

Jan 75  
1860

**CONNECTICUT**

**W I D E + A W A K E**

**SONGSTER.**

EDITED BY

JOHN W. HUTCHINSON,

OF THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY OF SINGERS;

ASSISTED BY

BENJAMIN JEPSON.

*“Lincoln and Liberty.”*

NEW YORK:

O. HUTCHINSON, PUBLISHER,

272 GREENWICH STREET.

1860.

# PURCHASING AGENCY.

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FOR the accommodation of my numerous friends in various parts of the country who prefer not to be at the expense of frequent visits to New York, I have made arrangements with some of the most reliable houses in the city to supply those who may favor me with their orders for

**BOOKS, STATIONERY,**  
**Hats and Caps, Dry-Goods,**  
**DRUGS, HARDWARE, FURNITURE,**  
**CARPETS, WALL-PAPERS, GROCERIES,**  
Etc., Etc.,

on such terms as can not but be satisfactory to the purchasers.

The disposition on the part of many merchants to overreach their customers when they have an opportunity of doing so, renders it almost as necessary for merchants to give references to their customers as for customers to give references of their standing to the merchants; hence I have been careful to make arrangements only with honorable and responsible houses who can be fully relied on.

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Address,

**O. HUTCHINSON, New York.**

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

**JOHN W. HUTCHINSON,**

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

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**DAVIES & KENT,**  
STEREOTYPERS AND ELECTROTYPERS,  
113 *Nassau Street, N. Y.*

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# THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# CONNECTICUT WIDE-AWAKE SONGSTER.

---

## LINCOLN AND VICTORY.

BY W. SCOTT.

ARISE, arise, Republicans !  
And bear the banner of the free  
To where the star of empire lights  
Us on to victory.

Then let the watch-word be  
Lincoln and Victory !  
Sound it from sea to sea,  
Lincoln and Victory !

Arise, arise, Republicans !  
And sweep the prairies of the West,  
The teeming hill-sides of the East,  
For Lincoln of the West  
Then let the watch-word be, etc.

Arise, arise, Republicans !  
Our leader is an honest man ;  
We'll follow on through good or ill—  
For Lincoln leads the van.  
Then let the watch-word be, etc.

## STRIKE FOR THE RIGHT.

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

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

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

Strike for the right, etc.

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

Strike for the right, etc.

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

Strike for the right, etc.

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

Strike for the right, etc.

## HURRAH CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

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

---

## HURRAH FOR ABE LINCOLN!

*Tune—"Boatman Dance."*

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

---

## LINCOLN AND LIBERTY.

*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 !

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

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

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 !

## THE PEOPLE'S NOMINEE.

BY KARL KRITON.

*Air*—"Nelly Bly."

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

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

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

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

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

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



## COME ON!

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

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

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

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

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

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

Then rally rally! True and Brave,  
 Come on for God and Freedom!  
 Before eternal justice wave,  
 From heaven the crime-avenging glaive,  
 And Ruin howl above our grave  
 As over ancient Edom!  
 March to the music, boys,  
 Freedom forever!  
 Victory waits for our  
 Earnest endeavor!

---

### ABE OF ILLINOIS.

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

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

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

---

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

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

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

---

## OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

*Tune—"Hail, Columbia."*

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

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

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



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

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

---

## THE GRAND RALLY.

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

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

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

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

---

## LINCOLN GOING TO WASHINGTON.

BY S. C. M.

*Air*—"Jimmy, Crack Corn."

ABE LINCOLN is our pioneer ;  
 He's split the rails, the ship he'll steer,  
 And he will cut a pathway clear  
 From Illinois to Washington.

The sounding thunder of his blows  
 From Maine to California goes,  
 And echoing o'er all States, it flows  
 From Illinois to Washington.

He'll steady guide the Ship of State,  
While Hamlin *brave* will be first-mate—  
Sham Democrats must meet their fate :  
His path is clear to Washington.

Inspired with victory for the right,  
We'll break the oppressor's yoke with might,  
And Slavery's crew we'll put to flight,  
When Lincoln goes to Washington.

Our Territory shall be free,  
Slavery's curse, with hades' glee,  
Shall stain no soil of liberty  
When Lincoln goes to Washington.

A "Tariff" too we'll have, we will,  
A "Homestead Bill," with domicil,  
Free land for all, that all may till,  
When Lincoln goes to Washington.

We'll wrest the wrong from power and place ;  
We'll give their rights to *all* the race,  
And stop official theft with grace,  
When Lincoln goes to Washington.

