light for prisoned spirits, for the captive's wail  
 a song ;  
 We are coming, we are coming! and " No league with  
 tyrant man,"  
 Is emblazoned on our banner, while our Fremont leads  
 the van !

We are all for Fremont, &c.

We are coming, we are coming! but we wield no battle  
 brand :  
 We are armed with truth and justice, and our ballot's in  
 our hand ;  
 And our voice which swells for freedom—freedom now  
 and ever more—  
 Shall be heard as ocean's thunder, when they burst upon  
 the shore !

We are all for Fremont, &c.

We are coming, we are coming! not as comes the tempest's  
 wrath,  
 When the frown of desolation sits brooding o'er its path :  
 But with mercy, such as leaves his holy signet-light upon  
 The air in lambent beauty, when the darkening storm is  
 gone.

We are all for Fremont, &c.

AIR.—“*Camptown Races.*”

Freemen all, hear Freedom's cry,  
 Du da, du da,  
 Let by-gones pass, and feuds gone by,  
 Du da, du da, da.  
 Forgotten be for ever more,  
 Du da, du da,  
 Join our chorus and encore,  
 Du da, du da, da.

*Chorus.*—We'll work from this to election,  
 We're bound to have good luck,  
 We'll bet our money on the Woolly Horse,  
 We're bound to beat old Buck.  
 For Freedom's leader, brave Fremont,  
 Du da, du da,  
 Who ne'er was beat, 'tis not his wont,  
 Du da, du da, da.  
 Come Democrats of Jackson's school,  
 Du da, du da,  
 Aid us break this tyrant rule,  
 Du da, du da, da.

*Chorus.*—We'll work from this to election, &c.  
 Come gallant Whigs of forty-four,  
 Du da, du da,  
 Join our chorus and encore,  
 Du da, du da, da.  
 The People mean him—he's the man,  
 Du da, du da,  
 Beat him, ruffians, if you can,  
 Du da, du da, da.

*Chorus.*—We'll work from this to election, &c.  
 Chivalric South how much they fear,  
 Du da, du da,  
 The name, Fremont, we hold so dear,  
 Du da, du da, da.  
 A few are there who boldly speak,  
 Du da, du da,  
 Of him on Rocky Mountain's peak,  
 Du da, du da, da.

*Chorus.*—We'll work from this to election, &c.  
 His country's standard, there unfurled,  
 Du da, du da,  
 The stars so blessed by all the world,  
 Du da, du da, da.



AIR.—“*Blow the Windy Morning.*”

Awake, ye black Republicans,  
The time is near at hand,  
To choose another magistrate,  
This country to command.

*Chorus.*—Then clear away the ruffian band,  
Freemen will never yield,  
'Till John Fremont is in command,  
And Buck has left the field.

They talk about the Woolly Horse,  
And at the story grin,  
That Woolly Horse is on the track,  
And he is bound to win.

*Chorus.*—Then clear away the ruffian band, &c.

They call our party sectional,  
Their reason we will mention,  
Because we won't give up our rights,  
To Slavery extension.

*Chorus.*—Then clear away the ruffian band, &c.

When Jim Buchanan pledged himself  
The platform straight to tread,  
He sold himself for Southern votes,  
But at the North, he's dead.

*Chorus.*—Then clear away the ruffian band, &c.

There's Fillmore, who has just got home  
From visiting the Pope,  
He only makes believe to run,  
He has'nt got a hope.

*Chorus.*—Then clear away the ruffian band, &c.

Let John Fremont affairs control,  
With JESSIE by his side,  
Let Franklin Pierce, get in his hearse,  
And from the White House ride.

*Chorus.*—Then clear away the ruffian band, &c.

The White House, once delivered,  
The Cabinet scattered, too,  
As they run out, the States will shout,  
God help the scaly crew.

*Chorus.*—Then clear away the ruffian band, &c.

## FREMONT AND FREEDOM.

AIR—*Did you never hear of the Farmer.*”

ON to the rescue,—Freemen bold—  
 A fearless band are we :  
 We'll raise the song, and strike the chord  
 That sounds for liberty.

*Chorus*—Ho ! Ho ! for Freedom, Free Debate,  
 Free Labor and Fremont !  
 The ballot box shall save the State,  
 And silence every taunt.

O'er high Nevada's snowy cliffs,  
 Our crested eagles soar ;  
 And on the Rocky Mountain sit,  
 Or fly from shore to shore—

*Chorus*—Ho ! Ho ! for Freedom, &c.

Land of the brave, home of the free,  
 Freedom thy aid implores ;  
 Away, away with Slavery  
 From these our peaceful shores—

*Chorus*—Ho ! Ho ! for Freedom, &c.

The time's at hand, the day is fixed,  
 November fourth will show,  
 This band of border ruffians  
 From Washington must go.

*Chorus*—Ho ! Ho ! for Freedom, &c.

Now Fremont, he is in the field,  
 He's Freedom's long-tried friend,  
 Let freemen rally 'round their chief,  
 Whose fame shall never end.

*Chorus*—Ho ! Ho ! for Freedom, &c.

## THE BAY STATE HURRAH.

AIR—"Hurrah Song."

FREMONT'S the chief to lead the way,  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

The fire by night—the cloud by day,  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

Mailed in truth and strong in hand,  
He'll bring us to the Promised Land.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

The Ship of State, with tattered sail,  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

Is madly driving 'fore the gale,  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

He'll soon repair her crippled form,  
And bring her safely through the storm.  
Hurrah ! &c.

