

SALT RIVER CHORUS.

Air, "Cheer up, my lively Lads." Arranged by G. W. C.

*Con Spirito.*

We've all turn'd out this glo - rious day, To  
The bea - con lights of th' Em - pire State, Are

join the con - vo - ca - tion—To cheer the friends of  
spreading thro' the na - tion, North, east and west are

li - ber - ty, And stop the slave ex - ten - sion. Then,  
all on fire, In one great con - fla - gra - tion. Then,

cheer up, my live-ly lads, in spite of Cass or Taylor,

Cheer up, we'll stop their craft, and up Salt river sail her.

Our Southern friends are coming on—  
 Fraternity's our motto;  
 We welcome them with all our heart,  
 As every freeman ought to.

Then, cheer up my lively lads,  
 In spite of Cass or Taylor;  
 Cheer up, we'll stop their craft,  
 And up Salt river sail her.

We'll sing "free soil, free soil," my boys,  
 Nor sing for Cass or Taylor;  
 For Taylor rhymes are growing stale,  
 And hunker songs grow staler.  
 Then, cheer up, &c.

Now slavery's craft is floating by,  
 Containing Cass and Taylor,  
 Aboard, my boys, and seize the helm,  
 And up Salt river sail her.  
 Then, cheer up, &c.

For conscience whigs, and liberty men,  
 And every true barnburner,  
 Here join to stay proud slavery's curse,  
 And from free soil to spurn her.  
 Then, cheer up, &c.

Our flag is floating on the breeze,  
 Though not for Cass or Taylor,  
 'Tis for FREE SOIL, FREE SOIL, my boys,  
 And to the MAST we'll nail her.  
 Then, cheer up, &c.