

**SONGS AND BALLADS OF**  
**COLONIAL AND**  
**REVOLUTIONARY AMERICA**  
**BY THE COMMITTEE OF CORRESPONDENCE**

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5274



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SONGS AND BALLADS OF  
**COLONIAL AND  
REVOLUTIONARY AMERICA**  
BY THE COMMITTEE OF CORRESPONDENCE  
WITH KEVIN ROTH (GUEST ARTIST)

THE COMMITTEE OF CORRESPONDENCE—  
DOROTHY O'DONNELL, ERIC  
JENSEN, KAREN JAMES, AND LENNY PIOTTI

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# Songs and Ballads of COLONIAL & REVOLUTIONARY AMERICA

by the COMMITTEE of CORRESPONDENCE,

with Kevin Roth (guest artist) Dorothy O'Donnell, Eric Jensen, Karen James and Lenny Piotti

*The Committee of Correspondence*  
59 War Trophy Lane  
Media, Pa. 19063

## BIOGRAPHY

The "Committee of Correspondence" was formed by Dorothy O'Donnell in early 1974 and produced their first album, "The American Revolution in Song and Ballad" in the spring of 1975. With a change of personnel the dulcimer and fiddle have been added to this second recording of Colonial and Revolutionary songs.

Dorothy has been singing and researching traditional folk music in this country, Canada, and the British Isles since her childhood in West Virginia. She is joined in "The Committee of Correspondence" by Eric Jensen, well known guitarist, and folksinger from the Philadelphia area, Karen James, dulcimer artist, and singer, and Fiddler Lenny Piotti.

Kevin Roth, recording artist with Folkways joins the Committee on this album, along with Jack Rickenbach. Kevin did the arranging for the three numbers he shares with Dorothy and Jack on the album, and Eric Jensen is the arranger for the rest of the album.

## SIDE 1

BILLY BROKE LOCKS.....ONE OF THE EARLY INCIDENTS BETWEEN THE THE BRITISH AND THE COLONISTS TOOK PLACE IN MASSACHUSETTS. THE LEGAL TENDER IN THE COLONIES HAD BEEN BASED ON SPANISH COINAGE

WHICH BROUGHT DIFFERENT PRICES IN THE VARIOUS COLONIAL CAPITOLS. PARLIMENT ATTEMPTED TO RESOLVE THIS CONFUSION BY THE ISSUE OF PAPER MONEY. A MINT MASTER BY THE NAME OF JOHN WEBBER PROTESTED AND WAS SENT TO PRISON. WHEN HIS FRIENDS RESCUED HIM, THE EVENT WAS CELEBRATED BY THE MAKING OF A BALLAD.

1. THERE WERE NINE TO HOLD THE BRITISH RANKS  
AND FIVE TO GUARD THE TOWN ABOUT  
AND TWO TO STAND ON EITHER HAND  
AND ONE TO LET OLD TENOR OUT

chorus: BILLY BROKE LOCKS AND BILLY BROKE BOLTS  
AND BILLY BROKE ALL THAT HE CAME NIGH  
UNTIL HE CAME TO THE DUNGEON DOOR  
AND THAT HE BROKE RIGHT MANFULLY

2. THERE WAS EIGHTY WEIGHT OF GOOD SPANISH IRON  
BETWEEN HIS NECKBONE AND HIS KNEE  
BUT BILLY TOOK JOHNNIE UP UNDER HIS ARM  
AND LUGGED HIM AWAY RIGHT MANFULLY

3. THEY MOUNTED THEIR HORSES AND AWAY DID RIDE  
AND WHO BUT THEY RODE MANFULLY  
UNTIL THEY CAME TO THE RIVER BANK  
AND THER THEY ALIGHTED RIGHT MANFULLY

4. AND THEN THEY CALLED FOR A ROOM TO DANCE  
AND WHO BUT THEY DANCED MERRILY  
AND THE BEST DANCER AMONGST THEM ALL  
WAS OLD JOHN WEBBER WHO WAS JUST SET FREE

THE TRAPPAN'D MAIDEN.....FREE AMERICA WAS CONSIDERED A UTOPIA BY MANY FIRST SETTLERS. HOWEVER, TO THE INDENTURED SERVANT THIS WAS NOT TRUE. THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE YOUNG WOMAN WHO LIFE VERY HARD INDEED.

