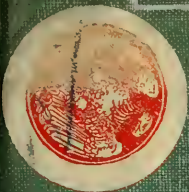


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BERTH-DECK BALLADS:

"OLD GLORY" AND OTHER POEMS
NATIONAL AND NAUTICAL,

By WILLIAM S. BATE.



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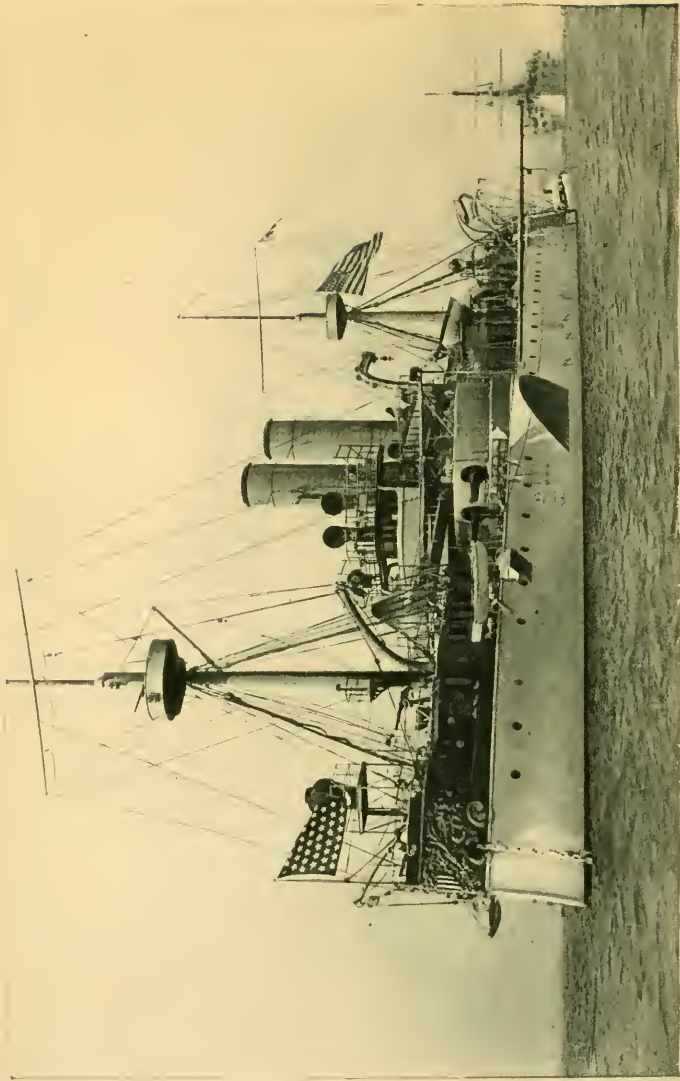
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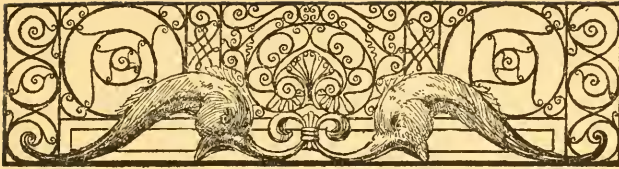
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BERTH-DECK BALLADS:

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AND
OTHER POEMS,

BY WILLIAM S. BATE



NEW YORK,

1898.

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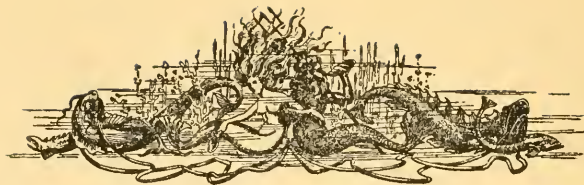
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PREFATORY NOTE.

While the writer has not hesitated to take "poetic license" with the minor incidents of the narrative pieces which follow, he believes that in their main features they will be found historically accurate.





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A PARAPHRASE.

I do not ask that I may stand
Among the rulers of the land,
Or that from off the battle field
I may be borne on victor-shield.

Let others make the people's laws,
And win with sword their glad applause;
But would that I might make them songs
To breathe their joys and voice their wrongs.

THE SAILOR'S JOLLY LIFE.

I 'M glad I am a jolly tar,
And sail the ocean blue
Upon a jolly man-o'-war,
And with a jolly crew;
I really, messmates, pities them
As hev on land to be,
The lads don't know what livin' is
That's never been to sea.

While 'fore the blast we bowl along
In safety o'er the deep;
A tremblin' in their beds with fear
The land folks cannot sleep.
No chimney pots fall on *our* heads,
No trees across *our* path;
Snug in our hammocks far from shore.
At Davey Jones we laugh.

How little uv what's really life
Does the landlubber know;
Uv pleasures uv the watch above
And uv the watch below.
I really, messmates, pities them
That's never been to sea;
Fur life aboard a man-o'-war 's
The jolliest thar be.

Yes, mates, I'm glad I am a tar,
And sail the ocean blue,
Upon a jolly man-o'-war,
And with a jolly crew.
The lads don't know what livin' is
That's never been to sea;
And found out what a jolly life
The man-o'-war's man's be.

OLD GLORY.

THE SAILOR'S SONG OF THE FLAG.

THEY'VE had a rousin' time ashore,
I heerd the bos'n say,
As whether Ireland's flag should float
With Uncle Sam's to-day.
Well, though it cheers the Irish lads
Their colors thar to see,
Old Glory wavin' all alone
Is good enough fur me.
Is good enough fur me, my lads,
Is good enough fur me;
Old Glory wavin' all alone
Is good enough fur me.

Now, I don't blame the furrin folks
Because they love their flags,
Fur it's but right enough for them
To like their ugly rags;
But havin' fit fur Uncle Sam's
'Most from my mother's knee,
Old Glory that she loved so well
Is good enough fur me.
Is good enough fur me, my lads,
Is good enough fur me;
Old Glory that my mother loved
Is good enough fur me.

OLD GLORY.

My dad he fit the Britishers
 Jist eighty years ago;
And grandad, too, in '76,
 Agin that one time foe;
And if he thought it good enough
 When fightin' to be free,
Old Glory, flag uv '76,
 Is good enough fur me.
Is good enough fur me, my lads,
 Is good enough fur me;
Old Glory, flag uv Washington!
 Is good enough fur me.

And comin' down to my own time,
 A warrin' I did go
With our brave lads in '46,
 'Way down to Mexico.
And though the Dons in Vera Cruz
 Did not it like to see,
Old Glory flyin' from their forts
 Wuz good enough fur me;
Wuz good enough fur me, my lads,
 Wuz good enough fur me;
Old Glory flyin' from their forts
 Wuz good enough fur me.

And when the South in '61
 The Union tried to break,
I couldn't find it in my heart
 The old flag to fursake;
And though they said the Stars and Bars
 A better flag to be,
Old Glory, as she always was,
 Wuz good enough fur me.
Wuz good enough fur me, my lads,
 Wuz good enough fur me;
Old Glory uv the Union!
 Wuz good enough fur me.

OLD GLORY.

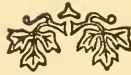
And so with brave old Farragut
I fit in Mobile Bay,
And by the forts to New Orleans
With him I worked my way;
And thought if it wuz good enough
Fur cap'n sich as he,
Old Glory streamin' from the gaff
Wuz good enough fur me.
Wuz good enough fur me, my lads,
Wuz good enough fur me;
Old Glory, flag uv Farragut!
Wuz good enough fur me.

And though I've done no fightin' since
The Rebs their colors struck;
Old as I be I think I hev
Still left a bit uv pluck.
And if some uv them furrin chaps
Insultin' to her be,
Old Glory floatin' thar so proud
Will find a friend in me.
Will find a friend in me, my lads,
Will find a friend in me;
Old Glory, flag uv North and South!
Will find a friend in me.

Yet I don't blame the furriner
Because he loves his flag;
So, if I was a Britisher
I'd fight fur their red rag;
But havin' sailed with Uncle Sam's
On almost every sea.
Old Glory, dancin' thar so gay
Is good enough fur me;
Is good enough fur me, my lads,
Is good enough fur me;
Old Glory, flag uv Uncle Sam!
Is good enough fur me.

OLD GLORY.

So if you're 'round, mates, when I sail
Upon my long last cruise; .
Remember that no better shroud
Than that old flag I'd choose;
And wrap me in its stripes and stars,
And launch me in the sea,
Fur it and dear Old Glory thar
Are good enough fur me.
Are good enough fur me, my lads,
Are good enough fur me;
Old Glory fur my windin' sheet,
My grave—the deep blue sea.



HOW FARRAGUT PASSED FORT MORGAN.

WHEN speakin' uv "Old Glory" thar
On last Saint Paddy's day,
I think some uv you lads allowed
You'd like to hear me say
How Farragut the battle won,
'Way down in Mobile Bay,
And how that dear old flag he bore
On her victorious way.

