

Oscar Brand, Jackson And Kentucky

Ye gentlemen and ladies fair, that grace New Orleans city,
Come listen, if you've time to spare, while I rehearse a ditty;
And for the opportunity consider yourself lucky:
It is not often that you see a hunter from Kentucky.

Oh, Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky.

Now y'all been readin' in the public prints, how Pakenham attempted
To make our Hickory Jackson wince, but soon his scheme repented;
For Jackson he was wide awake, he was not scared of trifles,
For well he knew what aim we take with our Kentucky rifles;

Oh, Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky.

He led us down to the cypress swamp; the ground was low and mucky.
There came John Bull in martial pomp, and here stood old Kentucky.
Old Hickory led our little band, none wished it to be greater,
For every man was half a horse and half an alligator.

Oh, Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky.

Well, the British found 'twas vain to fight, where lead was all their booty,
And so they wisely took to flight, and left us all this beauty,
And so if danger e'er annoys, remember what our trade is,
Just send for us Kentucky boys, and we'll protect you ladies.

Oh, Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky.

Oh, Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky.