

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Yankee Doodle</b></p> <p>(by Richard Shuckburgh; copyright unknown; midi arranged by Thomas Thurston)</p> <p><b>Yankee Doodle went to town A-riding on a pony Stuck a feather in his hat And called it macaroni.</b></p> <p><b>Yankee Doodle, keep it up Yankee Doodle dandy Mind the music and the step And with the girls be handy.</b></p> <p><b>Father and I went down to camp Along with Captain Gooding And there we saw the men and boys As thick as hasty pudding.</b></p> <p><b>Yankee Doodle, keep it up Yankee Doodle dandy Mind the music and the step And with the girls be handy</b></p> <p><b>There was Captain Washington Upon a slapping stallion A-giving orders to his men I guess there was a million.</b></p> <p><b>Yankee Doodle, keep it up Yankee Doodle dandy Mind the music and the step And with the girls be handy.</b></p>	<p><u>Concord Hymn</u> by Ralph Waldo Emerson</p> <p>By the rude bridge that arched the flood, Their flag to April's breeze unfurled, Here once the embattled farmers stood, And fired the shot heard round the world.</p> <p>The foe long since in silence slept; Alike the conqueror silent sleeps; And Time the ruined bridge has swept Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.</p> <p>On this green bank, by this soft stream, We set to-day a votive stone; That memory may their deed redeem, When, like our sires, our sons are gone.</p> <p>Spirit, that made those heroes dare, To die, and leave their children free, Bid Time and Nature gently spare The shaft we raise to them and thee.</p> <p>(Note: This version is from <i>The Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> (1904), edited by Edward Waldo Emerson, who noted, "From a copy of this hymn as first printed on slips for distribution among the Concord people at the celebration of the completion of the monument on the battle-ground, I note the differences from the poem here given as finally revised by Mr. Emerson in the <i>Selected Poems</i>."</p>
<p><b><u>Battle Hymn of the Republic</u></b> By Julia Ward Howe</p> <p>Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord: He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;</p>	<p><b>John Brown's Body Lies A-Mouldering in the Grave</b></p> <p>John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, /I John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, But his soul goes marching on.</p>

<p>He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword: His truth is marching on. <b>(Chorus)</b> <a href="#">Glory</a>, glory, <a href="#">hallelujah!</a> Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps, They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps; I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps: His day is marching on. <b>(Chorus)</b> Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! His day is marching on. I have read a fiery <a href="#">gospel</a> writ in burnished rows of steel: "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the Hero, born of woman, crush <a href="#">the serpent</a> with his heel, Since God is marching on." <b>(Chorus)</b> Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! Since God is marching on. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat: Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on. <b>(Chorus)</b> Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! Our God is marching on. In the beauty of the lilies <a href="#">Christ</a> was born across the sea,</p>	<p><i>Chorus:</i> Glory, glory, hallelujah, /  Glory, glory, hallelujah, His soul goes marching on.</p> <p>He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord, /  He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord, His soul goes marching on. <i>Chorus:</i> John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back, / John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back, His soul goes marching on. <i>Chorus:</i> John Brown died that the slaves might be free, / John Brown died that the slaves might be free, His soul goes marching on. <i>Chorus:</i> The stars above in Heaven now are looking kindly down, / The stars above in Heaven now are looking kindly down, His soul goes marching on. <i>Chorus:</i> John Brown by William W. Patton <b>Old John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave, While weep the sons of bondage whom he ventured all to save; But tho he lost his life while struggling for the slave, His soul is marching on.</b></p> <p><b>John Brown was a hero, undaunted, true and brave, And Kansas knows his valor when he fought her rights to save;</b></p>
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<p>With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:  As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  While God is marching on.  <b>(Chorus)</b>  Glory, glory, hallelujah!  Glory, glory, hallelujah!  Glory, glory, hallelujah!  While God is marching on.  He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave,  He is Wisdom to the mighty, He is Succour to the brave,  So the world shall be His footstool, and the soul of Time His slave,  Our God is marching on.  <b>(Chorus)</b>  Glory, glory, hallelujah!  Glory, glory, hallelujah!  Glory, glory, hallelujah!  Our God is marching on.</p>	<p><b>Now, tho the grass grows green above his grave,  His soul is marching on.</b></p> <p><b>He captured Harper's Ferry, with his nineteen men so few,  And frightened "Old Virginny" till she trembled thru and thru;  They hung him for a traitor, themselves the traitor crew,  But his soul is marching on.</b></p> <p><b>John Brown was John the Baptist of the Christ we are to see,  Christ who of the bondmen shall the Liberator be,  And soon thruout the Sunny South the slaves shall all be free,  For his soul is marching on.</b></p> <p><b>The conflict that he heralded he looks from heaven to view,  On the army of the Union with its flag red, white and blue.  And heaven shall ring with anthems o'er the deed they mean to do,  For his soul is marching on.</b></p> <p><b>Ye soldiers of Freedom, then strike, while strike ye may,  The death blow of oppression in a better time and way,  For the dawn of old John Brown has brightened into day,  And his soul is marching on.</b></p>
<p>Star Spangled Banner by Francis Scott Key (1814)  Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light  What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?  Whose broad stripes and bright stars thru the perilous fight,  O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?  And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.  Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave  O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?</p>	<p><b>British Poems</b></p> <p>War In Disguise</p> <p><b>One Stephens, a lawyer, and once a reporter,  Of war and of taxes a gallant supporter,  In some way or other to Wilberforce kin,  And a member, like him, of a borough bought in,  Who a Master in Chancery since has been made,  Wrote a pamphlet to show that</b></p>

<p>On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:  'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh long may it wave  O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!</p> <p>And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  A home and a country should leave us no more!  Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.  No refuge could save the hireling and slave  From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:  And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!</p> <p>Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  Between their loved home and the war's desolation!  Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n rescued land  Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.  Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."  And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!</p>	<p><b>Jonathan's TRADE</b>  <b>Was a 'War in Disguise;' which, though strange at first sight,</b>  <b>Events have since proved may have been but too right;</b>  <b>For when Carden the ship of the Yankee Decatur</b>  <b>Attacked without doubting to take her or beat her,</b>  <b>A FRIGATE she seemed to his glass and his eyes;</b>  <b>But when <i>taken himself</i>, how great his surprise</b>  <b>To find her a SEVENTY-FOUR IN DISGUISE!</b>  <b>If Jonathan thus has the art of disguising,</b>  <b>That he captures our ships is by no means surprising;</b>  <b>And it can't be disgraceful to strike to an elf</b>  <b>Who is more than a match for the devil himself. –Puss</b></p> <p><b>EDITOR'S NOTE: After the capture of the HMS <i>Macedonian</i>, captained by Capt. John S. Carden by USS <i>United States</i>, captained by Stephen Decatur Jr., in the autumn of 1812, this epigram appeared in Cobbett's <i>Political Register</i>, an English publication.</b></p>