

And sorely we were curst,
 For the golden bubble burst,
 And the Treasury was emptied at a pull;
 So he called upon the goats
 For a roll of paper notes,
 While the Rhino was all *shipp'd to Johnny Bull!*

Now this queer little man
 He is not a *second Dan*.
 For e'en Paddy has an eye upon his tricks;
 With his loco loco crutch
 He may hobble round the Dutch,
 But there he'll find himself amongst the Nix;
 For this miserable pay
 Of eleven pence per day,
 With other blessings equally divine;
 He may balance up his book,
 And return to Kinderhook,
 For the Ballot Box will tell him to resign!!

WASHINGTON MEETING, KY.

MASON COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

AIR—"Rosin the Bow."

I'll tell you about a big meeting
 'That has made the Vanjancks all look blue,
 It has lately been held in Kentucky,
 To the honor of Old Tippecanoe.

From the East and the West came in thousands,
 And the North and the South pour'd in too,
 As if heaven and earth were all moving
 In honor of Old Tippecanoe.

There were skiffs, forts, yawls and Log Cabins,
 And a beautiful Maysville brig too,
 All drawn upon wheels by fine horses—
 Hurrah for Old Tippecanoe.

Farm wagons, canoes and stage coaches,
 And carriages also a few,

Come up there all fill'd to overflowing
With the sons of Old Tippecanoe.

The air was all filled with bright banners,
Red, white, purple, green and true blue,
With inscriptions and mottoes upon them,
All about our Old Tippecanoe.

There was also a table spread over
With plenty of buckeye trays too,
All filled with roast beef and good bacon,
For the sons of Old Tippecanoe.

There was bread of all sorts in abundance,
And barrels of good pickles a few,
Prepared for the sons of Ohio,
By the friends of Old Tippecanoe.

On Monday the sun shone with splendor
Though on Sunday rains fell and winds blew,
But none of us cared for the weather—
True soldiers of Tippecanoe.

We march'd through the streets of old Washington,
And bravely drank hard cider too,
To show to the silk stocking gentry
How we 'd stick to old Tippecanoe.

The ladies they flock'd to their windows,
In numbers, I say not a few,
And held out their star-spangled banners
All to the honor of Tippecanoe.

The Vans call us rag barons and dandies,
And only a ruffle shirt crew,
But they see now the bone and the sinew
All go for Old Tippecanoe.

Here 's a long life to the men of Kentucky,
For to them there is honor due,
For their manly and good preparations
For the sons of Old Tippecanoe.

THE VAN BUREN CONVENTION.

AIR—“*Pretty Betty Martin, tip-toe fine,
Could n't get a sweetheart to please her mind.*”

Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,
Pretty little Martin, tiptoe fine,
Could n't get a candidate for Vice President,
Could n't get a candidate to please his mind.
Old Dick Johnson he wouldn't answer,
He was too rough for a President so fine ;
Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,
Could n't get a candidate to please his mind.

Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,
Could n't make the locofocos toe the line ;
Some were for Polk and some for Johnson,
But no one but Polk could please his mind.
The Tennessee locofocos they wanted Polk in,
To poke him in for President next in the line ;
Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,
Could n't get a candidate to please his mind.

Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,
He could n't coax Old Tecumseh to decline ;
Old Tecumseh's friends would not leave him ;
To go for Mister Polk did not please their minds.
Polkites and Johnsonites would n't pull together,
The split was too wide, and they could n't make it join ;
Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,
Could n't get a candidate to please his mind.

Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,
The jig is up with him as he will find ;
His legs are not long enough to follow in the footsteps ;
He can't make the party all go the whole swine.
Now every locofoco has to pick a candidate,
And run him for himself on his own hook and line.
Pretty little Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,
Could n't get a candidate to please his mind.

THE FARMER OF TIPPECANOE.

TUNE—" *The Campbells are coming.*"

Away in the West, the fair river beside,
 That waters North Bend in its beauty and pride,
 And shows in its mirror the summer sky's blue,
 Oh! there dwells the farmer of Tippecanoe.
 When the clear eastern sky in the morning's light gleams
 And the hills of Ohio grow warm in its beams,
 When the fresh springing grass is bent down by the dew
 With his plough in the furrow stands Tippecanoe.

