

1-1-1843

A Health to the Farmer! or Hurrah for the Clay.

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarsjunction.msstate.edu/fvw-sheet-music>

Preferred Citation

[Physical ID#]: [Title], Frank and Virginia Williams Collection of Lincolniana, Mississippi State University Libraries.

This Sheet Music is brought to you for free and open access by the Frank and Virginia Williams Collection of Lincolniana at Scholars Junction. It has been accepted for inclusion in Sheet Music by an authorized administrator of Scholars Junction. For more information, please contact sct@library.msstate.edu.

A Health to the Farmer! or Hurrah for the Clay.

Rights

Copyright protected by Mississippi State University Libraries. Use of materials from this collection beyond the exceptions provided for in the Fair Use and Educational Use clauses of the U.S. Copyright Law may violate federal law. Permission to publish or reproduce is required.

A HEALTH TO THE FARMER.



How happy's the farmer who lives by the Clay.



HURRAH
FOR
THE CLAY.



We'll laugh at the storm when
we're shelter'd by Clay.



He smiles at their sports for
he earn'd them by Clay.

Nothing can save it but filling with Clay.



J. G. OSBOURN
Philadelphia No 112 So 3^d Street.

Price 25 Cts. netto.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1843 by J. Osbourn, in the Clerks office of the District Court of the eastern District of Pennsylvania.

HURRAH FOR THE CLAY.

by a Philadelphian.

Sung with great applause at the

WHIG FESTIVAL

AT
Phila. July 4. 1843.

WORDS & AIR ORIGINAL.

Arranged for the

Piano Forte

- By -


J. G. OSBOURN,

Publisher of MUSIC 112 So. 3rd St. Philadelphia.

WITH ANIMATION.



The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time. The right hand starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The left hand starts with a bass clef and the same key signature. The music is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The right hand features a triplet of eighth notes in the second measure.




A health! to the Far-mer who fol-lows the Plough, And



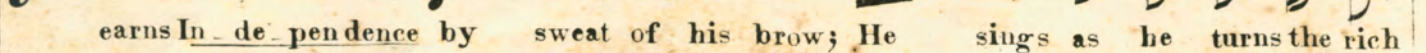
The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and one sharp. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, one sharp, and 6/8 time.



The piano accompaniment continues with the same grand staff and key signature. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand.



earns In-de-pen-dence by sweat of his brow; He sings as he turns the rich



The vocal line continues on a single staff with a treble clef and one sharp. The piano accompaniment continues on a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, one sharp, and 6/8 time.



The piano accompaniment concludes with a grand staff, one sharp, and 6/8 time. It features a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass line in the left hand.

Chorus

soil to the day, How happy's the Farmer who lives by the Clay. Hur-rah!

ff

rah! for the Clay, Hur-rah! for the Clay; How happy's the Farmer who

ff

Ralen - - -

lives by the Clay.

f *ff*

Second Verse.

The Pot ter will have but the choicest of stuff, And works it to make it more

plas tic and tough, And sings, as he fashions his ware on his tray, Wed

all go to pot if it were not for Clay, Hur-rah for the Clay! Hur-

rah for the Clay! Wed all go to pot, if it were not for Clay! Repeat

A HEALTH TO THE FARMER!

O R.

HURRAH FOR THE CLAY.

The Ditcher, who works in the mud and the sand,
Fatigued by the slides of the treacherous land,
Cries out in despair, as the banks break away,
"It wouldn't be so if I trusted to Clay!
Hurrah for the Clay! hurrah for the Clay!
The Banks that will stand, must be made by the Clay!"

The toil-wearied *Cotter*, at evening, at home,
His hands hard with labor, his coat stiff with loam,
Laughs out in delight, as his babies at play
Seem blest, for he earn'd them their joys by the Clay!
Hurrah for the Clay! Hurrah for the Clay!
He smiles at their bliss for he earned it by Clay!

When winter-winds howl round the Clay-plaster'd Cot,
And ven'son is smoking, and hominy hot,
The woodsman exults that the tempest's at bay,
And laughs at the storm, for he's shelter'd by Clay!
Hurrah for the Clay! Hurrah for the Clay!
We'll laugh at it too, when we're sheltered by Clay!

The Cabin of State to its ruin runs fast,
It lets in the snow-drift, the rain and the blast,
Its furniture's rotten, its timbers decay,
And nothing can save it, but filling with Clay!
Hurrah for the Clay! Hurrah for the Clay!
There's nothing can save it but filling with Clay!

The world over, boys, there is Clay that is good,
For plastering cabins and raising the food,
But for work such as ours, let me tell you, the best,
IS CLAY OF KENTUCKY, THE CLAY OF THE WEST.
Hurrah for the Clay! Hurrah for the Clay!
The Clay of Kentucky, the Clay of the West!

Arouse then, my hearties! each son of the land,
And citizen; stranger; hand link'd into hand,
United and earnest, we'll carry the day;
Wer'e sure of a crop, by top-dressing with Clay.
Hurrah for the Clay! Hurrah for the Clay!
Wer'e sure of a crop by top-dressing with Clay!

Nine cheers for his motto!—"good means and great ends,—
A face to the foe, and a heart for our friends!"—
He works for his country by night and by day,
The country will thank him, by working for Clay.—
Hurrah for the Clay! Hurrah for the Clay!
Clay's working for us—let us work for the Clay.—

Hurrah for the Clay—(Nine times.)
Clay's working for us—won't we work for the Clay?