Well, though it's nigh on thirty year
Since that great fight was won,
It seems as plain as yesterday
How we them batteries run;
But if I should git off my course
Jack, here, 'll set me right,
Fur he was cap'n uv a gun
And well he did her fight.

I in the good old Hartford was
That day with Admiral Dave;
And happier lad you never seed
Than when he orders gave
That I the startin' signal should
Unto the squadron wave;
That soon, alack! a hundred men
Led to a watery grave.

HOW FARRAGUT PASSED FORT MORGAN.

But we'd no time to cogitate
Jist then 'bout death ur fear,
And scarc'ly fur a thought o' them
At home, to us most dear;
Fur we wuz needin' all our wits
How best to steer our way
Between the forts and tarpedoes
That guarded Mobile Bay.

Well, long 'fore light the bos'n piped
"All hands, up hammocks all,"
And soon to heavin' in the grub
Our jolly lads did fall;
While old Dave in the cabin sot,
A sippin' uv his tea,
Along with Cap'n Drayton, and
As cool as cool could be.

While still a-sippin', daylight kum,
And then he up and say:
"Well, Drayton, guess we might as well
Be gettin' under way."
And then the signals to the fleet
The cap'n told me wave;
And so the word to every ship
To start, I quickly gave.

"All right!" the Brooklyn signaled back,
And then began to churn
The seethin' water with her screw,
While stringin' out astern,
The other ships commenced to move
And all our hearts to burn—
Fur reasons that you 'prentices
Will know when comes your turn.

HOW FARRAGUT PASSED FORT MORGAN.

So up the channel slow we steamed,
The Brooklyn in the lead;
And never, lads, in all my life,
A purtier sight I seed;
Without it was the time we run
The forts to New Orleans;
Or when we captur'd Vera Cruz.
When I was in my teens.

Soon 'cross the water came "boom, boom,"
Tecumseh's openin' growls;
And then Fort Morgan's dogs o' war
Sot up their hellish howls;
And when our starboard battery
Begun to speak the fort,
I never seed in all my life
A better bit o' sport.

Not that I car' partiklarly
To hear the screech and whiz
Uv shrapnel, shell and solid shot
When fust they're out fur biz;
But somehow, as the danger grew,
My sperrits allus riz,
As every other man's should do,
Whose callin' fightin' is.

Now I wuz standin' on the poop,
As proud as gal with beaus,
To be thar nigh the admiral,
When off he starts and goes
And mounts the main port riggin' shrouds,
The better fur to see
The movements uv our gallant fleet
And uv the enemy.

HOW FARRAGUT PASSED FORT MORGAN.

And then as higher riz the smoke
And hotter grew the fire,
Instead o' comin' down on deck
He mounted high'r and high'r,
Until he reached the futtock shrouds,
And thar he to 'em clung,
And hailed the pilot in the top,
And out his orders sung.

Now Drayton had him in his eye,
And soon to me sez he:
"I'm feared a shot may cut a shroud
And land him in the sea;
So take a bit o' lead line thar,
And lash him to the mast;
And be ye lively 'bout it, too,
And make him snug and fast."

"Aye, aye, sir," quick I piped him back,
And up the ratlins run;
Which, lads, because uv shot and shell,
Wuz rather risky fun;
And when I had the Admiral reached,
I sez to him, sez I:
"I've orders from the cap'n, sir,
You to the mast to tie."

He scarce took note o' me at fust,
Fur lookin' at the fight;
But when agin I hailed him, said:
"Don't mind, lad, I'm all right."
"But them's my orders, sir," sez I,
And then I teched my hat,
"And them I try to carry out"—
Old Davey grinned at that,

HOW FARRAGUT PASSED FORT MORGAN.

And said: "That's what I do meself;
So lash me to the shroud;
Fur though the cap'n said the mast,
Say *I* the change allowed."
And so the line to one I hitched,
And quick around him passed,
And to the other shroud the end
I soon made snug and fast.

Now all this time the Hartford had
Been gittin' in her work,
And every lad upon the deck
A fightin' like a Turk;
As we could see from whar we wuz
Up in the futtock shrouds,
The smoke so thick it sometimes seemed
We must be in the clouds.

And even when we couldn't see,
We knew the fight wuz hot;
Fur we could hear the cannon boom,
And hear the shell and shot
Crash through the old ship's wooden sides,
And wuss than all, the groans
Uv shipmates welterin' in their gore,
In most heart rendin' tones.

And when a hundred pounder lodged
Below us in the mast,
And I could feel the wind uv shells
As they went whizzin' past;
Though not afeared, sez I to I:
"A bloomin' fool wuz ye
To 'list and be a target fur
The rebel enemy."

HOW FARRAGUT PASSED FORT MORGAN.

While still a-thinkin' fightin' warn't
The gayest kind o' sport,
From off the Brooklyn's starboard bow
Thar came a dull report;
That 'cause uv all the smoke and din,
We really thought, at fust,
The bilers uv the rebel ram
The Brooklyn's shot had bust.

And so, from all our gallant fleet,
Thar went up sich a cheer
That every Reb on land and sea
Might well have fled fur fear;
But they wuz not the runnin' kind,
And even harder fit;
Fur, lads, they wuz Americans,
And *they* don't scare a bit.

But soon our cheerful feelin's wuz
A mighty different sort;
Fur through a smoke rift, mates, we saw
Tecumseh reel to port;
Then lift her stern high into air,
Then settle by the head,
And carry more'n a hundred men
Down like a lump o' lead.

And all because uv orders, lads,
That hadn't been obeyed;
Fur they, outside the channel buoy,
Their vessel's course had laid;
Though Farragut had said to steer
Along its east'ard side;
And if they had, Tecumseh now
Might safe at anchor ride.

HOW FARRAGUT PASSED FORT MORGAN.

But Craven was as brave a tar
As ever sailed a ship,
And when Tecumseh from his feet
Was just about to slip,
And when to save his life, to climb
Was all he had to do,
He wouldn't, but to Collins said:
"No, pilot; after *you*."

But thar wuz nothin' after him,
Fur when he reached the top,
The groggy, reelin', tremblin' craft
A sudden seemed to drop;
And uv that gallant monitor
And all her gallant crew,
He and a dozen shipmates wuz
All that wuz left in view.

It wuz an awful minit, lads,
And Davey later said,
He didn't know jist what to do—
To back or go ahead—
Till he had piped Aloft a prayer,
And asked: "Shall I go on?"
And back the answer seemed to come
To keep his course upon.

But Alden had begun to back,
So Davey up and said:
Unto the pilot in the top—
A leetle 'bov his head:
"What ails her, Freeman, ain't she got
Enough uv water thar?"
"Yes, admir'l, every bit she needs,
And plenty, too, to spar'."

HOW FARRAGUT PASSED FORT MORGAN.

And then old Davey he got mad,
And high his anger riz,
And to 'em on the deck he roared:
"Ask what the trouble is!"
Then Kimberly the trumpet took,
And hailed 'em: "What's the matter?"
And only one word, "tarpedoes,"
I heered above the clatter.

Then to Cap' Drayton "Go: ahead!"
Old Davey fairly yells,
And then to Jouett: "Full speed, thar,
Four bells, I say, four bells!" —
His orders quick were followed, lads,
And for'ard at full speed
The backin' Brooklyn soon we passed,
To victory to lead.

More likely, though, to sartin death,
We reckoned, mates, that day;
The channel thick with tarpedoes
Nigh whar Tecumseh lay;
But Farragut piped, "Go ahead!"
And he was allus right,
Though Davey Jones' locker seemed
To us almost in sight.

And so we kept upon our course,
Though them below could feel
The scrapin' uv the hellish things
Along the Hartford's keel;
But luckily the water had
The primin' made so bad,
That not a single one went off,—
And mebbe we warn't glad!

HOW FARRAGUT PASSED FORT MORGAN.

But thar wuz business hot enough
Still left fur us to do,
Fur soon, full tilt, down on us bore
Buchanan and his crew;
While for'ard, off our starboard bow,
The rebel gunboats lay;
And, keepin' jist so fur ahead,
At us they blazed away.

Now each one uv our bigger ships
A lit'ler consort had;—
The Metacomet wuz our mate,—
And, whew! warn't Jouett mad
To see the Selma sweep a crew
Like nine-pins from a gun,
And not be 'lowed to give her chase,
Not wantin' better fun.

And three times begged the Admiral
To let him at her git;
But Davey, knowin' what wuz best,
Three times piped back: "Not yit!"
Fur should one of the Selma's shells
Into our bilers go,
The Metacomet we should need
To give the Hartford tow.

But when Fort Morgan's flashin' guns
We had got safely by,
Old Davey gave to him the word,
And with a glad "Aye, aye!"
Jouett, himself, a hatchet took,
And helped his craft to clear;
And then off toward the enemy
They dashed with cheer on cheer.

