

MEXWELL'S EMASCULATION OF THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

By

PATRICK "ROCKY MOUNTAIN" O'BRIEN.

.....

O, say, can you see how ~~our~~ National Anthem,
has been mutilated by a cad in our land,
A tory from Ireland with pro-British teachings
a disciple of Judas Iscariots Band.
Paul Jones, Jer. O'Brien and Jack Barry
who won the first fight on the sea,
~~English gold could not buy them~~
true sons of old Erin who loved Liberty.
By the Flag of our Fathers we swear by that Emblem
beneath its bright stars we will conquer or die
~~traitor~~
And the ~~treat~~ and slave who would dare mutilate it
his God and his Country would surely deny
Oh shame on the traitor who would stoop so lowly
and see our own Banner in tatters now wave .
O'er the Land of our Fathers whose blood won our freedom
and shattered the chains of the slave.
By the sacred memory of Washington, Young Hale
and mad Anthony Wayne
Fitzgerald and Sullivan, Murphy and Stark
whose blood sanctified the campaign;
And Moll Patcher who stood by her husband in the
thickest and midst of the fray;
And jumped to his gun and well manned
when a Hessian ball took him away.

She showed English hirelings and tyrants how our
women for freedom could fight;

For her trust was in God and she knew that
her cause it was right;

At the battle of Monmouth in Washington's army
her brave husband fell,

When Moll took his place at the Canon,
sending Hessians and traitors to hell.

May the spirit of our poet brave who sears
o'er land and sea

Sweet music hear by night and day by those
who would be free;

May the cringing slave and crawling knave
who toadies to our ruthless foe

Know naught of peace throughout the Land
but misery and woe,

Can we forget the prison ship, the pest house
and Fort Green

Where thousands died for Freedom's cause

Who'd have no King or Queen,

God save our Starry Banner and our Anthem of Renown,

It proudly floats o'er land and sea

and none dare pull it down.

By the memory of our martyrs dear

whose blood flowed profusely and free,

And who died in the pest house and prison

this glorious Land^o to set free,

By the illustrious spirit of Lincoln, no alien to
us must dictate.

And the Star Spangled Banner must stand through all
ages, and no cad can it emasculate.

No, no, we shall stand by our colors which our
heroes in bondage did hail,

And each line shall be sung as was written,
no matter what powers prevail.

Every pro-British cad we must drive from our land
back to John Bull and his Isle.

We are free men, you know, and from us they must go,
We'll have nothing but honest toil.

How dare a cad dictate to us who came across the sea,
And mutilate our native Hymn composed by Francis Key.
The truth it speaks in every line,

about the Saxon horde,
We will not change our native chime ,
by young and old adored;
We'll proudly stand by every word,
despite our Saxon foes.

And in our schools it must be read,
which no one dare oppose,
God save our Gallant Ruler,
who would mingle in the throng,
To uphold our Nation's anthem
in battlefield or song.

By the sacred memory of our illustrious dead,
who made this Land a Nation,
We will not have our Anthem changed
who dare talk of emasculation.

Let the Maxwells and the Drapers uphold the
Britich Crown,

But we will stand by Francis Key,
our Hero of renown.

No cads or knaves who would be slaves
must tamper with our Flag
We'll raise on high our battle cry
in spite of Maxwell's blood-stained rag
Let him go back from whence he came,
and dwell 'neath Monarchy,
In God so just we place our trust,
our watchword Death or Liberty.