Convention *one*—Convention *two* !  
Happy pair, in fragments flew ;  
And Bell may think he'll go straight through  
But *Lincoln* goes to Washington.

## FOR FREEDOM AND REFORM.

BY F. A. B. SIMKINS.

*Air*—"We are a Band of Freemen."

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

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

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

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

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

## LINCOLN AND HAMLIN.

A CAMPAIGN SONG BY A VETERAN.

The following Campaign Song was written by Samuel Copp, Esq., aged 75 years, for the "Lincoln and Hamlin Club" of Stonington, Conn., a place rendered memorable by the gallant repulse of a naval attack by the British, on the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th of Aug., 1814, in which four days' contest Mr. Copp took a part. The original song is furnished to us by the author's friend, Samuel C. Brewster, Esq.:

WHAT mean the joyful shouts that ring  
 So gladly through the air?  
 A better day is opening—  
 A day all bright and fair!

Lincoln and Hamlin, wise and great,  
 Our star-lit standard bear  
 Triumphant to the helm of State,  
 And these their heralds are.

They rise, from hamlet, city, town,  
 From high-souled men and free,  
 Who shout aloud as they strike down  
 Misrule's dark tyranny!

From Bunker's Hill and Lexington,  
 Hark! how the anthems rise;  
 From Groton's heights and Stonington  
 Their echoes reach the skies!

They roll from the Atlantic shore,  
 O'er mountain, plain, and glen,  
 To where the vast Pacific's roar  
 Proclaims the loud Amen!

From where Superior rolls her flood,  
 From where Saint Lawrence flows,  
 They peal along, o'er dale and wood,  
 To where the orange grows.

These shouts go up from men of might,  
 Of heart and principle ;  
 Sure conquerors in a righteous fight,  
*Truth* is invincible !

Lincoln and Hamlin !—honest, great—  
 The spangled banner bear  
 In triumph to the helm of State !  
 We *hail* their entrance there !

---

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

*Air*—"Hail to the Chief."

FREEMEN, the day of your triumph is dawning,  
 Shake out the folds of your banner once more ;  
 Join in the anthem that heralds the morning ;  
 See ! the long night of oppression is o'er.  
     Hark ! from our native hills  
     Comes there a shout that thrills  
 Liberty's temple from portal to dome.  
     Glory to God on high !  
     Union with Liberty,  
 Finds in the hearts of our people a home.

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



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

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

R. M. N.

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## RIDDEN BY THE SLAVE POWER.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

*Tune*—"Benney Haven."

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



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

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

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

**“ VIVE LA HONEST ABE.”**

A WIDE-AWAKE RALLYING SONG.

BY C. L. RUSSELL.

*Air*—“ Vive la Companie.”

REPUBLICANS, rally, our Union defend,

Vive la “ Honest Abe !”

For the reign of “ King James” must soon come to an end,

Vive la “ Honest Abe !”

Then up, boys, wide awake, rally “ Wide Awakes,”

Up, boys, wide awake, rally “ Wide Awakes,”

One, two, three—hip, hip, hurrah !

Vive la “ Honest Abe !”

If the signs of the times we rightly can trace,

Vive la “ Honest Abe !”

“ Honest Abe” is the man we shall put in his place,

Vive la “ Honest Abe !”

Then up, boys, etc.

He’s been taken in hand by one Doctor “ Covode,”

Vive la “ Honest Abe !”

And he’s putting J. B. over a very rough road,

Vive la “ Honest Abe !”

Then up, boys, etc.

His Cooks and his Fowlers show up rather bad,

Vive la “ Honest Abe !”

But how much per-centage has old Jimmy had ?

Vive la “ Honest Abe !”

Then up, boys, etc.

There’s but one course for “ Buck”—let him come to the  
scratch—

Vive la “ Honest Abe !”



And loud let us shout o'er hill, mountain, and plain,  
Choose "honest Abe Lincoln," and Hamlin of Maine.

The ranks of our foes by dissensions are torn ;  
Their leaders are doubtful, their hopes are forlorn ;  
For they know well, no matter what efforts are made,  
They will surely be beaten by "honest old Abe."

Then up, sons of Freedom, etc.

Their once honored captain, Buchanan the first,  
Is now by their army most utterly cursed.  
On this single point they entirely agree,  
That of all their mean leaders the meanest is he.

Then up, sons of Freedom, etc.