HOW FARRAGUT PASSED FORT MORGAN.

And soon uv them they fell afoul
And poured in shot and shell,
And though they wuz Americans,
And fit their vessel well,
Brave Jouett forged across their bows,
And wuz about to board;
When seein' that the jig wuz up,
The Stars and Bars they lower'd.

Meantime, betwixt the ram and forts
They'd kept us wide awake,
The ironclad tried to run us down,
But failed the mark to make;
And then she fur the Brooklyn went,
But as she kum they sheered,
And failin' fur the second time,
She fur the Richmond steered.

But she no use had fur her prow,
Nor had the Lackawan';
And so in turn from ship to ship
The rebel ironclad ran;
And though Old Buck he did his best,
His vessel wuz so slow,
She failed agin a single craft
To strike a fatal blow.

But while she couldn't use her ram,
She got her broadsides in,
And how she mowed our brave lads down—
I say it wuz a sin;
And when she rasped along our side,
From all the crash and din,
You might hev thought it made o' glass
And hers uv sheets uv tin.

HOW FARRAGUT PASSED FORT MORGAN.

It wuzn't, though, as Jack, here, found
When his big cannon shot,
She didn't seem to mind a bit,
Though Jack he sent 'em hot;
And saw 'em glance off from her plates
Jist like so many peas;
While her shot through our bulwarks went
As though they had been cheese.

I tell ye, lads, the hottest work
The old ship ever knew
Was when she fit the Tennessee
And forts and gunboats, too;
And 'twixt the groans and shouts and shrieks,
And crash uv shot and shell,
She seemed from whar we wuz aloft,
A fiery floatin' hell.

But even fightin' has an end;
And soon, in Mobile Bay,
As peaceful as a flock o' geese
Our fleet at anchor lay;
And though we pumped a lot o' tears,
Our messmates dead to see,
We wuz a mighty happy lot
Thar with whole skins to be.

And so once more had Farragut
A deed uv daring done,
Sich as no other cap'n had
Since warrin' wuz begun;
But yit he wuzn't through his work,
Fur still the Tennessee
Wuz flauntin' proud the Stars and Bars
Thar under Morgan's lee.

HOW FARRAGUT PASSED FORT MORGAN.

But how old Buck agin kum out
And tackled all our fleet,
And how we did with all our ships
The brave old sea-dog meet;
I will not, lads, the stirrin' tale,
So nigh two bells begin,
But if ye'd like some other night
The yarn I'll try to spin.



HOW BUCHANAN FOUGHT THE FLEET.

AND so you want to hear to-night
How, after we had run
Fort Morgan and the batteries,
And thought our work wuz done,
Old Buck upon the Tennessee
Kum out and fought the fleet,
And how we under Farragut
Did his oncomin' meet.

Well, gimme chaw terbackker, Bill,
And shove the grog agin;
When, havin' my machinery iled
The yarn I'll try to spin;
And send the can the ring around
To leetle and to big,
That uv the soul-inspirin' stuff
Each one may hev a swig.

All ready? Well, ye see we thought
The fightin' at an end—
That is, fur the time bein', as
The admiral did intend
As soon as we had et some grub,
To beard Buck in his lair,
And what work still remained to do
To finish then and there.

HOW BUCHANAN FOUGHT THE FLEET.

But, meantime, we wuz washin' decks
Clean uv the blood and dirt,
And doin' everything we could
Fur messmates who was hurt;
While at the galley fires the cooks
War working with a will,
That 'fore we fought agin we should
Our hungry paunches fill.

But old Buck wuzn't waitin', lads,
To give us time to eat,
And 'fore we had a single bite
Wuz steerin' fur our fleet.
So fryin' pans war shoved aside
And coffee pots war dropped,
And quick into their fightin' clothes
The cooks and stewards hopped.

The admiral was on the poop,
And lookin' fearful stern,
And said to Drayton at his side,
As to him he did turn:
"He's after me—let him cum on,
He needn't fear I'll run,
Fur I will fight him while I hev
A man left or a gun."

Nur did he wait till Buck arrove,
Fur soon our vessels he
Had signalled from the spanker gaff:
"Attack the enemy!"
And quick war all their anchors tripped,
And fur the ram they run;
Each cap'n wishin' his own craft
To be fust in the fun.

HOW BUCHANAN FOUGHT THE FLEET.

The iron-prowed Mon'gahela, though,
Had the good luck to lead,
And rushed upon the Tennessee
At almost race-hoss speed,
A hopin' that she'd cut her down,
But did no damage do,
While two shots from the rebel ram,
They pierced her through and through.

The Lackawanna wuz the next
To strike agin the ram,
But scarcely, though, with more effect
Than her own nose to jam;
A lucky shot, though, struck a port
And broke a slidin' shutter,
But two uv Buck's went through her bows
As if they had been butter.

Meantime *we* had been gettin' thar
As fast as we knew how,
And steerin' fur to strike the ram
A blow squar' with our bow;
But Buck he was a cunnin' one,
And got onto our game,
And put his hellum hard aport,
As fur his craft we came.

And so, instead uv rammin' her,
We crashed along her side,
And when we had got stem and stern
Old Buck exultin' cried:
"Now give it to the Hartford, lads,
Fur we hev got her right;
And aim close to the water line
And sink her out o' sight."

HOW BUCHANAN FOUGHT THE FLEET.

But "the cherub that sits up aloft"
Wuz good to us once more;
As only one uv their big shot
Into our bulwarks tore,
The other pieces missin' fire,
Their primin' bein' bad,
Which made the Johnnies wild with rage,
And us uncommon glad.

Now, while a makin' fur the ram
As hard as we could split,
I saw old Davey go agin,
And in the riggin' git;
But this time in the mizzen shrouds
And nigh unto the rail;
Yit, whar a rebel rifle ball,
To hit him skarce could fail.

But Watson, his lef'tenant, soon
His danger cum to see,
And after him he quickly steered,
And sez to him, sez he:
"Kum aft, sir, on the quarter deck,
Whar you will safer be"—
Though no spot on the ship wuz safe,
Thar near the enemy.

But Davey he was awful sot
When sartin he was right,
And never gave a thought to self
When captinin' a fight.
And tharfur wouldn't budge an inch
Till we the ram had passed;
And so, as I had, to the shrouds
Did Watson make him fast.

HOW BUCHANAN FOUGHT THE FLEET.

But soon we cleared the Tennessee,
And puttin' on all steam,
We curved around to try agin
To hit her squar' abeam;
Not dreamin' that a sister ship
Wuz kumin' through the smoke
To strike upon the Hartford's hull
Almost the self-same stroke.

But we war steamin' right across
The Lackawanna's course,
And 'fore she could her headway stop
She struck us with sich force
Between the main and mizzen masts,
She knocked two ports in one,
And fur a little while we thought
The old ship's days war done.

And quickly, "Save the admiral,"
Wuz piped along the deck;
But bless ye! he was in the shrouds
A lookin' at the wreck;
Which bein' skarcely low enough
To let the water in,
He orders gave to try to ram
The Tennessee agin.

Now by this time 'most uv our craft
War peggin' at her too,
And givin' old Buck and his men
All that they keered to do;
While at her flanks two monitors,
Held like dogs to a bull;
But how she shed their monster shot,
I say wuz wonderful.

HOW BUCHANAN FOUGHT THE FLEET.

But one from the Manhattan had
Struck squar' her side agin,
And through three feet uv oak and iron
Had let the daylight in;
But though it was a fifteen inch
And made uv solid steel,
It didn't pass her bulwarks through,
Or death beyond 'em deal.

And all the while the Chickasaw
Was barkin' at her heels,
And fast as he could get 'em in
His iron teeth she feels;
Till after while the plates begun
To fly from off her stern,
But still he kept close onto her
However she might turn.

The ram wuz gittin' tougher work
Than she had bargained fur;—
Some uv her shutters war so jammed
They couldn't make 'em stir;
Her smokestack, too, went by the board,
And from the stump the smoke,
The gun deck made so thick and hot,
It threatened all to choke.

But though things war so desperit,
Old Buck he still wuz game,
And from the pilot house above
Down to the gun deck came,
And took in charge the battery,
And cheered the gunners on;
And well it wuz he did so, fur
Their hope was almost gone.

HOW BUCHANAN FOUGHT THE FLEET.

And yit they war as brave a crew
As ever hauled a sheet;
And bein', too, Americans,
'Ud rather fight than eat.
And though to fit "Old Glory," lads,
I knew it warn't right,
I couldn't help admirin' 'em,
The way that they did fight.

As soon as old Buck reached the deck,
He fur a workman sent
To fix a shutter on the stern
The Chickasaw had bent,
But quick a shot the casemate struck
Alongside uv his seat,
And knocked the poor lad into bits
As small as sausage meat.

