

And if their Lordships will advance,
 Our fear will be but little ;
 We'll surely play a Soldier's dance
 Upon our Iron Fiddle.

Chorus. Yankee Doodle, &c.

Then let's unite, by sea and land ;
 May victory crown our Navy ;
 And if, like Ross, they come, we'll stand,
 And drive them to old *Davy*.

Chorus. Yankee Doodle, &c.

Therefore, ye brave Americans,
 Join in the Song of Glory,
 And fight as you have fought, of late,
 To drive them on before ye.

CHORUS.

Yankee Doodle, beat the drum ;
 Yankee Doodle dandy ;
 And if, by day or night they come,
 They'll always find us handy.

DEFENCE OF FORT M'HENRY.

TUNE—*Anacreon in Heaven.*

Wrote by an American Gentleman, who was compelled to witness the bombardment of Fort M'Henry, on board of a flag vessel at the mouth of the Patapsco.

O! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd 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 ?

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 now shines on 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.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
 A home and a country should leave us no more?
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps' 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.

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.

THE BATTLE OF STONINGTON.

Three gallant ships from England came,
 Freighted deep with fire and fame,
 And other things we need not name,
 To have a dash at Stonington.

Now safe arrived—their work begun—
 They thought to make the Yankees run,
 And have a mighty deal of fun,
 In stealing sheep at Stonington.

A Yankee, then, popp'd up his head,
 And parson Jones' sermon read,