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The Polk Stalk Bugle – Sung to the Tune of the bards legacy

1. Farewell old cooney

your bank and your money

have ruined old henry clay

you may vent your mallice

on Polk and dallas

But the coons we are determined to stay - -----

Chorus –

The polk Stalk bugle = the polk Stalk bugle –

Its notes are sweet and clear =

Tis heaven born music –

oh who will refuse it

It sounds true hearts to cheer =

2. Old frelinghuysen

The tincture(?) of pisan(?)

The votes of the south cant command(?) =

His love for the nigger

Would spring every trigger

And draw every sword in the land

=The polk stalk bugle=

3 We all in this section

Hate tariff protection

And abhor distribution too

And oppose abolition

on every condition

And never will yield to that crew(?)

= The polk stalk bugle=

4. Those bank stock gobbars(?)

Say poor men are nobbers(?)

Land priates(?) said henry clay

Who tail for their children

And like the old pilgrim

Sought homes on a sail that was free

The polk stalk bugle

5. These swords we will remember

At the bal(?) in november

And show the old traitor hae(?) clay

In the year forty four

We,ll, rebuke him and more

And send him to Ashland to stay

The Polk stalk bugle

6. He has lately dropt tesea(?)

And is now on his jackass
Slowly descending the hill
In sack cloth and ashes
And bound for the slashes
The place where he once went to mill

The Polk stalk bugle

7. Poor old Harry
For him I am sorry
His glory is fading away
In a fit of distraction
He swindles great jackson

The Polk Stalk bugle

8. Hae(?) Clay of kentucky
Well surely be unlucky
He's trembling and quaking with fear
The peoples reflection
On the day of election
Will polk him clean out of the chair

The polk stalk bugle

9. The peoples at work(?)
from sabine(?) to york(?)
from the west to the eastern shore
The joy(?) and the glory
of the young and the ????
Are told by the cannons loud roar

The polk Stalk bugle

10. Some coons(?) are flying

While others are dying

And often while dying they pray

Crown me with polk

And lay me in soak(?)

Any where else but in clay

The polk Stalk bugle

11. Now hear the sweet story

Of polk our glory

for polk our country will Sore(?)

His friends are undaunted And wish polk planted

To grow all their dust in the grove

The Polk Stalk bugle