A splinter, started by the shock
Broke old Buck's leg, and though
He still wuz game they had to take
Him to the deck below.
But he had said if he should fall,
To put him out the way,
And still fight on; so quick agin
They jumped into the fray.

Cap' Johnston now was in command
Uv rebel craft and crew;
And though he was as brave as Buck,
And well his business knew,
The Tennessee was crippled so
He could but little do,
And every minnit wus and wus
The outlook fur her grew.

HOW BUCHANAN FOUGHT THE FLEET.

And so they tried to git her bow
Toward whar Fort Morgan lay,
But 'fore they could, her steerin' gear
Had all been shot away;
And though she still could turn her screw,
She floated on the bay
Almost as helpless as a log,
And soon to be our prey.

But, like the lads they tell about,
Who, rigged in iron clothes,
Though sword and battle-axe war broke,
'Ud not yield to their foes;
So did the Tennessee hold out
Agin the giant hail
The monitors war thunderin'
Upon her coat of mail.

But when he sees it must give way
Unto their awful blows,
And other ships about to ram,
Then Johnston up and goes
And tells old Buck how matters stand,
And leaves to him to say
If they should still keep up the fight
Or the white flag display.

"Well, Johnston, do the best you kin,"
Old Buck groaned in his pain,
"And when ye hev done that, give in."
He groaned to him again.
But they'd already done their best,
And soon a snow white flag
We seed a flyin' whar so proud
Had flown the rebel rag.

HOW BUCHANAN FOUGHT THE FLEET.

And lads, you should hev heerd the cheer
We sent up when we saw
Cap' Johnston's own hands to the deck
The rebel colors draw;
And when the Stars and Stripes their place
Upon the flagstaff took,
The shouts with which we greeted it
The old ship fairly shook.

So ended, lads, the hottest fight
The Hartford ever fit;
At least, that's what soon arterward
Old Davey said uv it;
And never wuz another shot
Agin the old ship fired,
Fur soon, a well scarred veteran,
She from the war retired.

But I, lads, couldn't stay ashore,
Fur things thar wuz too slow;
So to Fort Fisher with the fleet
I soon wuz glad to go;
And even when the war wuz done
I couldn't quit the sea,
Fur life aboard a man-o'-war's
The only life fur me.



AHOY THAR, LANDSMAN!

A PLEA FOR THE HARTFORD.

AHOY thar, landsman! Spare that ship!
Do unto her no harm,
Fur up the riggin' uv my mind
My dear old messmates swarm,
And hail me o'er the gulf uv years
And bid me say to thee,
To be to their old craft as kind
As they themselves would be.

Ahoy thar, landsman! Spare that ship!
Harm not her sacred hull,
Fur uv fond memories uv the past
To-day its brimmin' full;
And ghosts uv dead men on her deck,
Methinks they beckon thee
To kindly treat the brave old ship
Still loved by them and me.

Ahoy thar, landsman! Spare that ship!
Harm not a single knee!
Fur she is to my soul as dear
As thy sweetheart to thee;
Each timber thar if it could speak
Would make a touchin' plea
That thou be to that ship as kind
As them that love her be.

AHOY THAR, LANDSMAN!

Ahoy thar, landsman! Spare that shiip!
Touch not a single gun!
Fur up the ratlins uv my mind
My recollections run.
And lookin' off to Mobile Bay,
Them dear old cannon see
A blazin' out their shot and shell
Agin the enemy.

Ahoy thar, landsman! Spare that ship!
Touch not a single mast!
Fur they memorial pillars are
Uv her victorious past;
And from the mizzen royal, methinks,
The admiral's flag to thee
Now signals: "Spare the good old ship
That wuz so dear to me."

Ahoy thar, landsman! Spare that ship!
Touch not a single spar!
Fur each is to my heart as dear
As my own kinsmen are;
In memory shipmates man the yards
And bid me say to thee
To be to their old craft as kind
As they if here would be.

Ahoy thar, landsman! Spare that ship!
Touch not a single shroud!
Fur in the maintop uv my mind
Her old maintopsmen crowd;
While Farragut, lashed to the stays,
In memory I see,
Commandin' thee to treat his ship
As kindly as would he.

AHOY THAR, LANDSMAN!

Ahoy thar, landsman! Spare that ship!
Touch not that gallant gaff!
Fur dear "Old Glory" from its peak
Did at all danger laugh;
And now she waves across the years
And signals unto the
To kindly treat the ship that bore
Her on to victory.

Ahoy thar, landsman! Spare that ship!
Touch not a single bolt!
Fur each one on my heartstrings has
A more than iron holt;
And through each throb I think they speak
And bid me say to thee
To be as kind to their old ship
As them that love her be.

Ahoy thar, landsman! Spare that ship!
A grateful nation pleads—
In memory uv her gallant lads
And uv their gallant deeds;
And in the years we're voyagin' to,
Our sons shall honor thee
Fur honorin' the ship that bore
Their sires to victory.



JACK'S LOVE FOR THE MARINES.

SAY, lads, I hear they are to go—
The lubberly marines—
And if it's true, for me and you
A rousin' time it means.
A rousin' time it means, my lads,
A rousin' time it means;
Fur life will be wuth livin' when
We're rid uv the marines.

Between perlicemen when in port
And the sea-cops at sea,
A man-o'-warsman's life is not
Jist what it ought to be;
But if the lubbers are to go,
A jolly time it means;
Fur life will be wuth livin' when
We're rid uv the marines.

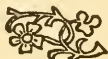
When boardin' ship from leave ashore,
Whar sharks our drink hev drugged,
Instid uv lendin' us a hand,
They hev us quickly jugged;
But if the lubbers are to go
A jolly change it means,
Fur we won't treat each other so
When rid uv the marines.

JACK'S LOVE FOR THE MARINES.

Whoever heerd uv one uv them
Who raised the rum blockade,
Or who to messmates in the "brig"
Would let us render aid;
But, lads, if they hev got to go,
No prison cell it means;
And life will be wuth livin' when
We're rid uv the marines.

They are uv free born mariners
The nat'rul enemies,
And never should hev been allowed
To sail with them the seas;
But if they've really got to go,
Our rights to hev it means,
Fur life will be wuth livin' when
We're rid uv the marines.

So here's a health onto the chap
Who's goin' to make 'em go;
Come, shove the can around agin
And let good speerits flow;
Fur if the lubbers are to leave,
Right jolly times it means;
And life will be wuth livin' when
We're rid uv the marines.



LOSS OF THE CONGRESS AND CUMBERLAND.

WELL, lads, a very mournful yarn
I hev to spin to-night,
As how the Merrimac cum out
Our wooden ships to fight;
And how, when through their bloody work,
The Rebs at dusk retired,
They'd sunk the good ship Cumberland
And the old Congress fired.

I was aboard the fust named ship
That day in sixty-two,
And doubt if ever Hampton Roads
A finer mornin' knew,
Than broke upon that eighth uv March,
A day uv Southern spring,
Uv breezes soft and bright blue sky
And birds upon the wing.

Jist off the pint uv Newport News
We at our anchors swung,
And in the riggin' uv our ship
Our newly washed clothes hung;
And no more likely seemed a fight
Before the sun should set
Than me or you shall ever wear
A captain's epaulette.

LOSS OF THE CONGRESS AND CUMBERLAND.

But long towards noon a cloud uv smoke
Wuz seen down Norfolk way,
And later, what looked like a barn
Came movin' up the bay;
And soon, in what, a long way off,
Its shingled roof had seemed,
A shutter opened, and a shell
Across the water screamed.

It struck our good old ship astern,
And of the gallant crew
That manned her big aft pivot gun,
It left, alack, but few;
But other officers and men
Their places quickly took,
And soon beneath the heavy fire
The stout old timbers shook.

Meantime the Merrimac had run
Nigh whar the Congress lay,
And with her rifled battery
Agin her blazed away;
While both our ships sich broadsides sent
That any wooden ship
If left afloat would hev been glad
Away from us to skip.

But 'stead uv that, the Merrimac
Jist crowded on all steam,
And steerin' a straight course, struck us
Well furrid uv abeam;
And underneath our water line
Her prow made sich a hole,
That easily into the breach
A water cask could roll.

LOSS OF THE CONGRESS AND CUMBERLAND.

And, lads, the poor old Cumberland
Wuz shivered by the shock
As much as if when sailin' free
She'd struck a sunken rock;
And soon she sharply heeled to port
And fast begun to fill;
But all our lads stood to their guns
And fought 'em with a will.

And when the Rebs yelled, "Strike yer flag,"
Brave Morris up and cried:
"No, never will we yield our ship,
But sink yer craft beside."
Which bein', too, our sentiments,
His words we wildly cheered,
And fired our guns, till underneath
The waves they disappeared.

