



Photograph by Turner

# THE PRINCETON BATTLE MONUMENT

THE HISTORY OF THE MONUMENT, A  
RECORD OF THE CEREMONIES ATTEND-  
ING ITS UNVEILING, AND AN ACCOUNT  
OF THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON

PRINCETON  
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A BALLAD OF PRINCETON BATTLE

## A BALLAD OF PRINCETON BATTLE\*

**A** LONG Assunpink's woody bank we left our camp-  
fires bright,  
While like a fox with padded feet we stole away by night ;  
Cornwallis watched his Trenton trap,  
And drained his glass, and took his nap ;  
But the ragged troops of Washington outflanked him in  
the night,—  
Up and away for Princeton,  
By a secret road to Princeton,—  
We dragged our guns with muffled wheels to win another  
fight.

The icy trail was hard as iron, our footprints marked it  
red ;  
Our frosty breath went up like smoke to the winking stars  
o'erhead ;  
By Bear Swamp and by Miry Run,  
Our muskets weighed at least a ton ;  
We shivered, till o'er Stony Brook we saw the sun rise  
red ;  
Weary we tramped to Princeton ;  
But all of us at Princeton,  
Would follow our Chief through thick and thin till the  
last of us was dead.

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\* This ballad is intended to be a plain story of the battle of Princeton as told and interpreted by one who took part in it and who was at the same time a graduate of Princeton College, say such a man as Colonel Joseph Read, of the class of 1757."

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We looked beyond the upper bridge, across the swollen  
stream,  
And there along the King's highway, we saw the redcoats  
gleam;

'Twas Mawhood's regiment marching down  
To finish us off at Trenton town!

"Go cut the bridge,"—and Mercer's men crept up along  
the stream.

But the British turned towards Princeton,  
Came bravely back for Princeton;  
And all the rest of that dim hour was wilder than a dream.

They rushed thro' Will Clark's orchard, among the naked  
trees;

With horse and foot they hammered hard; their bullets  
sang like bees;

And Mercer fell, and Haslet fell;  
The bayonets cut us up like hell;

The chain-shot mowed a bloody path beneath the twisted  
trees.

It looked all black for Princeton,  
We lost our hopes of Princeton;

We wavered, and we broke and fled as leaves before the  
breeze.

Then down the hill from Tom Clark's house, rode Wash-  
ington aflame

With holy ire, through smoke and fire, like mighty Mars  
he came.

"Come on, my men, parade with me,  
We'll make the braggart redcoats flee."—

And up the hill, against the guns, rode Washington aflame.

He turned the tide at Princeton;

The land was saved at Princeton;

And they who fought, and they who fell, won liberty and  
fame.

Men praise our Chief for weighty words, for counsel  
calm and high,

For prudence and enduring will, for cool, far-seeing eye:

One thing he had all else above,—

Courage that caught the soldier's love,

And made the soldier's loyal heart in danger's hour beat  
high.

We saw it clear at Princeton;

'Twas written here at Princeton:

*The men who make a nation great are men who dare to  
die.*

Avalon,  
May 22, 1922.

HENRY VAN DYKE.