Hurrah! for the farmer of Tippecanoe,
 The honest old farmer of Tippecanoe,
 With an arm that is strong, and a heart that is true,
 The man of the People is Tippecanoe.

And when far in the west the warm sunlight goes down,
 And the woods of Ohio look dusky and brown,
 In his own quiet home, he the past will review,
 And think of his comrades at Tippecanoe.
 For warm as his feelings, as strong is his mind,
 To the suffering poor man he ever is kind,
 With a hand that is open, a heart that is true,
 The poor find a friend in Old Tippecanoe.

Hurrah! for the farmer of Tippecanoe,
 The honest old farmer of Tippecanoe,
 With an arm that is strong, and a heart that is true,
 The choice of the People is Tippecanoe.

The People are rising throughout the broad West,
 At the name of the man who has served them the best,
 In battle, in council, and everywhere, true
 As the steel of his good sword is Tippecanoe.
 Ye farmers, arouse! put your hands to the plough,
 Your country is calling, and will ye fail now,
 With one at the head who defeat never knew?
 Come, join the brave army of Tippecanoe.

Hurrah! for the farmer of Tippecanoe,
 The honest old farmer of Tippecanoe,
 With an arm that is strong, and a heart that is true,
 The People will conquer with Tippecanoe.

Come, all who are honest, and wish to be free,
 From the bank of the river, the shore of the sea,
 As the leaves on the trees are his followers true,
 And who would not follow old Tippecanoe?
 Come up, with the Buckeye, the pride of the West,
 Come up, with brave Harry of leaders the best,
 With Tyler, the statesman who's honest and true,
 And the battle is won by old Tippecanoe.

Hurrah! for the farmer of Tippecanoe,
 The fearless old farmer of Tippecanoe,
 With an arm that is strong, and a heart that is true,
 Van Buren's successor is *Tippecanoe*.

TIPPECANOE.

TUNE—"Allan-a-Dale."

TIPPECANOE has no chariot to ride in,
 No palace of marble has he to reside in,
 No bags of gold eagles, no lots of fine clothes—
 But he has a wealth far better than those;
 The love of a nation, free, happy and true,
 Are the riches and portion of Tippecanoe.

Proud Martin rides forth in his splendor and pride,
 And broad are his lands upon Kinderhook side,
 The roof of a palace is over his head,
 And his table with plate and with dainties is spread;
 But a log cabin shelters a patriot true—
 'T is the home of our hero, bold Tippecanoe!

The demons of war shouted long on the gale,
 The heartless Van Buren grew frightened and pale,
 He aided the foe with his pen and his voice—
 But our hero made freedom and danger his choice;
 Through the wilds of Miami, like lightning he flew,
 And conquered the savage of Tippecanoe.

Our hero has never grown rich on the State;
 No sneaking Sub-Treasurers bow at his gate;

No fat office-holders he keeps in his thrall;
 But millions of freemen will rise at his call—
 Then shout every lover of liberty true:
 Huzza for the Hero of Tippecanoe.

BALTIMORE HYMN.

TUNE—“*Marseilles Hymn.*”

FRIENDS of Reform, arise in power,
 Hurl! hurl! to earth fair freedom's foes;
 A voice from seventy-six, this hour,
 Still warns you of impending woes:
 Can freemen silently, in wonder,
 Behold a mercenary band,
 Give freedom's high and holy land,
 To speculation and to plunder!
 Arise! arise! ye wise!
 To make your country blest:
 Be firm, be firm, the watchword still,
 The Hero of the West.

See, see, how tyrants triumph o'er us,
 In all the pomp of England's pride;
 A ruin'd land is now before us,
 And threat'ning war on every side;
 And shall we tamely hear the story
 Of wrongs and wretchedness, in store
 For millions on Columbia's shore,
 And of Columbia's fallen glory?
 Arise! arise! ye wise! &c.

