THE
BATTLE OF THE WABASH:
A PATRIOTIC SONG,
Written by Joseph Hutton,
To the favourite Air of
Anacreon in Heaven.

PHILADELPHIA. Published by G. E. Blake.

To Anacreon in heaven, where he sat in full glee,

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

Through few sons of harmony sent a petition, That he their inspirer and

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

patron would be, When this answer arrived from the Jolly old Grecian, "Voice

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

fiddle and flute no longer be mute, I'll lend you my name and in-
mantle of night, Hid the savage from sight, Undisguised were our warri-
spire you to boot, And beside, I'll instruct you like me to in - twine, The
Chorus
Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine, And beside I'll instruct you like

2.
Great Daviess and Owen, bright offspring of Flame,
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 chief the 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.

3.
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.

4.
Ye sons of Columbus, when danger is nigh,
And Liberty calls and her standard to rally;
For your Country, your wives, and your children, to die,
Resolve on your foes, in stern valour, to rally;
Every hero secure,
That his fame shall endure,
Til eternity, time in oblivion immure;
For the laurel &c.

5.
Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand,
Preserve unanymly, friendship, and love!
Tis yours to support what's so happily planned,
You've the sanction of Gods, and the fiat of Jove.

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

6.
Apollo rose up and said "pray thee nearer quarrer,
Good king of the Gods, with my votaries below,
"Ye cannot only, then, trailing his laurel,
Cyd, "Sic evitabile fulmen— you know,"
"Then over each head— My laurels I'll spread,"
"Some sons from your crakers no mischief shall breed,"
"While sung in their Club-room, they jovially twine &c.

Next Monus got up, with his visible phiz,
And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join, etc.
"The full tide of harmony still shall be his,"
"But the song and the cast, and the laugh shall be mine,"
"Then, Jove be not jealous— Of these honest fellows,"
"Cyd, love, we relent, since the truth you bowell fir;"
"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.

1st
O, say can you see, by the dawns early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched 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.

2nd
On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haggard host with his dread silence reposes;
What is it and 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.

3rd
And where is that land who so proudly we hailed,
That the full of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country, shall 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.

4th
O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's dislocation,
Blest with vict'r 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.