Fur when the gun deck was awash,
We on the spar deck fought,
While shipmates, stripped down to their waists,
Us ammunition brought;
And thar we worked the pivot guns,
Till with a lurch and lunge
Our brave craft to the bottom went
With one appallin' plunge.

And with her many a gallant lad
Went to a briny grave;
While others uv us that could swim
Struck out our lives to save;
And some laid hold uv floating stuff,
And some the mainmast seize,
From which Old Glory proudly yet
Wuz floating in the breeze.

LOSS OF THE CONGRESS AND CUMBERLAND.

At fust I started fur the beach,
But when, near by, I seen
The Congress tackled by the Rebs,
I thought it kinder mean
To leave her lads a strugglin' thar
And me git safe ashore;
And so I shaped another course,
And fur the frigate bore.

I reached her soon and caught a rope
And hauled myself aboard;
An' awfuler sight I never seed,
Fur out the scuppers poured
Dark, sickenin' streams uv human blood
From mangled men that lay
In heaps about the gory deck,
Blown from their guns away.

The Merrimac lay off astern,
Where she the decks could rake,
And every broadside that she sent
A score uv lads would take,
From cannon they stood idly by,
The rebels usin' care
To hold thar craft jist whar our guns
Could not be brought to bear.

I picked my way amongst the dead,
Back to the mizzen mast,
And found there, urgin' on his men,
Lef'tenant Pendergast,
Who now that brave Smith wuz no more,
Wuz captainin' the craft,
And answerin' the rebels' fire
With the two cannons aft.

LOSS OF THE CONGRESS AND CUMBERLAND.

I teched my hat, and when he saw
The name the ribbon bore,
He said: "Lord! haint ye fit enough,
Without a-wantin' more?"
But when I told him why I'd come,
He grabbed me by the hand,
And said he thought a lad I know
The noblest in the land.

But that wuz not the time fur talk,
Fur rebel shot and shell
Wuz rakin' us from stem to stern,
And frequently, the yell
Uv some poor lad by them cut down,
Upon our 'hearin' fell;
And who would be the next to go,
None on that deck could tell.

But notwithstanding' all o' that,
Thar wuz no shirkin' done,
Each officer stood at his post,
Each gunner by his gun;
While them as could git in a shot
Agin the Merrimac,
Wuz doin' everything they could
To send her greetin's back.

So the unequal fight went on,
Nor did the struggle cease
Till on the foe we couldn't bring
To bear a single piece;
While hot shot from the rebel ram
Had set our ship afire,
And threatened soon to make her deck
For us a funeral pyre.

LOSS OF THE CONGRESS AND CUMBERLAND.

Yes, only then our captain gave
The word to strike our flag,
And, lads, it made us sick at heart
Old Glory down to drag;
Old Glory that we many a time
Had flaunted at the foe,
And never till that dreadful day
Had seen to grief brought low.

Not so the rebel admiral,
Who soon two gunboats sent
To take us off as prisoners;
Which object to prevent,
Our batteries upon the shore
Kept up so hot a fire,
They forced them to give up the job,
And from our side retire.

But not till many a friend and foe
Had fallen by their shot;
And, messmates, it seemed pretty hard
To be by friends besot;
But, howsomever, when the rebs
Had steamed from us away,
To leave that burnin' bloody wreck
We didn't long delay.

And, some by swimmin', some by boats,
We got ourselves ashore,
Except the gallant lads asleep
To wake on airth no more;
And, from the land, we saw the flames
From every porthole pour;
And mount the riggin', and above
The highest masthead soar.

LOSS OF THE CONGRESS AND CUMBERLAND.

And when at last the tongues uv fire
Laid holt the magazine,
We saw the saddest, grandest sight
Our eyes had ever seen;
For with a mighty rush and roar
The flames shot high in air,
As if unto a heavenly port
The dear old ship to bear.

Ah, lads! that wuz the darkest night
Our navy ever knew,
And when we uv the morrow thought,
Our minds still darker grew;
Fur over thar by Sewall's P'int
The rebel ironclad lay,
Expectin' to complete her work
Upon the comin' day.

But how the little Monitor
Before the mornin' came,
Showed up jist in the nick o' time
And blocked their little game
I will not tell to you to-night,
But if ye care to know,
Will speak about some other time
When on the watch below.



THE FIRST IRONCLAD FIGHT.

AS I allowed last time I talked,
Our hearts wuz filled with gloom,
The night we watched the Congress burn,
A-thinkin' uv the doom
That sartin seemed fur all our ships
Aground in Hampton Bay,
Soon as the Rebs should get to work
Upon the comin' day.

But when at last the mornin' broke,
Through the fust glimmerin' light,
With strainin' eyes we seaward saw
A most uncommon sight;
Fur nigh the Minnesota lay
A strange outlandish craft,
That seemed, as some landlubber said,
A cheesebox on a raft.

“What can it be?” I hailed my mates,
“And what on 'arth meant fur?”
When the landlubber up and said:
“It is the Monitor,
An ironclad craft uv Ericsson's,
A crank down New York way,
That kum last night, but nigh got swamped
A-gittin' here, they say.”

THE FIRST IRONCLAD FIGHT.

“Her orders read fur Washington,
But when inside the capes,
Old Worden heerd the boom uv guns,
And so her course he shapes
To bring her into Hampton Roads,
Whar Marston held her back—
Though disobeying orders—fur
To meet the Merrimac.”

“To meet the Merrimac!” we cried,
“What! that queer leetle craft?”
And then, so silly seemed the thought,
That we jist up and laughed
That enny one was fool enough
A tub like that to send
To fight the mighty Merrimac,
And the fleet to defend.

Fur as redikerlus it seemed
Fur pigmy sich as that
To grapple with the rebel ram
As church-mouse with a cat;
And when we saw her standin’ guard
By them great towering craft,
It wuz so mirth provokin’, lads,
That we jist up and laughed.

“But them laughs best as laughs the last,”
As the old sayin’ is,
And Worden had the bulge on us
When he got through his biz;
But we wuz so oncommon glad
To see what he hed done,
That not a soul uv us begrudged
The victory he’d won.

THE FIRST IRONCLAD FIGHT.

But I am steamin' on too fast,
And so I'll stop and back
To whar he laid a-waitin' fur
The ironclad to attack;
And that wuz not fur very long,
Fur nigh eight bells, we seed
The rebel fleet a-comin', and
The big ram in the lead.

And then our hearts grew sad ag'in,
A-thinkin' that the fate
Uv our two sunken ships off there
The others did await;
And ye may well believe me, lads,
Our sperrits riz no higher
When hot shot from the Merrimac
The frigate sot afire.

But, meantime, whar's the Monitor?
"A-runnin', some may say;
Yes, *runnin'*, but by all the saints,
Not from the foe *away*;
Fur if we dared to trust our eyes,
Instead uv turnin' tail,
She wuz a-makin' fur the ram
Despite her iron hail.

Now, I've a leetle narve, I hope,
But, lads, I am afear'd
I would hev cogertated long
Afore I would hev steered
Away from all the other ships
In that queer ontried craft,—
And when we saw her start we thought
Old Worden must be daft.

THE FIRST IRONCLAD FIGHT.

But he wuz just as cute as brave,
And so he left the fleet,
And steamed right out into the Roads.
The rebel ram to meet
As far from shore as possible,
That he might fight her there;
And so our helpless wooden ships
From her big rifles spare.

The rebel gunboats only came
On fur enough to see
What kind uv a newfangled craft
The Monitor might be.
And seemin' not to like the way
In which she steamed ahead,
They quickly turned their starns to her
And down toward Norfolk fled.

Now that wuz not discouragin',
But when a sheet of flame
Swept from the ironclad's battery,
And 'cross the water came
The sullen thunder uv her guns,
It seemed to us ashore,
That when the smoke went we should see
The Monitor no more.

Fur she wuz close beside the ram,
And, as ye know, we feared
It wuz a mighty risky thing
The lion thar to beard;
But when a minnit arterward
The smoke away hed cleared,
We saw her seemin' safe and sound,
And tossed our hats and cheered.

THE FIRST IRONCLAD FIGHT.

And then her turret turned around,
And from a port a gun
Wuz run out toward the rebel craft,
And then another one;
And quick from out their big black throats
They belched forth fire and smoke,
And with no soft, unsartin' sound
Unto the rebels spoke.

Yet, lads, I larnt soon arterwards
From one uv Worden's crew,
That neither did the other craft
The slightest damage do;
Fur, barrin' dents made here and thar,
And loosened bolts a few,
The vessels arter the fust round
Wuz jist as good as new.

And then they took a breathin' spell,
Like boxers in a ring,
And then they fur an openin' spar,
And then their skippers bring
'Em up unto the scratch agin,
Whar wicked blows they dealt,
And tryin' always to get in
A blow below the belt.