With promises of golden treasures,
 Still, still, they seek to win the free;
 Believe not in their heartless measures,
 But strike alone for liberty:
 Will you become the tools of tyrants,
 Who seek to sink the laborer low,
 And blast him with a single blow,
 While they remain the proud aspirants?
 Arise! arise! ye wise! &c.

Ye sons of freedom, Oh! awaken,
 Nor longer be a slave to those,
 Who have your country's cause forsaken,
 And ever have been freedom's foes:
 Will ye behold a sinking nation,
 Her commerce crush'd, her credit gone,
 Her manufacturers undone,
 And pamper tyrants in their station?
 Arise! arise! ye wise! &c.

WHIG RALLYING SONG.

TUNE—“*The Campbells are coming.*”

COME up to the polls! there is work to be done;
 Come up in your strength, and the battle is won.
 With Old Tip for a leader, then enter the fight;
 The people are rising, resistless in might;
 Then hurrah, boys! hurrah, boys! the truth will prevail;
 The Custom House slaves are beginning to quail;
 The elections have told them their race is near run:
 Hurrah, boys! hurrah, boys! the battle is won!

Come up to the polls, &c.

Down, down with the rulers who've ruined the land,
 Who have crushed all our hopes with a merciless hand;
 The men who would make our loved country the same
 As serf-peopled Russia, or tyrannized Spain,
 Who would rule our loved land with imperial sway,
 And give for our labor but *sixpence per day*,—
 VAN BUREN, BUCHANAN, and Benton, the knaves—
 Such are but fit to be rulers of slaves.

Come up to the polls, &c.

Arouse, then, ye freemen, at Liberty's call!
 Arouse, in your glory, and out with them all:
 Already they falter—already they reel,
 The signs of defeat they 're beginning to feel;
 One blow from your hands lays them low in the dust,
 Arise in your ardor, and conquer you must;

Then be true to your country, to principle true,
And the victory 's won with Old Tippecanoe!

Come up to the polls, &c.

Composed and Sung by a Mechanic of Barks Co., Pa., at Baltimore.

AIR--"Rosin the Bow."

THE Whigs at the coming election,
Will carry their Candidates through,
They've made the judicious selection
Of Tyler and Tippecanoe.

The Empire State will most surely
Their suffrage give for these two,
For services rendered so purely
By Tyler and Tippecanoe.

The Key-Stone will always remember
The praise that is Harrison's due,
And will in next coming November,
Do honor to Tippecanoe.

Virginia will keep her ball rolling,
Tom Benton's humbugs to subdue;
And while its death bell is tolling
We'll vote for Old Tippecanoe.

Ohio, the home of our farmer,
Adopted by choice it is true,
With glory will gird on her armor,
And vote for Old Tippecanoe.

Indiana will raise her defender
To honor and dignity too,
For service he did to them render,
At the Battle of Tippecanoe.

Kentucky will route all the spoilers,
With all the Swartwouting crew,
And burst all the Vanocrats boilers,
With Tyler and Tippecanoe.

New Jersey will do her own voting,
 And sign her certificate too ;
 And while her broad banner's a floating,
 They'll vote for Old Tippecanoe.

Old Maryland has roused from her slumber,
 And making a desp'rate ado,
 At Baltimore met a great number,
 All friends of Old Tippecanoe.

Massachusetts will join with her sisters,
 Those Vanocrats' power to subdue,
 And rout these able resisters,
 With the Hero of Tippecanoe.

Alabama, Vermont and New Hampshire,
 All Whigs of the Harrison crew,
 United in heart and desire
 Will vote for Old Tippecanoe.

Illinois and the State of Missouri,
 Make fourteen, not counting the new,
 Which, forming a National jury,
 Will vote for Old Tippecanoe.

The spoilsmen are leaving their party,
 Where prospect for office is blue,
 Not wishing to stick by poor Matty
 They change for Old Tippecanoe.

The famous well finished off building,
 Repaired and all fixed off anew,
 With all the grand painting and gilding,
 Will serve for Old Tippecanoe.

