

Ye Songbook of The Loyal American Regiment



Being a collection of songs sung during
the rebellion of the American Colonies

(with one or two or three very notable exceptions)

Loyal American Regimental Press: Price: £2

March Of The Cameron Men

There's many a man of the Cameron clan
That has followed his chief to the field
He has sworn to support him or die by his side
For a Cameron never can yield.

**I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding
Deep o'er the mountain and glen
While light springing footsteps
Are trampling the heath
'Tis the march of the Cameron men.
'Tis the march, 'tis the march
'Tis the march of the Cameron men.**

Oh, proudly they walk, but each Cameron knows
He may tread on the heather no more
But boldly he follows his chief to the field
Where his laurels were gathered before.

The moon has arisen, it shines on the path
Now trod by the gallant and true
High, high are their hopes, for their chieftain has said
That whatever men dare, they can do.

The Cutty Wren

Oh where are you going said Milder to Moulder
 Oh we may not tell you said Festel to Fose
 We're off to the woods said John the Red Nose
 We're off to the woods said John the Red Nose.

And what will you do there said Milder to Moulder
 We'll shoot the Cutty wren said John the Red Nose.
 And how will you shoot us said Milder to Moulder
 With bows and with arrows said John the Red Nose.

Oh that will not do said Milder to Moulder
 Oh what will you do then said Festel to Fose
 Great guns and great cannon said John the Red Nose.
 Great guns and great cannon said John the Red Nose.

And how will you fetch her said Milder to Moulder
 Oh we may not tell you said Festel to Fose
 On four strong men's shoulders said John the Red Nose.
 On four strong men's shoulders said John the Red Nose.

Ah that will not do said Milder to Moulder
 Oh what will do then said Festel to Fose
 Great carts and great wagons said John the Red Nose.
 Great carts and great wagons said John the Red Nose.

Oh how will you cut her up said Milder to Moulder
 With knives and with forks said John the Red Nose.
 Oh that will not do said Milder to Moulder
 Great hatchets and cleavers said John the Red Nose.

Oh how will you boil her said Milder to Moulder
 In pots and in kettles said John the Red Nose
 O that will not do said Milder to Moulder
 Great pans and large cauldrons said John the Red Nose.

Oh who'll get the spare ribs said Milder to Moulder
 We'll give 'em all to the poor said John the Red Nose.

The American Vicar of Bray

(from *Rivington's Royal Gazette*, June 30 1779)

When Royal George rul'd o'er this land,
 And loyalty no harm meant,
 For church and king I made a stand,
 And so I got preferment.
 I still opposed all party tricks,
 For reasons I thought clear ones,
 And swore it was their politics,
 To make us Presbyterians.

Chorus

**And this is law I will maintain,
 Until my dying day, sir,
 Let whatsoever king will reign,
 I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.**

When Stamp Act pas'd the Parliament,
 To bring some grist to mill, sir,
 To back it was my firm intent,
 But soon there came repeal, sir.
 I quickly join'd the common cry,
 That we should all be slaves, sir,
 The House of Commons was a sty,
 The King and Lords were knaves, sir.

Now all went smooth as smooth could be,
 I strutted and look'd big, sir;
 And when they laid a tax on tea,
 I was believed a Whig, sir.

I laugh'd at all the vain pretence
 of taxing at this distance,
 And swore before I'd pay my pence,
 I'd make a firm resistance.

A Congress now was quickly call'd,
 That we might act together;

I thought that Britain would apall'd
 Be glad to make fair weather,
 And soon repeal th' obnoxious bill,
 As she had done before, sir,
 That we may gather wealth at will,
 And so be tax'd no more, sir.

But Britain was not quickly scar'd,
 She told another story;
 When independence was declar'd,
 I figur'd as a Tory;
 Declar'd it was rebellion base,
 To take up arms ~ I curs'd it~
 For faith it seemed a settled case,
 That we should soon be worsted.

When penal laws were pass'd by vote,
 I thought the test a grievance,
 Yet sooner than I'd loose a goat,
 I swore the State allegiance.
 The then disguise could hardly pass,
 For I was much suspected;
 I felt myself much like the ass
 In lion's skin detected.

The French alliance now came forth,
 The papists flocked in shoals, sir,
 Friseur Marquises, Valets of birth,
 And priests to save our souls, sir.
 Our "good ally," with tow'ring wing,
 Embrac'd the flattering hope, sir,
 That we should own him for our king,
 And then invite the Pope, sir.

When Howe, with drums and great parade,
 March'd through this famous town, sir,
 I cried, "May Fame his temples shade
 "With laurels for a crown, sir."
 With zeal I swore to make ammends
 To good old constitution,

And drank confusion to the friends
Of our late revolution.

