

"The Hunters of Kentucky"  
(or "the Battle of New Orleans")

YE gentlemen and ladies fair  
Who grace this famous city,  
Just listen, if you've time to spare,  
While I rehearse a ditty;  
And for the opportunity,  
Conceive yourselves quite lucky,  
For tis not often here you see  
A hunter from Kentucky.

Oh, Kentucky,

The Hunters of Kentucky,

Oh, Kentucky,

The Hunters of Kentucky  
We are a hardy, free-born race,  
Each man to fear a stranger,  
Whate'er the game we join in chase,  
Despising toil and danger.  
And if a daring foe annoys,  
Whate'er his strength or forces,  
We'll show them that Kentucky boys  
Are alligators-horses.

Oh, Kentucky, &c.

I 'spose you've read it in the prints,  
How Packenham attempted  
To make Old Hickory Jackson wince,

But soon his scheme repented;  
For we with rifles ready cock'd,  
Thought such occasion lucky,  
And soon around the general flock'd  
The Hunters of Kentucky.

Oh, Kentucky, &c.

You've heard I 'spose, how New-Orleans  
Is famed for wealth and beauty,  
There's girls of every hue, it seems,  
From snowy white to sooty.  
So Packenham he made his brags,  
If he in fight was lucky,  
He'd have their girls and cotton bags,  
In spite of old Kentucky.

Oh, Kentucky, &c.

But Jackson he was wide awake,  
And was'nt scar'd at trifles,  
For well he knew what aim we take  
With our Kentucky rifles.  
So he led us up to a Cyprus swamp,  
The ground was low and mucky,  
There stood John Bull in martial pomp,  
And here was old Kentucky.

Oh, Kentucky, &c.

A bank was raised to hide our breast,  
Not that we thought of dying,  
But that we always take a rest,  
Unless the game is flying.

Behind it stood our little force,  
None wished it to be greater,  
For every man was half a horse,  
And half an alligator.

Oh, Kentucky, &c.

They did not let their patience tire,  
Before they showed their faces,  
We did not choose to waste our fire,  
So snugly kept our places,  
But when so near we saw them wink,  
We thought it time to stop 'em,  
And it would have done you good, I think.  
To see Kentuckians drop 'em.

Oh, Kentucky, &c.

They found, at last, 'twas vain to fight,  
Where lead was all their booty,  
And so they wisely took to flight,  
And left us all the beauty.  
And now if danger e'er annoys,  
Remember what our trade is,  
Just send for us Kentucky boys,  
And we'll protect ye, ladies.

Oh, Kentucky, &c.