Below the *armor* belt, I mean,
For a foot or two beneath
The water line uv both the ships
Thar wuz no iron sheath,
And so the rebel tried to ram
Our champion with her prow,
But Worden wuz too wily fur
To let 'em through her plow.

THE FIRST IRONCLAD FIGHT.

And bein' not a bit behind
The Rebs at sich a game,
He drove his craft agin' their starn,
A hopin' he might lame
Their rudder or propeller blades,
But missed 'em by a foot,
And then to try fur 'em agin'
His craft about he put.

And at sich work she had the best
Uv the big Merrimac;
Which wuz both slow and hard to steer,
While she could turn or back
In half the time the rebel took,
And so made up the lack
Uv bigger size and eight more guns
In quickness uv attack.

So after all, they wuz well matched,
As the proceedin's proved,
A-firin' guns and rushin' rams
As 'round the Roads they moved;
But not a single man was killed,
And not a lad made lame,
Which state of things fur old-time tars
Wuz most uncommon tame.

And it wuz jist the sort uv thing,
Lads sich like to onrage
To be inside that turret shet,
Like squirrels in a cage;
And hev the sides go round and round
Until they couldn't say
In what direction they wuz bound
Or whar the rebel lay.

THE FIRST IRONCLAD FIGHT.

Fur nothin' could be seen outside,
 Exceptin' when a gun
Wuz ready, and the shutters raised,
 That out it might be run.
And then they had to wait ontill
 The ram seemed sailin' by,
And then, the lanyard pullin' quick,
 To take her on the fly.

And so the sluggin' match went on
 Till after twelve o'clock,
And then a shell the pilot house
 Struck with a fearful shock,
And, bustin', blinded Worden so,
 And did so badly stun,
That fur a leetle while he thought
 His 'arthly days wuz done.

But yet gave orders to sheer off,
 As he wuz led below,
So that they might examine things
 And the full damage know;
And lyin' thar upon his bed,
 To them a-standin' by,
Said: "As the Minnesota's saved,
 Then I can happy die."

But Greene found that the pilot house
 Wuz not so badly wrecked,
As the explosion uv the shell
 Had led them to expect;
But when he turned agin to fight
 He found the ram had fled
Down Norfolk way, a-steamin' straight,
 And leakin' bad, 'twas said.

THE FIRST IRONCLAD FIGHT.

And yet they had the narve to claim
That Worden hadn't won:—
His business was to save the fleet,
And that he'd nobly done;
And to our navy's latest day
His glory will go down,
And every loyal heart be proud
Uv his well 'arned renown.

So ended the fust ironclad fight,
And its shots to the earth
Proclaimed the death of wooden ships,
Uv armorclads the birth;
And Englishmen and Frenchmen, too,
The German and the Turk,
To makin' fightin' sea machines
Then quickly got to work.

But in machinery shops afloat
I never took much stock;
As full uv wheels and cogs and springs
As gran'dad's eight day clock.
No, lads, an old time man-o'-war,
With gun decks wide and free,
And old time crew to man her, too,
Is good enough fur me.



JACK GROWLS ABOUT THE GROG.

HO! messmates! hev ye heerd the news,
They're goin' to stop our grog!
I s'pose they'll take our backky next
And then 'ill go our prog;
Fur things is gittin' wus and wus
On shipboard every day,
And what they'll spring onto us next
No mother's son kin say;
Yes, things is at a purty pitch,
And I intend to know—
Yes, I intend to know
How fur the robbin' uv our rights
'Ill be allowed to go.

'Twuz bad enough to take away
Our good old sailin' craft,
And make us live in tubs that look
Like gas tanks on a raft;
Ships that are utterly onfit
Fur old time fightin' tars,
Who loved their grand old wooden walls,
Their riggin' and their spars.
Yes, things is at a purty pitch,
And I intend to know—
Yes, I intend to know
How fur the robbin' uv our rights
'Ill be allowed to go.

JACK GROWLS ABOUT THE GROG.

A sailor's life is hard enough
When things is at their best,
With cleanin' brass and scrubbin' decks,
Sea sojers and the rest;
But if they take away our grog
They'll find they've gone too far,
Fur thar's a limit even to
The patience uv a tar.
Yes, things is at a purty pitch,
And I intend to know—
Yes, I intend to know
How fur the robbin' uv our rights
'Ill be allowed to go.

“What will I do?” I'll write to *Grant!*
He is the seaman's friend,
And boss of these United States,
And sartin can't intend
That things to sich a purty pitch
Should in the navy kum,
That them that is but clarks uv his
Should rob us uv our rum.
Yes, I will write to Grant, my lads,
And he will let 'em know—
Yes, Grant 'ill let 'em know
That in their tramplin' on our rights
They mustn't further go.



JACK'S LETTER TO GRANT.*

I TOLD ye, mates, I'd write to Grant,
And here the letter is,
About the stoppin' uv our grog,
And it 'ill do the biz,
If he's the lad I think he be—
The man-o'-warsman's friend—
Fur soon as he hez read it through
He'll dead sure matters mend.

“Deer giniral Ulissus grant;
I hoap yu may n't blaim
Me fur a-ritin' i am sound
And hoopin yur the saim:
And also that my mates is well,
I'd menshun as i pass,
And giv thare best respects to yu,
The missus and the lass.

“Butt that is not the ownly thing
I hev to rite abowt,
And think that wen yu've heerd my yarn
Yu wil bee mutch put out,
To larn how they is treatin' us,
Yur comrads in the war;
Thoe wee wuz fitin' on the sea,
And yu upon the shoar.

“The trubbel's with them clarks uv yurn
Down thar in washin'tun,
Whoo hev bin trampilin' on our rites
And lots uv damige dun
Onto the sarvis that wee luv,
And fur wich tew wee fawt,
And try to doo our duty by,
As every troo tar awt.

* The serving of grog to the sailors of the U. S. Navy was stopped during the administration of President Grant, through the efforts of Admiral Foote.

JACK'S LETTER TO GRANT.

“Fust place they tuk away our ships,
The Hartfurd, the Kearsarge—
Uv wich sech tars as Farragut
And Winslow wuz in charge,
And put us onto irun craft,
No moar fur old tars fit
Than them top-lofty naval clarks
In yur big cheer to sit.

“And thar is the sea-sojers, tew,
But they wuz *allus* 'round,
And wil bee, tew, i calkerlate,
Til the last trump shal sound;
Without yu find it in yur hart
The lubbers to remoove,
And, 'yond the shadder uv a dout,
The seaman's best frend pruve.

“But wee bee powrfel payshunt lads,
And wudn't hev complaned
If things, thoe they wuz bad enuff,
Hed jist the saim remaned;
But, ginirul, can yu credit it,
That things cud ever cum
To sech a pitch they'd hev the narve
To take away our rum!

“But that is jist the thing they did,
And yu wil mee beleeve,
They cud hev nuthin' dun to us
That moar our harts wood greeve;
They mite hev shet our backky off,
Or cut us down in prog,
But it a blarsted outrage wuz
To take away our grog.

JACK'S LETTER TO GRANT.

"The offusers they hev thar wine,
And, if they wants, thar beer;
And shud a sailor bee shet off
Uv that he holds most deer?
"No!" i am sartin yu wil say
Wen theze lines meets yur site,
And yu wil tel them offus chaps
Frum thare high perch to 'light.

"Wall, i kan think uv nuthin' elce
To rite about jist now,
And so to yu and to yur mate
I make my slickest bow,
And send my greetin's to the lads,
And to the lass a smack,
And hoap yu'll let mee sine myself,
Yure humble sarvant,
JACK.

"Ps. i hoap yu'll ancer this,
That every sailor lad
Aboard the Mackinaw with me
May hev his hart made glad,
To hear yu've told them offus chaps
To take anuther tack;
And then we'll drink to yu and yurs,
Once more, yure sarvant,
JACK.



HOW THE KEARSARGE SUNK THE ALABAMA.

WHY will ye bother me agin,
Ye pesky midshipmites,
To tell the forty 'leventh time
About the old sea-fights?
Why don't ye fall afoul o' Phil,
Who'd rather talk than eat?
Particklarly uv Farragut,
The Hartford and the fleet.

What! Never heerd how the Kearsarge
The Alabama sunk?
Then I will spin the yarn when I
This glass o' grog hev drunk;
Fur I wuz in the good old ship
The day the fight wuz won,
And tharfur am the man to tell
The way the deed wuz done.

Ah! that's the stuff! I allus like
To hev my whistle wet,
And somethin' warm inside, afore
To pipin' yarns I set.
Now sit ye on that hawser, thar,
And ye agin that gun,
And I will try to tell you how
The victory wuz won.

HOW THE KEARSARGE SUNK THE ALABAMA.

