

V

Tho' strange, yet 'tis true, that a lawless Banditti,
 Whose object was Plunder, whose Souls know no Pity,
 Whom Honour nor Justice could ever yet awe,
 Should looking for liberty stumble on *Lowe*.

VI

Our GENERAL is cool, determin'd and steady,
 Our Officers brave, our Soldiers all ready ;
 Every Man is alert, not a Soul e'er says no,
 When order'd to fight, or to shovel off Snow.

VII

Our cause is just, and so free from all Guile,
 E'en *Judges* and *Parsons*, become *Rank* and *File* ;
 For myself I here swear: By the Hopes of my Life,
 For my KING, I'll or fight—beat a Drum, play the Fife.

VIII

When my Country's at Stake, no Destruction I know,
 Who's a Friend to Rebellion, to me is a Foe ;
 As such I will face him, my Duty demands it,
 " 'Tis not Emulation, but Honour commands it.

IX

Then come Brother Soldiers, Brother Sailors heave too,
 (The *TARS* of *Old-England* were ever *TRUE-BLUE* :)
 Should the Rebels again the same game try to play at
 They'll soon hear you cry, *Rouse—Rouse Boys*, belay that.

X

United let's live, or united let's die,
 If conquer'd, let who will survive it, not I ;
 I'd rather be laid in an untimely Grave,
 Than live half an Hour an *American Slave*.

XI

Our Fatigues and our Cares will soon be all past,
 But our Fame and Renown for Ages will last,
 Then cheer up my Lad, and let's merrily sing,
HUSSA for *Old-England*, and God bless the KING !