



Partisan Parody Lyrics

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The Star-Spangled Banner (1814)

1. O! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the Rockets' red glare, the Bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our Flag was still there;
O! say, does that star-spangled Banner yet wave,
O'er the Land of the free, and the home of the brave?

2. On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected new shines in the stream,
'Tis the star spangled banner, O! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country, shall leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps pollution
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave.

4. O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heav'n rescued land,
Praise the Power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our Trust;"
And the star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave

To Genêt in New York (Dec. 1793)

1. TO GENET in *New-York*, where he reigns in full glee,
Some *Anti's* have lately prefer'd their petition,
That he their *Inspirer* and *Champion* would be;
When this answer arriv'd from this Chief of Sedition.
Of JAY, WILCOCKS, and KING,

Let us make the world ring,
I'll lend you my PASCAL, (so fit for the string,)
And besides I'll instruct you how you may convey,
All COLUMBIA's *Glory* and *Freedom* away.

2. The news through Columbia immediately flew,
PACIFICUS rose, and thus vented his cares:
"If these traitors are suffer'd their schemes to pursue,
"Like *France* we shall soon be a nation of bears:
"Hark! already they cry,
"In transports of joy,
"Away to GENET let us instantly fly—
"And this Chief will assist us, that we may convey,
"All COLUMBIA's *Glory* and *Freedom* away.
3. "Wealth, Commerce and Peace, which each passing gale courts,
"From *America* then, will instantly go,
"Our shores then will boast of but tenantless ports,
"And cities all streaming with bloodshed will flow.
"But Congress, no fear on't,
"Will soon do their errand,
"And smartly will swinge the proud Envoy, I warrant,
"And lash those assassins, who'd wish to convey
"All COLUMBIA's *Glory* and *Freedom* away.
4. Then Freedom rose up, with her cap and her spear,
"And swore, by *Columbia* she ever would stand,
"That her sons should receive not a insult nor sneer,
"While her laws should drive Anarchy out of the land:
"Then while transports resound,
"And Discord's fast bound,
"And American brows are with laurels hung round,
"We, free and united, our laws will obey—
"And drive from COLUMBIA, the *Faction* away."
5. "No, (Justice cry'd out) no, your plan you must alter,
"Nor sully your hands with these reptiles so low,
"Leave *Antis* to me, (then producing a halter)
"Cry'd, *sic evitabile reptis*, you know;
"Then make use of the string,
"For these *Antis*' shall swing,¹
"So must all, who disgrace on their country wou'd bring,
"And when they're dispatch'd you triumphant may say,
"*Peace, Liberty, Laws and Good Order*,—huzza?"

¹ i.e., the traitors must hang

6. Ye Columbians so faithful then join heart and hand,
Be steadfast, nor fear the dark Jacobin's rod;
'Tis yours to preserve what your Fathers have plan'd,
You've the sanction of Freedom, and fiat of GOD.
While thus we agree,
Our toast let it be,
May our country be happy, united and free.—
And long may the sons of Columbia defend—
Her Rulers and Laws, 'till with time they shall end.

Adams and Liberty (1798)

1. YE sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought,
For those rights, which unstained from your Sires had descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valour has brought,
And your sons reap the soil which their fathers defended.
'Mid the regin of mild Peace,
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece;
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.
2. In a clime, whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of Commerce should never be hurled,
To incense the legitimate powers of the ocean.
But should pirates invade,
Though in thunder arrayed,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.
3. The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,
'Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day,
And enveloped the sun of American glory.
But let traitors be told,
Who their country have sold,
And bartered their God for his image in gold,
That ne'er will the sons, &c.
4. While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And Society's base threats with wide dissolution;
May Peace like the dove, who returned from the flood,
Find an ark of abode in our mild constitution

But though Peace is our aim,
Yet the boon we disclaim,
If bought by our Sov'reignty, Justice or Fame.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

5. 'Tis the fire of the flint, each American warms;
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision,
Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms,
We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a division.
 While with patriot pride,
 To our laws we're allied,
No foe can subdue us, no faction divide.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.
6. Our mountains are crowned with imperial oak;
Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourished;
But lone e'er our nation submits to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourished.
 Should invasion impend,
 Every grove would descend,
From the hill-tops, they shaded, our shores to defend.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.
7. Let our patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm;
Lest our Liberty's growth should be checked by corrosion;
Then let clouds thicken round us; we heed not the storm;
Our realm fears no shock, but the earth's own explosion.
 Foes assail us in vain,
 Though their fleets bridge the main,
For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain.
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.
8. Should the Tempest of War overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved, at its portal, would Washington stand,
And repulse, with his Breast, the assaults of the thunder!
 His sword, from the sleep
 Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with its point, ev'ry flash to the deep!
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.
9. Let Fame to the world sound America's voice;
No intrigues can her sons from their government sever;
Her pride is her Adams; Her laws are his choice,
And shall flourish, till Liberty slumbers for ever.
 Then unite heart and hand,

Like Leonidas' band,
And swear to the God of the ocean and land;
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

Jefferson and Liberty (1801)