The sable flag that o'er her waves,  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

Shall float no longer over slaves,  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

And not forgetting Buck and Breck,  
He'll sweep the pirates from her deck.  
Hurrah ! &c.

But Freedom's stars and stripes shall wave,  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

Above the foe and o'er the brave,  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

From Kansas' dark and bloody ground,  
To California's farthest bound.  
Hurrah ! &c.

Free Speech, Fremont, will aye defend,  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

And Slavery's curse he'll ne'er extend,  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

He goes for Freedom's holy cause,  
For equal rights, and equal laws.

Hurrah ! &c.

And Kansas, too, shall have her due,

Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

He'll save her from the ruffian crew,

Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

In spite of Douglas and his pack,

He'll turn the tide of conquest back.

Hurrah ! &c.

Then let us all, with loud acclaim,

Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

Repeat the chorus with a name,

Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

A name at which the tyrant quails,

A name which every good man hails,

Fremont, Fremont, Fremont, Fremont !

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 !

Fremont ! Fremont ! Fremont !



## DOUGLAS'S LAMENT—[OVER THE LEFT.]

AIR—" *Susanna.*"

As I walked out the other night,  
 When all around was still,  
 I met a team called "Buck and Breck,"  
 A jogging down the hill;  
 Steve Douglas sat behind and drove,  
 A twinkle in his eye,  
 And *sotto voce*, thus he sang,  
 "Old Buck, *you'd* better cry;

*Chorus*—Oh, Buchanan,  
 You need n't cry for me,  
 You'll need your salt drops for yourself,  
 You'll see what you will see."

"My platform swallowed you entire,  
 Your body, breeches, boots,  
 But 'that's' no sort of consequence,  
 As 'twas with Mr. Toots ;"  
 The South don't more than half trust you,  
 The North your name will scout,  
 And like your Ostend Circular,  
 You're bound to *fizzle out* !

*Chorus.*—Oh, Buchanan,  
 I told you how 'twould be,  
 You'll break your neck, both Buck and Breck,  
 And leave the track for me."

"That drop of Democratic blood,  
 You squeezed out of your veins,  
 Will hardly pay 'ten cents a day ;'  
 And 'gutta percha canes'  
 Won't help to drive you round the course,  
 Your Southern wind's unsound ;  
 I'll bet a 'dime' the 'Mustang' horse  
 Will run you 'to the ground !'

*Chorus.*—Oh, Buchanan,  
 You will be blown sky high ;  
 I'm going down to see the fun,  
 But 'taint for *me* to cry."

" 'Tis time you fogies were killed off,  
 'Tis time that General Pierce  
 Should pack his 'duds' and fix himself,  
 To walk behind your hearse !  
 You scape goats carrying off *my* sins,  
 'G'lang'—you travel slow ;  
 But never mind, you're headed right,  
 You're going *down below* !

*Chorus.*—Oh, Buchanan,  
 You need't cry for me,  
 Oh, don't you wish you had a wife,  
 Like John Fremont—and *me* !"

Thus Douglas to himself did sing,  
 Thinks I, you have told more  
 Of sober truth, than you have spoke  
 In twenty years before !  
 Fremont will be our President,  
 Fremont, the brave and bold,  
 Old Breck, and you, and all your crew,  
 Will just be laid out cold !

*Chorus.*—Oh, Buchanan,  
 You'd better cry, you see,  
**FREMONT WILL BE THE PRESIDENT,**  
**AND KANSAS WILL BE FREE.**

## OUR GALLANT LEADER.

AIR.—“*Blue Bells of Scotland.*”

Oh! whom, tell me whom, do you follow to the field?  
 Oh! whom, tell me whom, do you follow to the field?  
 We follow young Fremont, the brave, who ne'er was  
 known to yield,  
 With Freedom and Humanity inscribed upon his shield.

With whom, tell me whom, do you battle in the strife?  
 With whom, tell me whom, do you battle in the strife?  
 We battle with the ruffians who wield the scalping knife,  
 With their hands dripping blood from a Northern free-  
 man's life.

By whom, tell me whom, were these outrages begun?  
 By whom, tell me whom, were these outrages begun?  
 By traitor Arnold Douglas, Toombs, Pierce and Atchin-  
 son,  
 Southern lords and Northern traitors, in their haunts at  
 Washington.

For whom, tell me whom, were these daring projects  
 planned?  
 For whom, tell me whom, were these daring projects  
 planned?  
 For your Keitts and bully Brookses, who expect to rule  
 the land,  
 With their white and their black slaves alike, beneath  
 their hand.

On whom, tell me whom, was the blow designed to fall?  
 On whom, tell me whom, was the blow designed to fall?  
 On you and I, my brother, and upon those freemen all,  
 Who refuse to turn doughfaces, and to follow at their call.

By whom, tell me whom, is this policy pursued?  
 By whom, tell me whom, is this policy pursued?  
 By James Buchanan, and by all the office-holding brood,  
 On the Cincinnati Platform, with its stained and rotten  
 wood.

Oh! whom, tell me whom, shall we trust to lead us on?  
 Oh! whom, tell me whom, shall we trust to lead us on?  
 JOHN C. FREMONT'S the man, my boys!—the field's  
 already won,  
 By the name and the fame of our second WASHINGTON.

## MAINE THUNDER.

AIR.—“*Pop goes the Weazel.*”

Old Jimmy, awaiting the news from Maine,  
Was lost in anxious wonder,  
When all at once, to his surprise,  
Boom ! goes the Thunder !

