The Hunters of Kentucky





We are a hardy, free-born race, Each man to fear a stranger, Whate'er the game we join in chase, Despising toil and danger. And if a daring foe annoys, Whate'er his strength or forces, We'll show them that Kentucky boys are Alligator-horses.

Oh, Kentucky, &c.

I 'spose you've read it in the prints, How Packenham attempted To make Old Hickory JACKSON wince, But soon his scheme repented; For we with rifles ready cock'd, Thought such occasion lucky, And soon around the general flock'd The Hunters of Kentucky.

Oh, Kentucky, &c.

They did not let their patience tire, Before they showed their faces, We did not choose to waste our fire So snugly kept our places,

But when so near we saw them wink, We thought it time to stop 'em, And it would have done you good, I think, To see Kentuckians drop 'em.

Oh, Kentucky, &c.

They found, at last, 'twas vain to fight, Where lead was all their booty, And so they wisely took to flight, And left us all the beauty. And now if danger e'er annoys, Remember what our trade is, Just send for us Kentucky boys, And we'll protect ye, ladies.

Oh, Kentucky, &c.

Tune: Miss Bailey's Ghost, Ally Croaker. Pub 1815, used in General Jackson's subsequent presidential campaigns.