1. Ye sons of Columbia who cherish the prize,
The arms of your fathers so valiantly gain'd,
Like the sun unobscur'd may your glory arise,
and your liberties flourish forever unstain'd,
 While Mars clad in gore,
 bids the far thunders roar,
May freedom and peace bless our dear native shore,
"And ne'er may the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls in waves."
2. By art more than arms our foes have long try'd,
To lead the brave sons of Columbia in slav'ry,
Their force we've withstood, and their power defy'd,
And repuls'd each attack with republican brav'ry. s
 Though our internal foes,
 May our freedom oppose,
Our firmness and zeal, to the universe shows,
That ne'er will, &c.
3. The agents of Briton like fiends in disguise,
Have kindled the fire of faction around us;
Yet unaw'd by the flame we united arise,
To pull down the Babel that strove to confound us.
 All intrigue is in vain.
 We'll united remain;
And our rights and our liberties ever maintain.
And ne'er shall, &c.
4. Calumny and falsehood in vain raise their voice,
To blast our republican's fair reputation,
But Jefferson still is American's choice,
And he will her liberties guard from invasion.
 'Tis the retches who wait
 To unite church and state
That the name of Mckean, truth, and Jefferson hate;
But ne'er whall, &c.
5. Cloak'd up in religion, they've nothing to fear;
Intrigue there may triumph, and vice be defended;

How true to their God and our laws they appear,
Whilst destroying that freedom for which we contended!
Like the serpent of old,
Whilse array'd in fine gold,
The arrows of death and destruction they hold.
But ne'er will &c.

6. At Freedom's fair temple see Jefferson stand,
Unawed and unmoved by the thunder of faction:
Let all true Americans join hand and hand,
And witness this day their heartfelt satisfaction.
His much honour'd name,
And his virtue and fame,
In triumphant strains to the world we'll proclaim,
And ne'er shall &c.
7. Remember, election is liberty's race,
By which noble charter our freedom we cherish:
At the helm of our nation, then, Jefferson place,
That our free constitution and rights never perish.
Still America's pride
In her cause has been tried,
And he in her council was born to preside:
That ne'er shall &c.

Harrison and Liberty (1840)

1. The banner of freedom unfurl to the breeze!
From her slumber of safety Columbia awaken,
To triumph once more on the land and the seas,
Ne'er by their sons be the cause of our sires forsaken.
Sons of freedom arise!
Let your shouts reach the skies,
And resolve to maintain the freedom ye prize!
Then inscrib'd on our flag be Harrison's name,
And liberty, union and law we proclaim.
2. Our trade, like a wreck, is "keel up" on the shore
In the silence of death see our workshops reposing,
As the land of the free we glory no more,
While the spoilsmen, destructive, their schemes are disclosing.
Our freedom they've sold,
To get silver and gold,
Our children in bondage and slav'ry to hold.
Then inscrib'd on our flag be Harrison's name,
Democracy, union, and law we proclaim.

3. Oh! say, ye brave sons of the far-spreading West,
 Where is the lov'd chief who met the foe's dread invasion?
 His name both in peace and in war will be bless'd,
 While the "stars" still in friendship unite us a nation.
 Then hold it no shame
 That he led you to fame,
 When the lion, subdued, lay crouch'd on the Thame.
 Then inscrib'd on our flag be Harrison's name,
 And liberty, union, and law we proclaim.

4. Though content with his cot and few acres of ground,
 And despising the wealth got by base speculation,
 His heart true to glory will be found—
 He's himself, like the Roman, the gem of the nation.
 Give old Tippecanoe
 The just fame that is due.
 To honesty, valor and worth we are true.
 Then inscrib'd on our flag be Harrison's name,
 As Chief of the nation we loudly proclaim.

Oh! Who Has Not Seen (1843)

1. Oh! who has not seen by the dawn's early light,
 Some poor bloated drunkard to his home weakly reeling,
 With blear eyes and red nose most revolting to sight;
 Yet still in his breast not a throb, of shame feeling!
 And the plight he was in—steep'd in filth to his chin,
 Gave proof through the night in the gutter he'd been,
 While the pity-able wretch would stagger along,
 To the shame of his friends, 'mid the jeers of the throng.

2. To his home when he came, half frantic with ire,
 That his poor wife had dared, while he revell'd, to sleep,
 Though wretched and faint 'neath miseries dire,
 She had striven, all in vain, her sad vigils to keep,
 And tears, gushing, chase down her wo-begone face
 In the furrows which sorrow and suffering trace,
 To see her loved lord like a wild demon rave,
 To the vilest of sins, a beast and a slave.

3. But thanks to that band who so faithfully swore,
 That the havoc of rum and the bottle's confusion
 Our home and our country should ravage no more
 If aught might o'ercome the foul curse and pollution.
 They are striving to save the victim and slave,

From th' horrors of guilt and th' drunkard's dark grave,
And the temperance banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, Say Do You Hear (1844)

1. Oh, say do you hear, at the dawn's early light,
The shrieks of those bondmen, whose blood is now streaming
From the merciless lash, while our banner in sight
With its stars, mocking freedom, is fitfully gleaming?
Do you see the backs bare? Do you mark every score
Of the whip of the driver trace channels of gore?
And say, doth our star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where Afric's race in false safety reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it heedlessly sweeps, half conceals, half discloses?
'Tis a slave ship that's seen, by the morning's first beam,
And its tarnished reflection pollutes now the stream:
'Tis our star-spangled banner! Oh! When shall it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!
3. And where is the band, who so valiantly bore
The havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
For Liberty's sweets? We shall know them no more:
Their fame is eclipsed by foul Slavery's pollution.
No refuge is found on our unhallowed ground,
For the wretched in Slavery's manacles bound;
While our star-spangled banner in vain boasts to wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!
4. Shall we ne'er hail the day when as freemen shall stand
The millions who groan under matchless oppression?
Shall Liberty's shouts, in our heaven-rescued land,
Ne'er be shared by the slave in our blood-guilty nation?
Oh, let us be just, ere in God we dare trust;
Else the day will o'er take us when perish we must;
And our star-spangled banner at half mast shall wave
O'er the death-bed of Freedom—the home of the slave.