Then forward, brave comrades ! the battle is near ;  
Our friends are exultant, our enemies fear ;  
Their troops from the charge of our squadrons shall fly,  
To rally no more at their old leader's cry.

Then up, sons of Freedom, etc.

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## LINCOLN'S NOMINATION.

BY K. A. M.

*Air*—"Yankee Doodle."

AROUSE ! my honest countrymen,  
Throughout this mighty nation,  
And let us give three hearty cheers  
For Lincoln's nomination.

Brave Hamlin, too, is qualified  
To fill the highest station ;  
With "Abe" to steer, *we'll man* the Ship,  
The next Administration.

The Democrats are looking on  
 With dread anticipation,  
 And at us hurl anathemas  
 Of fierce vituperation.

Their broken ranks they wish to fill,  
 No matter from what nation ;  
 We hear them say, " Good fellow, Pat—  
 You'll have a situation."

But when election day is past,  
 In vain you'll search creation  
 To find the friend that promised Pat  
 Such great remuneration.

Republicans, then hoist the flag—  
 " No Slavery extension,"  
 And plant it on our Capitol,  
 In Abe's administration.

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### F R E E D O M ' S   C A L L .

OH! wake to the sound of our Nation's appeal!  
 'Tis the loud voice of Freedom that calls!  
 Shall her sons fall asleep with the rust on their steel,  
 Shall the quick pulse of life no emotion reveal,  
 While the slave-driver reigns in our Halls?

'Tis the voice of the brave who at Lexington bled,  
 That calls on their sons to be brave!  
 'Tis the blood of our brethren at Leavenworth shed,  
 'Tis the life-stream that flowed from our Senator's head,  
 When our Sumner was beat'n as a slave.

Shall the nation that gave to great Washington birth,  
 And exults in the sound of his name,  
 Shall the Freemen who boast of their valor and worth,  
 Be the sport and the mock of a slaveholder's mirth,  
 When he gives Bunker Hill to the shame ?

No ! a fame more exalted our Country awaits,  
 While we honor the chief of our choice !  
 Brave Lincoln shall stand at fair Liberty's gate,  
 And beat back the sword of the insolent fates,  
 And the hearts of the Free shall rejoice !

His crown with the gems of our love we impearl !  
 To his worth and his valor we bow ;  
 O'er his head the proud Flag of the Free we unfurl,  
 And a garland of glory shall gracefully curl  
 In a wreath to adorn his fair brow ;

Then our land shall repose in the glorious light  
 Of her fame and her liberty won !  
 The Genius of Freedom shall stand on her height,  
 And wave back the tempest of discord and night,  
 With the clouds that obscure our bright sun.

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## HOPE FOR THE SLAVE.

BY J. J. H.

*Tune*—"Ellen Bayne."

MILLIONS lie bleeding on the Southern plains,  
 Tyrants, unheeding, bind on their chains ;  
 Moaning in sorrow, toiling in their pain,  
 Sighing for Liberty, but sighing in vain.

Onward, then, true hearts and brave,  
 Forge no chains for other slaves ;  
 Brothers, we our land must save  
 From tyrants and chains.



See the helpless mother, on the auction-block,  
 Shrieking for her children! Hear the tyrants mock!  
 See them torn asunder, ne'er to meet again!  
 Gone to the rice-swamps—dragging their chains.  
 Onward, etc.

The War-cry is sounding on our Northern hills,  
 Free hearts are bounding—Liberty yet thrills.  
 Screams our wild Eagle, soaring to the sky,  
 God sent him here to live—our bird shall not die.  
 Onward, etc.

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## FREEMEN WIN WHEN LINCOLN LEADS.

*Air*—"Lutzow's Wild Hunt."

OH, tell me, what spirit sweeps over the land,  
 Uniting and rousing our numbers?  
 And why does the North in full panoply stand,  
 Like a giant aroused from long slumbers—  
 Like a giant aroused from long slumbers?  
 'Twas a cry for aid that o'er us swept,  
 They were murdering Kansas while we slept.

But the North will not always submit to a wrong;  
 Once roused from her sleep, she ne'er falters.  
 To Kansas, despite the whole South, shall belong  
 Free soil, and free speech, and free altars—  
 Free soil, and free speech, and free altars.  
 The cry of Freedom each free man heeds,  
 And our cause must win, for Lincoln leads.



## UNCLE SAM'S FARM.

BY JESSE.

The bill! the bill! how my heart will thrill  
At the passage of the People's Homestead Bill!

