

Song of the privateer. By Quien Sabe? Baltimore. Oct. 10, 1861.

Ac. 1847

Song of the Privateer.

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BY QUIEN SABE?

Away o'er the boundless sea, With steady hearts and free, We man the Sumter, we; Who for the South and liberty, Are ready all to die!

Chorus —Then let each jolly tar, Huzza! for the noble war! Give three time three for the Sumter now, Whose flag shall ne'er to the tyrant bow!

Fiercely we cleave the ocean foam, To catch the Yankees going home, Is the reason that we roam, Ever mindful of our home, Which they to destroy come!

Chorus —Then let each jolly tar, &c.

Fighting bravely to the last, From Abe's cruisers running fast, Our flag is nailed upon the mast; And 'cre this wanton war is past, We'll to the earth their commerce cast!

Chorus —Then let each jolly tar, &c.

When there's an enemy in sight, Oh 'tis then our hearts are light, Rising boldly in our might, Eager for the holy fnight, To battle nobly for the right!

Chorus —Then let each jolly tar, &c.

And when our bloody work is done, We sit us down at set of sun, And then recount what glorious fun, It was to see the Yankees run, And strike their flag e'er the fight begun!

Chorus —Then let each jolly tar, &c.

Baltimore, *Oct. 10, 1861.*