SONG OF THE JACKSON MEN.

AIR—"Rosin the Bow."

COME listen my trusty old cronies
 I'll sing you a short verse or two,
 And I know you will not be offended,
 Should I sing of Old Tippecanoe.

His enemies call him a coward,
 And sneer at his poverty too,
 But a true hearted Jackson-man never,
 Will slander the brave and the true.

But a true hearted democrat ever,
 Will honor the brave and the true,
 And leave it to British and tories,
 To slander Old Tippecanoe.

And who pray is Martin Van Buren,
 What wonders did he ever do?
 Was he in the battle of Orleans,
 Meigs, Thames or Old Tippecanoe ?

O ! no, he had no taste for fighting,
 Such rough work he never could do,
 He skirked it off on to brave Jackson,
 And the Hero of Tippecanoe.

This larkey we once have elected,
 Not that any good he would do,
 But because he had been recommended
 By Jackson the brave and the true.

And since for one term we're in favour,
 We think that this honor should do,
 So, good bye to you, Mr. Van Buren,—
 Here goes for Old Tippecanoe.

THE AMERICAN FLAG AND HARRISON.

TUNE—“*Sparkling and Bright.*”

SEE in the light of glory bright,
 Each star and stripe proudly beaming,
 Our flag once more unfurled to the war,
 To the breeze of Reform now streaming.

CHORUS.

Your goblets fill with a free good will,
 To the Chief renowned in story,
 Pledge your faith to him on the beaker's brim,
 To speed him onward to glory.

Oh! that he might arrest the blight
 Destroying our dominions,
 Yet first awhile he must beguile
 The spoiler of his minions.

Your goblets fill, &c.

Our Hero bright will stop the wight,
 And all his friends shall leave him,
 And every one for our HARRISON,
 With loud huzza's shall grieve him.

Your goblets fill, &c.

When high in state we 'll place elate,
 By his side our flag unwaved,
 Loud be our cheers, when the hero for years,
 Plants that flag o'er a union saved.

Your goblets fill with a free good will,
 To the Chief renowned in story,
 Pledge your faith to him on the beaker's brim,
 To speed him onward to glory.

HARRISON AND LIBERTY.

TUNE—"Yankee Doodle."

FOR HARRISON and Liberty
 Let every Freeman shout, sirs ;
 Let 's meet Van Buren at the polls,
 And turn the Despot out, sirs !

CHORUS.

FOR HARRISON then keep it up,
 For HARRISON and Law, sirs ;
 Too long we have to despots bowed,
 Now Freedom's sword we draw, sirs.

When war's destructive blast came on,
 Oh, where was HARRISON, sirs ?
 His country's annals well can show
 How he the battles won, sirs.

For HARRISON, &c.

No more we 'll trust to cabbage-heads;
 Or Kinderhook Physicians;
 No more we 'll bow to Cabinets
 Of Fox-like sly Magicians.

FOR HARRISON, &c.

We call the Hero from the plough,
 In Freedom's cause to cheer us;
 The Kitchen Cabinet must go,
 And Van himself must fear us.

FOR HARRISON, &c.

We strike in Freedom's holy cause,
 'Gainst those who would enslave us;
 And lo! our Cincinnatus comes,
 From Goth and Van to save us.

FOR HARRISON, &c.

THE BEST THING WE CAN DO.

TUNE—*Malbrouk.*

THE times are bad and want curing,
 They are getting past all enduring;
 Let us turn out Martin Van Buren,
 And put in old Tippecanoe.
 The best thing we can do,
 Is to put in Old Tippecanoe;
 It 's a business we all can take part in,
 So let us give notice to Martin,
 That he must get ready for starting,
 For we 'll put in old Tippecanoe.

A change of the Administration
 Will be for the good of the nation;
 For it is now in a bad situation,
 So we 'll put in Old Tippecanoe.
 The best thing we can do,
 Is to put in Old Tippecanoe,

And send the whole posse a packing,
 Van Buren and all of his backing ;
 For we 've tried them and found them all lacking,
 And we'll put in old Tippecanoe.