Oh ! dear, what terrible sound is that  
Which rends the air asunder,  
A storm is brewing, I greatly dread,  
Boom ! goes the Thunder !

A Northeast storm, as I'm alive,  
It 's roaring over yonder,  
A Northeast storm, with lightning, too,  
Boom ! goes the Thunder !

If Hannibal Hamlin 's governor now,  
We might as well knock under,  
There's no more luck for poor old Buck,  
Boom ! goes the Thunder !

Charles Gordon Greene, 'tis plain to be seen,  
Has made a terrible blunder,  
They've taken his gold, but we've been sold,  
Boom ! goes the Thunder !

I am used up, as sure as a gun,  
I get no more of plunder,  
I wish I'd remained, at the court of St. James,  
Boom ! goes the Thunder !

## FREMONT'S DREAM.

AIR—"Susannah."

I had a dream the other night,  
 When everything was still ;  
 I dream'd I saw Buchanan  
 A rolling down the hill,  
 A farewell speech was in his mouth,  
 A tear was in his eye,  
 Said I, "Old Buck, you're too far south,  
 Buchanan don't you cry."

CHORUS—Oh, Buchanan !  
 Don't you cry for me ;  
 I'm bound unto the White House,  
 As you will shortly see.

Said he " Dear John, O speak not so,  
 It grieves my heart full sore,  
 You know my party it is sham,  
 And I am Buck no more."  
 " You know my name is changed, 'tis true,  
 And I'm a worthless hack ;"  
 With a woful look, he thus did say,  
 The " mustang " s' on my track.

CHORUS—Oh, Buchanan ! &c.

With tearful eyes, he said adieu,  
 And burning was his brow,  
 He said " dear John, take my farewell,  
 I am a platform now."  
 He sent his love to all his friends,  
 And weeping, he did say—  
 Farewell unto the White House,  
 And thus he passed away.

Oh, Buchanan ! &c.

## BABY WAKERS.

TUNE.—“*Lullaby.*”

Jimmy, in his chamber dreary,  
 Busy darning up his hose,  
 Heard afar those echoes cheery,  
 Which from gallant Maine arose.

*Chorus.*—

“ Oh! those dreadful baby wakers,  
 How they fill my soul with fear,  
 I begin to hear the breakers,  
 Our old craft is drifting near.

First Iowa democratic,  
 Always true as steel before,  
 Shakes the house from ground to attic,  
 With its unexpected roar.

*Chorus.*—

Then Vermont—I thought ’twas thunder,  
 That I heard among the hills,  
 But my friends revealed the blunder,  
 By the whiteness of their gills.

*Chorus.*—

I expected to be beaten,  
 On that old Green Mountain height,  
 But had not dreamed of being eaten  
 Horns and all, clean out of sight.

*Chorus.*—

Choate, ’twas said, would surely quiz ’em,  
 And would do the old Whigs brown,  
 But I find somnambulism  
 Is an “ism” won’t go down.

*Chorus.*—

Now, as I sit here despairing,  
 And bewailing my sad fate,

Through the lofty forests tearing  
Echoes loud the Pine Tree State.

*Chorus.*—

Thou, too, Maine, my heart's best treasure,  
Loved as cat ne'er loved a mouse,  
Gold we sent you without measure,  
From the Boston Custom House.

*Chorus.*—

Now you've been and gone and done it,  
Vast majorities you've piled,  
But, if really bent upon it,  
Why not, Maine, have "drawn it mild?"

*Chorus.*—

Sad and lonely sit I grieving,  
All my fondest hopes have flown,  
Party rats my ship are leaving,  
'Cause they see 'tis going down."

*Chorus.*—

## RALLYING SONG.

AIR.—"Bruce's Address."

Onward! onward! to the fight!  
Buchanan's hosts we'll put to flight;  
We'll plant the tree of truth and right,  
On soil that shall be free.

Let freedom's banner be unfurled;  
Let it wave throughout the world,  
The might of Slavery downward hurled,  
And western Kansas free!

Fremont will lift our standard high,  
 Let Fillmoreites before it fly ;  
 And Slavery's cohorts droop and die,  
 On soil that must be free.

“ Fremont and Dayton ” is our song,  
 From hill to hill the notes prolong,  
 Through all the air, an echo strong—  
 Fremont and victory !

Fremont—Fremont, and Dayton, too,  
 Our candidates—and they will do  
 To whip the Buck and Fillmore crew,  
 And keep our borders free.

Then buckle on your armor bright ;  
 Stand to your arms in valiant fight ;  
 Fremont, the noble and the right,  
 Will lead to victory.

Hark ! victory rings o'er hill and plain,  
 From Iowa to eastern Maine,  
 And Vermont answers back again,  
 Let east and west be free !

Loud shout in this victorious hour,  
 For Buck and Breck have lost their power ;  
 The Fillmore crew—see how they cower,  
 Before the brave and free !

Forward, ye brave men, to the front,  
 No coward fears our heart shall daunt !  
 Be this our war-cry, for “ Fremont,  
 Free Speech, and Victory ! ”



AIR.—“*Braes o’ Balquither.*”

Let us sing, brothers, sing,  
 With our flag waving o’er us,  
 Make the glad echoes ring,  
 For there’s glory before us.  
 On the mountains afar  
 We behold its bright beaming,  
 It gleams like a star;  
 We’re awake, we’re not dreaming.

Let us sing, &c.

