

GOOD HARD CIDER,
— A —
Favorite Patriotic Ballad,
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
to the
OFFICERS AND MEMBERS,
of the
TIPPECANOE ASSOCIATIONS.
of
NEW YORK,
Written and Arranged,
by a MEMBER of the
FIFTH WARD CLUB.

VOCE

Allegretto

p

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The vocal line starts with a whole rest, followed by a series of notes.

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a forte (*f*) dynamic. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, of Congress, in the year 1840, by
Thomas Birch, in the Clerk's office of the District Court, of the Southern District of New York.

Come Tipps of New York I'll now sing you a song, Tho' time's rather hard still it

p

shall not be long, We've hoisted our flag and our watchword's North Bend, And soon up Salt river, Van

f

Buren we'll send, For Good Hard Cider, good hard cider, good hard cider, is

Air.
grit to the end. Good Hard Cider, good hard cider, good hard cider is grit to the end.

Alto.
Good Hard Cider, good hard cider, good hard cider is grit to the end.

Tenor.
Good Hard Cider, good hard cider, good hard cider is grit to the end.

Bass.
Good Hard Cider, good hard cider, good hard cider is grit to the end.

f



2

Hard Cider we'll drink, 'tis a motto we'll wear,
 Inscrib'd on our banners, Hard Cider is there;
 Our Log Cabin too, with the Flag of the brave,
 We'll go forth to battle, our Country to save:
 For good hard Cider, ://: ://: The people doth crave.

8

Our Log Cabin Candidate he shall come forth,
 To live in the White House from a State in the North;
 He'll make us all happy, for he's honest and true,
 And take in his Council the best of our crew:
 For good hard cider, ://: ://: Will make us all new.

3

Our ballots our bullets, for each counts a man,
 Determin'd to conquer our enemy's, Van;
 And send him with Kendal, and Benton and C^o,
 Not far from the place where all rogues ought to go:
 Up Salt River, ://: ://: Hard Cider says so.

9

Huzza then my Boys, for the battle we'll win,
 The ranks of the Loco's are getting quite thin;
 And the hand on the wall, writes to Matty and C^o,
 You're weigh'd in the ballance, and off you must go:
 For good hard cider's, ://: ://: Beginning to flow.

4

There's Matty we know he is trying his best,
 Another four years in the White House to rest;
 But we are determin'd to rout him next fall,
 And send him to Kinderhook cabbage and all:
 For good hard cider, ://: ://: The people doth call.

10

Says Matty to Kendal, this Log Cabin Crew,
 They some how or other put me all in a stew;
 I wish you'd surrender the Post Mastership,
 And there in the Extra Globe, let your pen slip:
 Or else hard cider, ://: ://: Will give us the pip.

5

There's a favorite hobby of Matty and C^o,
 The Sub Treasury scheme as all of us know;
 Which should it succeed, he'll unite sword and purse,
 And make the rich richer, the poor ten times worse:
 But good hard cider, ://: ://: Will banish that curse.

11

Oh, Johnson my Vice P, oh, what shall we do,
 Old Tipp he is coming, likewise Tyler too;
 We're a couple gone ducks, in the sight of that pair,
 When they come where we are, dont let us be there:
 For good hard cider, ://: ://: Can shoot to a hair.

6

There's Hoyt and his minions from the Customs who feed,
 With treasury pap, some thousands they need;
 And Mayor Varian, with his rank and file,
 We'll row up Salt River, in the most gallant style:
 But good hard cider, ://: ://: Will last a long while.

12

You see brother Tipps what Hard Cider has done,
 It gripes all the Loco's and from it they run;
 They'll suck from their Cabbage stalk all they can get,
 Till the fourth of next March when their Sun it will set:
 Then up Salt River, ://: ://: They'll go in a pet.

7

On the fourth of next March, Eighteen forty one,
 The Vans in the White House must scamper and run;
 Long the banks of Salt River, you'll see them in score,
 Like Tumble Bugs tumbling their balls on the shore:
 There good hard cider, ://: ://: Will gripe them still more.

13

Nine cheers to the Tipps of the Union we'll send,
 Our Flag is unfurld, and our watchword's, North Bend:
 Our cause being good, we have nothing to fear,
 With Old Tipp for our Captain we'll drink his good cheer:
 With good hard cider, ://: ://: We'll conquer this year.