You see we hed been layin' at
Old Flushing on the Scheldt,
And hevin' caught no rebel craft,
Summut downhearted felt;
Though we the Rappahannock hed
Blockaded at Calais,
So close her crew dismantled her
And slunk from thar away.

So when one arternoon we saw
"The Comet" at the fore,—
The signal fur to come aboard
To all who wuz ashore,—
We quickly mustered all our lads
And piled aboard the ship,
And from the old Dutch harbor soon
Unto the sea did slip.

And then unto the quarter deck
The bos'n piped the crew,
When Cap'n Winslow up and spoke,
And soon from him we knew
That in the harbor uv Cherbourg
The Alabama laid,
And with the hope uv fightin' her
We hed our anchor weighed.

Now them's the kind uv tidin's that
A war tar likes to hear,
And so from out a hundred throats
Thar broke a hearty cheer;
And very happy lads that night,
We in our hammocks lay,
A-dreamin' uv the rebel craft
And uv the comin' fray.

HOW THE KEARSARGE SUNK THE ALABAMA.

Next mornin' Dover's chalky cliffs
Rose up before our view,
And near the town soon arterwards
We hove our vessel to;
When gittin' the dispatches that
The cap'n called there for,
All steam wuz crowded on agin,
And fur Cherbourg we bore.

We reached thar on the follerin' day,
And sure enough in port
The Alabama safe was moored
Behind the Frenchmen's fort.
But we did not to anchor come,
But off the harbor lay,
And closely watched the pirate, that
She shouldn't slip away.

But Semmes he warn't a runnin' then,
Fur, bein' 'bout our size,
He thought it would look cowardly
To friendly English eyes
For them to skip away from us,
Him and his pirate crew,
When they had boasted what they could
Unto the Yankees do.

And tharfur he a message sent
Through some one in the town,
That they to offer battle soon
Unto us would come down.
And so to meet the rebel craft
We good and ready made,
But all the week went by and still
Behind the fort they stayed.

HOW THE KEARSARGE SUNK THE ALABAMA.

And day by day our sperrits dropped
Because we feared a trick
Old Semmes would try to play on us,
Fur he was mighty slick;
That on some thick or stormy night
From port he'd try to steal,
And if he should git well away
How cut up we should feel.

But Sunday, when the cap'n wuz
The service 'bout to read,
The officer upon the deck
A steamer comin' seed;
And when he "Alabama" sung,
Thar never was a crew
That with more joy and eagerness
Unto their quarters flew.

That Sabbath wuz so calm and mild,
So peaceful lay the sea,
It skarcely seemed the comin' craft
An enemy could be;
And though he said that Sunday was
His allus lucky day,
Semmes did fur openin' fire on us
That mornin' dearly pay.

Cap. Winslow wouldn't fight the Rebs
So nigh a neutral shore,
To which, if whipped, they'd steam away,
And so we seaward bore,
Till seven miles or so from land,
When quick about we steered,
And, as they closely follered us,
We soon each other neared.

HOW THE KEARSARGE SUNK THE ALABAMA.

When jist about a mile away
The pirates opened fire;
But we no answer made to them,
But waited to git nigh'r;
And so two uv their broadsides took,
And half a mile hed run,
As quiet as a Quaker church
Before we fired a gun.

Their shots, though, they hed sent so wild
That most above us flew;
But when at last *we* got to work,
Ours went so straight and true
That we could see 'em strike her hull,
And one, her spanker gaff,
Which brought her colors to the deck,
While we set up a laugh.

And then we tried to pass across
The Alabama's stern,
But Semmes he got onto our game,
And quick as us did turn;
And so, to keep from bein' raked,
Both ships steamed 'round one spot,
While, fast as we could load and fire,
We poured in shell and shot.

But not too fast, fur we took care
That every one should tell,
Fur Thornton, our executive,
Had trained our gunners well;
And every time we hulled the Reb,
Or did their riggin' tear,
You ought to've seen us shout fur joy
And toss our caps in air.

HOW THE KEARSARGE SUNK THE ALABAMA.

But the pirates little crowin' did,
Fur uv our lads but three
Wuz hurt by all the shot they sent,
And but one mortally;
While our shell swept three crews away
From their aft pivot gun,
And killed and wounded forty men
Afore the fight wuz done.

And done it was within an hour,
Fur soon their sails they set,
And headin' fur the neutral line,
Within it tried to get;
But we wuz quickly arter them
And 'cross their bows we steered,
When suddent from their spanker gaff
Their colors disappeared.

But whether lowered or shot away,
At fust we couldn't tell;
And so into the rebel craft
We kept on sendin' shell;
Till, whar the Stars and Bars had been
A white flag wuz displayed;
When, sartin that they hed enough,
At once our fire we stayed.

Meantime a queer thing happened to
Our flag stopped at the main,
Fur almost the last shot they fired
The halyards cut in twain,
And so our colors they unfurled
From our main royal truck,
Jist at the minnit when to us
Their own flag they hed struck.

HOW THE KEARSARGE SUNK THE ALABAMA.

The firin' stopped, they sent a boat
Aboard our ship to tell
That they the fight had given up,
And ask our help as well;
And so two boats war quickly manned
And sent unto their ship,
And glad I wuz, lads, to be told
In one ov them to slip.

And such a sight I never seed
In all my life afore,
As that aboard the rebel craft,
Her decks all red with gore
Uv forty dead and wounded men,
'Most layin' whar they fell,
And all her port side blown away
By our unerrin' shell.

And she wuz fillin', too, so fast,
And settlin' at the stern,
That 'fore we could git all hands off
Her bows they did upturn
Until they stood straight up in air,
When through the blood-dyed wave,
She backward slowly slipped and sank
Unto her watery grave.

So wuz it, lads, we thrashed old Semmes
And his half furrin crew,
And made all Northern hearts as glad
As Southern hearts were blue;
But that wuz thirty years ago,
And friends to-day are we,
And ready side by side to fight
A common enemy.

HOMeward BOUND.

HOMeward bound! Ho, thar, my hearties!
Break the pennant to the breeze,
Hoist it to the highest masthead,
Let it stream far o'er the seas;

Refrain—For we're under sailin' orders
To our home beyond the main;
Home and country!—words soul stirrin'—
Let them be our glad refrain.

Homeward bound! Ho, thar, my hearties!
At the capstan lend a hand!
To the catheads bring the anchors,
And be off for Freedom's land;

Refrain—For, etc.

Homeward bound! Ho, thar, my hearties!
Set now every rag uv sail,
Ay, set every stitch uv canvas
To the fresh and favorin' gale;

Refrain—For, etc.

Homeward bound! Ho, thar, my hearties!
Shove the merry work along!
Many hands make easy labors,
And we'll ease them, too, with song.

Refrain—For, etc.

HOMeward BOUND.

Homeward bound! Ho, thar, my hearties!
Heave the "Jonah" o'er the rail!
For an offerin' unto Neptune,
That his favors may not fail.

Refrain—For, etc.

Homeward bound! Ho, thar, my hearties!
Up and give a rousin' cheer
To our comrades we are leaving
On this furrin' station here.

Refrain—For, etc.



SHIPS AT SEA.

A SHIP at sea! A ship at sea!
O watch her dancing merrily
O'er dead men's graves
Beneath the waves!
A ship at sea 's a charming sight
When speeding through the soft starlight,
And summer gales
Fill out her sails.

A ship at sea! A ship at sea!
Ah, look! She staggers helplessly
O'er dead men's graves
Beneath the waves!
A ship at sea 's a fearful sight,
When storm-chased through the winter night
She madly bowls
Upon the shoals!



OUT WITH THE TIDE.

H'E'LL go out with the tide," the old sailor said,
"It ebbs to-day at half-past four;"
As his shipmate tossed on his humble bed
In his home by the river shore.

Five days and five nights has the tide of life
Ebb'd and flow'd through his stormy breast;
But to-day will end the tempest's fierce strife,
And his soul find a haven of rest.

His old wife wept by the side of his bed,
And the old clock ticked on the wall,
The old sailor gazed on its face and said:
"The tide turns, and it soon will fall."

"Ah! his cable's parted," ere long he sighed,
While a tear on his rough cheek lay;
"He's adrift on the seaward ebbin' tide;
Well, we seamen should go that way." * * *

Adrift on the tide! Ah! unto what sea
Doth the river of life e'er flow?
We scarce grasp the present—but what's to *be*,
None knoweth, nor here shall e'er know.



AT TAP OF DRUM.

I T seems like '61 again
To hear the talk of war,
Of fleets assembling on the sea
And soldiers on the shore:
My hair is white, my back is bent,
But if war has to come
I'll polish up my gun once more
And march at tap of drum.

Some foreigner, I see, has said
The South would join the foe
If we should have a war with Spain,
Which only serves to show
He little knows the Southern heart,
For if a war should come
The South would be as quick as North
To march at tap of drum.

