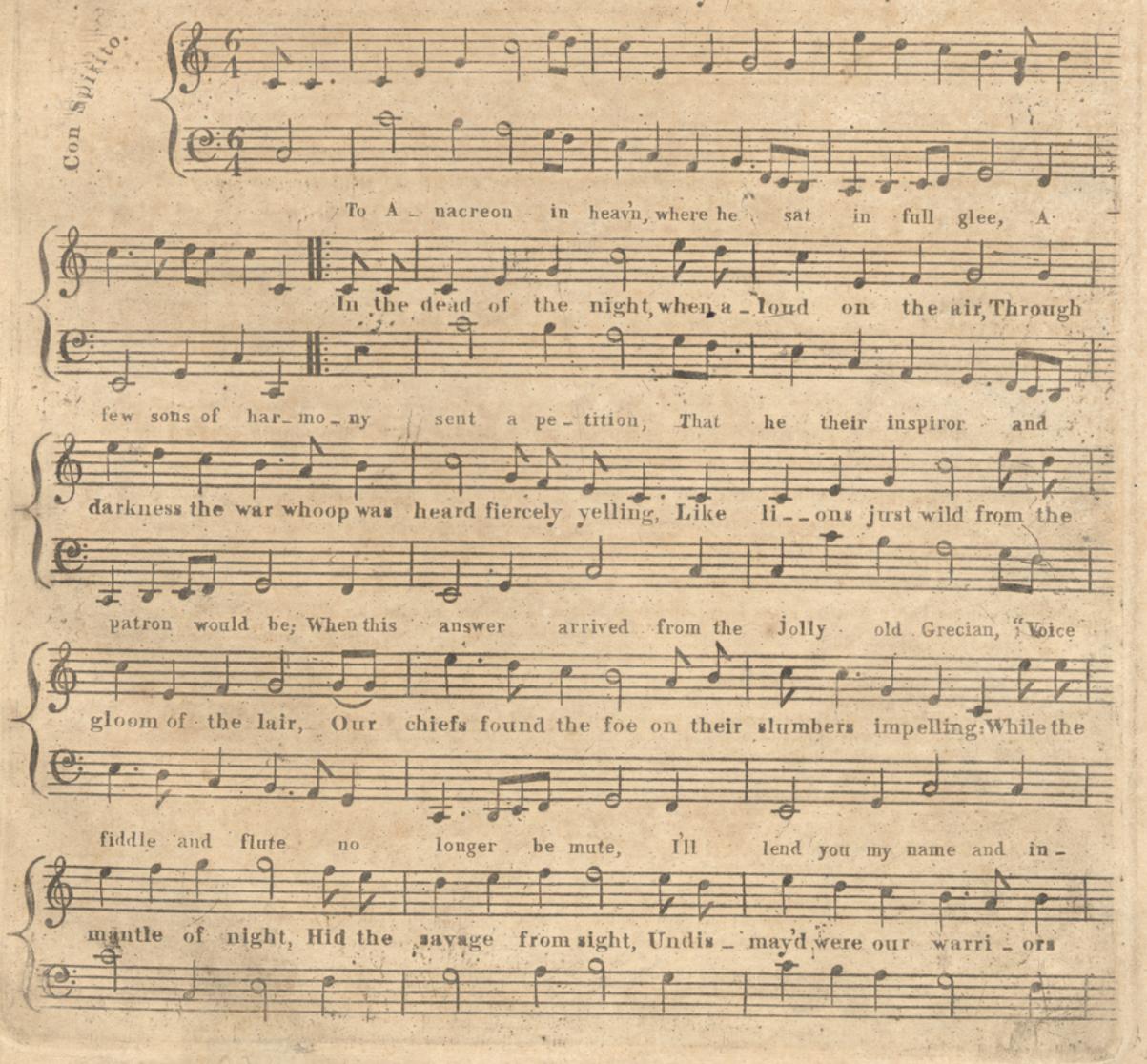
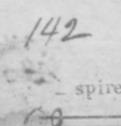
BATTLE OF THE WABASH.

