

And Tenor Tom, of conservative mind,
Who always came out a note behind ;
And Dick, whose tuba was seldom dumb,
And Bob, who punished the big bass drum.
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 wagon of virgins, sour and sweet ;
Each bearing the bloom of recent date,
Each misrepresenting a single State.
There was California, pious and prim,
And Louisiana, humming a hymn ;
The Texas lass was the smallest one—
Rhode Island weighed the tenth of a ton ;
The Empire State was pure as a pearl,
And Massachusetts a modest girl ;
Vermont was red as the blush of a rose—
And the goddess sported a turn-up nose ;