But poor Burgoyne's denounced my fate,
The Whigs began to glory,
I now bewail'd my wretched state,
That I was e'er a Tory,
By night the British left the shore,
Nor car'd for friends a fig, sir,
I turn'd the cat in pan once more,
And so became a Whig, sir.

I call'd the army butch'ring dogs,
A bloody tyrant King, sir,
The Commons, Lords, a set of rogues,
That all deserved to swing, sir.
Since fate has made us great and free,
And Providence can't falter,
So long till death my king shall be,
Unless the times should alter.

Black Velvet Band

Chorus:

**Her eyes they shone like the diamonds
You'd think she was queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band.**

In a neat little town they call Belfast
Apprenticed to trade I was bound
And many an hour's sweet happiness
I spent in that neat little town.
Till bad misfortune came o'er me
That caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band.

Well, I was out strolling one evening
Not meaning to go very far
When I met with a pretty young damsel
Who was selling her trade in the bar.
When I watched, she took from a customer
And slipped it right into my hand
Then the Watch came and put me in prison
Bad luck to the black velvet band.

Next morning before judge and jury
For a trial I had to appear
And the judge, he said, "You young fellows...
The case against you is quite clear
And seven long years is your sentence
You're going to Van Dieman's Land
Far away from your friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band."

So come all you jolly young fellows
I'd have you take warning by me
Whenever you're out on the liquor, me lads,
Beware of the pretty colleen.

She'll fill you with whiskey and porter
 Until you're not able to stand
 And the very next thing that you'll know, me lads,
 You're landed in Van Dieman's Land.

ROSIN THE BEAU

I've traveled all over this world
 And now to another I go
 And I know that good quarters are waiting
 To welcome old Rosin the Beau
 To welcome old Rosin the Beau
 To welcome old Rosin the Beau
 And I know that good quarters are waiting
 To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter
 A voice you will hear from below
 Saying "Send down a hogshead of whiskey
 To drink with old Rosin the Beau"
 To drink with old Rosin the Beau"
 To drink with old Rosin the Beau"
 Saying "Send down a hogshead of whiskey
 To drink with old Rosin the Beau".

Then get a half dozen stout fellows
 And stack them all up in a row
 Let them drink out of half gallon bottles
 To the memory of Rosin the Beau
 To the memory of Rosin the Beau
 To the memory of Rosin the Beau
 Let them drink out of half gallon bottles
 To the memory of Rosin the Beau.

Then get this half dozen stout fellows
 And let them all stagger and go
 And dig a great hole in the meadow
 And in it put Rosin the Beau

And in it put Rosin the Beau
 And in it put Rosin the Beau
 And dig a great hole in the meadow
 And in it put Rosin the Beau.

Then get ye a couple of bottles
 Put one at me head and me toe
 With a diamond ring scratch upon them
 The name of old Rosin the Beau
 The name of old Rosin the Beau
 The name of old Rosin the Beau
 With a diamond ring scratch upon them
 The name of old Rosin the Beau.

I've only this one consolation
 As out of this world I go
 I know that the next generation
 Will resemble old Rosin the Beau
 Will resemble old Rosin the Beau
 Will resemble old Rosin the Beau
 I know that the next generation
 Will resemble old Rosin the Beau.

I fear that old tyrant approaching
 That cruel remorseless old foe
 And I lift up me glass in his honor
 Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau
 Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau
 Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau
 And I lift up me glass in his honor
 Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau.

NOTTINGHAM ALE

When Venus, the goddess of beauty and love
 Arose from the froth that swam on the sea
 Minerva sprang out of the cranium of Jove
 A coy, sullen dame as most mortals agree
 But Bacchus, they tell us, that prince of good fellows
 Was Jupiter's son, pray attend to my tale
 And those that thus chatter mistake quite the matter
 He sprang from a barrel of Nottingham Ale

Nottingham Ale, boys, Nottingham Ale
No liquor on earth is like Nottingham Ale
Nottingham Ale, boys, Nottingham Ale
No liquor on earth is like Nottingham Ale

And you doctors, who more executions have done
 With powder and potion and bolus and pill
 Than a hangman with noose, or soldier with gun
 A Miser with famine, a lawyer with quill
 To dispatch us the quicker, forbid us malt liquor
 Our bodies consume, and our faces grow pale
 But mind who it pleases, it cures all diseases
 A comforting bottle of Nottingham Ale.

You bishops and curates, you priests and you vicars
 When once you have tasted, you'll know it is true
 That Nottingham Ale is the best of all liquors
 And none understand it as good as do you.
 It dispels every vapor, saves pen, ink and paper
 When you're of a mind from the pulpit to rail
 Just open your throats, you'll preach without notes
 When inspired by a bottle of Nottingham Ale.

