



## American Music: Remembering Samuel Woodworth

In a review of the 1818 edition of Samuel Woodworth's<sup>1</sup> *Poems, Odes, Songs, and other Metrical Effusions*, an unnamed author for *The Analectic Magazine* (the same Philadelphia periodical that in 1813 and 1814 had been edited by Washington Irving) wrote:

“The literary productions of our country, seem at last to have taken a start; and we may now venture to hope, that the charge of barrenness which has been brought against the American mind, will be disproved. Poetry, in particular, which has heretofore been treated as an exotic, and bore evident marks of its foreign extraction, has of late been discovered in various quarters of the union, and cultivated with considerable success. It is true, that of the many poetical works which now issue from the press, there are few which will bear a comparison with the effusions of our trans-atlantic brethren: Yet an impetus being once given, we have no doubt, that in a comparatively short time, poets equal to those of other nations will spring up. In the mean time, however, there will be numerous failures; and hundreds on whom the true inspiration hath not descended, will light their farthing candles at the eternal lamp of some great master, and successively disappear. Of the works before us, we think that of Mr. Woodworth entitled to the preference: both from the marks of genius visible in it, and the situation and life of the author...

“The poetry of Mr. Woodworth although containing nothing very striking, is still we think entitled to no small share of praise. The language is almost uniformly harmonious, and we often see traits of nature and simplicity; and what we cannot help liking, Americanisms and American allusions. At all events, he is no copier of foreign poets and foreign ideas. We see no reason why, with so much to delight and interest around us, we should resort to the ‘crambe bis cocta’<sup>2</sup> of the British poets. We love to

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<sup>1</sup> Born in Scituate, Massachusetts, Woodworth (1784-1842) was the youngest child of Revolutionary War veteran Benjamin Woodworth. At various times he lived in Baltimore, New Haven, and New York City, but ended up spending most of his life and career in the latter metropolis.

<sup>2</sup> “Cabbage boiled twice.”

find our own scenery and manners in verse, and not those of any other country; and have no doubt that the Delaware, the Missouri, or the Ohio would flow as harmoniously through American lyrics, as the Tweed, the Thames, or the Avon. The longest poem in the book, is a kind of half satire, half eulogy on New Haven and the manners and customs of our New England brethren. It is written in many parts with considerable force and spirit, although on the whole not entitled to great praise...

“The smaller pieces in this volume are chiefly patriotic songs on the naval victories, written in a popular style, but rather overdoing the matter. We have no objection to seeing them, however, as they contribute to the support of a national feeling, that great desideratum of the republic...”<sup>3</sup>

By about the late 19<sup>th</sup> century, the verdict on Woodworth was that he was best and, in effect, only to be remembered for his song “The Old Oaken Bucket” (originally titled “The Bucket.”) Even sympathetic Samuel Adams Drake, in his delightful *A Book of New England Legends and Folklore in Prose and Poetry* (1901), states: “His (Woodworth’s) reputation rests upon this one stroke of genius. He never wrote anything better than this beautiful lyric, which is capable of hushing the most boisterous assemblies into silence...”<sup>4</sup>

Yet in his prime, Woodworth was viewed with distinguished favor by some of early America’s most noted authors and critics, including, among others, Washington Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, James Kirke Paulding, and William Cullen Bryant -- not to mention as well Sir Walter Scott. When Edgar Allen Poe reviewed Rufus Wilmot Griswold’s *The Poets and Poetry of America* (1842), he bemoaningly took Griswold to task for only including Woodworth’s name among a number who had been dumped into the “Various” poets category; i.e., instead of devoting an special section to him (Woodworth, by the way, had died in the same year Griswold’s anthology was published.)

Where then does Woodworth’s merit lie? Perhaps someplace in between his admirers and dismissers. For one thing, “The Old Oaken Bucket” was far from being his only catchy tune. His “Patriotic Diggers” and “The Hunters of Kentucky” (wonderfully recorded in modern times by folk singer Wallace House) are now equally as memorable. His prose fiction and plays, such as the novel *The Champions of Freedom* (1816), though deserving much less attention than his verse, are at least valuable in furnishing colorful glimpses and vivid vignettes of life, including public gatherings and theater, in the very young United States. Yet all seem to agree that if Woodworth *is* to be famous, it must be for his poetry.

But there’s the rub also. As a poet, Woodworth was usually and merely passing competent. While warm and amiable for his unbounded optimism and buoyant cheerfulness, there is rarely depth of thought or profundity of imagination in him. In retrospect and like Irish bard Thomas Moore (by whom he was much inspired), what

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<sup>3</sup> *The Analectic Magazine*, Volume 12, July 1818, pp. 66-72.

<sup>4</sup> pp. 373-374

made him *truly* great was his natural talent as a lyricist.<sup>5</sup> It is the *musicality* of his verse, marked by clean rhythms, purity of phrase, and a mellifluous choice of words, that sets him alongside if not above other American writers in this category of composition. So much so, that perhaps Woodworth might have achieved more deserved renown if he had been as well a musical composer -- say, something along the lines of Stephen Foster. To help verify the point then, we've collected here selections of Woodworth at some of his best in this department.

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*FREEDOM'S STAR.*

Hail, Star of Freedom, hail!  
Whose splendor ne'er shall fail,  
In peace or war;  
Long shall thy golden ray  
O'er these blessed regions play,  
While millions own the sway  
Of Freedom's Star.

Our sires, a pilgrim band,  
Who sought this promised land,  
From realms afar,  
Spurned fell oppression's sway,  
And dared the pathless way,  
Led by the golden ray  
Of Freedom's Star.