Of all the mighty nations in the East or in the West,  
The glorious Yankee nation is the greatest and the best;  
We have room for all creation, and our banner is unfurled,

With a general invitation to the people of the world.  
Then come along, come along, make no delay,  
Come from every nation, come from every way;  
Our lands they are broad enough, don't feel alarm,  
For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm.

St. Lawrence is our Northern line, far 's her waters flow,  
And the Rio Grande our Southern bound, way down in  
Mexico; [dawn,  
While from the Atlantic Ocean, where the sun begins to  
We'll cross the Rocky Mountains far away to Oregon.

Then come along, etc.

While the South shall raise the cotton, and the West the  
corn and pork,  
New England manufactures shall do up the finer work;  
For the deep and flowing water-falls that course along our  
hills, [mills.  
Are just the thing for washing sheep and driving cotton  
Then come along, etc.

Our fathers gave us liberty, but little did they dream  
The grand results to follow in this mighty age of steam;  
Our mountains, lakes, and rivers are now in a blaze of  
fire, [wire.  
While we send the news by lightning on the Telegraphic  
Then come along, etc.

While Europe's in commotion, and her monarchs in a fret,  
 We're teaching them a lesson which they never can forget ;  
 And this they fast are learning, Uncle Sam is not a fool,  
 For the people do their voting, and the children go to  
 school.

Then come along, etc.

The brave in every nation are joining heart and hand,  
 And flocking to America, the real promised land ;  
 And Uncle Sam stands ready with a child upon each arm,  
 To give them all a welcome to a lot upon his farm.

Then come along, etc.

A welcome, warm and hearty, do we give the sons of toil,  
 To come to the West and settle and labor on Free Soil ;  
 We've room enough and land enough, they needn't feel  
 alarmed—

Oh ! come to the land of Freedom and vote yourself a  
 farm.

Then come along, etc.

Yes ! we're bound to lead the nations, for our motto's "*Go  
 Ahead,*"

And we'll carry out the principles for which our fathers  
 bled ;

No monopoly of Kings and Queens, but this is the Yankee  
 plan,

Free Trade to Emigration and Protection unto man.

Then come along, etc.

We've a glorious Declaration to protect us in our rights,  
 An instrument of Freedom, for the blacks as well as whites,  
 And the day is surely coming when Liberty's bright sun  
 Shall shine with noonday splendor in the land of Wash-  
 ington.

Then come along, etc.

## SONG OF FREEDOM.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## THE "NEB-RASCALITY."

AS SUNG BY THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

### I.

*Air*—"Dandy Jim."

KIND friends, with your permission, I  
 Will sing a few short stanzas,  
 About this new "Nebraska Bill,"  
 Including also Kansas ;  
 All how they had it "cut and dried,"  
 To rush it through the Senate  
 Before the people rallied, and  
 Before they'd time to mend it.

### II, III., IV.

*Air*—"Yankee Doodle."

Iniquity so very great,  
 Of justice so defiant,  
 Of course could only emanate  
 From brain of mighty giant.  
 This giant, now, is very small,  
 As all of you do know, sirs ;  
 But then, there is no doubt at all  
 That he expects to grow, sirs.

There's one thing more I ought to say,  
 And that will make us even—  
 It is to mention, by-the-way,  
 The giant's name is—Stephen.

GIANT'S BASS-SOLO.

“ Fe, fi, fo, fum,  
 I smell the blood of Free-dom ;  
 Fe, fi, fo, fum,  
 Dead or alive, I'll have some.”

Oh, terribly the giant swore,  
 With awful oaths and curses,  
 And language such as I can not  
 Engraft into my verses.  
 There was a giant once before,  
 And with a sling they slew him ;  
 That Stephen could be *slued* with one,  
 No one would say who knew him.

V.

*Air*—“ Burial of Sir John Moore.”

’Twas at the dead of night they met,  
 (So I’m informed the case is,)  
 Stephen in person leading on  
 The army of “ dough-faces.”  
 They voted, at the dead of night.  
 While all the land lay sleeping,  
 That all our sacred, blood-bought rights  
 Were not worth the keeping.

VI.

*Air*—“ Yankee Doodle”—Double Quick Time.

Oh ! bless those old forefathers, in  
 Their Continental “ trowsers,”  
 Who in their wisdom looked so far  
 And organized two houses—

So let them shout, their time is short,  
 They'll very soon be stiller—  
 For in the house they'll find a boy  
 Called "Jack the Giant Killer."

