Hark to the bugle sounding,
O'er hill and vale afar!
Hark! To the call to battle—
It's the blast of Beauregard,
That stirring, thrilling summons
Each manly breast to rise—
He summons husbands, brothers,
He calls to sons and sisters.

No stalwart arm may falter,
No manly foot may stay,
But speed them to the tented field,
Each panting for the fray.
Woe to the hapless maiden;
Woe to the gentle wife;
Woe to the spotless name and fame,
Bleaner than lands or life.
If the strong arms that defend them,
If the life blood of the land,
Should prove too weak to shield them
Or flowing—fail to come.

Now by the God of Justice!
By our dear native land,
And by the sacred honor
Our demon foes would brand;
By the holy ties which bind us
To mother, sister, wife;
By our friends and allies,
Our liberties and lives—
By our country's flag we swear it
Our brutal foe shall yield.
The fires of brother's vengeance,
And the power of brother's steel.

Up on the housetop waters,
On far Atlantic shore,
Along our eastern gulfs and bays,
The storming battleships pour,
Begonia where the ashes
Of Washington's corpse lie,
To be scorched by the heel
Of worse than Bandel foes;
Their armed ranks are marching
To her very temple gate,
Beneath a gray domain
Of tyranny and hate.

Let age forge its well-cast ease
To hush the fruitful soil;
Let balm forget their games and spot;
In stern unceasing toil;
Let maidens tend the busy wheel;
Let matrons ply the loom;
While manhood gathers up its strength
To avert their threatened doom.

And the age of another age,
The thrilling tale shall tell
Of how their fathers fought and died,
For the land they loved so well.

Back to the housetop powers
Over hill and vale afar!

Mark! to the call to battle
Of the perfidious Bravinger.
From city, town and hamlet,
From forest, field and plain,
From mountain and from valley
The tide hears up again;
A living tide of patriots,
Who bled to all on fire,
To meet the invading Hessians
Who rob and kill for hire;
Who close our sacred temple doors
With sacrilegious hands;
And threaten dark and monstrous death
to the fairies in our land.

Ye anguish'd and down trodden
There is balm for all your woes,
Deliverance is near at hand
From your dreary mortal fees.
Look up ye bitter hearted,
And banish all your fears—
Bending angel's wings,
And the God in heaven hears,
Fell vengeance is preparing
For deeds our foes have wrought,
And the cross that bears the image
When the fight at last is fought;
For the battle drum is sounding,
And the scalping stone thrown away,
And hands and hearts are eager
For the long expected fray,
With pulses beating steady,
With stem resolve and high
To drive the invaders from our soil
To conquer or to die.

(End.)