

Hunters of Kentucky.

1. Ye gentlemen and ladies fair who grace this famous city, Just
2. We are a hardy freeborn race, each man to fear a stranger, What-

lis - ten if you've time to spare, while I rehearse a dit - ty; And
e'er the game, we join in chase, despising toil and dan - ger, And

for an op - por - tu - ni - ty, conceive yourselves quite lucky, For
if a daring foe annoys, whate'er his strength and forces, We'll

'tis not often here you see a hun - ter from Ken - tucky,
show him that Kentucky boys are "al - li - ga - tor horses."

O Ken - tuck - y, the hun - ters of Ken - tuck - y.
O Ken - tuck - y, &c.

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O Ken - tuck - y, the hun - ters of Ken - tuck - y.

- 3 I s'pose you've read it in the prints how Pakenham attempted
To make old hickory Jackson wince, but soon his schemes repented ;
For we with rifles ready cock'd, thought such occasion lucky,
And soon around the hero flock'd the hunters of Kentucky.
O Kentucky, &c.
- 4 You've heard I s'pose how New Orleans is fam'd for wealth and beauty,
There's girls of ev'ry hue it seems, from snowy white to sooty,
So Pakenham he made his brags, if he in fight was lucky,
He'd have their girls and cotton bags, in spite of old Kentucky.
O Kentucky, &c
- 5 But Jackson he was wide awake, and wasn't scar'd at trifles,
For well he knew what aim we take with our Kentucky rifles ;
So he led us down to Cypress swamp, the ground was low and mucky,
There stood John Bull in martial pomp, and here was old Kentucky.
O Kentucky, &c.
- 6 A bank was rais'd to hide our breast not that we thought of dying,
But that we always like to rest, unless the game is flying :
Behind it stood our little force—none wish'd it to be greater,
For ev'ry man was half a horse, and half an alligator. O Kentucky, &c.
- 7 They did not let our patience tire, before they show'd their faces—
We did not choose to waste our fire, so snugly kept our places :
And when so near to see them wink, we thought it time to stop 'em;
And 'twould have done you good I think, to see Kentuckians drop
'em.
O Kentucky, &c.
- 8 They found at last 'twas vain to fight, where lead was all their booty ;
And so they wisely took a flight, and left us all our beauty,
And now if danger e'er annoys, remember what our trade is
Just send for us Kentucky boys, and we'll protect you, ladies.
O Kentucky, &c.