## VII.

*Air*—"Scots Wha' Ha' Wi' Wallace Bled."  
 And now, kind friends, for once and all  
 Let's swear upon the altar  
 Of plighted faith and sacred truth,  
 To fight and never falter ;  
 That Liberty and Human Rights  
 Shall be a bright reality,  
 And we'll resist with all our might  
 This monstrous Neb-rascality !

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**FREE SOIL CHORUS.**

BY J. H.

*Tune*—"Auld Lang Syne."

ALL hail ! ye friends of Liberty,  
 Ye honest sons of toil ;  
 Come, let us raise a shout to-day  
 For Freedom and Free Soil.  
     For Freedom and Free Soil, my boys,  
     For Freedom and Free Soil ;  
     Ring out the shout to all about,  
     For Freedom and Free Soil.

We wage no bloody warfare here,  
 But gladly would we toil,  
 To show the South the matchless worth  
 Of Freedom and Free Soil.

For Freedom, etc.



Nor care we aught for party names,  
 We ask not for the spoils ;  
 But what we'll have is Liberty !  
 For Freedom and Free Soil.  
 For Freedom, etc.

Too long we've dwelt in party strife—  
 'Tis time to pour in oil ;  
 So here's a dose for " Uncle Sam "'  
 Of Freedom and Free Soil.  
 For Freedom, etc.

Our Southern neighbors feel our power,  
 And gladly would recoil,  
 But 'tis "*too late*"—the cry's gone forth  
 For Freedom and Free Soil.  
 For Freedom, etc.

Then let opponents do their best  
 Our spirits to embroil ;  
 No feuds shall e'er divide our ranks  
 Till victory crowns Free Soil.  
 For Freedom, etc.

They've called us "*sislers*" long enough—  
 We now begin to boil,  
 And 'ere *November* shall come round,  
 We'll cook them up Free Soil.  
 For Freedom, etc.

Then let us sing God bless the free,  
 The noble sons of toil,  
 And let the shout ring all about,  
 Of Freedom and Free Soil.  
 For Freedom, etc.

## THE BAY STATE HURRAH.

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

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

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

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

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

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### FOR LIBERTY.

*Air*—"Bruce's Address."

FREEMEN! who have suffered long;  
 Freemen! who have borne the wrong;  
 Freemen! while ye yet are strong—  
 Strike for Liberty.

God is with you for the right,  
 He will nerve your arms with might,  
 Ye shall conquer in the fight—  
 Strike for Victory.

Marching in our fathers' way,  
 To the music freemen play,  
 We shall see a glorious day  
 When the free prevail.

Sacred, holy is our cause,  
 We maintain the outraged laws,  
 We sustain dear Freedom's cause,  
 We can never fail.

O'er us Freedom's banners wave,  
 Borne by leaders true and brave,  
 Sworn their native land to save  
 From dread Slavery.

Freemen ! who have suffered long ;  
 Freemen ! who have borne the wrong ;  
 Freemen ! while ye yet are strong—  
 Strike for Liberty !

---

## VOICE OF FREEDOM.

*Air*—"Auld Lang Syne."

THE voice of Freedom loudly calls  
 On all the true and brave,  
 From Slavery's destroying hand  
 Her fair domain to save.

Arise and let my empire stretch  
 From widening sea to sea,  
 Her soil forever consecrate  
 To blessed Liberty.

Her banner is unfolded wide,  
 Of red and purest white,  
 Her lofty countenance divine  
 Shines like her armor bright.

America's true-hearted sons  
 Her warriors brave shall be ;  
 Her battle-shout victorious,  
 Union and Liberty.

Let freemen hasten to her side,  
 And raise her banner high,  
 Free speech beneath our domes to have,  
 Free soil beneath our sky.

Let all our country's wide area  
 A land of freedom be,  
 And let this circled Union cry,  
 Free Soil and Liberty !

## THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY.

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

THE glorious cause is moving on,  
 The cause once led by Washington !  
 The cause that made our fathers free,  
 The cause of glorious Liberty !  
 Our ranks now swell, our votes now tell,  
 On Freedom's cause we love so well !  
 And Slavery's power, now waning fast,  
 In midnight shade will soon be cast.

Then labor, labor, labor still,  
 Each vote declares a Freeman's will ;  
 Soon Heaven's own gift the slave's will be,  
 The boon of glorious Liberty.

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

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

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

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

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

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## LINCOLN, THE PRIDE OF THE NATION.