THE ROLLING HILLS OF THE BORDER

(Matt McGinn)

Chorus:

**When I die, bury me low
Where I can hear the bonny Tweed flow;
A sweeter place I never did know,
The rolling hills of the border.**

I've traveled far, wandered wide,
I've seen the Hudson and the Clyde,
I've courted by Loch Lomond's side,
But I dearly love the border.

Well do I have mind of the day,
With my lassie I strolled by the Tay,
But all these beauties fade away,
Among the hills of the border.

There's a certain peace of mind
Bonnie lassies there you'll find
Men so sturdy, yet so kind,
Among the hills of the border.

From the version found on Five Days Singing, The New Golden

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN

Here's a health to the King, and a lasting peace
 May faction end and wealth increase.
 Come, let's drink while we have breath,
 For there's no drinking after death.
 And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men, down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down;
Down among the dead men let them lie!

Let charming beauty's health go round,
 In whom celestial joys are found.
 And may confusion still pursue
 The senseless woman-hating crew.
 And they that'd woman's health deny,
 Down among the dead men, down among the dead men,
 Down, down, down, down;
 Down among the dead men let them lie!

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
 Deny no pleasure to my soul.
 Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
 For Bacch-us is a friend to love.
 And he that will this health deny,
 Down among the dead men, down among the dead men,
 Down, down, down, down;
 Down among the dead men let them lie!

May love and wine their rights maintain,
 And their united pleasure reign.
 While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
 We'll sing the joys that both afford.
 And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men, down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down;
Down among the dead men let them lie! (Repeat)

Attributed to John Dyer (1700-1758).

Dead men, or dead soldiers, are empties, usually adorning the floor under a festive table.

THE RAKES OF MALLOW

Beauing, belleing, dancing, drinking,
 Breaking windows, cursing, sinking
 Ever raking, never thinking,
 Live the Rakes of Mallow;
 Spending faster than it comes,
 Beating waiters bailiffs, duns,
 Bacchus' true begotten sons,
 Live the Rakes of Mallow.

One time naught but claret drinking,
 Then like politicians, thinking
 Raise the "sinking funds" when sinking.
 Live the Rakes of Mallow.
 When at home, with da-da dying,
 Still for mellow water crying;
 But, where there's good claret plying
 Live the Rakes of Mallow.

Racking tenants, ste-wards teasing,
 Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
 Wishing to spend all their days in
 Raking as at Mallow.
 Then to end this raking life,
 They get sober, take a wife,
 Ever after live in strife,
 And wish again for Mallow.

THE MILLER OF DEE (Jolly Miller)

There was a jolly miller once liv'd on the river Dee ;
 He danc'd and he sang from morn till night, no lark so blithe as he.
 And this the burden of his song for ever us'd to be~
 I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

I live by my mill, God bless her! she's kindred, child, and wife;
 I would not change my station for any other in life.
 No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from me~
 I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

When Spring begins its merry career, oh! how his heart grows gay ;
 No summer drought alarms his fears, nor winter's sad decay;
 No foresight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to sing and say-
 Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to day.

Thus like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice and sing;
 The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on the wing.
 This song shall pass from me to thee, along this jovial ring~
 Let heart and voice and all agree to say "Long live the King."

*Note: From Popular Music of the Olden Time, Chappell
 This version originally published in The Convivial Songster, 1782*

*see a full set in John S. Farmer, "Canting Songs and Rhymes" (c.
 1890): NY, Cooper Square, 1964 JB*

*tune: The Budgeon it is a Delicate Trade (note that it has re-
 emerged, in 4/4 time, as Rolling Down to Old Maui)*

HEART OF OAK

(David Garrick, 1759)

Come cheer up my lads, it's to glory we steer
To add something more to this wonderful year
To honor we call you, as free men, not slaves
For who are so free as the sons of the waves

Heart of oak are our ships
Heart of oak are our men
We always are ready
Steady, boys, steady
We'll fight and we'll conquer, again and again

Our worthy forefathers, let's give them a cheer
To climates unknown did courageously steer
Through oceans to deserts, for freedom they came
And dying, bequeathed us their freedom and fame

THE CONGRESS

Ye Tories all rejoice and sing
 Success to George our gracious King,
 The faithful subjects tribute bring
 And execrate the Congress.
 These hardy knaves and stupid fools,
 Some apish and pragmatic mules,
 Some servile acquiescing tools,
 These, these compose the Congress.