Their sons, with kindred flame,  
Have earned an equal fame,  
In peace and war!  
Determined to be free,  
Have fought by land and sea,  
Led on to victory,  
By Freedom's Star!

Beneath her temple's dome,  
Here wanderers find a home  
From realms afar!  
Blest in their happy choice,  
Here will they long rejoice,  
And with united voice,

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<sup>5</sup> Moore, in later years, humbly down-played his own talent as a poet. In a letter dated "Sloperton [Cottage, Bromham, Wiltshire, England]," 3 Dec. 1843, and written to an unknown recipient, he stated: "...the Publick has been so long and abundantly dosed with my versicles that they must, by this time, I think, be as tired of them as I am myself. I must likewise add that if I ever do commit verse again I am bound by promise to let an old & dear friend of mine have the refusal of it. Wishing you every success both in verse and song, I am, dear Madam..." *private collection.*]

Hail Freedom's Star!<sup>6</sup>

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*FREEDOM'S CONSTELLATION.*

Glory gilds the western skies  
With bright irradiation,  
Where brilliant stars so oft arise  
In Freedom's constellation.  
See the glittering orbs revolve  
Around the sun of Union!  
And never shall the tie dissolve  
Which holds them in communion.  
This exalts Columbia's cause,  
And gilds her reputation;  
This secures her earth's applause,  
And Heaven's approbation.

Long shall live Columbia's name,  
In patriotic story,  
And long around her brow shall flame  
A bright, unsullied glory.  
Virtue's panoply she wears,  
Her weapons truth and justice;  
The olive-branch her standard bears,  
In Heaven alone her trust is.  
This exalts Columbia's cause, &c.

Mild religion's lucid ray  
Her glowing prospect brightens,  
And superstition shuns the day  
Which literature enlightens.  
Charity's celestial flame  
Here sheds its mild effulgence,  
For every party, sect, and name,  
Enjoys the same indulgence.  
This exalts Columbia's cause, &c.

Freemen reap the fertile soil  
Their valor has defended,  
And smiling plenty crowns the toil  
Which health and hope attended.  
Exiles here a refuge find,

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<sup>6</sup> *The Poetical Works of Samuel Woodworth* (1861), Vol. II pp. 87-88.

Secure from persecution,  
And bless the wisdom that designed  
Our glorious constitution.  
This exalts Columbia's cause, &c.

See our mighty realm increase,  
Since independence crowned it,  
And its growth shall never cease,  
Till oceans only bound it.  
Still Columbia never fights  
For conquest or for plunder;  
Nothing but insulted right  
Can wake her martial thunder.  
This exalts Columbia's cause, &c.

See Neptune with the lakes allied --  
No legendary story --  
The god of ocean gains a bride  
Where Perry wedded glory.  
See potent steam's resistless charm  
Uniting distant places,  
Till Mississippi's giant arm  
The Hudson's form embraces.  
This exalts Columbia's cause &c.

Hail, thou mistress of the West!  
Where freemen hold dominion,  
Where the dove may safely rest  
Beneath the eagle's pinion.  
Long as Cynthia wheels her car,  
Or Phœbus holds his station,  
Be virtue still the brightest star  
In Freedom's Constellation.  
This exalts Columbia's cause,  
And gilds her reputation;  
This secures her earth's applause,  
And Heaven's approbation.<sup>7</sup>

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*THE VICTOR COMES, HUZZA!*

Flee, busy care! the god of war  
Will guard him in the fray,  
And where the rudest dangers are,

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<sup>7</sup> Vol. II, pp. 88-91.

His plume is seen to play.  
Where martial banners proudly wave,  
And flashing blades appear,  
There moves the leader of the brave,  
His heart unknown to fear  
The routed foe, retreating,  
To freemen yield the day;

The roll of joy is beating,  
The field is ours, huzza!

My hero claims the brightest wreath,  
The loudest note of fame,  
Let Music's voice his praises breath,  
And bards repeat his name.  
He comes to bless my longing arms,  
And cheer his lonely bride;  
Safe from the battle's rude alarms,  
He comes in martial pride.  
He comes with smiles returning,  
In triumph's glittering car;  
The torch of joy is burning,  
The victor comes, huzza!<sup>8</sup>

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### *INDEPENDENCE.*

Come, crowd around the festive board,  
And join the song with one accord,  
Be every breast with pleasure stored,  
And care and envy send hence.  
Our dear-bought freedom we will praise,  
Dear-bought freedom -- dear-bought freedom --  
Our dear-bought freedom we will praise,  
The right of our descendants;  
Our dear-bought freedom we will praise,  
And every glowing heart shall raise  
The chorus of our joyful lays,  
Columbia's Independence.

Be party rancor banished hence,  
For peace is virtue's recompense;  
Friendship and love on no pretence  
Should ever meet with hinderance.

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<sup>8</sup> Vol. II, pp. 92-93.

Let sons of freedom e'er agree --  
Sons of freedom -- sons of freedom --  
Let sons of freedom e'er agree,  
In amity's attendance;  
Let sons of freedom e'er agree,  
For why should men, existing free,  
Deform with discord's stormy sea --  
Columbia's Independence!

We here assemble to rejoice  
That patriots, with united voice,  
Once rose and made this manly choice,  
For them and their descendants.  
They freedom's eagle raised on high --  
Freedom's eagle -- freedom's eagle --  
They freedom's eagle raised on high,  
Amid the stars' resplendence;  
They freedom's eagle raised on high,  
And swore to fight or bravely die,  
If foreign despots dare deny  
Columbia's Independence.

