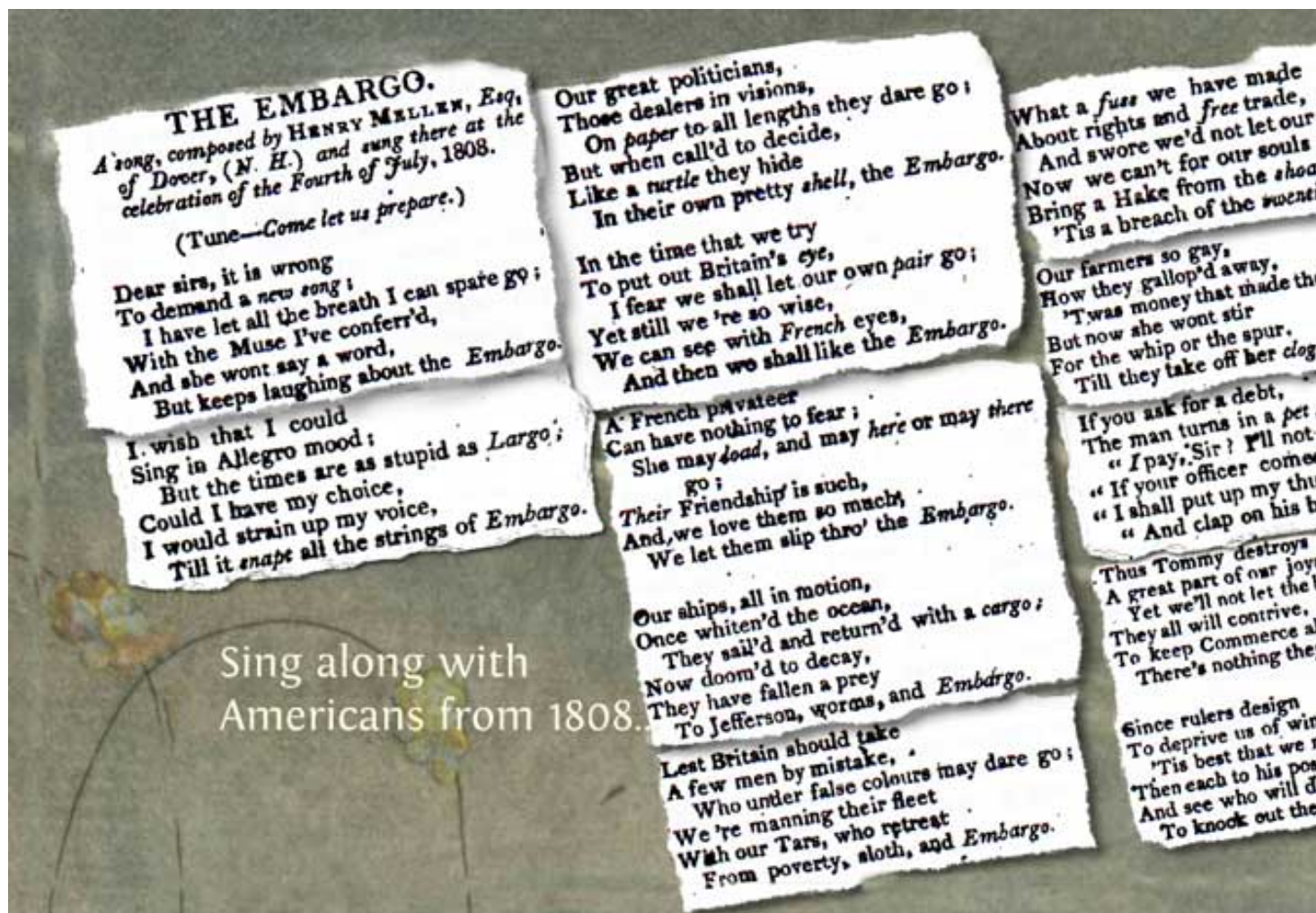


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Sing along with
Americans from 1808.

THE EMBARGO

A song, composed by Henry Mellen, Esq., of Dover (N.H.)
and sung there at the celebration of the Fourth of July, 1808.

(Tune - Come let us prepare.)

Dear sirs, it is wrong
To demand a new song ;

I have let all the breath I can spare go ;
With the Muse I've conferr'd,
And she wont say a word,
But keeps laughing about *Embargo* . Lest Britain should take
A few men by mistake,
Who under false colours may dare go ;
We're manning their fleet
With our Tars, who retreat
From poverty, sloth, and *Embargo* .

I wish that I could
Sing in Allegro mood ;
But the times are as stupid *as* ;
Could I have my choice,
I would strain up my voice,
Till it snaps all the strings *Embargo* .
What a *fuss* we have made
About rights and *free* trade,
And swore we'd not let our own share go ;
Now we can't for our souls
Bring a Hake from the *shoals* ,
'Tis a breach of the *twentieth* EMBARGO.

Our great politicians,
Those dealers in visions,
On *paper* to all lengths they dare go ;
But when call'd to decide,
Like a *turtle* they hide
In their own pretty *shell* , the *Embargo* .

Our farmers so gay,
How they gallop'd away,
'Twas money that made the old mare go,
But now she won't stir
For the whip or the spur,
Till they take off her *clog* , the *Embargo* .

In the time that we try
To put out Britain's *eye* ,
I fear we shall let our own *pair* go ;
Yet still we're so wise,
We can see with *French* eyes,
And then we shall like the *Embargo* .
If you ask for a debt,
The man turns in a *pet* ;

" / pay, 'Sir? I'll not let a hair go '
"If your officer comes,
"I shall put up my thumbs,
"And clap on his breath ~~Embargo~~ .

A French privateer
Can have nothing to fear ;
She may *load* , and may *here* or may
Their Friendship is such,
And, we love them so much,
We let them slip thro' the ~~Embargo~~ .
Thus Tommy destroys
A great part of our joys ;
Yet we'll not let the beautiful fair go ;
They all will contrive,
To keep Commerce alive,
There's nothing they had ~~Embargo~~ .

Our ships, all in motion,
Once whiten'd the ocean,
They sail'd and return'd ~~with a~~ ;
Now doom'd to decay,
The have fallen a prey
To Jefferson, worms, and ~~Embargo~~ .
Since rulers design,
To deprive us of wine,
'Tis best that we now ~~have a~~ ;
Then each to his post,
and see who will do most
To know out the blocks ~~Embargo~~ .