A chieftain we own,  
 Nobly worthy our rally ;  
 Wise and brave he is known,  
 On hill, stream, lake and valley.  
 We know of our land,  
 Every mountain and river,  
 And he means all free land,  
 Shall be free land forever.

Let us sing, &c.

In a Rocky Mountain hut,  
 Was our chief when we found him;  
 In a palace we’ll set him  
 With his dear ones around him.  
 For his name lights the land,  
 Lights the hill, lake and river,  
 Like a mount let it stand,  
 Glory gilded forever.

Let us sing, &c.

For the hero three cheers,  
 Loud as storm’s loudest rattle,  
 For his Jessie, three more,  
 Then on to the battle.  
 We shall never be beat,  
 To contend we’ll cease never—  
 For our cry is Free Land  
 Shall be Free Land forever.

Let us sing, &c.

## EXPRESS SONG.

AIR.—*A little more Cider.*

Erastus Brooks, of the Express,  
 Is really nominated  
 For Governor of New York State ;  
 Oh ! isn't he elated ?  
 He'll swell and strut and strut and swell,  
 And cut up many a caper,  
 And lots of monstrous dirty stuff,  
 Will publish in his paper,

*Chorus.*—And a little more lying, too,  
 And a little more lying, too,  
 A little more lying he'll be trying,  
 A little more lying, too.

For this he's struggled long and hard,  
 And done all sorts of evil :  
 He's sold his body to the south,  
 His soul unto the d——l.  
 Iago honest, was a trump,  
 But could'nt hold a candle  
 To honest 'Rast of the Express,  
 In dealing out the scandal.

*Chorus.*—And a little more lying, too, &c.

Fremont's religion much concerns,  
 Our politician pious ;  
 He fears he is a catholic,  
 Does modern Ananias ;  
 And in the face and eyes of all  
 The plainest contradictions,  
 His brazen sheet reiterates  
 The Cook & Fulmer fictions.

*Chorus.*—With a little more lying, too, &c.

He knows he lied within his throat,  
 When first he penned the slander,  
 But that old vacant squirrel hole,  
 It riz dog Noble's dander.  
 Although he knows there's not a man  
 Believes him for a minute,  
 As long as there's an empty hole,  
 He'll keep a barking in it.

*Chorus.*—And a little more lying, too, &c.

While we dislike religious tests,  
 The story's getting common,  
 That our Erastus Brooks himself  
 Is secretly a Mormon!  
 That he's one hundred wives at least,  
 Kept in seclusion quiet,  
 That Brigham Young pronounced the banns,  
 If false, let Brook's deny it.

*Chorus*:—With a little more lying, too, &c.

---

### POOR OLD BUCK.

AIR.—*Uncle Ned.*

There is an old donkey, a worn out old jack,  
 Too old to live very long,  
 He has no bone in the middle of his back,  
 Where his bones *ought* to grow very strong.

*Chorus*.—Then let down the bars very low,  
 And drive out the poor old *Joe*;  
 There's no more work for poor old Buck,  
 Let him go where the old nags go.

His legs are long when he trots after votes,  
 But he has no eyes for to see;  
 And his teeth are worn out eating public oats,  
 So he'll have to let the public oats be.

*Chorus*.—Then let down the bars very low, &c.

He always pulls wrong, with a very hard jerk,  
 Which gives to the driver much trouble;  
 He's not at all fit for our kind of work  
 For he's never yet learned to go double.

*Chorus*.—Then let down the bars very low, &c.

What's the use of a nag with so many bad ways,  
 So stubborn, so old and so slow?  
 The best we can do is to turn him out to grass,  
 In the fields where the short grasses grow.

*Chorus*.—Then let down the bars very low, &c.

THE KINDERHOOK FOX TO THE WHEATLAND  
BUCK.

AIR—"Wait for the Wagon."

Will you come with me, my Jimmy dear, your passage  
shall be free,  
Where Salt River runs the fastest, O come along with me;  
My cabbages are all on board, my boat's upon the tide,  
And early in November—we'll all take the ride.

*Chorus.*—Wait till November, wait till November,  
Wait till November, and we'll all take a ride.

'Tis sixteen years ago, this fall, since first I took the sail,  
And if the wind holds where it is, you'll have as fair a gale.  
You'll find it rather lonesome there, when first you find  
you're pinned,  
But soon like this old fox, you will get used to being  
skinned.

*Chorus.*—Wait till November, &c.

In '40 when I took the trip, at Harrison's expense,  
I should have staid put, if I'd had the smallest grain of  
sense ;  
But trying, by my John's advice, to guide the ship of  
State,  
I was compelled to take the sail, in eighteen forty-eight.

*Chorus.*—Wait till November, &c.

And when I heard they'd set up you, old Molly Coddle  
Bach,  
I told my John to turn about, cut stick and gravel scratch;  
And when he said, that on the goose they'd got you  
right and tight,  
At once replied I, "demme John, that goose's a cock  
won't fight."

*Chorus.*—Wait till November, &c.

But that likely lot of niggers, that John is going to wed,  
And love, and honor, and obey, completely turned my  
head ;  
And now I've taken you in tow, I find I'm going back,  
A second flying Dutchman, upon the same old track.

*Chorus.*—Wait till November, &c.

I think you'd better strike your flag, although it is sub-  
lime,  
And I've heard them say there was a man all in the  
olden time,  
Who had precisely such a flag unto his mizzen nailed,  
"And his name was—Captain Kyd, as he sailed—as he  
sailed."

