Campaign songs
For the N. H. Gubernatorial Campaign, of 1872.

COMPOSED BY BYRON D. WOLFE, OF NASHUA.

SHE'S NOT SO FAR GONE
But a Straw can redeem her

WELVE Months ago
A dark cloud hovered o'er us.
As sudden it came as a thief in the night.
The Foe that so oft we had driven
At last was the Victor itself in the fight.
Such was the case. the news were heart-breaking.
Twould cheer the disloyal from Texas to Maine.
We're bound that we'll carry New-Hampshire.

Hurrah for New Hampshire!
Wake up loyal dreamer,
She's not so far gone,
But a Straw can redeem her!

From mountain and hill-top the loyal are pouring,
From valley and forest, from island and town,
The strain on their State they've been silently deploing.
But seemed destined New Hampshire to be rending.

The days when her brave did for freedom assailing.
Ah! many of them in fierce battles were slain.
And thinking of them we'll make upp dippers yelling.
And liberty's golden smile we'll see again!
Hurrah for New Hampshire!
Wake up loyal dreamer,
She's not so far gone,
But a Straw can redeem her!

Talk not of a thievish Republican party,
Not falsely with crimes our brave President charge,
While Hall and his minions are feeling so hearty
And Tammany Tweed can be roaming at large;
Purity only a dreamer's show we say.
The decrees merely don't much of it know,
If power they want it is not that they are here,
For they served themselves for the Treasury's hold.

Hooray for New Hampshire!
Wake up loyal dreamer,
She's not so far gone,
But a Straw can redeem her!

They talk of free trade and of dreadful taxation
But if they could only have their own way,
Few would be the poor men we'd find in the State.
Who could raise the money less taxes to pay.
Our country they'd lead to the dark shores of ruin.
Our work they'll permit foreign countries to do.
So know ye the party we would be shedding
It has aided traitors, it cannot be true!
Hurrah for New Hampshire!

Wake up loyal dreamer,
She's not so far gone,
But a Straw can redeem her!

Our Chief at the White House we yet must remember,
New Hampshire must harder now work for his sake.
So that on the Fifth of the coming November,
The hearts of the desperate be compell'd to range.
From the battles' front we must not be retreat.
Let no blow strike of the banner展开
The trumpets we'll blow, and the drums we'll be beating.
As soon as we stamp New Hampshire again!

Hoorah for New Hampshire!
Wake up loyal dreamer,
She's not so far gone,
But a Straw can redeem her!

THE NEW DEPARTURE!
OR,
HOW MY WIFE MADE ME PROMISE TO VOTE FOR STRAW!

My wife who made me promise.

My fond wife was no where near me, so could
Not hear what my troubles did commence.
Friends were gone and none to cheer me on,
And, to tell the truth, felt lonely, thinking of my lot.
While I thought of sweet rest seeking,
Something I did not see that I did not want it.
First I hesitated, then I was speaking,
Speaking to me in my room.
And like some good angel speaking was the demon in my room.

What art thou? I said unto it, yet could
Neither feel nor view it.
What thou had to do to me, be it, then will thou take thyself away.
For my wife has left me lonely, left this room here for me only.
And a country town she's gone to, just a short night there to stay,
But she knows I desire her,
Knows how dearly yet I prize her,
For the sake of my life.
Don't with me till morning stay.
For I know she will be angry if she hears you with me say:

Said to me it "Take things cooler, take your wife and snugly school her,
That's the only rule in your little family.
Now do I not give you equal treating, yes you are the very person,
While your wife is absent from you I am wanting to see,
Go give yourself some peace, and know when I start, you're talking to the "NEW DEPARTURE".
Of the great democracy.
Look and see the New Departure of the great democracy.
Then I looked and very near me, smiling too as
If she were near me.

Said the friend, while I said: "Dear me, what do you wish me to do?"
It replied: "I'm bravely trying now my hand
My joy is great in you; All the Democratic party so that it will answer
I will say while I have gazed in this small room. I am not fasting,
You in March can vote for Straw,
And be to your country true.
You can vote for James A. Weston and to your Country true.
"Friend," said I, "I can't see through it, and, be to your country true, I'll vote for Straw.
But next March I'll go and do it, I'll for James A. Weston go."
And the friend cried: "Wise my story," and it
And like a true patriotic spirit.
It's not seen I've been preparing to bring to
To the Country true.
Since my new acquaintance, I shall raise my legion active,
And make beauty my captive,
For she's always been my fooe,
And I really do not like her, do not like my bitter foe."

Back my wife came—my Eliza, and my story did surprise her.
Said she: "Be no longer of the demon sought you here.
Know before it got much later that it was not true in any way.
That it was the Embedd's with a new name did appear,
You should talk it by the breath, sir, but you're quickly please to note, sir,
It will not be for me to say.
With its perilous tear.
For it is said you're getting better with its perilous tear.

"To have your heart to it warming, it pretends to be comforting.
But when Union's sons were forming forts of ice, the war was as a name.
Ah, its bitter name was Thurlow, and it lead it for a season.
GENERAL GRANT CAN TELL THE REASON WHY IT DID TAKE YOU THE SAME.
Now how does dear clothing,
But still deserves your praise,
A man despite its clothing.
Had been, and in its glass,
Do not let yourself be caught, quickly understand its game.

Then I tried with her to reason, said: "It really was not Thurlow,
Her remarks were out of season," I said only on me was it,
For when friend was new again, said she: "And observe the law, man.
If you will not be a Straw man, soon by you I cannot be took.
For I will very quietly start your
eyes to weeping, with your heart your
wife shall love this as a formative.
For a Straw man I'll be bound!
If you go and please the demon, for a Straw man I'll be took!"
As I'd been two weeks without her, and had
never learned to doubt her,
In defence I grew no stronger—what was left for me to do?
That when that was quite a strong one, and
I had gone for two weeks,
As and wife I'm a true man, I thought I was a Straw man, man,
And I said: "I'll be a straw man!
And I'm bound I'll be one too.
Yes, for Straw I will be and have others do too so!
If in loneliness and misery, and if that does
to you waider,
Point him to the graveyards yonder where your
friends and kindred lie,
Tell him he is out of season: that his name remains.
Ask him to tell you the reason why men for
one thing did do,
And who were the foul attackers
of the4 grurul and the traitors
of the bowing Union labor.
Why true men died, ask him why?
Be ye sure before he leaves you, be ye sure to ask him why!

Say to him they: "Stranger, start yourself away,
To New Departure,
Treason ye'll yet fill your heart, you're seeking only for light to go by.
That another war may end, near our hearts and kindred lie, I'm afraid.
Wrong triumphs and must go to Maine!
Say: Time you cannot spoiling!
For his great works might you're earing,
Though art a petty dress wearing,
He is wearing in vain;
And he still remains a traitor, and he sneaks about in vain!

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