

The Shannon & Chesapeake.

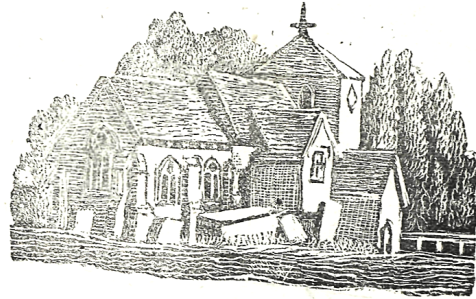
She comes, she comes in glorious style,
To quarters fly, ye hearts of oak ;
Success shall soon reward our toil,
Exclaim'd the gallant Captain Brook,
Three cheers, my brave boys, let your ardur bespeak,
And give them a round from your cannon ;
And soon they shall find that the proud Chesapeake,
Shall lower a flag to the Shannon.

Lawrence, Columbia's pride and boast,
Of conquest counted sure as fate ;
He thus address'd his haughty host,
With form erect and heart elate :
Three cheers, my brave men, let your courage bespeak,
And give them a taste of your cannon ;
And soon they shall know that the proud Chesapeake,
Shall ne'er lower a flag to the Shannon.

Silent as death each foe drew nigh,
While lock'd in hostile close embrace,
Brave Brook, with a British seaman's eye,
The signs of terror soon could trace,
He exclaimed, whilst his looks did ardur bespeak,
Brave boys they all flinch from their cannon ;
Board, board, my brave messmates, the proud Chesapeake,
Shall soon be a prize to the Shannon.

Swift flew the word, Britannia's sons
Spread death and terror where they came ;
The trembling foe forsook their guns,
And call'd aloud on mercy's name.
Brave Brook led the way, but fell wounded and weak,
Yet he exclaim'd they are fled from their cannon,
Three cheers, my brave seamen, the proud Chesapeake,
Has lower'd a flag to the Shannon.

The day was won, but Lawrence fell ;
He clos'd his eyes in endless night ;
And oft Columbia's sons will tell,
Of hopes all blighted in that fight.
But brave Crptain Brook, though yet wounded and weak,
He survives to again play his cannon ;
And his name from the shores of the wide Chesapeake,
Shall resound to the banks of the Shannon.



The Battle Song.

March on, march on the trumpets sound,
Soon shall we see a crimson flood,
To arms, to arms brave comrades all
To fight our country's cause in blood.
Though fate may cut the thread of life,
Our comrades slain, the patriots brave,
Proud glory in each bosom dwells,
To rest within a warrior's grave.

March on, and dauntless fear the fight,
The victory shall be nobly won ;
Be steady, sure each rifle tells,
Until the battle's work be done.
Wield high your swords for victory,
Be patriots in the glorious field,
For Britons never yet were known
To fly from foes, or ever yield !

March on, march on brave soldiers all,
The victory on our skill depends—
And though perhaps, we ne'er may see,
Again our children, wife, or friends.
Still we must boldly join the fray.—
Let death be dauntless to the brave,
Proud glory in each bosom dwells,
To rest within a warrior's grave.

