

THE
BATTLE OF THE WABASH.

A PATRIOTIC SONG,

Written by

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TO THE FAVOURITE AIR OF

ANACREON IN HEAVEN.

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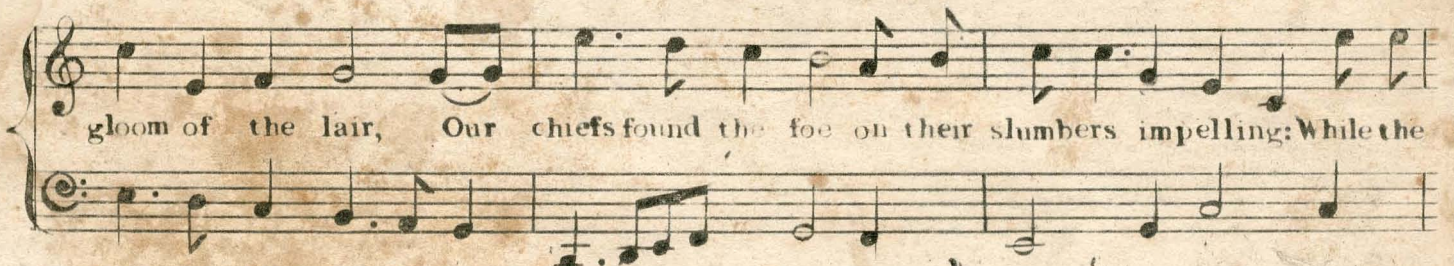
CON SPIRITO.



In the dead of the night, when a loud on the air, Through



darkness the war whoop was heard fiercely yelling, Like lions just wild from the



gloom of the lair, Our chiefs found the foe on their slumbers impelling: While the



mantle of night, Hid the savage from sight, Undismay'd were our warriors

slain in the fight; But the laurel shall e-ver con-ti-nue to wave, And

glory thus bloom o'er the tomb of the brave, But the laurel shall e-ver con-

-ti-nue to wave, And glory thus bloom o'er the tomb of the brave.

2.

Great Daviess and Owen, bright offspring of Fame,
Rushed on to the battle, with bosoms undaunted;
And ere bearing death the dread rifle ball came
In the breast of the foe oft their weapons they planted,
Gallant chieftains adieu,
Tears your destiny drew,
Yet shall rise o'er your tombs neither cypress nor yew,
But the laurel &c.

3.

Long was Mc Mahon and Spencer and Baen,
And Berry, mid darkness, their banners defended;
But when day drew the curtain of night they were seen
Covered o'er with the blood of the savage extended,
Though Freedom may weep,
Where they mouldering sleep,
Yet shall valour their deaths as a Jubilee keep
While the laurel &c.

4.

Ye chiefs of the Wabash, who gallantly fought,
And fearlessly heard the dread storm of war rattle;
Who lived to see conquest so terribly bought,
While your brothers were slain in the uproar of battle,
Still fearless remain,
And though stretched on the plain,
You shall rise on the records of Freedom again,
For the laurel &c.

5.

Ye sons of Columbia, when danger is nigh,
And Liberty calls round her standard to rally;
For your Country, your wives, and your children, to die,
Resolve on your foes in stern valour to sally,
Every hero secure,
That his fame shall endure,
Till eternity time in oblivion immerse;
For the laurel &c.

FORT MC HENRY. OR THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

1.

O say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleam—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming,
And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there,
O say does that star-spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

2.

On the shore dimly seen thro' 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, O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

3.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battles, confusion,
A home and a country, shall leave us no more
Their blood has wash'd 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.

4.

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home and the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land,
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserv'd 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!