Bellona goads her foaming steeds,  
Beneath her car Oppression bleeds,  
And Tyranny with haste recedes,  
With all his cursed attendants;  
Our patriot fathers gained the day --  
Patriot fathers -- patriot fathers --  
Our patriot fathers gained the day,  
For them and their descendants;  
Our patriot fathers gained the day,  
For which we raise the joyful lay,  
And on our banners still display  
Columbia's Independence.

Then Freedom bade her temple rise,  
Whose fabric every foe defies,  
While joyous seraphs from the skies  
Bestow their glad attendance;  
And shades of martyrs smiling see --  
Shades of martyrs -- shades of martyrs --  
And shades of martyrs smiling see  
The joy of their descendants;  
And shades of martyrs smiling see  
Their sons united, brave, and free,  
And yearly hail, with mirth and glee,

Columbia's Independence.<sup>9</sup>

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*THE PATRIOTIC DIGGERS.*

Johnny Bull beware,  
Keep at proper distance,  
Else we'll make you stare  
At our firm resistance;  
Let alone the lads  
Who are freedom tasting,  
Recollect our dads  
Gave you once a basting.  
Pickaxe, shovel, spade,  
Crowbar, hoe, and barrow,  
Better not invade,  
Yankees have the marrow.  
To protect our rights  
'Gainst your flints and triggers,  
See on Brooklyn Heights  
Our patriotic diggers;  
Men of every age,  
Color, rank, profession,  
Ardently engage,  
Labor in succession.

Pickaxe, shovel, spade,  
Crowbar, hoe, and barrow,  
Better not invade,  
Yankees have the marrow.

Grandeur leaves her towers,  
Poverty her hovel,  
Here to join their powers  
With the hoe and shovel.  
Here the merchant toils  
With the patriot sawyer,  
There the laborer smiles,  
Near him sweats the lawyer.  
Pickaxe, shovel, spade,  
Crowbar, hoe, and barow,  
Better not invade,  
Yankees have the marrow.

Here the mason builds

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<sup>9</sup> Vol. II, pp. 100-102.



Freedom's shrine of glory,  
While the painter gilds  
The immortal story.  
Blacksmiths catch the flame,  
Grocers feel the spirit,  
Printers share the fame,  
And record their merit.  
Pickaxe, shovel, spade,  
Crowbar, hoe, and barrow,  
Better not invade,  
Yankees have the marrow,

Scholars leave their schools  
With their patriot teachers;  
Farmers seize their tools,  
Headed by their preachers.  
How they break the soil!  
Brewers, butchers, bakers,  
Here the doctors toil,  
There the undertakers.  
Pickaxe, shovel, spade,  
Crowbar, hoe, and barrow,  
Better not invade,  
Yankees have the marrow.

Bright Apollo's sons  
Leave their pipe and tabor,  
'Mid the roar of guns  
Join the martial labor;  
Round the embattled plain  
In sweet concord rally,  
And in freedom's strain  
Sing the foe's finale!  
Pickaxe, shovel, spade,  
Crowbar, hoe, and barrow,  
Better not invade,  
Yankees have the marrow.

Plumbers, founders, dyers,  
Tinmen, turners, shavers,  
Sweepers, clerks, and criers,  
Jewellers, engravers,  
Clothiers, drapers, players,  
Cartmen, hatters, tailors,  
Gaugers, sealers, weighers,  
Carpenters, and sailors.

Pickaxe, shovel, spade,  
Crowbar, hoe, and barrow,  
Better not invade,  
Yankees have the marrow.

Better not invade;  
Recollect the spirit  
Which our dads displayed,  
And their sons inherit;  
If you still advance,  
Friendly caution slighting,  
You may get, by chance,  
A bellyful of fighting.  
Pickaxe, shovel, spade,  
Crowbar, hoe, and barrow,  
Better not invade,  
Yankees have the marrow.<sup>10</sup>

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*COLUMBIA, THE PRIDE OF THE WORLD.*

Oh, there is a region, a realm in the West,  
To Tyranny's shackles unknown,  
A country with union and liberty blest,  
That fairest of lands is our own.  
Where commerce has opened her richest of marts,  
Where freedom's bright flag is unfurled,  
The garden of science, the seat of the arts,  
Columbia, the pride of the world.

The rays of her glory have lighted the earth,  
While Tyranny's minions, dismayed,  
Acknowledged her prowess, admitted her worth,  
And shrunk at the flash of her blade.  
For conquest or plunder she never contends,  
For freedom, her flag is unfurled;  
And foemen in battle, in peace are thy friends,  
Columbia, the pride of the world.

Her clime is a refuge for all the oppressed,  
Whom tyranny urges to roam;  
And every exile we greet as a guest,  
Soon feels like a brother at home.  
Then hail to our country, the land of our birth,

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<sup>10</sup> Vol. II, pp. 105-107.

Where freedom's bright flag is unfurled;  
The rays of whose glory have lighted the earth,  
Columbia, the pride of the world.<sup>11</sup>

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*ODE, SUNG AT THE CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE  
BY THE SOCIETY OF JUVENILE PATRIOTS.*

[AN EARLY JUVENILE PRODUCTION.]

When from our shores Bellona's car  
Recoiled amid dread scenes of war;  
The guardian genius of our land  
Gave listening freemen this command --  
"Revere fair Freedom's chosen son,  
Protect with life the prize he won."

High on her right the hero stood,  
Victorious from the fields of blood,  
And poised to heaven his reeking blade,  
As witness to the vow he made: --  
"This arm, with Heaven for its shield,  
Shall e'er protect the dear-bought field."

