

THE BUCKEYE SONG,
— A —
Favorite Patriotic Ballad,
— as SUNG at —
the
TIPPECANOE ASSOCIATIONS,
— With great Applause, —
— Partly Written and Arranged, —
for the
PIANO FORTE,
by a MEMBER of the
FIFTH WARD CLUB.

VOCE.

Allegretto.

Entered according to the Act 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.

Oh, I went down to North Bend fo' the afternoon, With my old dog Cato and my

double barrel gun, Oh, I went down to North Bend to give the game a run, And the

first man I met, was Billy Harri-son, Billy Harri-son, is the

child what can fight, From the morn'g first blushing, till the eve's dark night, He

chucks them in the ribs, And he raps them on the nose, Till they scarce know which way to look for the blows.

3

Oh, Tipp a duden duden We have trap'd the old sly Fox, Oh, Tipp a duden duden He shall have some hard dry knocks, Oh, Tipp a duden duden Nine cheers for the Fox hound, Oh, Tipp a duden duden He has chas'd the Fox all round.

2

Far out in the west, where there lives the squatter,
Who hunt with the rifle, and trap for mink and otter;
Old Harrison dash'd, when the fuss was just a brewin',
And he made things fly, like a streak of blue ruin:
He knock'd 'em just as strait, as eels on a platter,
The red skins, or red coats, it made no matter;
He didn't let them stand long, to play or to blubber,
For they had to start soon, either one way or other.

4

There's a sly old rogue, and they say his name is Martin
He's a Fox inside, of that, I'm sartin;
He's been robbin' of the hen roost, 'bout long enough,
And it's time old Billy had a turn at the stuff:
While Martin stands hiss'n the blood hounds on,
In the cold dry trail, where the braves have gone;
The old Fox Hound, has his Tipp eye on him,
And the Fox neck's gone, just as sure as a glim.

Oh, Tipp a duden &c.

3

Then the war being over, he squat him down here,
Rais'd his log cabin first, then began for to clear;
And as loog as old Tipp has a scothold there,
The hungry and thirsty, are welcome to a share:
But ev'ry dog, they say has his day,
And the good old hunter ought to have fair play;
Corn dodgers and bacon, are as good as the gold,
But they grow rather tuff, when the teeth gets old.

Oh, Tipp a duden &c.

5

Now Tipps of the Union, let's all be wide awake
We're on the brink of ruin, our all is at stake;
But one hunt more, and 'pon my word depend,
We'll place in the White House, the Hero of North Bend
Then the old Chief's toils, shall all be well paid,
And his war worn bones on the down bed be laid;
While we sing to the Loco's, good bye to your Fox,
We'll cheer on our Hero, of the dry hard knocks.

Oh, Tipp a duden &c.