*Chorus.*—Wait till November, &c.

You'll find the trip a long one, they will not let you stop,  
But keep up the excursion till they've rowed you to the  
top ;  
Then come along, my Jimmy, to Salt River's farthest  
town,  
And there be snugly packed away, a Buck well salted  
down.

*Chorus.*—Wait till November, &c.

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### OLD JAMMIE BUCK, MY JO.

*AIR—John Anderson, my Jo.*

Auld Jamie Buck, my Jo, Jem,  
When we were first acquaint ;  
Ye were a blue-light Fed'ralist,  
Of most unsavory taint ;  
But now ye are a Democrat—  
At least ye tell us so—  
Forgi'e me, but it winna do,  
Auld Jamie Buck, my Jo.

Auld Buck, ye once protested  
That if within a vein,  
A drop of Democratic blood  
Your carcass should profane,  
Ye'd tap it like a cask of ale,  
And let it out, you know ;  
But syne ye croon anither tune,  
Auld Jamie Buck, my Jo.

And weel I mind the time, Jem,  
When ye were wont to say  
That pair folk should be satisfied  
To win ten cents a day ;

And now the puir man's vote, Jem,  
 Ye're speerin for, I trow ;  
 But, troth, I think ye'll wait a wee,  
 Auld Jamie Buck, my Jo.

Auld Buck, ye doug-faced noodle,  
 We ken a lad or twa  
 Wha'll by the Constitution stand,  
 The Union and the Law ;  
 Fremont and Dayton are the chiefs  
 For whom we mean to go ;  
 And you may bide at home the whiles,  
 Auld Jamie Buck, my Jo.

---

### RALLYING SONG.

TUNE—" *Marseillais Hymn.*"

Behold ! the furious storm is rolling,  
 Which Border-Fiends, confederates, raise,  
 The Dogs of War, let loose, are howling,  
 And lo ! our infant cities blaze.  
 And shall we calmly view the ruin,  
 While lawless force with giant stride,  
 Spreads desolation far and wide.  
 In guiltless blood his hands imbruing ?  
 Arise, arise, ye brave !  
 And let our war-cry be  
 Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,  
 FRE-MONT and VICTORY !

Oh, Liberty ! can he resign thee  
 Who once has felt thy generous flame ?  
 Can threats subdue, or bolts confine thee—  
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame ?  
 No ! by the heavens bright bending o'er us !  
 We've called our captain to the van—  
 Behold the hour—behold the man !  
 Oh, wise and valiant, go before us !  
 Then let the shout again  
 Ring out from sea to sea,  
 Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,  
 FRE-MONT and VICTORY !

Hurrah, hurrah, from hill and valley,—  
 Hurrah from prairie wild and free!  
 Around our glorious Chieftian rally,  
 For KANZAS and for LIBERTY!  
 Let him who first her wilds exploring,  
 Her virgin beauty gave to fame,  
 Now save her from the curse and shame  
 Which Slavery o'er her soil is pouring.  
 Our Standard Bearer, then,  
 The brave Pathfinder be!  
 Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,  
 FRE-MONT and VICTORY!

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From the Providence Journal.

FREMONT IS THE NAME.

AIR—“*Bob and Joan.*”

Alas! for poor old Buck,  
 He has no chance of winning,  
 Every day's bad luck  
 'Is worse than the beginning.  
 He's lost the power of speech,  
 Yet still a wondrous wizzard,  
 He's swallowed up himself  
 His backbone and his gizzard.  
 FREMONT is the name  
 Shall shine in song and story,  
 We choose him for our chief  
 To lead us on to glory.

The southron's plighted faith,  
 The doughface pledges given,  
 Are records of that place  
 The opposite of heaven.  
 The political sin  
 Of Pierce, and Brooks, and Shannon,  
 Just like a glass of gin,  
 Are swallowed by Buchanan.  
 Fremont is the name, &c.

No prose of Rufus Choate,  
 Nor Democratic stanzas,  
 No paraphrased rub out  
 The history of Kansas.  
 The people know their men,  
 And choose their own true leader,

No political hack,  
 No Union seceder.  
 Fremont is the name, &c.

The man who loves his race,  
 And loving—he shall lead 'em,  
 He ope'd the golden gate,  
 Of California's freedom.  
 And Kansas soon shall feel  
 The power of his protection,  
 For freemen everywhere  
 Are bent on his election.  
 Fremont is the name, &c.

Then let the trumpet sound,  
 Loud roar the thundering cannon,—  
 The triumph of Fremont,  
 The downfall of Buchanan.  
 Let merry peals ring forth  
 From every tower and steeple,  
 And East, West, North and South,  
 Be one united people.  
 Fremont is the name

---

AIR—" *Fra Diavolo.*"

Upon the Rocky Mountain  
 That firm and mighty heart, behold  
 Fast his country's flag he holds,  
 The glorious flag of old.  
 This way his steps inclining,  
 His fame has reached us long ago,  
 He conquered gold for freemen then,  
 Now fights he a freeman's foe—

Tremble.

Even now the storm is rolling,  
 Afar hear echo calling  
 To White House,  
 To White House,  
 To White House.

Even now the storm is rolling,  
 Afar hear echo calling,  
 To White House,  
 To White House,  
 To White House.



## UNCLE SAM'S BOSS FARMER.

TUNE.—“ *Old Dog Tray.*”

Says Uncle Sam to me,  
 I'm in a quandary,  
 I want a good boss to manage my affairs.  
 Says I to Uncle Sam,  
 I know the very man  
 Who'll quietly put an end to your cares.