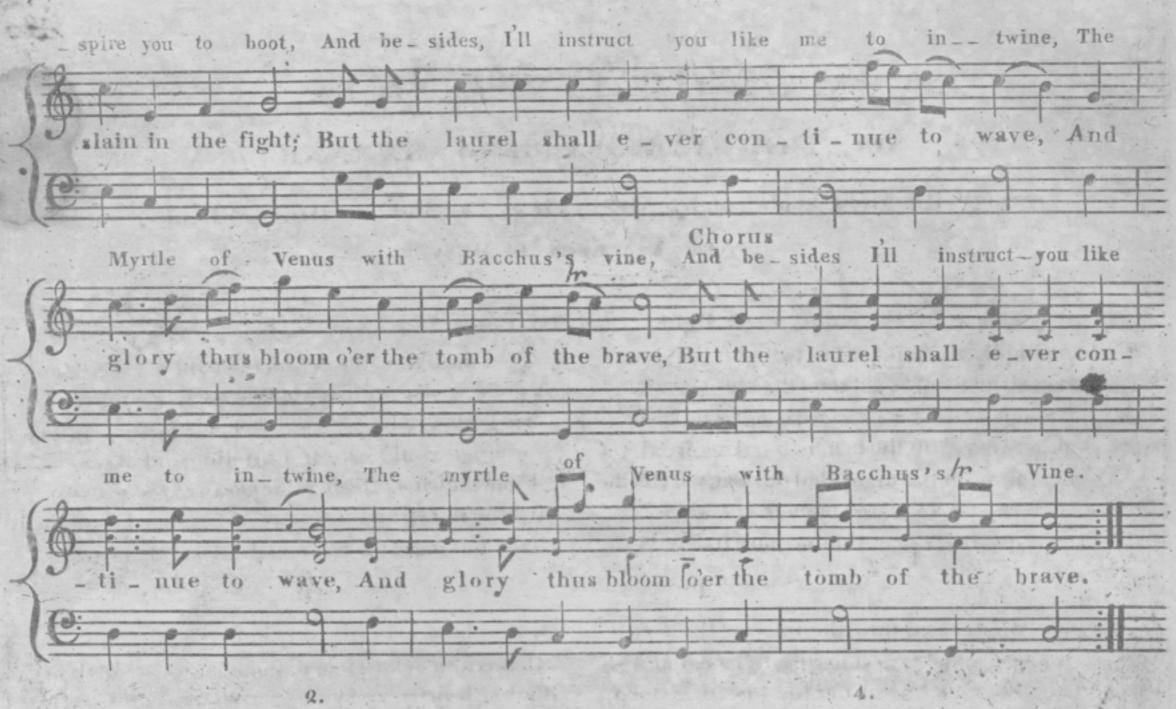
Written by Joseph Hutton!

Anacreon in Heaven!

PHILADELPHIA. Published by G. E. Blake.







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.

Long, Warwick, McMahon 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.

The news through Olympus immediately flew, When old Thunderpretended to give himself airs_ "If these mortals are sufferd their scheme to persue, The devil a Goddess will stay above stairs. "Hark! already they cry __In transports of joy, Away to the Sons of Anacreon we'll fly, "And there with good fellows well learn to intwine &c.

"The Yellow haird God and his nine fusty maids, "From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee, "Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades, "And the bi_forked hill a mere desart will be, "My thunder, no fearout __ Shall soon do its errand, And, dam'me! I'll swinge the ringleaders, I warrant, "I'll trim the young dogs, for thus daring to twine &c.

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand, Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love! Tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd, You've the sanction of Gods, and the fiat of Jove. 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.

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 immure; For the laurel &c.

Apollo rose up, and said, "prythee ne'er quarrel, Good king of the Gods, with my vot ries below; "Yourthunder is useless-then, shewing his laurel, Cryd, "Sic evitabile fulmen - you know! "Then over each head-My laurels I'll spread, "So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread, "Whilst snug in their Club-room, they jovially twine &c. Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz, And swore with Apollo he'd chearfully join____ "The full tide of harmony still shall be his, "But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall bemine. "Then, Jove be not jealous - Of these honest fellows, Cryd Jove, "we relent, since the truth you now tell us; "And swear, by old Styx, that they long shall entwine &c.

While thus we agree _Our toast let it be, May our Club flourish happy, united and free! And long may the Sons of Anacreon entwine, The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

FORT MC. HENRY,

OR, THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Sung with great applause by Mr. Hardinge, at the Theatre Baltimore.

AIR, ANACREON IN HEAVEN. 141

1st

Oher the range that star spangled banner yet wave,

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

and

Building the later than the second of the se

THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF T

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foes 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 new 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.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havor of war and the battle's confusion,

A home and a country, shall leave us no more

Their blood has washd 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.

Atl

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between their lovd home, and the wars disolation,
Blest with victry and peace, may the heavn rescued land,
Praise the powr that hath made and preservd 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!

But the state of t