Then Jove resolved to send a curse,
 And all the woes of life rehearse
 Not plague, not famine, but much worse
 He cursed us with a Congress.
 Then peace forsook this hopeless shore
 Then cannons blazed with horrid roar
 We hear of blood, death, wounds and gore,
 The offspring of the Congress.

With poverty and dire distress
 With standing armies us oppress,
 Whole troops to Pluto swiftly press;
 As victims of the Congress.
 Time-serving priests to zealots preach,
 Who King and Parliament impeach;
 Seditious lessons to us teach
 At the command of Congress.

Prepare, prepare, my friends prepare
 For scenes of blood, the field of war;
 To royal standard we'll repair,
 And curse the haughty Congress.
 Huzza! Huzza! and thrice Huzza!
 Return peace, harmony and law!
 Restore such times as once we saw
 And bid adieu to Congress.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE WASSAIL

Wassail, wassail all over the t-oon
 Our toast it is white and our ale it is br-oon
 Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree
 With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee

So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek
 Pray God send our master a good piece of beef
 And a good piece of beef that may we all see
 With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee

And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye
 Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie
 A good Christmas pie that may we all see
 With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee

So here's to Broad Mary and to her broad horn
 May God send our master a good crop of corn
 A good crop of corn that may we all see
 With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee

And here is to Fillpail and to her left ear
 Pray God send our master a happy New Year
 A happy New Year as e'er he did see
 With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee

And here is to Colly and to her long tail
 Pray God send our master he never may fail
 A bowl of strong beer! I pray you draw near
 And our jolly wassail it's then you shall hear

Come butler, come fill us a bowl of the best
 Then we hope that your soul in heaven may rest
 But if you do draw us a bowl of the small
 Then down shall go butler, bowl and all

Then here's to the maid in the lily white smock
 Who tripped to the door and slipped back the lock

Who tripped to the door and pulled back the pin
 For to let these jolly wassailers in.

REFUGEE SONG (1779) Tune: Heart of Oak

These verses were published in the Rivington's "Royal Gazette" (New York) in March of 1779 as "A Song, written by a refugee on reading the King's speech and sung at the Refugee Club in the city of New York to the tune "Hearts of Oak".

Here's a bumper, brave boys, to the health of our king,
 Long may he live, and long may we sing,
 In praise of a monarch who boldly defends
 The laws of the realm, and the cause of his friends.
**Then cheer up, my lads, we have nothing to fear,
 While we remain steady,
 And always keep ready,
 To add to the trophies of this happy year.**

The Congress did boast of their mighty ally,
 But George does both France and the Congress defy;
 And when Britons unite, there's no force can withstand
 Their fleets and their armies, by sea and on land.

Thus supported, our cause we will ever maintain,
 And all treaties with rebels will ever disdain;
 Till reduc'd by our arms, they are forc'd to confess,
 While ruled by Great Britain they ne'er knew distress.

Then let us, my boys, Britain's right e'er defend,
 Who regards not her rights, we esteem not our friend;
 Then, brave boys, we both France and the Congress defy,
 And we'll fight for Great Britain and George till we die.
 Then cheer up, my lads, we have nothing to fear,
 While we remain steady,
 And always keep ready,
 To add to the trophies of this happy year.

Dance to thy Daddy (*Irish Tongue-Twister Song*)

Dance to thy Daddy
My little laddy
Dance to thy Daddy
My little Bear

Dance to thy Daddy
Sing to thy Mummy
Dance to thy Daddy
My little Bear

You shall have a fishie,
On a little dishy
You shall have a fishie,
when the boat gets in.

You shall have a herring,
On a little dishy
You shall have a herring,
when the boat gets in.

Come here, maw little Jacky,
Now aw've smok'd mi backy,
Let's hev a bit o' cracky,
When the boat gets in.

Dance to thy Daddy
Sing to thy Mummy
Dance to thy Daddy
My little Bear

You shall have a fishie,
On a little dishy
You shall have a fishie,
when the boat gets in.

You shall have a mackerel,
On a little dishy
You shall have a mackerel,
when the boat gets in.

Dance to thy Daddy
My little laddy
Dance to thy Daddy
My little Bear

Dance to thy Daddy
Sing to thy Mummy
Dance to thy Daddy
My little Bear

You shall have a fishie,
On a little dishy
You shall have a fishie,
when the boat gets in.

You shall have a herring,
On a little dishy
You shall have a herring,
when the boat gets in.

Come here, maw little Jacky,
Now aw've smok'd mi backy,
Let's hev a bit o' cracky,
When the boat gets in.

Dance to thy Daddy
Sing to thy Mummy
Dance to thy Daddy
My little Bear

You shall have a fishie,
On a little dishy
You shall have a fishie,
when the boat gets in.