*Tune—"The Red, White, and Blue."*

FOR Lincoln, the choice of the nation,  
 The pride of the fearless and free,  
 We'll drink to his health and his station,  
 Whatever that relation may be.  
 His heart beats for Freedom remaining  
 On the soil where our Liberty grew—  
 For our brethren in Slavery sustaining,  
 The free flag—the Red, White, and Blue.

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

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



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

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

---

### RALLYING SONG.

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

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

## ABE LINCOLN IS THE MAN.

BY S. C. MILLER.

*Air*—"Dearest May."

FROM granite hills and mountain walls,  
 From prairie, wood, and plain,  
 Fair Freedom's voice our nation calls  
 Our freedom to maintain.

Our country calls old Abraham :  
 Now beat him, if you can ;  
 Abe Lincoln will be President—  
*Abe Lincoln is the man.*

Each gale that sweeps our country through  
 Is laden with the call ;  
 Old Abe and Hamlin will go through—  
 Sham Democrats must fall.  
 Our country calls, etc.

A monument is towering high,  
 In Baltimore erected,  
 In memory of *two candidates*  
 That soon will be rejected.  
 Our country calls, etc.

The *happy pair* will run in style—  
 That "*conflict*" makes them foam ;  
 They'll have a chance to run awhile,  
 And then to stay at home.  
 Our country calls, etc.

*Our answer* to the call will be,  
 Abe Lincoln is elected ;  
 He'll rout Disunion Chivalry,  
 Already much dejected.  
 Our country calls, etc.

## THE FATE OF A FOWLER.

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

*Tune*—"Lord Level."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## RALLYING SONG OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN CLUB.

“FREE TERRITORIES FOR FREE MEN.”

*Tune*—“Koch-e-lunk.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

## THE LIBERTY ARMY.

BY HUTCHINSON.

*Tune*—"Axes to Grind."

WE'RE coming, we're coming, the fearless and free!  
 Like the winds of the desert, the waves of the sea!  
 True sons of brave sires, who battled of yore,  
 When England's proud lion ran wild on our shore.  
 When England's proud lion ran wild on our shore.  
 We're coming, we're coming, from mountain and glen,  
 With hearts to do battle for Freedom again,  
 And Slavery is trembling as trembled before  
 The oppression which fled from our fathers of yore,  
 The oppression which fled from our fathers of yore.



We're coming, we're coming, with banners unfurled!  
 Our motto is Freedom—"our country, the World!"  
 Our watch-word is Liberty—*Tyrants, beware!*  
 For the Liberty army will bring you despair,  
 For the Liberty army will bring you despair.

We're coming, we're coming, we'll come from afar,  
 Our standard we'll nail to Humanity's car.

With shouting we'll raise it, in triumph to wave,  
 The glory of Freedom, the hope of the Slave,  
 The glory of Freedom, the hope of the Slave.

Then arouse ye, brave hearts, to the rescue come on!  
 The man-stealing army we'll surely put down!  
 They're crushing their millions, but soon they must yield,  
 For Freemen have risen and taken the field,  
 For Freemen have risen and taken the field.

Then arouse ye! arouse ye! the fearless and free!  
 Like the winds of the desert, the waves of the sea.  
 Let our country throughout to each ocean's shore  
 Resound with a glorious triumph once more,  
 Resound with a glorious triumph once more.

---

## HAVE YOU HEARD THE LOUD ALARM?

*Tune—"Granite State."*

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

## HARK! YE FREEMEN.

BY REV. JAMES CRUIKSHANKS.

*Tune*—"Bruce's Address."

HARK! ye freemen, hark the strain,  
 Echoing o'er Columbia's plain ;  
 Up, and strike with all your main,  
     Lay the tyrant low.  
 Banners waving all around,  
 Beckoning with joyous sound,  
 Wake convulsions 'neath the ground,  
     *Burdened with our foe.*

Now a hotter contest comes,  
 Rousing freemen from their homes,  
 Leaving wives and little ones,  
     For your country's cause.  
 Gird the armor then aright,  
 Let your words be ordered right,  
 Battle in this glorious fight,  
     Guarding Freedom's laws.

Lincoln, then, our Leader be,  
 Sturdy hero for the free,  
 Follow him to victory,  
     And give him the power.  
 Slavery's chains shall soon be broke—  
 Soon the whip and galling yoke  
 Shall be moored by Freedom's *stroke*,  
     *Then the glorious hour.*

Lincoln, then, shall be the song  
 Of a free and joyous throng—  
 He shall wave the scepter long  
     From the nation's throne.  
 We shall labor, toil, and pray  
 For the dawn of Freedom's day—  
 Ceasing not till we can say,  
     Victory is won!

