

And many another nation, strong and brave,
To fight for justice and for liberty,
Has given all the rights of man, to save,
To help defend the freedom of the sea.

Shall liberty, and all we hold so dear,
Be crushed beneath the tyrant's bloody heel?
Shall royal manhood bow the head in fear?
Shall Justice to the brute be forced to kneel?

No! a thousand times, ere falls the blight
Of Hunnish slavery on our free-born sons,
We'll stand our ground and battle for the right,
Or perish 'mid the thunder of the guns.

BALLAD OF BILL BROWN

There once was a cowboy in a far Texas town,
A bold dashing rider by name of Bill Brown.
He wanted a lady, his shanty to keep,
To mend his torn breeches, to dust and to sweep.

So he jumped on his bronk and he splashed through the rills,
Up Porcupine Gulch and away o'er the hills.
He rode and he ran at a terrible rate,
Till he came to the rancho of Rattlesnake Kate.

Now Kate had a daughter so young and so sweet,
Her cheeks were like roses, quite small were her feet.
Her smile was like sunshine, her hair was like gold,
A charming young lady, just nineteen years old.

That Bill was quite welcome 'twas easy to see.
She gave him a hug and kiss on the Q.T.
Says Bill, "Though I'm poor, yet I love you the best,
And you'll be my Mary, to Hades with the rest."

So out to the bronk these two lovers did steal,
While Kate was inside, just preparing a meal.
A clatter of hoofs and the couple were gone,
Afar o'er the hills to the Reverend John.

Now down in their home free of worry or strife,
Dwells Cowboy Bill Brown and his charming young wife.
Their son Billy boy and another called Joe.
My story is done, to my supper I'll go.