

ARM FOR THE BATTLE.

Death ! death ! to the crested serpent !

War ! war ! on the curse of Rum !

From mountain to valley the watchword,

Repeat till our lips are dumb.

Follow the trail of the monster—

Track him to forest and glen,

Hunt him wherever he hideth—

Stab him to death in his den !

Hath he not murdered our mothers—

Brought their gray locks to the tomb ?

Hath he not murdered our brothers

Yet in their manhood's bloom ?

Hath he not coiled on our hearthstones,

Hissing with Upas breath ?

On ! on, to the warfare, brothers !

Nor cease till he writhes in death !

Arm ! arm for the battle of glory

Strike ! strike for the battle of Truth,

Fathers, with locks so hoary,

Sons in the bloom of youth !

Mothers, and sisters, and daughters,

With your prayers and blessings come.

Death ! death wherever he lurketh,

To the serpent whose name is Rum !