JOHN C. FREMONT is the man, sir,  
 He'll soon quiet your alarm,  
 He's faithful and he's true,  
 And you'll never, never rue  
 The day you make him boss of your farm.

Says he, the man I've got  
 Was never worth a jot  
 To be fit for the place he never did begin,  
 He's kicked up such a row,  
 And to stop it don't know how,  
 That he's turned out worse than he came in,  
 (Says I,) John C. Fremont is the man, sir, &c. &c.

Says he, there's Platform Jeems,  
 But he's not himself it seems,  
 He says he is a plank, and nothing else, you know  
 I want no wooden man,  
 They're only useful when  
 You (k)need a batch of soft northern dough.  
 (Says I,) John C. Fremont is the man, sir. &c. &c.

Says he, there's one I tried  
 When good old Taylor died,  
 But he made a saucy speech the other day, you know,  
 And I mean to have my way,  
 And I mean to have my say,  
 And I tell him all his threats are “no go.”  
 (Says I,) John C Fremont is the man, sir, &c. &c.

Says he, I think so too,  
 And I will put him through,  
 He's got the true grit, and is a faithful guide,  
 He'll make my people hoe,  
 Each his particular row,  
 And he'll stop this crowding on to t'other side.

Yes, JOHN C. FREMONT is the man, sir,  
 He'll soon quiet my alarm,  
 He's faithful and he's true,  
 And he'll never, never rue  
 The day I make him boss of my farm.

---

THERE IS THE WHITE HOUSE YONDER.

AIR.—*A few days.*

(By permission of S. T. Gordon, New-York, Publisher of the Music.)

A song I've got, my friends, for you,  
 Few days, few days ;  
 The tone and style will please you, too,  
 For we're going home.  
 Fremont and freedom is our word,  
 Few days, few days ;  
 We've nailed our flag and drawn our sword,  
 For we're going home.

*Chorus.*—For there's the White House yonder,  
 Few days, few days,  
 Fremont and Dayton's bound there ;  
 We're going home ;  
 We can't be kept back longer,  
 Few days, few days,  
 Every day we're growing stronger,  
 We're going home.

Old ten cent Jimmy is no go!  
 Few days, few days,  
 And Breckenridge is far too slow,  
 We're going home;  
 They both endorse weak Pierce's reign,  
 Few days, few days,  
 Which on our country leaves a stain;  
 We're going home.

*Chorus.*—

Old Benton says he's out for Buck,  
 Few days, few days,  
 But his finger on his nose is stuck;  
 We're going home.  
 Fremont's the man, he surely knows,  
 Few days, few days,  
 Or if he don't his daughter does,  
 We're going home.

*Chorus.*—

Old Bachelors are low in rate,  
 Few days, few days,  
 They'd never populate a State,  
 We're going home.  
 The White House party's must not drag,  
 Few days, few days,  
 And what could Bucks be but a stag,  
 We're going home.

*Chorus.*—

Tho' Fremont, he was born down *thar*,  
 Few days, few days,  
 He's strong as his Rocky Mountain Bar; (*bear*)  
 We're going home.  
 He's made our California State—  
 Few days, few days,  
 It's made us rich—we'll make him great,  
 We're going home.

*Chorus.*—

And now, my friends, we vote a health,  
 Few days, few days,  
 To our first choice—the nation's wealth,  
 We're going home ;  
 Freedom and Fremont is the word,  
 Few days, few days,  
 We've nailed our flag and drawn our sword,  
 We're going home.

*Chorus.*—

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### SAD VOYAGE.

AIR.—“*Oh, Susanna,*”

I dream't a dream the other night,  
 A doughface's blood 'twould stop ;  
 I dream't I saw old “Buck and Breck,”  
 Salt river rowing up,  
 While Bully Brooks cried from the shore,  
 “Buchanan don't you cry,  
 We won't be ruled by John Fremont :  
 We're goin' to nullify.”

“Oh, Buchanan,  
 You need'nt cry for me,  
 For when salt river you've rowed up,  
 I'm going out to sea.

“I'm goin' to march to Washington  
 With forty thousand men,  
 I'm goin' to seize the treasury ;  
 What will the North do then ?

The South shall have a President—

One of her own—you'll see ;

I'm sure I am a modest man,

But pray! *Who will he be?*"

" Oh, Buchanan," &c.

Poor " Buck " will have good company

On his melancholy row,

For *the front seat* of the boat's *reserved*

For Mi-lord Fill, you know.

How sad they'll feel as they row up,

And how they'll heave a sigh,

When they think of Fremont's victory,

And hear the " Bully " cry.

" Oh, Buchanan," &c.

As pants the *hart* for cooling streams,

When heated in the chase ;

So pants the *Buck* for the White House,

And presidential place.

And 'tis too bad, that poor old Buck

Will have to hear, at last,

The ruffian Brooks call from the bank,

As he goes rowing past—

" Oh, Buchanan," &c.

Then, when Thanksgiving week comes round,

And 'lection day is o'er,

T'will be our duty to give thanks

For one great blessing more ;

For as we pass the turkey round,

And eat the pumpkin pies,

Poor Buck is sadly rowing up,

While Bully Preston cries—

" Oh, Buchanan," &c.

## THE DOUGH FACE.

AIR.—*The Cork Leg.*

A curious story I'll relate,  
Concerning a gentleman very sedate,  
Who, by one of those whimsical freaks of fate,  
Awoke one morning and found himself great.