You shall have a mackerel,
On a little dishy
You shall have a mackerel,
when the boat gets in.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE

(John Tait)

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sang from the tree.
At the foot of a hill, where the river was flowing
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river
Thy banks, purest stream shall be dear to me ever;
For there I first gained the affection and favor
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he has gone from me and left me thus mourning
To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he;
But ah! There's no hope of his speedy returning
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the rude roaring billows,
The kindest, the sweetest, of all his brave fellows
And left me to stray 'mongst these once loved willows
The loneliest lass on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him
Blest peace may restore my dear lover to me.
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him
He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee will then flow, all its beauty displaying
The lambs on its banks will again be seen playing
Whilst I, with my Jamie, am carelessly straying
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

**The World Turned Upside Down, or,
The Old Woman Taught Wisdom.** (1767) Tune: Derry Down

Goody Bull and her daughter together fell out,
Both squabbled and wrangled and made a great rout!
But the cause of the quarrel remains to be told
Then lend both your ears and a tale I'll unfold.
Derry down, down. Hey derry down!

The old lady, it seems, took a freak in her head
That her daughter, grown woman, might earn her own bread;
Self-applauding her scheme, she was ready to dance
But we're often too sanguine in what we advance.

For mark the event--thus for fortune we're crossed
Nor should people reckon without their good host.
The daughter was sulky and wouldn't come to
And pray what in this case could the old woman do?

In vain did the matron hold forth in the cause,
That the young one was able; her duty, the laws;
Ingratitude vile, disobedience far worse;
But she might e'en as well sung psalms to a horse.

Young, froward, and sullen, and vain of her beauty,
She tartly replied, that she knew well her duty,
That other folks' children were kept by their friends,
And that some folks loved people but for their own ends.

"Zounds! Neighbour," quoth Pitt. What the devil's the matter?
A man cannot rest in your home for your chatter."
"Alas!" cries the daughter, "here's dainty fine work
The old woman grows harder than Jew or than Turk!"

"She be damned!" says the farmer, and to her he goes,
First roars in her ears, then tweaks her old nose;
"Hello Goody, what ails you? Wake, woman I say,
I am come to make peace in this desperate fray."

Adzooks, open thine eyes, what a pother is here!
 You've no right to compel her, you have not, I swear;
 Be ruled by your friends, kneel down and ask pardon,
 You'd be sorry, I'm sure, should she walk Covent Garden.

"Alas!" cries the old woman, "And must I comply?
 But I'd rather submit than the hussy should die!"
 "Pooh, prithee, be quiet, be friends and agree
 You must surely be right if you're guided by me."

Unwillingly, awkward, the mother knelt down,
 While the absolute farmer went on with a frown,
 Come, kiss the poor child, there come, kiss and be friends!
 There, kiss your poor daughter, and make her amends.

No thanks to you, mother; the daughter replied:
 But thanks to my friend here, I've humbled your pride.

MEN OF HARLECH

Men of Harlech in the hollow, do you hear like rushing billow
 Wave on wave that surging fellow battle's distant sound
 'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen, Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen
 Be they knights or hinds or yeomen, they shall bite the ground
 Loose the folds asunder, flag we conquer under
 The placid sky, now calm on high shall launch its bolts of thunder
 Onward, 'tis our country needs us, he is bravest, he who leads us
 Honor's self now proudly heeds us: Freedom, God, and Right

Rocky steeps and passes narrow flash with spear and flight of arrow
 Who would think of death or sorrow? Death is glory now
 Hurl the reeling horsemen over, let the earth dead foemen cover
 Fate of friend or wife or lover trembles on a blow
 Strands of life are riven, blow for blow is given
 In deadly lock or battle shock, and mercy shrieks to Heaven
 Men of Harlech, young or hoary would you win a name in story
 Strike for home, for life, for glory. Freedom, God, and Right

LONG LIVE THE KING OF ENGLAND!

Come ye lads of Dutchess County, make your mark, collect the bounty,
 Those that dare to block our way will seldom see the break of day,
 Rebels with their bellies growling, waiting for a disemboweling
 Long live the King of England, Up with the Flag!

*And it's rape, rape the bastards' women. Loot, loot the guns and linen,
 All we shall leave behind are bodies and their pregnant women,
 Live or die 'tis just as well, We'll all meet again in Hell,
 So long live the King of England, Up with the Flag!*

Burn the houses, burn the stables, defecate upon the tables,
 Steal the silver and the gold. Shoot the young and knife the old,
 We will loot when we're done killing, We won't leave a single shilling,
 Long live the King of England, Up with the Flag!

