THE SHIP OF STATE.

A Republican Song, By E. W. Locke.

AIR—"*A little more cider too.*"

Hark! hark! a signal gun is heard,
Just out beyond the fort;
The good old Ship of State, my boys,
Is coming into port;
With shattered sails and anchors gone,
I fear the rogues will strand her,
She carries now a sorty crew,
And needs a new commander.
Chorus—Our Lincoln is the man,
Our Lincoln is the man,
With a sturdy mate,
From the Pine Tree State,
Our Lincoln is the man.

Four years ago she put to sea,
With prospects brightly beaming,
Her hull was strong, her sails new bent,
And every pennant streaming;
She loved the gale, she ploughed the waves,
Nor feared the deep's commotion.
Majestic, nobly on she sailed,
Proud mistress of the Ocean.
Chorus—Buchanan was the man,
Buchanan was the man,
But his four year's trip,
Leaves a crippled ship,
Buchanan was the man.

There's mutiny aboard the ship,
There's feud no force can smother,
Their blood is up to fever heat,
Their cutting down each other;
Buchanan here, and Douglas there,
Are belching forth their thunder,
While cunning rogues are sly at work
In pocketing the plunder.
Chorus—Buchanan is the man,
Buchanan is the man,
But November's sun
Shall complete their fun,
Buchanan is the man.

Our ship is getting out of trim,
'Tis time to caulk and grave her;
She's foul with stench of human gore,
They've turned her to a slaver;
She's cruised about from coast to coast,
The flying bondmen hunting,
Until she's strained from stem to stern
And lost her sails and bunting.
Chorus—Old Abram is the man,
Old Abram is the man,
With a sturdy mate
From the Pine Tree State,
Old Abram is the man.

We'll give her what repairs she needs,
A thorough overhauling,
Her sordid crew shall be dismissed
To seek some honest calling;
Brave Lincoln soon shall take the helm,
On truth and right relying,
In calm or storm, in peace or war,
He'll keep her colors flying.
Chorus—Old Abram is the man,
Old Abram is the man,
With a sturdy mate
From the Pine Tree State
Old Abram is the man.

Entered according to an Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by E. W. Locke, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Maine.

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