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Lyrics to American Patriotic Songs

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BEHOLD WITH JOY

(Elhanan Winchester and William Billings)
Behold with joy the peaceful state
Of people where Jehovah reigns
Whose wisdom, power and goodness great
Their glorious freedom still maintain.
Happy the land whose rulers are
Chose by the people's voice alone,
For such will take a special care
To save a country of their own.
Hail happy place where freedom stands
And liberty erects its throne
Where fraud and cruel slavery's bands
And tyranny are never known.
Where none each other's peace annoys
Where conscience never is oppressed
Where each free liberty enjoys
This is the land which God hath blessed.
In this free state we would rejoice
And dwell forevermore in peace
And praise our God with cheerful voice
Who makes our thrall and bondage cease.
One of the Patriotic Hymns popular during the American
Revolution.

THE LIBERTY TREE

(Thomas Paine)

In a chariot of light from the regions of day

The Goddess of Liberty came;

Ten thousand celestials directed the way

And thither conducted the Dame.

This fair budding branch, from the garden above,

Where millions with millions agree,

She bro't in her hand, as a pledge of her love

The plant she call'd Liberty Tree.

This celestial exotic struck deep in the ground

Like a native it flourish'd and bore.

The fame of its fruit drew the nations around

To seek out its peaceable shore.

Unmindful of names or distinction they came

For freemen like brothers agree,

With one spirit endow'd, they one friendship pursued

And their temple was Liberty Tree.

Beneath this fair branch, like the patriarchs of old

Their bread, in contentment, they eat.

Unwearied with trouble, of silver and gold,

Or the cares of the grand and the great.

With timber and tar they old England supplied

Supported her power on the sea;

Her battles they fought, without having a groat

For the honour of Liberty Tree.

But hear, O ye swains ('tis a tale most profane)

How all the tyrannical powers,

King, Commons and Lords are uniting amain

To cut down this guardian of ours.

From the east to the west, blow the trumpet to arms

Thro' the land let the sound of it flee;

Let the far and the near, all unite with a cheer

In defense of our Liberty Tree.

First published in 1775.

tune: Once the Gods of the Greeks

Post Revolutionary war

HUSSA FOR LIBERTY

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

HUSSA FOR LIBERTY

(George K. Jackson)

Come lads, your glasses fill with glee

And drink a health to liberty

Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

Hail ye heroes, wise and bold

To future times your names be told.

Youth descended from such sires

Feed, feed, feed the sacred fires.

The fires which warm Columbia's race

And shine with luster in each face.

Free-born sons no chains will bear

But those of love we'll gladly wear.

Note: published 1798

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's 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 rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh say does that star spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
On the shore dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's 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, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star spangled banner! Oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
Oh, thus be it ever, when free men shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation.
Blessed with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the pow'r 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.!

Our national anthem was written by Frances Scott Key during the
attack of the British on Fort McHenry, September 13, 1814.

Civil War

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

The Rising of the Moon

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

CONFEDERATE YANKEE DOODLE

YANKEE DOODLE

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

(Louis Lambert [pen name for Patrick Gilmore])

When Johnny comes marching home again,

Hurrah, hurrah

We'll give him a hearty welcome then

Hurrah, hurrah

The men will cheer, the boys will shout

The ladies they will all turn out

And we'll all feel gay when

Johnny comes marching home

The old church bell will peal with joy

Hurrah, hurrah,

To welcome home our darling boy

Hurrah, hurrah

The village lads and lassies say

With roses they will strew the way

And we'll all feel gay when

Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee

We'll give the hero three times three

The laurel wreath is ready now

To place upon his loyal brow

Let love and friendship on that day

Their choicest treasures then display

And let each one perform some part

To fill with joy each warrior's heart.

Popular during the civil war

The Rising of the Moon

In the army of the Union we are marching in the van
And we'll do the work before us that the bravest soldiers can,
We will drive the rebel forces from their strongholds to the sea
And we'll live and die together in the U.S. Infantry,
in the U.S. Infantry,
in the U.S. Infantry
We will live and die together in the U.S. Infantry.
Yes we are the best Division of a half a million souls
And only resting on our arms until the war cry onward rolls,
When our gallant General Porter calls well ready we shall be
To follow him forever in the U.S. Infantry,
in the U.S. Infantry,
in the U.S. Infantry,
To follow him forever in the U.S. Infantry.
Though we live in winter quarters now we're waiting but the hour
When Porter's brave division will go forth in all its power,
And when on the field of battle and fighting we shall be
We'll show that we cannot disgrace the U.S. Infantry,
the U.S. Infantry,
the U.S. Infantry,
We'll show that we cannot disgrace the U.S. Infantry.
Then hurrah for our division may it soon be called to go
To add its strength to those who have advanced to meet the foe,
God bless it for we know right well wherever it may be
It will never fail to honor the U.S. Infantry,
the U.S. Infantry,
the U.S. Infantry,
It will never fail to honor the U.S. Infantry.
This was adopted by the U.S. Army Infantry as their march
song from 1861-1863.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

