

# 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 hover'd o'er us,  
As sudden it came as a thief in the  
night,  
The Foe that so oft we had driven  
before us.

At last was the Victor itself in the fight;  
Sad were we all when the news we were hearing  
'Twould cheer the disloyal from Texas to  
Maine;

But once more arrayed for the strife we're ap-  
pearing,  
We're bound that we'll carry New-Hampshire  
again!

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 pour-  
ing,  
From valley and forest, from island, and town,  
The stain on their State they've been wildly  
deploring,

But cannot forget dear New Hampshire's re-  
deeming,  
The days when her brave did for freedom as-  
semble,

Ah, many of them in fierce battles were slain,  
And thinking of them we'll make Copperheads  
tremble,

And Liberty's Goddess smile sweetly 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,  
Nor 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's a dweller above us,  
The democrats surely don't much of it know,  
If power they want it is not that they love us,  
For they would themselves for the Treasury  
go!

Hurrah 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 soon have their own  
way,

Few would be the poor men we'd find in the  
Nation,

Who could raise the money less taxes to pay:  
Our country they'd lead to the dark door of ruin  
Our work they'd permit foreign countries to  
do.

So know ye the party we would be subduing,  
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 re-  
member,  
New Hampshire must harder now work for  
his sake,

So that on the Fifth of the coming November,  
The hearts of the despots he conquered shall  
ache;

From the battles' front we must not be retreat-  
ing,  
Let no loyal State of the Granite complain,  
The trumpets we'll blow, and the drums we'll  
be beating,

As soon as we carry New Hampshire again!  
Hurrah 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  
neither see or hear me,  
Friends were gone and none to cheer me, I  
alone was in my room,  
And, to tell the truth, felt lonely, thinking of  
retiring only,

For the Storm King he was reigning and the ro-  
ses did not bloom;  
While I thought of sweet rest seeking,  
Something like a demon shrieking  
First I heard, and then 'twas 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 or view it,  
"What thou hast to do here, do it, then quick  
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 fort-  
night there to stay,

But she knows I idolize her,  
Knows how dearly yet I prize her,  
For the sake of my Eliza

Don't with me till morning stay.  
For I know she will be angry if she hears you  
with me stay."

Said it to me "Take things cooler, take your  
wife and rightly school her,  
That is, if she's not the ruler in your little family  
—Now I'd be with you conversing, yes you are  
the very person

While your wife is absent from you I am  
wanting so to see,  
So give me an earnest heart your-  
self, and know before 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 look'd and very near me, smiling too as  
if to cheer me,  
Stood the fiend, while I said: "Dear me, what  
do you wish me to do?"

It replied: "I'm bravely trying now my hand  
at purifying [you];  
All the Democratic party so that it will answer  
I will say while I'm your guest in  
This small room, I am not jesting,  
You in March can vote for Weston  
And be to your Country true,  
You can vote for James A. Weston and be to  
your Country true."

"Fiend," said I, "I can't see through it, and,  
perhaps, some day I'll rue it,  
But next March I'll go and do it, I'll for James  
A. Weston go."

And the fiend cried "Wise my story," and it  
went off shouting "Glory,"  
"He's not seen I've been preparing to bring  
to the Country woe,  
Since my new name sounds attractive,  
I shall raise my legions active,  
And make liberty my captive,

For she's always been my Foe,  
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 idolizer of the demon sought  
you here,

Know before it gets much later that it was the  
old arch traitor,  
That it was the Union-hater with a new name  
did appear,

You should take it by the throat, sir,  
But you'll quickly please to note, sir,  
It will not deceive a voter.

With its penitential tear.  
For it said 'twas getting better with its peni-  
tential tear."

"To have your heart to it warming, it pretends  
to be reforming,  
But when Union's sons were forming forts of  
Foes WHAT WAS ITS NAME?"

Ah, its bitter name was TREASON, and it lov'd  
it for a season,  
GEN'RAL GRANT CAN TELL THE REASON WHY  
IT DID GIVE UP THE SAME!

Now it does wear different clothing,  
But it still deserves your loathing,  
'Tis a fiend despite its clothing—  
Husband, understand its game;  
Do not let yourself get eured, quickly under-  
stand its game."

Then I tried with her to reason, said "It really  
was not Treason,  
Her remarks were out of season," but she only  
on me frown'd,

Firmer woman you ne'er saw, man; said she  
"Just observe the law, man,  
If you will not be a Straw man, soon by you I  
can't be found,

For I'll very quickly start your  
Eyes to weeping, pain your heart your  
Wife shall take a new departure,  
For a Straw man I'll be bound!

If you go and please the demon, for a Straw man  
I'll be found!"

As I'd been two weeks without her, and had  
never learned to doubt her,  
In defence I grew no stouter!— what was left  
for me to do?

Surely not to feel all lonely, and have my bed  
hold one only,  
When that bed was quite a strong one, and  
was large enough for two!

And as winter nights are raw, man,  
I thought I'd observe her law, 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 voting and have others  
do so too!

If in loneliness you ponder, and that fiend does  
to you wander,  
Point him to the graveyards yonder where your  
friends and kindred lie!

Tell him he is out of season! that his name re-  
maineth TREASON!  
Ask him to tell you the reason why men for  
our Flag did die!

And who were the foul abettors  
Of the grumblers and the traitors!  
Of the boasting Union haters!

Why true men died, ask him why?  
Be ye sure before he leaves you, be ye sure to  
ask him why!

Say to him then "Stranger, start yourself away,  
O, New Departure!  
Treason vile yet fills your heart! you're seeking  
only strength to gain,

That another war there might be, near our  
dear homes many a fight be!  
Wrong triumphant o'er the right be from "The  
Lone Star" through to Maine!

Say: Time you cannot be sparing;  
For his great words naught you're caring;  
Though a pretty dress he's wearing,  
He is wearing it in vain;

And he still remains a traitor, and he sneaks  
about in vain!

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