



Republican Convention

Now all you Union lovers whoever you may be,
 Lift up your heads, we have achieved a noble victory,
 We have made a *Nomination*, for which we do rejoice,
 Our *candidate* is Lincoln, from the State of Illinois.
 Hamlin from the State of Maine, is second in command,
 He is an honor to the party, in which he now does stand,
 And was a *Loco-foco* once, but that was not his choice;
 He now is on the *ticket*, with the man from Illinois.
 The opposition party do not like our *Nomination* well,
 The name of Lincoln sounds to them, like a funeral knell,
 They had better get their mourning garb and have dickeys starched
 For they will have to dress in mourning before the fourth of March.
 They say we have got the *Ladies* and Preachers on our side,
 And think it shows our weakness, but we look at that with pride,
 For when the *Ladies* start a thing, they are bound to make it go,
 And in the coming election they all will find it so.
 John Brown of Ossawatomie, his body they have killed,
 But yet his spirit liveth, and fights for freedom still;
 Although he yielded up his life to Anti-Christian laws,
 He showed a martyr's spirit, for he died in freedom's cause.
 From the tyranny of England our forefathers did flee,
 And shed their blood to make this land a land of liberty,
 But soon it will be worse than ever it was before
 If against the curse of *Slavery* we do not shut the door.
 The doctrine of the Bible they do not like to hear,
 For with their *Institutions* it does justly interfere;
 If a Minister speaks of *Slavery* he soon is in a fix,
 And the democrats upbraid him for preaching Politics.
 We will lift on high our banner, with Lincoln's name thereon,
 For we do not fear the enemy, their ammunition's gone;
 Besides their guns are rusty, the report they make is small,
 And their dying groans will echo around our camp next fall.
 If we march with freedom's banner we are certain of success,
 There is a God of justice, our efforts He will bless,
 The enemy may threaten, but their threats we do not fear,
 They are going up "*Salt River*," and cantot harm us here.
 As for poor Buchanan the "*White House*" he must leave,
 That house was once a house of prayer, but now a den of thieves,
 No longer shall that house be known by the name of Bachelor's Hall,
 We are going to find a tenant to rent it to next fall.
 He has lived in *single-blessedness* till he is very old,
 No wonder that his head is gray, or that his heart is cold;
 Since in the Presidential chair, his doings have been evil,
 And has spent the last four years in the service of the *devil*.
 For them to meet at Baltimore there is but little need;
 That Lincoln will be President by Heaven it is decreed,
 Therefore it is useless for them to meet in June,
 For we will march them up salt river, with a melancholy tune.
 At the head of that great river, they have cleared a camping ground,
 Where rattle-snakes and wild-cats in numbers do abound,
 Nights stillness there is broken by the owls distracted yell,
 That is the famous country where this party soon will dwell.
 Cheer up you brave Republicans, the prospect now is fair,
 That Lincoln will be seated in the Presidential chair;
 To Southern negro-drivers no longer we will bow;
 We will redeem our country from the stigma on it now.
 Quirk.
 Whitneyville, May 25, 1860.

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