The Patriotic Diggers

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(Samuel Woodward)

Enemies beware. Keep a proper distance,
Else we'll make you stare at our firm resistance.
Let alone the lads who are freedom tasting
Don't forget, our dads gave you once a basting.
To protect our rights 'gainst your flints and triggers
See on yonder heights our patriotic diggers.
Men of ev'ry age, color, rank profession
Ardently engage, labor in succession.

cho: Pickaxe, shovel, spade, crowbar, hoe and barrow
Better not invade. Yankees have the marrow!

Scholars leave their schools with patriotic teachers,
Farmers sieze their tools headed by their preachers.
How they break the soil! Brewers, butchers, bakers
Here the doctors toil, there the undertakers.
Bright Apollo's sons leave their pipe and tabor
Mid the roar of guns, join the martial labor.
Round the embattled plain in sweet concord rally
And in freedom's strain sing the foe's finale.

Better not invade. Don't forget the spirit
Which our dads displayed andf their sons inherit.
If you still advance friendly caution slighting
You may get by chance a bellyful of fighting!
Plumbers, founders, dyers, tinmen, turners shavers,
Sweepers, clerks and criers, jewelers and engravers.
Clothiers, drapers, players, cartmen, hatters, tailors
Gaugers, sealers, weighers, carpenters and sailors!

Note: Mr. Woodward is better known for The Old Oaken Bucket RG