

Lyrics

I. The Congress (1776)

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 compose the Congress.
Then Jove resolve 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.
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.

Jonathan Odel

II. Young Ladies in Town

1) Young ladies in town, and those
that live 'round
Wear none but your own country
linen;
Of economy boast, let your pride be the
most
To show clothes of your own make and
spinnin'.
What if homespun, they say, be not

quite as gay
As brocades. Be not in a passion
For once it is known 'tis much worn in
town
One and all will cry out 'tis the
fashion!

2) And as one all agree, that you'll not
married be,
To such as will wear London factory;
But at first sight refuse, tell 'em such
you will choose,
As encourage our own manufactory.
No more ribbons wear, nor in rich silks
appear,
Love your country much better than
fine things,
Begin without passion, 'twill soon be
the fashion,
To grace your smooth locks with a
twine string.

3) Throw away your bohea, and your
green hyson tea,
And all things of a new fashioned
duty;
Get in a good store of the choice
Labrador,
There'll soon be enough here to suit
ye.
These do without fear and to all you'll
appear,
Fair charming, true, lovely and clever,
Though the times remain darkish,
Young men will be sparkish,
And love you much stronger than ever.

III. The American Vicar of Bray (edited for length)

1) 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.

2) 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.
(Chorus)

3) 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.
(Chorus)

4) 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.

5) 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.
(Chorus)

6) 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 amends
To good old constitution,
And drank confusion to the friends
Of our late revolution.

7) 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.

8) 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.
(Chorus)

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

IV. My Love Is Gone To Sea

1) My love is gone to sea,
Whilst I his absence mourn,
No joy shall smile on me
Until my love return,
He ask'd me for his bride,
And many vows he swore,
I blushed and soon complied
I blushed and soon complied,
My heart was his before,
My heart was his,
My heart was his before.

2) One little month was past,
And who so blest as we,
The summons came at last,
And Jemmy must to sea,
I saw his ship so gay,
Swift fly the wave-worn shore,
I wiped my tears away,
I wiped my tears away,
And saw his ship no more,
No more, no more,
And saw his ship no more.

3) When clouds shut in the sky,
And storms around me howl,
When livid lightnings fly,
And threatning thunders roll,
All hopes of rest are lost,
No slumbers visit me,
My anxious thoughts are toss'd,
My anxious thoughts are toss'd,
With Hemmy on the sea,
My thoughts are toss'd
With Jemmy on the sea.

Francis Hopkinson

V. The Union Forever!

1) Proud land of the free! Where the
exile seeks rest,
And blesses the flag that waves o'er
him;
Where plenty is strewn o'er the earth's
verdant breast,
And man sees no danger before him.
The cry of disunion has sail'd on the
air,
And traitors thy strong bonds would
sever;
The demon of discord has crawl'd from
his lair,
While patriots cry "Union forever!"

Chorus

Then up with our Flag! Give its
Stripes to the wind,
Its Stars shall be prostrated never!
We'll leave our lov'd homes and their
treasures behind
And fight for the Union forever!

2) There are hearts at the North that
are true to the cause,
The South hath its Patriots
undaunted;
The East and the West have their
friends of the laws,
Who will always be ready when
wanted.
Then, who is there fears for a Union so
strong,
That the Federal Compact shall
perish?
It shall last, while the sun in its pride
rolls along,
And Washington's mem'ry we cherish.

Chorus

John H. Hewitt