The goddess heard the solemn vow,  
And twined the laurel round his brow;  
While swelled the anthem to his praise,  
And spheres responsive caught the lays --  
"Revere the hero, Washington,  
For he your independence won."

Then, while we consecrate the day  
Which gave our land its lawful sway,  
Let all our bosoms glow with fires  
Becoming sons of hero sires;  
Swear ne'er to forfeit what they won,  
While earth revolves around the sun.

And while our goblets flow with wine,  
While rich libations grace the shrine,  
In clouds of incense to the skies  
Let this inspiring theme arise: --  
"The youth of freedom e'er will be  
Champions of sacred Liberty."

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<sup>11</sup> Vol. II, pp. 112-113.

While Mars' red banner floats unfurled,  
O'er the blood-deluged eastern world,  
Here, Peace shall bless us with her reign,  
While Virtue, Right, and Faith remain;  
And let mad Europe blush to see  
That Peace can dwell with Liberty.

But if our foes should e'er conspire  
To kindle Freedom's funeral pyre,  
And slaves of tyrants join the band  
To subjugate their native land,  
Our youth, indignant, then shall rise,  
And save the dearly-purchased prize.

Our fathers fought, and scorned to yield,  
But drove Oppression from the field;  
Then gave this mandate with the prize,  
To unborn patriots yet to rise: --  
"Protect the blessing we bestow,  
And guard your rights from every foe."

Then, youthful patriots, rise, and swear  
To hold the glorious name you bear;  
Your dear-bought freedom to maintain,  
While ocean, earth, or sky remain;  
And, like your fathers, still to be  
Independent, great, and free.<sup>12</sup>

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*WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.*

While festive joys our hearts inspire,  
Awake the patriotic lyre  
With chords of light and tones of fire,  
To sing a hero's worth;  
And let our voices swell the lay,  
Again to celebrate the day,  
Illumed with Glory's brightest ray,  
The day that give him birth.

Ennobled by himself alone,  
His glory so resplendent shone,  
That regal sceptre, crown, and throne,

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<sup>12</sup> Vol. II, pp. 113-115.

Would but have dimmed its rays;  
Devoted to his country's cause,  
The champion of her rights and laws,  
His children are heaven's applause  
And earth's united praise.

In halls of state, and fields of blood,  
He like a firm Colossus stood,  
His object still Columbia's good,  
His trust in Heaven alone;  
But when the avenging deed was done,  
And Freedom's host the field had won,  
Then was immortal Washington  
Throned in a nation's love.

When War's dread fiend had stayed his hand,  
And dove-eyed Peace had blessed the land,  
The hero sheathed the conquering wand,  
Which independence won;  
His valor made our country free,  
Secured our rights and liberty,  
Then let us celebrate with glee  
The birth of Washington.<sup>13</sup>

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*A TRIBUTE TO LAFAYETTE.*

What is true greatness? In the Eternal Mind  
'T is wisdom, love, and potency combined;  
In man, his image, it is truth in thought,  
Embraced, beloved, and into action brought;  
In one bright spirit all these virtues met,  
And blessed the world with glorious Lafayette,  
Whose feelings, thoughts, and acts united, ran  
To one grand point -- the happiness of man.  
No blemish stained the escutcheon which he bore;  
If he loved glory -- he loved virtue more:  
Heir to a splendid name, rank, title, power,  
And princely fortune -- from the elysian bower  
Of youthful wedlock, which an Eden bloomed  
By breath of angel tenderness perfumed,  
He tore himself away -- at Freedom's call,  
In Freedom's cause resolved at stand or fall.

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<sup>13</sup> Vol. II, pp. 129-130.

From a voluptuous court, where all caressed,  
He flew to join her votaries in the West;  
Here, with a stripling's arm, he bared the blade,  
The drooping cause of Liberty to aid;  
Resolved for glory's dazzling goal to run,  
And share the prize with none but Washington.

Was this not greatness? -- Triumph or defeat --  
The furious onset -- masterly retreat --  
Skill, courage, patience, conduct, and address --  
Yet great in all -- till crowned with bright success  
He saw our country free; with laurelled brow  
Beheld her God-like chief resume the plough;  
Then sought his much-loved, native land again,  
To beard the fiend Oppression in his den,  
Bearing a torch from Freedom's blazing shrine,  
Which lights the world, and will for ever shine.

Whether beheld in Victory's brightest hour,  
Or as a fugitive from lawless power;  
In the dark cells of Olmutz, crushed with chains,  
Still not a spot his laurel chaplet stains.  
Freed by Napoleon's arms -- e'en gratitude  
His love of truth and virtue ne'er subdued.  
With manly pride he princely honors spurned,  
And to his fireside -- loved La Grange -- returned.  
Was greatness his, whom cursed ambition fired  
To mount a throne -- or Lafayette's, retired?

But time rolled on -- the hero came once more,  
And millions hailed him "Welcome to our shore!"  
That was a triumph "meet for gods to view,  
And men, like gods"-- what monarchs never knew.  
But oh! the moral grandeur of that hour,  
When introduced beneath our senate's dome,  
That solemn conclave hailed him "Welcome home!"  
Leaves human language destitute of power  
To do it justice. It was more sublime  
Than any scene upon the page of time.

