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COLUMBIA'S HARDY SEAMEN.

Air—The Little Roving Sailor.

GAYLY, lads, our friends we're leaving.
 Ho! or calls us to the main.
 Sweethearts! what's the use of grieving?
 We but part to meet again.
 Gayly, lads, &c.

Soon avenged our country's quarrels.
 What delicious joys we'll prove;
 Sweet reposing, crowned with laurels.
 In the arms of those we love.
 Gayly, lads, &c.

Love of country, love of glory,
 From our mother's breast we drew:
 Our forefathers, famed in story,
 Gave the bright example, too.
 Gayly, lads, &c.

Arm our floating towers of timber.
 Our Union bids each pulse beat higher:
 Show the world our joints are limber,
 Nerves of steel and souls of fire.
 Gayly, lads, &c.

Haste, then, seize each plundering corsair.
 Where the waves insulted roll:
 Trade protect in every quarter,
 From the tropic to the pole.
 Gayly, lads, &c.

Never fearing foes of weather,
 Union being still our boast;
 Free we'll live, or die together,
 "Union!" boys, in bumper's toast.
 Gayly, lads, &c.

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