Death to all the mangy rebels, smash their houses down to pebbles,
 Kill the menfolk, use the women, barbeque their scrawny children,
 Bayonet them in the belly, Smash their unused brains to jelly.
 Long live the King of England, Up with the Flag!

Our hearts beat happy in our breasts when we're to charge with bayonets,
 And toward the rebel line we stride, In hopes there'll be some left alive,
 For us to stick upon our points, And slice their manhoods from their groins.
 Long live the King of England, Up with the Flag!

Slash their throats – just for jolly – they will never learn their folly,
 Rebels are the bill of fare, if they hide, we'll find their lair,
 Foul the wells and burn their fences, Sodomize the serving wenches,
 Long live the King of England, Up with the Flag!

The Loyal American Regiment added a new first and last verse to this well-known reenactor song.

THE WHIG

Would you know what a Whig is and always was?
 I'll show you his face as it were in a glass
 He's a rebel by nature, a villain in grain,
 A saint by profession who never had grace.
 Cheating and lying are puny things;
 Rapine and plundering venial sins;
 His great occupation is ruining nations,
 Subverting of Crowns, and murdering kings.

To show that he came from a wight of worth
 'Twas Lucifer's pride that first gave him birth:
 'Twas bloody Barbarity bore the elf:
 Ambition the midwife that brought him forth.
 Old Judas was tutor, until he grew big;
 Hypocrisy taught him to care not a fig
 For all that is sacred, and thus was created
 And brought in the world, what we call a Whig.

Spewed up among mortals by hellish jaws,
 To strike he begins at religion and laws;
 With pious inventions and bloody intentions,
 And all for to bring in the good of the cause.
 At cheating and lying he plays his game,
 Always dissembling, and never the same;
 Till he fills the whole nation with sins of damnation
 Then goes to the devil, from whence he came!

From Songbook of the American Revolution, Rabson
tune: Poor Robin's Maggot or Would You Have a Young Virgin
filename[THEWHIG
Tune file : HEARTMAN

THE BRITISH LIGHT INFANTRY

Adapted to the tune of, *Hark! hark! the joy-inspiring Horn.*

HARK! hark! the bugle's lofty sound
Which makes the woods and rocks around
Repeat the martial strain,
Proclaims the light-arm'd British troops
Advance~Behold, rebellion droops,
She hears the sound with pain;

She sees their glitt'ring arms with fear;
Their nodding plumes approaching near
Her gorgon head she hides;
She flees, in vain, to shun such foes,
For Wayne, or hapless Baylor knows
How swift their vengeance glides.

The nimble messenger of Jove
On earth alights not from above
With step so light as theirs:
Hence, they have feather'd caps, and wings;
And weapons which have keener stings
Than that gay Hermes bears.

A myrtle garland; with the vine,
Venus and Bacchus shall entwine,
About their brows to place,
As types of love and joy; beneath
The well-earn'd, budding laurel wreath;
Which shades each heroes face.

FATHOM THE BOWL

From France we do get brandy, from Jamaica comes rum,
Sweet oranges and lemons from Portugal come;
But stout, ale and cider are England's control,
Bring me the punch ladle, we'll fathom the bowl.

Chorus:

We'll Fathom the bowl, We'll fathom the bowl,
Bring me the punch ladle, we'll fathom the bowl.

My father he do lie in the depths of the sea,
No stone for his head, but no matter to he;
There's a clear crystal fountain near England do roll
Bring me the punch ladle, we'll fathom the bowl

Chorus

My wife she do disturb me as I lay at my ease,
She'll do as she will and she'll say as she please;
My wife is the devil, she's black as the coal,
Bring me the punch ladle, we'll fathom the bowl

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

AKA: Brighton Camp

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hill
 And o'er the moor and valley
 Such heavy thoughts my mind do fill
 Since parting with my Sally

I ask no more the fine or gay
 For each but does remind me
 How swift the hours did pass away
 With the girl I've left behind me

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night
 The stars were bright above me
 And gently lent their silv'ry light
 When first she vow'd to love me

But now I'm bound to Brighton Camp
 Kind Heaven, then, pray guide me
 And send me safely back again
 To the girl I've left behind me.

Had I the art to sing her praise
 With all the skill of Homer,
 The only theme should fill my lays -
 The charms of my true lover.

So let the night be e'er so dark,
 Or e'er so wet and windy
 Kind heaven send me back again
 To the girl I've left behind me.

Her golden hair, in ringlets fair,
 Her eyes like diamonds shining,
 Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,
 May leave the swan repining.

Ye gods above! oh, hear my prayer,

To my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The falling waves may cease to roar,
Ere I shall seek to change her.