And when he saw the sages of the land,  
Convened to place in one deserving hand  
The reins of power, the car of state to guide,  
In peace or war, whatever fate betide;  
A chief installed without the vain parade  
Which dazzles vassals, when their king are made:

Fired with the moral grandeur of the scene,  
 With tear-drops gushing from an eye serene,  
 He saw -- he heard -- and, with high-throbbing breast,  
 Pronounced Columbia's sons supremely blest.  
 But lo! in France oppression reigns again,  
 And Lafayette, at three-score years and ten,  
 Plucks from the Bourbon brow the jewelled crown,  
 While the weak despot, shrinking from his frown,  
 Yields him the sceptre, flying in disgrace --  
 The last, the worst of that degenerate race!  
 Millions of hearts, and hands, and voices, now  
 Had placed upon the patriot's silvery brow  
 That dazzling diadem -- but he was yet  
 Greater than monarchs -- he was Lafayette!  
 On younger brows he placed the glittering thing,  
 And swore allegiance to the new-made king:  
 This was true greatness -- for this act surpassed  
 The loftiest stretch of thought -- it was the last --  
 And it approached so near the heavenly goal,  
 Earth could no longer hold so pure a soul;  
 But, filled with virtue, wisdom, truth, and love,  
 'T was called to wear a diadem above.  
 We mourn him not on this august occasion --  
 We celebrate his heavenly coronation!<sup>14</sup>

*This tribute to the memory and virtues of Lafayette, was recited by William Wiley, Esq., at the Chatham-street chapel, in the city of New York, on the evening of the eighteenth of December, 1834, preparatory to a eulogy on the life and character of the distinguished patriot.*

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*THE IRISH ORPHAN.*

CITIZEN.

Irish maiden, whither fly you?  
 Whence the moisture on your cheek?  
 Danger here shall not come nigh you --  
 Tell me what, and whom, you seek.

IRISH GIRL.

Pity, sir, a hapless stranger,  
 Friendless on a foreign shore!  
 Much, alas! I fear of danger --

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<sup>14</sup> Vol. II, pp. 133-136.

I'm from Erin, just come o'er.

CITIZEN.

Where 's your kindred, friend, protector?  
Sure you ventured not alone?  
Had you not some kind director?  
Father, brother -- have you none?

IRISH GIRL.

Yes I have -- I had a brother,  
Once a widowed parent's stay;  
Yes, alas! I had a mother  
Both by fate were snatched away!

CITIZEN.

Then, an orphan, unprotected,  
You have left your native isle,  
To Columbia's shore directed,  
Where you meet no kindred smile?

IRISH GIRL.

No -- a parent, and a brother,  
With me from oppression run;  
Death deprived me of my mother --  
Cruel Britons *pressed* her son.

Under Freedom's banner sailing,  
Just in view of Freedom's shore,  
Brightening prospects Hope was hailing,  
Whispering future bliss in store:

When we spied the flag of Britain,  
Where foreboding fancy read  
Some impending evil written --  
How my bosom beat with dread!

First a shot our course arrested,  
Then their slaves disgraced our deck,  
Fathers from their children wrested!  
Son from parent's -- sister's neck!

"Spare!" I cried, "oh, spare my brother!  
Spare him for a parent's sake!"  
"Save! oh, save him!" cried my mother,  
"Or his sister's heart will break!"



Smiling pirates! they but mocked us!  
Laughed at fond affection's grief!  
And with brutal language shocked us,  
While we wept without relief!  
But when from us they departed,  
Shrieks of anguish pierced the air!  
Then my mother, broken-hearted  
Fell, the victim of despair!

Pity, then, a hapless stranger,  
Friendless on a foreign shore!  
Oh, protect a maid from danger,  
Who for comfort looks no more.

CITIZEN.

Yes, fair daughter of oppression!  
Exile from Hibernia's plains,  
Victim of that cursed aggression  
Which the flag of freedom stains:

Here I swear to be thy brother;  
See a sister in my wife;  
Find a parent in my mother,  
I'll protect thee with my life.<sup>15</sup>

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*BOLIVAR'S LAST WORDS.*

*"I pity and forgive."*

Ye powers, from each oppressor,  
Preserve my country's wreath,  
And if my death can bless her,  
Oh, then I welcome death.  
Though malice wield her scourge,  
E'en when I cease to live,  
Here on the grave's terrific verge,  
"I pity and forgive."

I planted freedom's banner  
Where tyranny had reigned,  
And heard the glad hosanna  
For rights our arms regained;  
But now they trample on my heart,

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<sup>15</sup> Vol. II, pp. 148-151.

Yet ere I cease to live,  
Though in my soul I feel the smart,  
"I pity and forgive."<sup>16</sup>

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*CONSTITUTION AND JAVA.*

Yankee tars! come, join the chorus,  
Shout aloud the patriot strain;  
Freedom's flag, again victorious,  
Floats triumphant o'er the main.  
Hail the gallant Constitution!  
Hull immortalized her name;  
Bainbridge, round it in profusion  
Pours the golden blaze of fame.

Scarce had Fame her Hull rewarded,  
Ere intrepid Bainbridge rose,  
Eager while the world applauded,  
To subdue his country's foes.  
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Hull, on board the Constitution,  
Sank his foe beneath the flood;  
Fired with equal resolution,  
Bainbridge sought the scene of blood.  
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Lambert met him on the Java,  
Fierce the hot contention rose --  
Like the streams of Etna's lava,  
Fell our vengeance on the foes  
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Neptune shunned the fierce commotion,  
Saw his realm with carnage spread,  
Saw our fire illumine the ocean,  
Covered with the floating dead.  
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Twice had Time his glass inverted,  
While the strife deformed the flood,  
Ere the fiend of death, diverted,  
Ceased to glut on human blood.  
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

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<sup>16</sup> Vol. II, pp. 151-152.