Re too-ral, loo-ral, loo-ral, loo-ral, li,  
Too-ral, loo-ral, loo-ral, la.

Old Zachary Taylor, the people did choose,  
Whose opinions exactly agreed with their views;  
But brave Rough and Ready, by death they did loose,  
And the lucky old fellow stepped into his shoes.

Re too-ral, loo-lal, &c.

So he moved himself to the great White House,  
And tucked himself up as snug as a mouse,  
Till Franklin Pierce his glim did douse,  
Cutting off his supply of public souse.

Re too-ral, loo-ral, &c.

Then he said to himself, 'tis my best plan  
To travel about as much as I can,  
And let the dear people my countenance scan,  
For I'm really a handsome and wonderful man.

Re too-ral, loo-ral, &c.

I think that the South is the place to begin,  
It plays at a game where you lose or I win,  
And then Slavery is a most horrible sin,  
The North, simple creature, is bound to cave in.

Re too-ral, loo-ral, &c.

And so he adopted this excellent trick,  
And the toadies unto him did constantly stick,  
And bowing and scraping, our stunning old brick  
Said, 'thank you dear people, pray spread it on thick.'

Re too-ral, loo-ral, &c.

And so he went on, till he'd finished his round—  
 Had laid out his corns and measured his ground—  
 And the head politicians he firmly had bound,  
 To follow and swallow his wisdom profound.

Re too-ral, loo-ral, &c.

Now I'll tickle New York, said our cunning old coon,  
 A word to the wise was sufficient, and soon  
 The New Yorkers adopted the very same tune,  
 And exhibited Millard at Niblo's saloon.

Re too-ral, loo-ral, &c.

Now, said he, the Whig party has gone to the dogs,  
 But the Know Nothing team right merrily jogs,  
 I think that I will, e're I'm lost in the fogs,  
 Undergo dark-lantern baptism by Scroggs.

Re too-ral, loo-ral, &c.

Then fearing to answer, ah, yes or no,  
 Said he to himself, I to Europe will go,  
 And there my magnificent figure I'll show,—  
 Shake hands with the Queen, and kiss the Pope's toe.

Re too-ral, loo-ral, &c.

So thither he went, and travelled about,  
 And had a good time, I have'nt a doubt,  
 For he praised all the tyrants, who liberty flout,  
 And then, at the end, returned with the gout.

Re too-ral, loo-ral, &c.

The first thing he did, when he came o'er the seas,  
 And landed on shore, was to drop on his knees,  
 And say, now elect me your President, please,  
 You know I have taken all of the degrees.

Re too-ral loo-ral, &c.

To his home, in the west of New-York, then he goes,  
 And a horrible plot began to disclose,

That unless we elected him over his foes,  
The South would assuredly bite off its nose.

Re too-ral, loo-ral, &c.

And a self called convention of Whigs, now has said,  
Though he quitted the party which gave him his bread,  
That we must submit by him to be lead [dead.  
With the slave preaching boaster, who slanders the

Re too-ral, loo-ral, &c.

But the drivers may threaten and coax as they may,  
They'll probably find, when it comes 'lection day,  
That in spite of all they can do, or can say,  
The whole of the team heads the opposite way.

Re too-ral, loo-ral, &c.

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### NORTHERN CHIVALRY.

TUNE.—“*Dandy Jim*,” “*John Highlandman*,” &c

Come “Buck” and “Breck,” and list to me.  
I sing of *Northern* chivalry,  
Not made of gutta percha canes,  
But iron hands and fertile brains.

Fremont shall lead a glorious band  
Of freemen, to enrich free land,  
Make Kansas like a garden shine  
With milk and honey, corn and wine.

I sing the men who rear the mill,  
Make streams subservient to their will,  
The earth her hidden mines disclose,  
And deserts bloom like the rose.

Fremont will lead a glorious band, &c.



The man who works with honest toil,  
 To win his tribute from the soil,  
 More honor from his country craves,  
 Than he who drives a thousand slaves.

Fremont will lead a glorious band, &c.

The man, the mind, the soil, *all* free,  
 This is the chivalry for me,  
 No suppliant slaves to tend my beck,  
 No rulers such as "*Buck*" and "*Breck*."

Fremont will lead a glorious band, &c.

No clanking chains, no cutting whip,  
 No thongs with human gore to drip,  
 Free bread, free labor ;—man and child,  
 From taint of Slavery undefiled.

Fremont will lead a glorious band, &c.

Free schools, free thought, free speech, free press,  
 Free schools, free States and *nothing less*—  
 To *Do* or *Die* for LIBERTY,  
 This, *this* is *Northern* chivalry.

Fremont will lead a glorious band, &c.

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## THE LITTLE MEN AT WASHINGTON.

Written by a Member of the Plainfield Fremont Club.

AIR.—"*Have you seen Sam?*"

I've just been out to Washington,  
 To see our Congressmen,  
 And see what changes have occurred  
 Betwixt times now and then :  
 I saw with much amazement  
 That great men scarce had grown ;  
 The Clays and Websters vanished had,  
 Who once in Senate shone.

Chorus—O, why is this—O, why is this?  
 The thought seems really shocking;  
 O, why are all the “little men”  
 To Washington a flocking?

There's Mr. Bright, who's not so bright  
 But on him you can look—  
 And sure I am, for no great man  
 Will he ever be mistook.  
 There's Mr. Wright, who's never right;  
 And Thompsons there are two;  
 And for a clown there's Mr. Brown—  
 And also Mr. Pugh.

