

O the harm how I wish
 That each kettle and dish
 Could be cleansed by some Yankee machine
 It would save such a sight
 Of work morn and night
 To have one that would scour wash and clean
 I should think that they might
 With their needles so bright
 Be much to our comfort and ease
 And a dish washer make
 That would beat the horn rake
 Of the things to make butter and cheese
 They've machines to glass cut glass
 and machines to cut grass
 And machines to fulfil all those wishes
 But they never once think
 While there ever hearth they drink
 Of poor women who have to wash dishes
 It must have a strong brand
 That will not show the brand
 Of the stove foot or the frying pan hot
 And never once shrink
 But with resolute clench
 Lay right hold of each kettle and pot
 And when tis completed
 The inventor to be greeted
 With praises from all that lack wealth
 And every good lass
 Will fill up a glass
 Of bright water to drink to his health,
 Amen

The Thriving Family A Song

Our father lives in Washington
 And has a world of cares
 But gives his children each a farm
 Enough for them and theirs
 Full thirty still grow on some has he
 A numerous race indeed
 Married and settled all I see
 With boys and girls to feed
 And if we wisely till our lands
 We're sure to earn a living
 And have a penny too to spare
 For spending or for giving
 A thriving family are we
 We're thriving, need we care
 For we know how to use our hands
 And in our work we find us
 Well brothers hail
 Let nought on earth divide us
 Some of us have the sharp north east
 Some clover fields are mowing
 And others tend the cotton plants
 That reap the harvest sowing
 Some build and steer the white winged ships
 And few in speed can mate them
 While others nur the corn and wheat
 Or grind the flour to freight them
 And if our neighbors over the sea
 Have ever an empty ladder
 To send a loaf their labor to cheer
 They'll work a little harder
 No old nobility have we
 No tyrant king to ride us
 Our sages in the capitol
 Enact the laws that give us
 Hail brothers hail
 Let nought on earth divide us