

**HUNTER'S OF KENTUCKY.**



*Or Half Horse and half Alligator.*

**Y**E gentlemen and ladies fair  
 Who grace this famous city,  
 Just listen, if you've time to spare,  
 While I rehearse a ditty ;  
 And for the opportunity  
 Conceive yourselves quite lucky,  
 For 'tis not often that you see  
 A hunter from Kentucky.  
 Oh Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky !  
 Oh Kentucky, 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 and forces,  
 We'll show him that Kentucky boys  
 Are alligator horses.

Oh Kentucky, &c.

I s'pose you've read it in the prints,  
 How Pakenham 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 gen'ral flock'd,  
 The hunters of Kentucky.

Oh Kentucky, &c.

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.

Oh Kentucky, &c.

But Jackson he was wide awake,  
 And was not scar'd at trifles,  
 For well he knew what aim we take,  
 With our Kentucky rifles :  
 So he led us down by Cypress swamp,  
 The ground was low and mucky ;  
 There stood John Bull in martial pouf,  
 And here was old Kentucky.

Oh Kentucky, &c.

A bank was rais'd to hide our breasts,  
 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 wished it to be greater,  
 For ev'ry man was half a horse,  
 And half an alligator.

Oh Kentucky, &c.

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.  
 But when so near we saw them wink,  
 We thought it time to stop 'em,  
 And 'twould 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.

Sold Wholesale and Retail, by L. Denning, No. 1, Market Square—Boston.