We 've had of their humbugs a plenty,
 For now all our pockets are empty ;
 We 've a dollar now where we had twenty,
 So we 'll put in Old Tippecanoe.

The best thing we can do
 Is to put in Old Tippecanoe ;
 For their roguery can't be defended,
 And its time that their reign should be ended,
 We shall never see the times mended,
 Till we put in Old Tippecanoe.

Uncle Sam haint a cent in his purse now,
 And matters are still growing worse now ;
 There 's only one thing left for us now.
 It 's to put in Old Tippecanoe.

The best thing we can do,
 Is to put in Old Tippecanoe ;
 For we are all of us going to ruin,
 As long as we keep such a crew in,
 So let us be up and a-doing,
 And put in Old Tippecanoe ;

HARK TO THE WARNING.

TUNE—*Huntsman's Chorus.*

ALL praise to the hero, the statesman, the farmer,
 As threefold his title, be threefold his fame ;
 The strong arm is stronger, the warm heart is warmer,
 When touched by the magic of *Harrison's* name—

Chorus—Hark ! to the warning, a nation has spoken,
 It rolls from the mountain, it springs from the plain.
 Down with the spoilers, their trust who have broken
 And up with the standard of freedom again !

He calls on the wealthy, whose stores he protected,
 The poor man, whose pittance he labor'd to save;
 The patriot, who frowns not on merit neglected,
 The soldier, who honors the noble and brave.

By the toils and the dangers that sadden his story,
 By the blood that he poured with the blood of the foe;
 By the homes that he fought for, his triumphs, his glory,
 He calls us to aid him to strike the last blow—

Then up at his call—speed the plough, my good neighbors,

To the fields so long barren, all eagerly come;
 Soon autumn shall yield the reward of our labors,
 And the land shall be glad with its new harvest home.

Then shout to the hero, and forth swell the chorus,
 More loud than the war whoop that died at his voice;
 Till the agents of ruin fly trembling before us,
 And the country redeemed at their downfall rejoice.

“HARD CIDER” AND “LOG CABIN.”

Hard Cider's the cry, we freemen raise high,
 A spell's in the sound we contend;
 Raise aloud then your voice, let the nation rejoice—
 Depend on “Old Tip of North Bend.”
 Come let us unite, and the nation set right
 In spite of the “Little Magician,”
 Discharg'd from his trust, poor Martin he must,
 E'en go back to his former condition.
 Remember, remember, the ninth of November,
 A nation will echo your voice,
 Neither spoons of bright gold, nor silk stockings I'm told,
 Distinguish the man of our choice.
 Like the ploughman of old, our HARRISON bold,
 On his countrymen sounding the tocsin,
 Gives up to their tears, persuasion and prayers,
Cider, log-cabin, and coon-skin.
 Arouse then, arouse then, all honest and true men,
 Base sycophants tremble your voices to hear,
 In your votes lies the spell—the “Magician” knows well,
 No more will award him the President's chair.

UP SALT RIVER.

A New Whig Song, written by G. B. W., of Toledo, Ohio, and respectfully dedicated to the Toledo Tippecanoe Club.

AIR—"All on Hobbies."

Come, Locos and Vans, and Leg-Treasurers too,
Fanny-Wright men and all, we are waiting on you,
Our vessel is ready, we cannot delay,
For Harrison 's coming, and we must away—

Chorus.

Up salt river! Up salt river! Up salt river! O heigh O!
Up salt river! Up-salt river! Up salt river! O heigh O!

The journey is rough—but never mind that—
An experienced steersman is politic Mat,
Full many a dark passage he's threaded before,
And will land us all safe on that wide-spreading shore,
Away up salt river, &c.

The first one that sailed was the EMPIRE Ship,
Her rigging she mann'd, and her cables let slip,
Cambreleg was there, with a thousand or so,
Who will eat "small potatoes" with Marcy & Co.
Up salt river &c.

