



God Save the King

God save our gracious King
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King.

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter thine enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On thee our hopes we fix:
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the King.

Not in this land alone,
But be God's mercies known,
From shore to shore!
Lord make the nations see,
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide world over

From every latent foe,
From the assassins blow,
God save the King!
O'er his thine arm extend,
For Britain's sake defend,
Our father, prince, and friend,
God save the King!

God Save the Thirteen States

God save the Thirteen States!
Long rule the United States!
God save our States!
Make us victorious,
Happy and glorious;
No tyrants over us;
God save our States!

To our famed Washington,
Brave Stark at Bennington,
Glory is due.
Peace to Montgomery's shade,
Who as he fought and bled,
Drew honors round his head,
Num'rous as true.

Oft did America
Foresee with sad dismay
Her slav'ry near.
Oft did her grievance state,
But Britain, falsely great,
Urging her desp'rate fate,
Turned a deaf ear.

We'll fear no tyrant's nod
Nor stern oppression's rod,
Till time's no more.
Thus Liberty, when driv'n
From Europe's states, is giv'n
A safe retreat and hav'n
On our free shore.

O Lord! Thy gifts in store,
We pray on Congress pour,
To guide our States.
May union bless our land,
While we, with heart and hand,
Our mutual rights defend;
God save our States!

OHIO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Yankee Doodle Dandy

Fath'r and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodin',
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we saw thousand' men
As rich as Squire David,
And what they wasted ev'ry day,
I wish it could be saved.

And there we saw a swampin' gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder;
It makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cock'd it.
It scared me so, I shrieked it off,
And hung by father's pocket.

I saw a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather.
They knocked on it with little clubs
And called the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him.
They say he's grown so tarnal proud,
He will not ride without em'.

He got himself in meeting-clothes,
Upon a slapping stallion.
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so taring fine, ah,
I wanted pockily to get,
To give to my Jemimah.

Lyrics most popular today

*Yankee Doodle went to town
A-riding on a pony
Stuck a feather in his hat
And called it macaroni.*

*Yankee Doodle, keep it up
Yankee Doodle dandy
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.*

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