

CORN IS KING.

Up among the Granite mountains,
By the Bay State strand,
Hark! the pæan cry is sounding
Through all Yankee land.
'Wave the stars and stripes high o'er us,
Let every freeman sing,
In a loud and joyful chorus:
Brave young Corn is King!
Join, join, for God and freedom! Sing, Northmen, sing:
Old King Cotton's dead and buried: brave young Corn is King.'

Southward rolls the cry of gladness,
On past Washington;
Where the bond-slave stoops no longer,
But stands up, a Man!
O'er battle-fields of 'Ole Virginny,'
Floats the black man's song:
Brudders, God is takin' vengeance
For de darky's wrong!
Shout, shout, for God and Freedom! Sing, darkies, sing!
Ole Massa Cotton's dead foreber: Young Massa Corn am King!'

Through the Mississippi valley,
Down the river's tide,
Hosts of patriots rush to rally
On their Country's side;
And across the green savannahs
Of the Southern clime,
Armies, under Union banners,
To this song keep time:
'March, march, for God and Freedom! Sing, soldiers, sing!
Pallid Cotton's dead and buried: Yellow Corn is King!'

Let the tidings swell o'er ocean
To another shore,
Till proud England pales and trembles
Where she scoffed before!
Ne'er again shall serpent-friendship
Rise to hiss and sting!
Cotton leagues no more with *Traitors*:
Honest Corn is King!
Jubilate! God and Freedom! Sing, Americans, sing
Tyrant Cotton's dead forever! Honest Corn is King!