The Ship MICHIGAN is also ahead,
She took the same track where the Empire led;
She too has her cargo, full many a score,
Of *wild-cattin* bankers, to land on the shore,
Up salt river, &c.

The good ship CONNECTICUT, steady and true,
As if wing'd like a bird o'er the wild waters flew,
Well loaded with Vans who had laid in a store,
Of large Wethersfield Onions, to plant on that shore.
Away up salt river, &c.

Next the old MASSACHUSETTS, her crew far from raw,
No longer made drunk by her *Fifteen-Gallon Law*,
Now sober'd and steady, will start to explore,
With her cargo of Vans, that late colonized shore,
Up salt river, &c.

Then old PENNSYLVANIA, provision'd and mann'd,
 Quite ready for sailing, will soon leave the land,
 Of change and experiments now very sick,
 She will carry the Vans, where they tried to row *Nick*.
 Up salt river, &c.

The noble OHIO is ready likewise,
 The pride and the glory of all the Buckeyes ;
 She's freighted with Locos, the *Shannons* and more,
 And *casse Medary* to land on the shore.

Away up salt river, &c.

The NEW-JERSEY next will be loudly cheer'd on,
 By Maxwell, Aycrigg, Halsted, York and Stratton,
 Whilst Dickerson, Cooper, Ryall and two more,
 Will take *without contest*, their seats on that shore.

Away up salt river, &c.

MISSOURI, new rigg'd, will next hoist her sail,
 Harrisonians will give her a glorious gale ;
 At the port she starts for she proudly will call,
 Leaving *Tumble-Bug Benton* a rolling his ball.

On the shore of salt river, &c.

And as we sail on, we'll be still looking back,
 For the Ships we expect on the very same track ;
 For VIRGINIA, KENTUCKY, and some half dozen more,
 Are bound for the port, on that fast-filling shore.

Away up salt river, &c.

When they're all under way, we will knock off a toast,
 To OLD TIPPECANOE, our pride and our boast ;
 He'll be President next ; for changes then look,
 As Sour Crout is transported to old Kinderhook.

Up salt river, &c.

STRAIGHT OUT.

Oh why, tell me why, do you Buckeye people come,
 Oh why, tell me why, do you Buckeye people come,
 We come to tell the spoilsmen that they had better run,
 For the Log Cabin boys all go for Harrison.

Oh why, tell me why, do you Buckeye people grieve,
Oh why, &c.

We grieve to think that promises were made but to deceive
And we call on Gen'l. Harrison our troubles to relieve.

Oh what, tell me what, will your Buckeye people do,
Oh what, &c.

We'll first elect Tom Corwin and when that work is thro'
We'll fix every thing "straight out" for Tippecanoe.

Oh what, tell me what, will you with Martin do,
Oh what, &c.

We'll put him up in lavender and keep him for a show
As an animal called the "Locofoco" long time ago.

GATHERING SONG.

TUNE—"Come, haste to the wedding."

THE contest approaches—for Liberty muster,
Your Country demands it, and you will respond;
The hopes of our nation 'round HARRISON cluster:
He saves or we sink in the Slough of Despond.
Let the North meet the South, and the East meet the West,
And in union combine Freedom's flag to unfurl;
We have entered the lists, and we never will rest
Until *Benton* and *Van* from the White House we hurl.
When Tyrants were proud and when Freedom did tremble,
Van Buren was seeking for office and gain;
But where Freemen in battle array did assemble,
Brave HARRISON fought, Freedom's cause to sustain:—
FORT MEIGS and the THAMES were the scenes of his glory,
And TIPPECANOE did his praises proclaim:
We honor the man who, in fields red and gory,
Stood forth to establish COLUMBIA's fame.
The Locos combine with their *friends*, British Tories,
To tarnish the fame of Virginia's son:
They slander the name of our Hero victorious,
And carp at the glory which HARRISON won.
Let them bite at the file—let them spit forth their venom;
Their praise would be slander—their slander is praise;
Salt River expects them, and thither we 'll send 'em,
To groan and lament on its desolate bays.