(JULIA WARD HOWE)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,
He has loosed the fateful lightening of His terrible swift sword
His truth is marching on.

cho: Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps
His day is marching on.

cho:

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel,
"As ye deal with my contemners, So with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel
Since God is marching on.

cho:

He has sounded form the trumpet that shall never call retreat
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

cho:

He has sounded form the trumpet that shall never call retreat
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

cho:

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Popular during the civil war

CONFEDERATE YANKEE DOODLE

Yankee Doodle had a mind
To whip the Southern "traitors,"
Because they didn't choose to live
On codfish and potatoes.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
And so to keep his courage up
He took a drink of brandy.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
And then he took another drink
Of gunpowder and brandy.
Yankee Doodle made a speech;
'Twas very full of feeling:
I fear, says he, I cannot fight,
But I am good at stealing.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Hurrah for Lincoln, he's the boy
To take a drop of brandy.
Yankee Doodle drew his sword,
And practiced all the passes;
Come boys, we'll take another drink
When we get to Manassas.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
They never reached Manassas plain,
And never got the brandy.
Yankee Doodle soon found out
That Bull Run was no trifle;
For if the North knew how to steal,
The South knew how to rifle.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
'Tis very clear I took too much
Of that infernal brandy.
Yankee Doodle wheeled about,
And scampered off at full run,
And such a race was never seen
As that he made at Bull Run.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
I haven't time to stop just now
To take a drop of brandy.
Yankee Doodle, Oh! For shame,
You're always intermeddling;
Let guns alone, they're dangerous things;
You'd better stick to peddling.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
When next I go to Bully Run
I'll throw away the brandy!
Yankee Doodle, you had ought

To be a little smarter;
Instead of catching wooly heads
I vow you've caught a tartar.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Go to hum, you've had enough
Of Rebels and of brandy!
This was a Confederate Army parody
of Yankee Doodle.

YANKEE DOODLE

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding;
And there we saw the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.
Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy;
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.
There was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion,
A-giving orders to his men,
I guess there was a million.
And then the feathers on his hat,
They looked so' tarnal fin-a,
I wanted pockily to get
To give to my Jemima.
And then we saw a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple;
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.
And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder;
It makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.
I went as nigh to one myself,
As' Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh agin,
I thought the deuce was in him.
We saw a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather;
They knocked upon it with little clubs,
And called the folks together.
And there they'd fife away like fun,
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood,
All bound around their middles.
The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost to death
To see them run such races.
Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some onions,
For' lasses cake to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.
But I can't tell half I see
They kept up such a smother;
So I took my hat off, made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.
Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I streaked it off,
And hung by father's pocket.
And there I saw a pumpkin shell,

As big as mother's basin;
And every time they touched it off,
They scampered like the nation.
Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy;
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.
The song which is parodied immediately
above.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

(Henry Clay Work)

Come happy people, Oh come let us tell,
The story of Washington and Lincoln,
History's pages can never excel
The story of Washington and Lincoln
Down through the ages an anthem shall go,
Bearing the honors we gladly bestow;
Till ev'ry nation and language shall know,
The story of Washington and Lincoln;
cho: Who gave us independence
On continent and sea,
Who saved the glorious Union!
And set a people free!
This is the story, Oh happy are we,
The story of Washington and Lincoln.
Parents to children shall tell with delight
The story of Washington and Lincoln,
Free born and freed men together recite
The story of Washington and Lincoln,
Earth's weary bond men shall listen with cheer
Tyrants shall tremble and traitors shall cheer
When, in its fullness of glory they hear
The story of Washington and Lincoln.
Though on the war cloud recorded with steel
The story of Washington and Lincoln,
Peace, only Peace, can completely reveal
The story of Washington and Lincoln,
Thanks to the Lord for the days we behold!
Thanks for the unsullied flag we behold!
Thanks that to us, and in our time, was told
The story of Washington and Lincoln.
A song popular during the revolutionary war.