Chorus—

There's General Rusk, and Iowa Jones,  
 And Jones of Tennessee;  
 Hunter, who growls; Mason, who scowls;  
 And smaller men than he.  
 Such smallish names as Allen and James,  
 To mention will hardly pay;  
 And Henry Dodge, whom the people will dodge  
 On the very next 'lection day.

Chorus—

There's Weller, who couldn't well be worse;  
 And Douglass, surnamed Stephen;  
 And Brodhead narrow minded is;  
 But Bigler's narrower, even.  
 Then there are Stuart, Pratt and Pearce,  
 Tombs, Reid, and Biggs, and Geyer;  
 And though the men are very small,  
 The list is large, I fear.

Chorus—

An awful ass is General Cass,  
 Thick headed, fat and drowsy,  
 But a bigger ass, and meaner, too,  
 Is sneaking Isaac Toucey.

For office and pelf he sold himself,  
 And wronged his noble State ;  
 To get his pay, a long, long day  
 The rascal will have to wait,

Chorus—

O, what a raft of little men  
 Have got together there ;  
 It really makes me feel ashamed,—  
 It does, I do declare !  
 I thought I'd seen a sandy spot,  
 Where small potatoes grew ;  
 But Washington has surely got  
 The smallest I ever knew !

Chorus—

I left the Senate Chamber now,  
 And to the White House went,  
 To see the man that's living there,—  
 The man the people sent.  
 Is that him, sitting in the chair ?  
 Is that Frank Pierce I see ?  
 If Senators are little men,  
 O, ginger ! what is he ?

Chorus—

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“ MAINE NEWS ! ! ”

OR.

WRECK OF THE SHIP “BUCK AND BRECK.”

(Written by a Member of the Plainfield Fremont Club.)

AIR.—“*Susanna*,”

As I went out the other morn, to take some morning  
 views,  
 I heard a fellow crying out “ Have you heard the won-  
 drous news ? ”

He stood bareheaded in the sun, he swung his hat and  
 cane,  
 And screamed aloud with all his might, "Have you  
 heard the news from Maine?"

*Chorus.*—O, old fogies, come listen once again,  
 And I will tell the pleasant news, the glorious  
 news from Maine.

There gathered round a jolly crowd, their mouths wide  
 open stood,  
 And each despatch he read aloud, and all pronounced  
 them good ;  
 The first was written thus, my boys : "Fremont is on  
 the gain,  
 The pine tree State is all aglow, hurrah, hurrah for  
 Maine !"

*Chorus.*—

Despatches then came thick and fast, our ears all heard  
 with wonder,  
 We all exclaimed, "this can be naught but the genuine  
 thunder ;"  
 And still they came, "the wind blows hard, the storm  
 it still increases ;  
 The slavo-Demo-cratic hulk has struck and gone to  
 pieces."

*Chorus.*—

Sam Wells astride a rotten plank, is drifting out to sea,  
 And Farley, in the surf, exclaims "the devil will get  
 me."

Dave Bronson walking on the deck, at the first shock  
 was floored—

Geo. Evans seized a jug of rum and rushed right over-  
 board.

*Chorus.*—

With frantic look and doleful voice, a man screamed—  
 “bring a boat!”

But who it was they could not tell, unless 'twas Rufus  
 Choate.

But who it was, it matters not, the ship is all a wreck,  
 And all are lost that passage took upon the “Buck and  
 Breck.”

*Chorus.*—

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[From the New Bedford Mercury.]

CAMPAIGN SONG.

AIR.—“*Low Back Car.*”

When first we heard of our Fremont,  
 It was on the mountain height ;  
 He planted first the stars and stripes  
 Above the eagle's flight.  
 A score of brave old pioneers,  
 Grouped round were standing near ;  
 But none were there  
 Who could compare,  
 With the gallant engineer,  
 As he stood with the mountain air  
 Blowing freshly around him there.  
 With the hunter's wild cheer,  
 Ringing startling and clear,  
 Their Chief in the mountain air

When on the fields of Mexico,  
 Our brave troops forced their way ;  
 In California wilds, Fremont  
 Was foremost in the fray.

With his brave and trusty rifles,  
 He stormed old Castro's seat,  
 And never stopped for trifles,  
 Till the foe was at his feet.

And he sat in the Governor's chair,  
 The same brave pioneer ;  
 And the flag which the war  
 Had but brightened, waved o'er,  
 As he sat in the Governor's chair.

He vowed while there, no slavery curse  
 Should stain that virgin strand ;  
 And nobly he fulfilled the pledge,  
 Throughout that golden land.  
 And Jessie sat beside him,

With her sweet smiles' winning ray,  
 And said she'd rather work by far,  
 Than yield to the slave power's sway.  
 And they gave him the Senator's chair,  
 Who had spirit and courage to dare  
 For the rights of the free,  
 What'e're the danger might be,  
 At his post in the Senator's chair.

And now the sons of Freedom throng,  
 In phalanx strong and deep,  
 To place their gallant leader where  
 A freeman's pledge he'll keep.  
 We'll place him in the White House, boys,  
 Upon the 4th of March ;  
 And Jessie shall sit beside him,  
 With her smile so true and arch,  
 As he sits in the President's chair,  
 With Jessie the lovely and fair—  
 With Dayton and Jessie,  
 His foes will non esse,  
 As he sits in the President's chair.

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