Ye gods above! oh, hear my prayer,
To my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

The vows we register'd above
Shall ever cheer and bind me
In constancy to her I love, -
The girl I've left behind me.

THE REBELS (1778)

(Tune: Black Joak)

Ye brave honest subjects who dare to be loyal,
 And have stood the brunt of every trial,
 Of hunting shirts and rifle guns;
 Come listen awhile and I'll tell you a song;
 I'll show you those Yankees are all in the wrong,
 Who, with blustering look and most awkward gait,
 'Gainst their lawful sovereign dare for to prate,
 With their hunting shirts and rifle guns.

The arch-rebels, barefooted tatterdemalions,
 In baseness exceed all other rebellions,
 With their hunting shirts and rifle guns:
 To rend the empire, the most infamous lies,
 Their mock-patriot Congress, do always devise;
 Independence, like the first rebels, they claim,
 But their plots will be damned in the annals of fame,
 With their hunting shirts and rifle guns.

Forgetting the mercies of Great Britain's King,
 Who saved their forefathers' necks from the string,
 With hunting shirts and rifle guns,
 They renounce all allegiance and take up their arms,
 Assemble together like hornets in swarms,
 So dirty their backs, and so wretched their show,
 That carrion-crow follows wherever they go,
 With their hunting shirts and rifle guns.

With loud peels of laughter, your sides, sirs, would crack,
 To see General Convict and Colonel Shoe-Black,
 With their hunting shirts and rifle-guns.
 See cobblers and quacks, rebel priests and the like,
 Pettifoggers and barbers, with sword and with pike,
 All strutting the standard of Satan beside,
 And honest names using, their black deeds to hide,
 With their hunting shirts and rifle guns.

This perjured banditti, now ruin this land,
 And o'er its poor people claim lawless command,
 With their hunting shirts and rifle guns.
 Their pasteboard dollars prove a common curse,
 They don't chink like silver and gold in our purse,
 With nothing their leaders have paid their debts off,
 Their honor's, dishonour, and justice they scoff,
 With their hunting shirts and rifle guns.

For one lawful ruler, many tyrants we've got,
 Who force young and old to their wars, to be shot,
 With their hunting shirts and rifle guns.
 Our good King, God speed him! never used men so,
 We then could speak, act, and like freemen could go,
 But committees enslave us, our liberty's gone,
 Our trade and church murdered; our country's undone,
 By hunting shirts and rifle guns.

Come take up your glasses, each true loyal heart,
 And may every rebel meet his due desert,
 With his hunting shirt and rifle gun.
 May Congress, Conventions, those damned inquisitions,
 Be fed with hot sulphur from Lucifer's kitchens,
 May commerce and peace again be restored,
 And Americans own their true sovereign lord.
 Then oblivion to shirts and rifle guns.
 GOD SAVE THE KING!

(Originally published in the Pennsylvania Ledger, 1778)

Lyrics: Captain Smyth, Simcoe's Queens Rangers

GENERAL HOWE'S LETTER

July 1777

As to kidnap the Congress has long been my aim,
 I lately resolved to accomplish the same;
 And that none in the glory might want his due share,
 All the troops were to Brunswick desired to repair,
Derry down, down, down Derry down.

There I met them in person and took the command,
 When I instantly told them the job upon hand;
 I did not detain them with long-winded stuff,
 But made a short speech and each soldier looked bluff.

With this omen elated, towards Quibbletown,
 I led them concluding the day was our own;
 For, till we went thither, the coast was quite clear,
 But Putnam and Washington, damn them, were there!

I own I was staggered to see with what skill,
 The rogues were intrenched on the brow of the hill;
 With a view to dismay them, I showed my whole force,
 But they kept their position, and cared not a curse.

There were then but two ways- to retreat or attack,
 And to me it seemed wisest by far to go back;
 For I thought if I rashly got into a fray,
 There might both be the Devil and Piper to pay.

Then, to lose no more time by parading in vain,
 I determined elsewhere to transfer the campaign;
 So just as we went, we returned to this place,
 With no other difference ~ than mending our pace.

Where next we proceed is not yet very clear,
 But when we get there, be assured you shall hear;
 I'll settle that point when I meet with my brother,
 Meanwhile, we're embarking for some place or other.
 Having briefly, my lord, told you how the land lies,

I hope there's enough for a word to the wise;
 'Tis a good horse, they say, that never will stumble,
 But fighting or flying, I'm your very humble.
 Derry down, &c.

The Drum (1780)

** = pound the table twice to the beat

Come each gallant lad
 Who for pleasure quits care
 To the drum ** to the drum **
 To the drum head with spirit repair.