See, our foe, upon the billow,  
Floats a wreck without a spar --  
Lowly lies on ocean's pillow,  
Many a brave and gallant tar.  
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Hark! his lee gun speaks submission,  
Bid our vengeful tars forbear --  
Mercy views the foe's condition,  
Sees a bleeding brother there.  
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Man the boats! the foe, confounded,  
Yields to our superior fire;  
Board the prize! relieve the wounded!  
Ere in anguish they expire.  
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Ah! the fight was hard contested,  
Groaning there an hundred bleed,  
Sixty-nine has death arrested,  
From their floating prisons freed.  
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Clear the wreck! she can not swim, boys;  
See! she follows the Guerriere!  
Now your cans fill to the brim, boys,  
Sing our navy's bright career.  
Hail the gallant Constitution, &c.

Toast the heroes famed in story,  
Hull, Decatur, Rodgers, Jones;  
Bainbridge, chief in naval glory,  
Smiling Freedom joyfully owns.  
Hail the gallant Constitution!  
Hull immortalized her name;  
Bainbridge, round it in profusion  
Pours the golden blaze of fame.<sup>17</sup>

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*UNITED STATES AND MACEDONIAN.*

The banner of Freedom high floated unfurled,

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<sup>17</sup> Vol. II, pp. 159-161.

While the silver tipped surges in low homage curled,  
Flashing bright round the bow of a ship under sail,  
In fight, like the tempest -- in speed, like the gale.  
She bears our country's name,  
She builds our country's fame,  
The bold United States disdains to yield or fly;  
Her motto is "Glory -- we conquer or die."

All canvass expanded the gale to embrace,  
The ship cleared for action, still nearing the chase;  
The foeman in view -- every bosom beats high,  
All eager for conquest, or ready to die.  
Columbia's gallant tars,  
Who sail beneath her stars,  
Shall ne'er be known to yield -- shall ne'er ignobly fly;  
Their motto is "Glory -- we conquer or die."

Still rapidly lessens the distance between,  
Till the gay-floating streamers of Britain are seen;  
Till our quick-sighted chief could with rapture espy,  
The cross, like a meteor, gleaming on high.  
To gild our country's name,  
To rival Hull in fame,  
The brave Decatur now resolves the fight to try --  
His motto is "Glory -- we conquer or die."

Now Havoc stands ready with optics of flame,  
And battle-hounds strain on the start for the game;  
The blood-demons rise on the surge for their prey,  
While Pity, dejected, awaits the dread fray.  
But Freedom's gallant sons,  
Now stationed at their guns,  
Remember Freedom's wrongs, and smother Pity's sigh;  
Their motto is "Glory -- we conquer or die."

Now the lightning of battle gleams horribly red  
While a tempest of iron, and a hailstorm of lead,  
Like a flood on the foe was so copiously poured,  
That his mizzen and topmasts soon went by the board.  
Still fight Columbia's tars  
Beneath the stripes and stars,  
For still their country's flag is proudly floating high,  
Their motto is "Glory -- we conquer or die."

The contest continued with horrible roar,  
The demons of vengeance still feasting on gore;

'Till more than a hundred of Britain's brave sons,  
Lay bleeding on deck by the side of their guns:  
When low the cross descends,  
And quick the battle ends,  
The Macedonian yields, her streamers kiss the wave;  
Our motto is "Glory -- we conquer to save."

Let Britain no longer lay claim to the seas,  
For the trident of Neptune is ours if we please;  
While Hull, and Decatur, and Jones<sup>18</sup> are our boast,  
In vain their huge navy may threaten our coast.  
They gild Columbia's name,  
They build Columbia's fame;  
And to revenge our wrongs, to battle eager fly;  
Their motto is "Glory -- we conquer or die."<sup>19</sup>

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*PERRY AND M'DONOUGH:  
OR, ERIE AND CHAMPLAIN.*

Hail to the day which arises in splendor,  
Shedding the lustre of victory far!  
Long shall its glory illumine September,  
Which twice beheld freemen the victors in war.  
Roused by the spirit of heaven-born Freedom,  
Perry her lightning pours over the lake;  
His falchion a meteor glitters to lead them,  
And swift on the foemen in thunders they break.  
Loud swells the cannon's roar,  
Round Erie's sounding shore,  
Answered in volleys by musketry's voice;  
Till Britain's cross descends,  
And the haughty foe bends --  
Victory! glory! Columbians, rejoice!

Hail to the day which in splendor returning,  
Lights us to conquest and glory again;  
Time told a year -- still the war-torch was burning,  
And threw its red ray on the waves of Champlain;

Roused by the spirit that conquered for Perry,  
Dauntless M'Donough advanced to the fray;

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<sup>18</sup> Capt. Jacob Jones of the *Wasp* versus *Frolic* encounter.

<sup>19</sup> Vol. II, pp. 156-158.

Instant the glory that brightened Lake Erie,  
Burst on Champlain with the splendor of day  
Loud swells the cannon's roar  
On Plattsburgh's bloody shore,  
Britons retreat from the tempest of war;  
Prevost deserts the field,  
While the gallant ships yield --  
Victory! glory! Columbians, huzza!

Hail to the day which, recorded in story,  
Lives the bright record of unfading fame!  
Long shall Columbians, inspired by its glory,  
Hail its returning with joyous acclaim.  
Victory scattered profusely the laurel,  
Over our heroes, on land and on flood;  
Britain, astonished, relinquished the quarrel,  
Peace saw her olive arise from the blood.  
Now cannons cease to roar,  
Round Freedom's peaceful shore,  
Silent and hushed is the war-bugle's voice;  
Let festive joys increase  
In the sunshine of peace,  
Peace gained by victory! Freemen, rejoice!<sup>20</sup>

*The engagement on Lake Erie, between Commodores Perry and Barclay, occurred September 10, 1813, and that of Lake Champlain, between M'Donough and Downie, Sept. 11, 1814. Sir George Prevost, commander of the British land-forces, made a hasty retreat after the capture of Commodore Downie's fleet.*

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#### *THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY.*

Ye gentlemen and ladies fair,  
Who grace this famous city,  
Just listen, if ye've time to spare,  
While I rehearse a ditty;  
And for the opportunity,  
Conceive yourselves quite lucky,  
For 't is not often that you see,  
A hunter from Kentucky.  
Oh! Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky,  
The hunters of Kentucky .

