

Object ID: *MG0828_SeriesA_F01_It01s*

Document: *"The Clarion," transcribed by Thomas Welsh and an untitled poem by Thomas Welsh*

Transcription:

The Clarion

Air – "The Chariot"

The Clarion – The Clarion of freedom now sounds
From the east to the west Independence resounds
From the hills and the streams and the far distant skies
Let the shout Independence from Alcohol rise

The army – the army have taken the field
The cold water hosts never will yield
From pure fountains refreshed animation now glows
And with ardor immortal they rush on their foes.

Sweet one, please tell me, why art thou,
So sad. Is it but for want of a beau
If so, just say the word and soon you'll see
How pleasant that honor would be to me
But if it is another one, from whom
Thou art now deported, but yet same
Chance may bring his heart to thine
To the regret of another's heart, tis mine
Yes, regret would be, forever so to me
When thinking of that one, tis thee
Yes thine tis thine. I mean thy heart
That has my waywardness set apart
Apart I mean from others who are
In beauty to thee like the Planet and Stars.

Thomas Welsh

Analysis: McMahan

The first 8 lines are the first two stanzas from a temperance piece called "The Clarion" that appeared in a number of temperance journals in the early nineteenth century, including the Journal of the American Temperance Union, January 1841 and The Washingtonian (Augusta, Georgia), September 17, 1842.



Second part seems to be an original 14 line poem by Welsh; first lines reads "Sweet one, please tell me why art thou so sad."

Scope and Content:

Poem, "The Clarion." The first part was transcribed by Thomas Welsh, second part was evidently written by Thomas Welsh. The dates of the poems are not specified.