Each recruit with his glass
 And each young soldier with his lass
 'Til the drum beats tattoo
 'Til the drum beats tattoo
 Reveling the sweet night to pass

Each night gaily lads
 Thus we merrily waste
 'Til the drum ** 'Til the drum **
 'Til the drum tells us it is past
 Picket arms, at dawn they shine
 Each drum ruffs it down the long lane
 'Til the drum beats reveille
 'Til the drum beats reveille
 Saluting the day divine **

Then hark, yonder shot
 See the standard alarm
 Hark the drum ** Hark the drum **
 Hark the drum beats aloud to arms
 Killed and wounded, 'round they lie
 Helter skelter, see them fly
 While the drum beats retreat
 While the drum beats retreat
 And we'll fire the feu de joy **

Then over the bottle
 Our valor we'll boast
 While the drum ** While the drum **
 While the drum rolls every toast
 For Britannia now, we'll shout huzza (*who-say*)
 Our work's ne'er done, we'll dance, sing & play
 Then the drum will embrace
 Then the drum will embrace
 'Til the war calls again away.

The Heads (1776)

Tune: Derry Down

Ye wrong heads, and strong heads attend to my strains
 Ye clear heads and queer heads, and heads without brains;
 Ye thick skulls and quick skulls and heads great and small
 And ye heads that aspire to be heads over all
Derry down, down, down derry down.

Ye ladies - I would not offend for the world,
 Whose bright heads, and light heads, are feathered and curled
 The mighty dimensions dame Nature surprise,
 To find she'd so grossly mistaken the size,

And ye petit-maitres, your heads I might spare,
 Encumbered with nothing - but powder and hair;
 Who vainly disgrace the true monkey race,
 By transplanting the tail from its own native place,

Enough might be said, durst I venture my rhymes,
 On crowded heads, and round heads, of these modern times;
 This slippery path let me cautiously tread -
 The neck else may answer, perhaps, for the head.

The heads of the church, and the heads of the state,
 Have taught much, and wrought much, too much to repeat;
 On the neck of corruption uplifted, 'tis said,
 Some rulers, alas, are too high by the head.

Ye schemers and dreamers of politic things,
Projecting the downfall of kingdoms and kings;
Can your wisdom declare how this body is fed,
When the members rebel and wage war with the head?

Expounders, confounders, and heads of the law,
I bring case in point, do not point out a flaw;
If reason is treason, what plea shall I plead?
To your chief I appeal – for your chief has a head.

On Britannia's bosom sweet liberty's smiled,
The parent grew strong while she fostered the child,
Neglecting her offspring, a fever she bred,
Which contracted her limbs, and distracted her head.

Ye learned state doctors, your labors are vain,
Proceeding by bleeding to settle her brain;
Much less can your art the lost members restore,
Amputation must follow – perhaps something more,

Pale Goddess of Whim! when with cheeks lean or full,
Thy influence seizes an Englishman's skull,
He blunders, yet wonders his schemes ever fail,
Tho' often mistaking the head for the tail,
Derry down, down, down derry down.

Over the Hills and Far Away

Tune from The Beggar's Opera (1723) with different lyrics

Hark, now the drums that beat up again,
For all true soldier gentlemen.
Then let us 'list and march, I say,
Over the hills and far away

**Over the hills and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, and Spain
Queen Anne commands and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.**

All gentlemen that have a mind,
To serve a Queen that's good and kind,
Come 'list and enter into pay,
Then o'er the hills and far away.

No more from sound of drum retreat,
While Marlborough and Galway beat
The French and Spaniards day by day,
When o'er the hills and far away.

The 'prentice Tom he may refuse,
To wipe his angry master's shoes,
For then he's free to sing and play,
Over the hills and far away.

We then lead more happy lives,
By getting rid of brats and wives.
They scold on, both night and day,
When o'er the hills and far away.

Here's a Health to the Company

(Trad: Irish Drinking Song)

Kind friends and companions
 Come join me in rhyme
 Come lift up your voices
 In chorus with mine
 Come lift up your voices
 All grief to refrain
 For we may or might ne-ver
 All meet here again.

**So, here's a health to the company
 And one to my lass
 Let's drink and be merry
 All out of one glass
 Let's drink and be merry
 All grief to refrain
 For we may or might ne-ver
 All meet here again.**

Here's a health to the wee lass
 That I love her so well
 For style and for beauty
 There's none can excel
 There's a smile on her countenance
 As she sits upon my knee
 There is no man in this wide world
 As happy as me.

Our ship lies at anchor
 She is ready to dock
 I wish her safe landing
 Without any shock
 And if ever I should meet you
 By land or by sea
 I will always remember
 Your Kindness to me.