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<sup>20</sup> Vol. II, pp. 167-168.

We are a hardy free-born race,  
Each man to fear a stranger,  
Whate'er the game, we join in chase,  
Despising toil and danger;  
And if a daring foe annoys,  
Whate'er his strength and forces,  
We'll show him that Kentucky boys  
Are "alligator horses."  
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

I s'pose you've read it in the prints,  
How Pakenham attempted  
To make Old Hickory Jackson wince,  
But soon his scheme repented;  
For we with rifles ready cocked,  
Thought such occasion lucky,  
And soon around the general flocked  
The hunters of Kentucky .  
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

You've heard, I s'pose, how New Orleans  
Is famed for wealth and beauty --  
There's girls of every hue, it seems,  
From snowy white to sooty:  
So Pakenham he made his brags,  
If he in fight was lucky,  
He'd have their girls and cotton bags,  
In spite of Old Kentucky.  
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

But Jackson, he was wide awake,  
And wasn't scared at trifles;  
For well he knew what aim we take,  
With our Kentucky rifles;  
So he led us down to Cypress swamp,  
The ground was low and mucky;  
There stood John Bull, in martial pomp,  
And here was Old Kentucky.  
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

A bank was raised to hide our breast,  
Not that we thought of dying,  
But then we always like to rest,  
Unless the game is flying;  
Behind it stood our little force --  
None wished it to be greater,

For every man was half a horse,  
And half an alligator.  
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

They did not let our patience tire,  
Before they showed their faces --  
We did not choose to waste our fire,  
So snugly kept our places;  
But when so near we saw them wink,  
We thought it time to stop them;  
And 't would have done you good, I think.  
To see Kentucky pop them.  
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

They found at last, 't was vain to fight  
Where lead was all their booty,  
And so they wisely took to flight,  
And left us all the beauty.  
And now, if danger e'er annoys,  
Remember what our trade is,  
Just send for us Kentucky boys,  
And we'll protect you, ladies.  
Oh! Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky,  
The hunters of Kentucky.<sup>21</sup>

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*A FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.*

Where's Roberts, that red-headed fellow?  
I wanted to give him a call, sir;  
They told me down there in the cellar,  
I'd find him up here in the hall, sir.  
I've come from the country, you know,  
For farming is my occupation;  
To see what you city folks show  
On a fourth of July celebration.  
Umpti-uddity, &c.

To Hobok I rode in a wagon,  
And sailed over the river in style, sir;  
For the boat had a pole with a flag on,  
And a big pot of water to boil, sir.  
The stovepipe was smoking like fury,  
An iron thing bobbed up and down, sir,

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<sup>21</sup> Vol. II, pp. 7-10.



And all, just to make, I assure you,  
A wheel in the water go round, sir.

We landed, at length, in your city,  
Without the least morsel of dread, sir,  
For I thought it a wonderful pity,  
If I couldn't find the Bull's Head, sir.  
So I travelled right up to Broadway,  
Where gridirons are laid out in the street, sir,  
For wood is so scarce here, they say,  
The sun has to boil all the meat, sir.

The people were thicker than mustard,  
Each girl with her beautiful lips, sir,  
Looked sweeter than honey or custard,  
And smiled like a basket of chips, sir;  
The windows were chuck full of gay things,  
And boys in every shop, sir,  
Were buying those little red playthings,  
That cracked away pop-ity pop! sir.

The crowd it grew thicker and thicker,  
Along by the Park iron fence, sir,  
Where gingerbread, cherries, and liquor,  
Were spread upon tables in tents, sir.  
There was lobsters, and oysters, and clams,  
Green pease, new potatoes, and gravy,  
With pigs ready roasted, and hams,  
Enough to provision the navy.

The Park was all crowded with people,  
And so was the big City-Hall, sir,  
Chuck full, from the steps to the steeple,  
The gallery, windows, and all, sir.  
They were waiting to see the procession,  
And sure enough, after a while, sir  
Mechanics of every profession,  
Formed a line that extended a mile, sir.

And there was the veteran corps,  
Each member an old seventy-sixer,  
In the very same dress that he wore,  
When he peppered John Bull for his tricks, sir.  
Each man who had courage and pluck,  
And boasted political stamina,  
In his hat had the tail of a buck,

In honor of Mister St. Tammany.

And then came a beautiful ship,  
I'm sorry I couldn't get near her;  
All handsomely rigged and equipped,  
With a neat little fellow to steer her.  
And there was a seven-foot Venus,  
As big as the wife of a giant,  
They said it was one Mrs. Genius,  
I mean to ask Halleck or Bryant.

But don't let's forget the brave fellows,  
Whose things at a fire never fail, sir,  
They work 'em all one like a bellows,  
And every one spouts like a whale, sir.  
All these, with a thousand more people,  
Marched off, for their edification,  
To a building without any steeple,  
To hear Hooper Cumming's oration.

