

And when they stopped a minute to rest,
The martial band discoursed its best ;
The ponderous drum and the pointed fife
Proceeded to roll and shriek for life ;
And Bonaparte Crossed the Rhine, anon,
And The Girl I Left Behind Me came on ;
And that was the way
The bands did play
On the loud, high-toned, harmonious day,
That gave us—

Hurray ! Hurray ! Hurray !

(With some music of bullets, our sires would
say,)

Our glorious Independence !

III.

The great procession came up the street,
With a waggon of virgins, sour and sweet ;
Each bearing the bloom of recent date,
Each misrepresenting a single State.