

Stand to your guns! my hearts of oak  
Melody - Thomas Carter  
Thomas Carter, 1804

Stand to your guns! my hearts of oak,  
Let not a word on board be spoke,  
Victory soon will crown the joke;  
Be silent and be ready.  
Ram home your guns and sponge them well,  
Let us be sure, the balls will tell,  
The cannon's roar shall sound their knell,  
Be steady, boys, be steady.  
Not yet, nor yet, nor yet.  
Reserve your fire,  
I do desire, fire!

Now, the elements do rattle,  
The Gods amaz'd behold the battle  
A broadside, my boys.  
See the blood in purple tide,  
Trickle down her batter'd side,  
Wing'd with fate the bullets fly,  
Conquer, boys, or bravely die!  
Hurl destruction on your foes!  
She sinks, Huzza! to the bottom,  
To the bottom down she goes!