Then I heard such a fifing and drumming,  
I axed the folks what was to pay, sir,  
They told me the soldiers were coming,  
All marching along in Broadway, sir.  
And soon in the Park was paraded,  
The strength of our city, I'll bet, sir,  
With no other view, I'm persuaded,  
But to honor the brave Lafayette, sir.

Then there was the famous balloon,  
That travels ten miles in a minute,  
Set out on a voyage to the moon,  
With a *parley vous Francais* man in it;  
Besides a boat-race on the water,  
Where one of them travelled so fast, sir,  
I wonder how 't other one caught her,  
Without e'er a sail or a mast, sir.

So, having seen everything new,  
I thought I would finish the day, sir,  
By coming with Sally and Sue,  
And Ichabod, here to the play, sir.  
But if you should relish my song,  
I'll make you another and bring it;  
Much better, because not so long,  
And red-headed Roberts shall sing it.

*Sung by Mr. Roberts at the Chatham Theatre, in 1825, in the character of a country boy.*<sup>22</sup>

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For the complete text of *The Poetical Works of Samuel Woodworth* (1861), see the University of Virginia Library (online) at:

[http://xtf.lib.virginia.edu/xtf/view?docId=chadwyck\\_ap%2FuvaGenText%2Ftei%2Fchap\\_AM1249.xml%3Bbrand%3Ddefault](http://xtf.lib.virginia.edu/xtf/view?docId=chadwyck_ap%2FuvaGenText%2Ftei%2Fchap_AM1249.xml%3Bbrand%3Ddefault)

The above U. of Va. version does not unfortunately include the Introduction written by Woodworth's son, Frederick A. Woodworth; for *that*, see:

<http://www.gunjones.com/WOODWORTH-Intro.pdf>

~or~

<http://www.scribd.com/doc/63783622/Introduction-to-The-Poetical-Works-of-Samuel-Woodworth-1861-ed>

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#### A Partial Listing of Literary Works by Samuel Woodworth

*Note.* Woodworth also wrote a good deal of shorts stories, poems, essays, and miscellaneous and occasional pieces printed in magazines and periodicals or performed in the theater not included here.

“New-Haven: a poem, satirical and sentimental, with critical, humorous, descriptive, historical, biographical, and explanatory notes” (1809) by Selim<sup>23</sup> Woodworth

*An oration delivered before the New-York Typographical Society at their second anniversary, on the fourth of July, 1811* (1811) by George Ashbridge; which included an ode by Woodworth.

“Beasts at Law, or, Zoologian Jurisprudence: a poem, satirical, allegorical, and moral : in three cantos, translated from the Arabic of Sampfilius Philocrin, Z.Y.X.W. &c., &c., whose fables have made so much noise in the East, and whose fame has eclipsed that of Aesop; with notes and annotations” (1811)

*The First Attempt, or, Something new: Being a picture of truth, drawn from the nature of things as they really exist* (1811)

“Quarter-day, or, The horrors of the first of May: a poem” (1812)

“The Heroes of the Lake: a poem, in two parts” (1814) by Amulans Sequor [pseudonym]

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<sup>22</sup> Vol. II, pp. 29-33.

<sup>23</sup> A pen-name.

*Bubble & Squeak, or, A Dish of all Sorts: Being a collection of American poems* (1814)

*The Champions of Freedom, or, The mysterious chief: a romance of the nineteenth century, founded on the events of the War, between the United States and Great Britain, which terminated in March, 1815* (1816)

“The Complete Coiffeur, or, An essay on the art of adorning natural, and of creating artificial, beauty” (1817) by J.B.M.D. Lafoy [pseudonym]

*The poems, odes, songs, and other metrical effusions, of Samuel Woodworth* (1818)

“The Deed of Gift: a comic opera in three acts” (1822)

“An Excursion of the Dog-Cart: a poem, by an imprisoned debtor.” (1822)

“La Fayette, or, The Castle of Olmutz: a drama in three acts” (1824)

“The Widow’s Son, or, Which is the Traitor: a melo-drama in three acts” (1825) by Samuel Woodworth; music by J.H. Swindells.

“The Forest Rose, or, American Farmers: a drama in two acts” (1825)

“The life and confession of James Hudson, who was executed on Wednesday the 12th January, 1825, at the falls of Fall Creek, for the murder of Logan, an Indian Chief of the Wyandott nation, to which is added an account of his execution. The whole written and published at the request of the deceased.” (1825)

“King’s Bridge cottage: a revolutionary tale founded on an incident which occurred a few days previous to the evacuation of N. York by the British: a drama in two acts” (1826)

*Melodies, duets, trios, songs, and ballads, pastoral, amatory, sentimental, patriotic, religious, and miscellaneous. Together with metrical epistles, tales and recitations. By Samuel Woodworth. Second edition, comprising many late productions never before published.* (1830)

*Festivals, Games, and amusements: ancient and modern* (1831) by Horatio Smith; with contributions by Woodworth

*Dixon’s<sup>24</sup> Oddities. A glorious collection of ... songs; as song by Mr. G. Dixon, at New-York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore and New Orleans theatres -- Including the new national song, composed and sung on the day of the celebration of the French revolution; to which is added, the ode, written by Mr. S. Woodworth for the same occasion* (1842)

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<sup>24</sup> A popular comic stage singer.

*The Poetical Works of Samuel Woodworth* (1861), edited by his son, Frederick A. Woodworth.

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Wm. Thomas Sherman

<http://www.gunjones.com> and [http://www.scribd.com/wsherman\\_1](http://www.scribd.com/wsherman_1)

For a full list of titles in the Continental Army series, see:

<http://www.gunjones.com/Cont-Army-series.html>

And for Lee's Legion on Face Book:

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/LeesLegion>