---

### FROM BAD TO WORSE.

WITH corruption the land is declared to be foul,  
 And the public has long been a growler;  
 But what will it say when it learns the sad fact  
 That corruption has just turned out FOWLER.

## THE MARCH OF THE FREE.

BY HON. HORACE GREELEY.

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

But no ruin behind it is seen ;

With joy each heart swelling, each visage illuming,

Earth brightens where'er it hath been.

The West's gallant spirits first thrilled to its pealing,

As onward it roll'd to the sea ;

Now the North, East, and Center the impulse are **feeling,**

'Tis the rising and march of the Free !

No portents precede, and no true hearts deplore it,

No bright stars wane dim in the sky ;

Misrule's cohorts faint are alone swept before it,

And quail as its blast hurtles by ;

Corruption's shrunk bands to their caverns are driven ;

As chaff in the tempest they flee,

While full on the ear, 'neath the glad smile of heaven,

Break the shouts and the march of the Free !

No banners are lifted, no trumpets are sounding,

As that host in its triumph moves on ;

**And the burst of deep joy from each valley resounding,**

Tells how tearless the victory 's won.

As trembles the earth to its mighty emotion,

More firm grows each Patriot knee ;

While People and States, from the Lakes to the Ocean,

Proudly join in the march of the Free !

From thy borders, Penobscot, their shout has ascended ;

Connecticut's tide bears it on ;

Till with thine, Mississippi, its surgings are blended,

And Roanoke recalls glories gone ;

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

---

## OUR FLAG IS THERE.

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

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



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

---

## LINCOLN AND VICTORY!

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

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

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

Hurrah!

Echo from ocean to ocean,  
 Lincoln and Victory!

Far in the West rolls the thunder,  
 The tumult of battle is raging,  
 Where the sons of Freedom are waging  
 Warfare with Slavery!

Struggling with foes who would bind them,  
 Lo! they implore you to stay them!  
 Will you to Slavery betray them  
 No! no! they shall be free!

Hurrah!

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

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

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

Hurrah!

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

## “WIDE AWAKE.”

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE NEW HAVEN

“WIDE AWAKES.”

BY EDWARD E. ROGERS.

*Tune*—“Bruce’s Address.”

“WIDE AWAKE” to foeman’s snare,  
 “Wide Awake” Truth’s torch to bear,  
 “Wide Awake” to do and dare,  
     In the cause we love.  
 Press we on with fearless tread,  
 By the love of freedom led,  
 “Heart within and God o’erhead,  
     We shall conquerors prove.”

“Freedom!” ’tis our banner cry ;  
 Shout it forth exultingly,  
 Lift the snowy banner high,  
     Bear it proudly on.  
 Fight we must with patriot zeal,  
 Every arm all nerved with steel,  
 Nor forsake the battle-field  
     Till the victory’s won.

Lincoln, brave, and true, and strong,  
 Leads our sturdy band along ;  
 Hail him, boys, with cheer and song,  
     Lincoln brave and true !  
 Of our chieftain proud are we,  
 Led by him, we’ll gallantly  
 Fight our way to Victory,  
     All our foes subdue.

"Wide Awake," yes, "*Wide Awake!*"  
 Struggling on for duty's sake,  
 Rest nor slumber will we take  
     Till our work is done.  
 In the mighty God we trust,  
 For our cause is right and just ;  
 Conquer, boys, we *must*, we *must*—  
     Victory *must* be won !

---

## WE'LL SEND BUCHANAN HOME.

*Air*—"Few Days."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## RALLYING SONG.

AWAKE and raise the battle shout,  
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
 And shake the starry banner out,  
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
 List, rallying braves, a scream is heard—  
 'Tis Freedom's eagle, dauntless bird;  
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
 He calls to victory—  
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
 He calls to victory—

From West to East the war-cry sweeps—Hurrah!  
 And echoes from our Northern steeps—Hurrah!  
 And proudly waves the flag we bear,  
 For every star is blazing there—Hurrah!  
 Each star is blazing there.

Our candidates are in the field—Hurrah!  
 And see! the awe-struck foemen yield—Hurrah!  
 “On to the White House,” is the cry;  
 For Union and for Liberty—Hurrah!  
 For blood-bought Liberty.