Things do seem rather serious
About the sunken Maine;
And would be very grave, I fear,
If she was sunk by Spain;
I hope it was an accident,
But if war has to come
I'll heed my country's call again
And march at tap of drum.

AT TAP OF DRUM.

I want no war for sake of war,
For I know what it is;
For I have heard the shriek of shell,
And heard the bullets whiz;
But if things get to such a pass
That war has got to come
I'll shoulder my old gun again
And march at tap of drum.—

But when at last life's march is o'er,
And hushed its battle shout,
And the dread-visaged drummer—Death—
Has sounded: "All lights out!"
Then, comrades, if you're lingering here,
I pray that you will come
And lay me where our brave boys lie
Who marched at tap of drum.



MY NATIVE LAND!

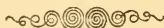
MY Native Land! Land ever mine!
My, love my hopes, my fears are thine:—
My love for what thou art to me,
My fears for dangers threatening thee,
My hopes for better things to be.

No foes without awake my fears
For this or for thy future years:—
Thy greatest of thy household are,—
Sons who their heritage would mar,
And ingrate aliens from afar.

But these are feeble and but few
Compared with those both fond and true:—
Sons proud of thy immortal past,
Sons zealous for thy future vast,—
Ten thousand thousand such thou hast.

Like mother toward her erring child,
Thou art forgiving, patient, mild:—
But let thy children false beware
How far thy loyal sons they dare
Their arms in thy defense to bare.

My Native Land! May He whose power
Has thee protected till this hour
Upon thy coming years attend;
From foes within and out defend,
And guide and guard thee to the end.



HALT THERE!

HALT there! Hands off that flag!
Touch not a single star!
And palsied ever be the arm
That would its union scar!
Its glory bids thee pause,
The legends blood-writ on its folds—
The place which in our heart it holds—
They bid thee pause.

Halt there! Hands off that flag!
Touch not a single star!
Won for it by our valiant sires
In Freedom's holy war.
The Past! It bids thee pause;
The deeds of the heroic dead,
Who 'neath its stars to victory led—
They bid thee pause.

Halt there! Hands off that flag!
Touch not a single star!
For by a thousand sacred ties
To it close-bound they are;
The Present bids thee pause!
The welfare of thy fellow men—
What now they are, and might have been—
All bid thee pause.

HALT THERE!

Halt there! Hands off that flag!
Touch not a single star!
The weal of millions yet unborn
Thy wicked way would bar!
The Future bids thee pause!
The hope for better things to be—
Of universal liberty!—
It bids thee pause.

Halt there! Hands off that flag!
Touch not a single star!
The yearning nations of the Earth
Call to thee from afar.
Their sorrows bid thee pause—
The pleadings of a wistful world
That its fair folds shall ne'er be furled—
They bid thee pause.

Halt there! Hands off that flag!
Touch not a single star!
Methinks that voices from the sky
Forbid its grace to mar;
That Heaven bids thee pause
In word or deed to work it ill
Before its mission it fulfill—
Heaven bids thee pause.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A BIRTHDAY ODE.

I SAW an old yet stately ship
Her cables for the last time slip,
And ebb with evening away,
And as she drifted through the gloom
More grandly did her spars uploom
Than through the long bright summer day.

So when a great and good man dies
And passes o'er the sea that lies
Unfathomed, yet so near the world;
Far loftier to us seems he then
Than ere, in port, beyond our ken,
His noble life's fair sails were furled.

Thou, when on earth, wert men too near
To give them vision calm and clear
Of thy majestic mind and mien;
But o'er the ocean of the past
Thy towering figure is at last
In all its matchless grandeur seen.

First Captain of our Ship of State!
If from that sea, God-granted fate
May let thee speak its sad waves o'er,
Speak to thy people here to-day
And guide till Time our bark shall lay
In Port of Peace for evermore.

Thou art not dead! but livest still
In word and deed our hearts to thrill
To action worthy of our birth!
'Neath yon dear flag at masthead high—
Our banner borrowed from the sky—
Its wedded stars the hope of earth!

GRANT AT MOUNT MCGREGOR.

CLOSE to his page the aged warrior bends,
The record of his life to write; while near,
Death waits the end of task for them most dear
The toiler's heart whose anguish well nigh rends
His once strong frame, and souls of loving friends.
Of all his deeds none other is the peer
Of this, the bravest of his brave career,
Which to his fame a gentler lustre lends.

Love's labor ended, quickly also ends
The truce with Death, and the great captain yields
To the first victor of a score of fields;
And o'er his bier in common sorrow blends
The grief of those who with him won the day,
And those once met in battle's stern array.



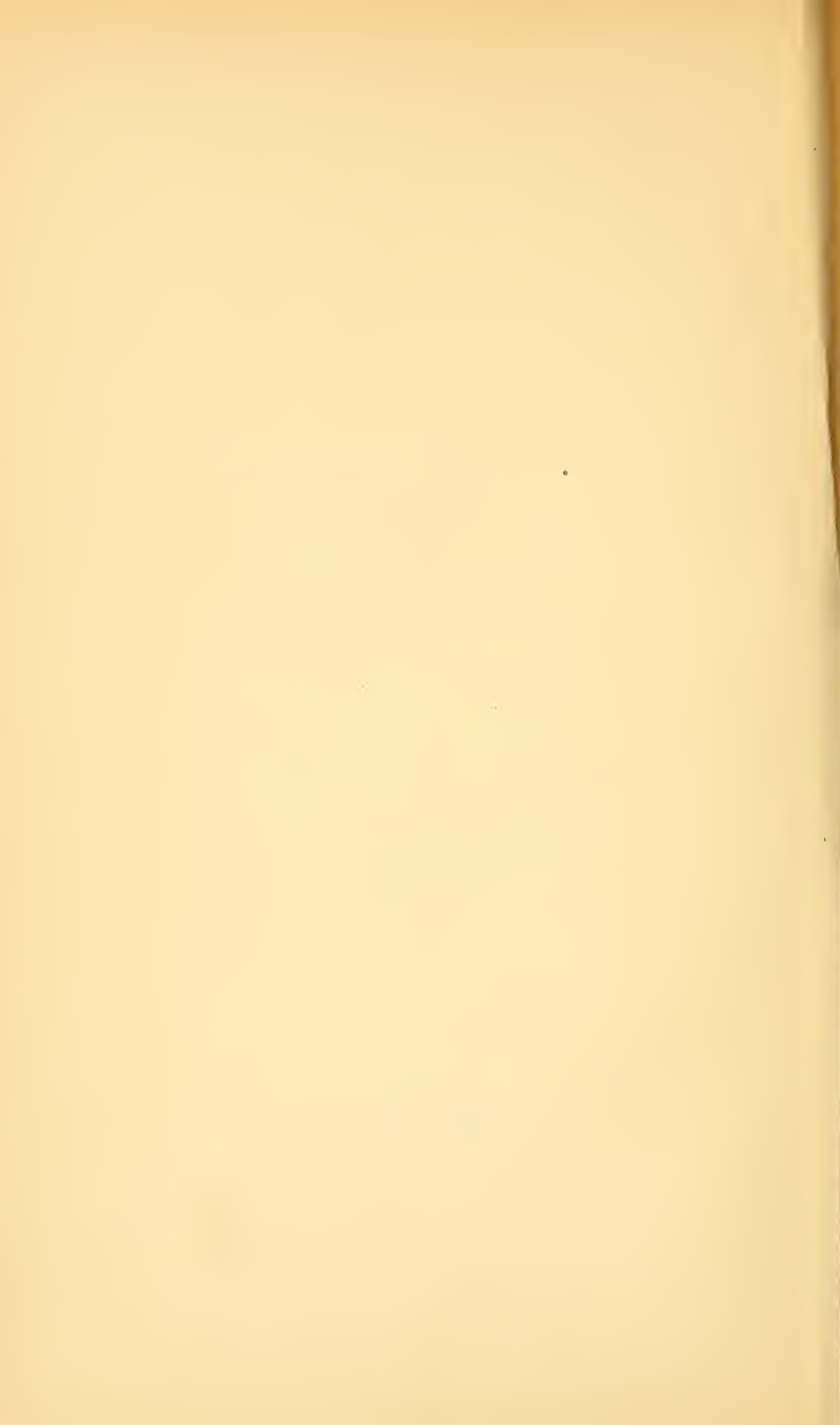
THE EVENING GUN.

THE day is done!
The evening gun
Proclaims it dead o'er isle and bay;
Midst fortress walls,
With shrill sad calls,
Its dirge the brazen bugles play.

But do not mourn,
For merry horn
Will soon be sounding o'er the sea;
And from the night
A day more bright
On dewy wing will come to thee.

So when thy life,
Its storms and strife,
At peaceful eve have passed away;
May trumpets sweet
In heaven greet
Thee with their 'rapturing reveillé.









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