The Naval Reserve - song lyrics

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THE NAVAL RESERVE.
Copyright, 1891, by Chas. F. Pidgin.
Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by J. W. Wheeler.

The Yankee for in olden days was king of ocean's wave;
Once more must we a navy raise our banner bright to save.
'Tis not the hardy son of toil who leaves his spade And plow,
Who tears himself from home And soil-the rich men's song go now.
Oh! wondrous sight, our Squadron White upholds our country's law,
The brave Reserve comes forth to fight when honor calls for war.
When man and gold combine for right, we fear no lion's paw.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! the man of wealth who never works,
And wealthy ones who do. The call of honor neither shirks,
Both seek the ocean blue, the ocean blue; now down they slide the tarry ropes,
No gloves their hands preserve, and beauty's smiles lift up their hopes,
Their hopes, and they cheer our brave Reserve.

About the "Dandy Fifth" you've heard, its gallant days are o'er,
But patriotic blood is stirred at sea as on the shore.
In tennis courts a man may play, and dance till rise of sun,
But in a fight he'll make his way with cutlass and with gun.
Farewell to fears-our volunteers a nation's thanks deserve;
We'll warm their hearts with toasts And cheers-here's to each brave reserve.
Now one, two, three; a nation hears and will their fame preserve.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! the proverb says, like father, son;
Their "dads" in eighteen-twelve on ev'ry sea their vict'ries won; [intent
Those who for money delve, for money delve, now forward march, all hearts
To liberty preserve, And heaven's arch with cheers is rent,
Is rent, for our Navy's Grand Reserve.