Brave Lincoln leads the mighty host—Hurrah!  
 The people's pride—the people's boast—Hurrah!  
 And Illinois clasps hands with Maine,  
 And bids Oppression cease its reign—Hurrah!  
 Forever cease its reign.

Unconquerable as the waves—Hurrah!  
 We'll bury all the fed'ral knaves—Hurrah!  
 With “Honest Abe” to lead the van,  
 Bushwackers, stop us if you can—Hurrah!  
 Yes, stop us—if you can.



Three hearty cheers, boys, for our cause—Hurrah !  
 Three for the Union and the Laws—Hurrah !

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

For Illinois' brave son.

---

## L I N C O L N .

HE comes, he comes, the fearless man ;

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

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

A nation's hand has wreathed his brow

With stars her valor won ;  
 To Union's quick-step, marching now,  
 Comes Freedom's Western Son.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ! *etc.*

Farewell to cliques that would disown

The people's high behest—  
 That people's waiting hand shall crown  
 The champion of the West.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ! *etc.*

The people's rights, the people's voice,

His battle-cry shall be—  
 A nation, in Chicago's choice,  
 Hails Freedom's sovereignty.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ! *etc.*

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

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

---

## S O N G .

*Air*—"Dixey's Land."

FRIENDS of Freedom, hear the story,  
 How the Freemen in their glory  
     Went away, went away,  
     Went away, went away,  
 To the lakes, with the intention  
 Of attending the Convention,  
     Far away, far away,  
     Far away, far away.  
 Because the people do demand  
     A hero, a hero,  
 As leader of their Spartan band,  
 They'll take him from his "prairie-land,"  
     Away, away, away,  
 Across the line of Dixon.

At Chicago they selected  
 Lincoln, who will be elected,  
     Abraham, Abraham,  
     Abraham, Abraham.

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

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

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

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

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

*Air*—"Rosin the Bow."

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

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

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

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

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

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

## FREEMEN, BANISH ALL YOUR FEARS.

BY R. M'N.

*Air*—"Scots Wha Hae."

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

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

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

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

---

### “WIDE-AWAKE CLUB” SONG.

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

OH, hear you not the wild huzzas  
 That come from every State?

For honest Uncle Abraham,  
 The People's candidate?

He is our choice, our nominee,  
 A self-made man, and true;

We'll show the Democrats this fall  
 What honest Abe can do.

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

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

Come, Granny Buck, you'd better go  
 While you can see the way,

For I fear your nerves won't stand the shock  
 On next election day.

So take your hat—what's that you say?  
 You are so cold you shiver—

Why, that's the way you feel, my dear,  
 When sailing up Salt River.

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



I hear that Dug. is half inclined

To give us all leg-bail,

Preferring exercise on foot

To riding on a rail.

For Abe has one already mauled

Upon the White House plan ;

If once Dug. gets astride of that,

He is a used-up man.

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

Come rally with us here to-night,

Be "Wide-Awake" for fun,

For we shall surely win the day

Before old sixty-one.

From North to South, from East to West,

Our power shall be felt ;

I tell you fight with all your might,

For Abe shall have the *Belt*.

Then give us Abe, and Hamlin, too,

To guide our gallant ship,

With Seward, Sumner, Chase, and Clay,

And then a merry trip.

---

## A JOLLY GOOD CREW WE'LL HAVE.

BY W. S. SANFORD.

*Tune*—"Little More Cider."

Oh, we will have a merry time

When, at the polls this fall,

We vote for "honest Abraham,"

Who is so slim and tall.

It don't make any difference,

He'll steer the "Ship of State ;"

A noble captain he will be,  
 And Hamlin will be mate.  
     Oh, a jolly good crew we'll have,  
     A jolly good crew we'll have---  
     A jolly good crew we'll have on board  
     This staunch old Ship of State.

We've shipp'd until the voyage is through—  
 We never shall back out ;  
 The " Little Giant " of the West  
 We certainly shall rout :  
 And then there's Breckenridge and Bell,  
 Fine fellows they may be —  
 They'll wish they had'nt run *agin*  
 This rail-splitter you'll see.  
     Oh, a jolly good crew, etc.

Then wide awake, the cry will be  
 For " Abe " and Hamlin too,  
 For we're the boys that can excel,  
 And that we're bound to do.  
 They talk about the " Squatter clause,"  
 That's " played out " long ago--  
 It's used for home-con-sump-shi-on,  
 And there it is no go.  
     Oh, a jolly good crew, etc.

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