British Tories once said that our arms were defeated ;
 We met them and proved that their charge was untrue :
 From PERRY and HARRISON John Bull retreated,
 And SCOTT made the British retreat from him, too :
 And now when our foes have been shamed out of lying,
 The Globe and its minions do make it their trade
 To slander his name who, where thousands were dying,
 Fought well for us all with his own trusty blade.

All those who feel grieved at our National glory,
 Will speak as the Globe and *its British friends* do—
 Will blacken the page of our national story,
 And vilely declare what they know is not true.
 Be theirs the base task to revile our defenders,
 No true-hearted son of America would
 Repeat the vile slang which the British "*Butt-enders*"
 Continued to utter as long as they could.

MOUNT VERNON once gave us a farmer to save us—
 His mantle, when dying, he left at North Bend ;
 While HARRISON wears it, no foe shall enslave us—
 From Tyrants and Despots he still will defend.
 Then rouse ye !—The Star-Spangled Banner waves o'er us
 Nine cheers for the Hero, and nine times *encore* ;
 Oppression is on us, but Freedom before us ;
 For *Van* and his minions shall rule us no more.

Yale College, May, 1840.

OUR HARRISON.

TUNE—"*The Star-Spangled Banner.*"

OH, say, who is he, through the forest so dark,
 With his warrior legions advancing to battle ?
 Where the yell of the savage re-echoes—and hark !
 Where the death dealing strokes of their rifle balls rattle,
 What is it they fear ?—'t is his name that they hear,
 With the cry of revenge for the blood of the dear ;
 'T is the name of our HARRISON—long will it flame
 In letters of light on the banner of Fame !

How piercing the shriek, uttered thrillingly wild,
 From the heart of the mother, in agony swelling,
 As she mourns the sad fate of her innocent child,
 Torn from her, while blazens her desolate dwelling !

Who soothes her alarms, and her wretchedness calms,
 And restores, gaily smiling, her babe to her arms!
 Oh, say, 't is our HARRISON—long will his name
 Float in letters of light on the banner of fame!

Rouse! rouse! to the battle! remember your sires;
 Their fame is immortal—and how have they gained it?
 They fought for their rights, and their own household fires,
 And the blood of a fallen foe never has stained it.
 Let our enemies feel, at our charge as they reel,
 That the vanquished are safe from the American steel!
 Who spake thus? Our HARRISON—long may his name
 Float in letters of light on the banner of Fame!

The war cry is hushed, and the struggle is o'er;
 No longer in strife are the bayonets gleaming;
 For gallantly far on the sea and the shore,
 Is the star-spangled banner in victory streaming;
 And changes he now, the sharp sword for the plough,
 But green still the laurel that circles his brow!
 Then huzza! 't is our HARRISON—long will his name
 Float in letters of light on the banner of Fame!

THE BATTLE OF THE THAMES.

TUNE—" *The Battle of the Nile.*"

ARISE! arise! sons of the West arise,
 And join in the shout of the Patriot throng,
 Arise! arise! sons of the West, arise,
 And let Freedom's walls re-echo with your song.
 For he will lead us on
 Who led us years ago,
 When he trod a foreign soil,
 Wreaking vengeance on the foe.

CHORUS.

And the Battle of the Thames, as every tongue proclaims,
 And the Battle of the Thames, as every tongue proclaims,
 Shall ever live in history, in poetry and song.
 Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza, boys,
 For him who fought for us, and never was known to yield.

Arise! arise! sons of the West arise,
 Your brethren of the East, are arousing in their might;
 Arise! arise! sons of the West arise,
 And be ready now to aid them in the fight;
 For he will be our Chief,
 Who when danger was at hand,
 To the frontier brought relief,
 With his gallant western band.
 And the Battle of the Thames, &c.

Arise! arise! sons of the West arise,
 Your liberties maintaining, your country now befriend,
 Arise! arise! sons of the West arise,
 And gather round the Farmer of North Bend;
 For he will bring us aid,
 Who was Aide to gallant Wayne,
 When the Indian yell was heard,
 From every hill and plain.
 And the Battle of the Thames, &c.

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