1.GIVE EAR UNTO A MAID, THAT LATELY WAS BETRAYED  
AND SENT INTO VIRGINIA O  
IN BRIEF I SHALL DECLARE, WHAT I HAVE SUFFERED THERE  
WHEN THAT I WAS WEARY, WEARY, WEARY, WEARY O

2.FIVE YEARS SERVED I, UNDER MASTER GUY  
IN THE LAND OF VIRGINIA O  
WHICH MADE ME FOR TO KNOW SORROW GRIEF, AND WOE  
WHEN THAT I WAS WEARY, WEARY, WEARY, WEARY O

3.INSTEAD OF BEDS OF EASE, TO LIE DOWN WHEN I PLEASE  
IN THE LAND-----  
UPON A BED OF STRAW, I LAY DOWN FULL OF WOE  
WHEN THAT I----

4.I HAVE PLAYED MY PART, BOTH AT PLOW AND CART  
BILLETS FROM THE WOOD UPON MY BACK THEY LOAD

5.INSTEAD OF DRINKING BEER I DRINK THE WATER CLEAR  
WHICH MAKES ME PALE AND WAN, DO ALL THAT E'ER I CAN

6.A THOUSAND WOES BESIDE, THAT I DO HERE ABIDE  
IN MISERY I SPEND MY TIME THAT HATH NO END

7.BUT IF IT BE MY CHANCE HOMEWARD TO ADVANCE  
FROM THE LAND--  
IF THAT I ONCE MORE LAND ON ENGLISH SHORE  
I'LL NO MORE BE WEARY----

FARE THEE WELL, YE SWEETHEARTS-----A SONG WRITTEN BY A NEW  
YORK SOLDIER, AROUND THE TIME OF WASHINGTON'S MOVE SOUTH

1.COME ON MY HEARTS OF TEMPERED STEEL  
AND LEAVE YOUR GIRLS AND FARMS  
YOUR SPORTS AND PLAYS AND HOLDDAYS  
AND HARK AWAY TO ARMS

chorus: AND FARE THEE WELL YE SWEETHEARTS  
YOU SMILING GIRLS ADIEU  
AND WHEN THE WAR IS OVER  
WE'LL KISS IT OUT WITH YOU

2.NO FOREIGN SLAVES SHALL GIVE US LAWS  
NO BRITISH TYRANT REIGN  
TIS INDEPENDENCE MAKES US FREE  
AND FREEDOM WE'LL MAINTAIN

3.AND WHEN THE WAR IS OVER  
WE'LL SET US DOWN AT EASE  
AND PLOW AND SOW AND REAP AND MOW  
AND DO JUST AS WE PLEASE

4.AND THEN EACH LAD SHALL TAKE HIS LASS  
ALL BEAMING LIKE A STAR  
AND IN HER LOVING ARMS FORGET  
THE DANGERS OF THE WAR

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE---A MUCH SUNG HERO OF THE REVOLUTION, AND  
A COLORFUL CHARACTER INDEED WAS MAD ANTHONY WAYNE. HIS VICTORY  
AT STONEY POINT PROVIDED AN ENORMOUS BOOST IN MORALE FOR THE  
BELEAGUERED AMERICAN FORCES AND RESULTED IN PARALYZING GENERAL  
CLINTON'S OPERATIONS. THE LYRICS WERE WRITTEN BY HIS AIDE-  
DE-CAMP.

1. HIS SWORD BLADE GLEAMS AND HIS EYE LIGHT BEAMS  
and never glanced either in vain  
LIKE OCEAN TIDES AT OUR HEAD HE RIDES  
THE FEARLESS MAD ANTHONY WAYNE  
BANG BANG THE RIFLES GO  
DOWN FALL THE STARTLED FOE

chorus; AND MANY A READ COAT HERE TONIGHT  
THE CONTINENTALS SCORNING  
SHALL NEVER MEET THE BLAZE OF THE BRIGHT SUNLIGHT  
THAT SHINES ON THE MORROW MORNING

2. WAS E'ER A CHIEF OF HIS SPEECH SO BRIEF  
WHO UTTERS HIS ORDERS SO PLAIN  
E;ER HE SPEAKS A WORD THE ORDERS ARE HEARD FROM THE EYES  
OF MAD ANTHONY WAYNE  
AIM, FIRE, EXCLAIM HIS EYES  
BANG, BANG EACH GUN REPLIES

chorus

3. IT IS BEST TO FALL AT OUR COUNTRY'S CALL  
IF WE LEAVE T IS LIFE OF PAIN  
AND WHO WOULD SHRINK FROM THE PERILOUS BRINK  
WHEN LED BY ANTHONY WAYNE  
RAN, TAN, THE BUGLES SOUND  
OUR FORCES FILL THE GROUND

chorus

4. LET THEM FORM THEIR RANKS IN FIRM PHALANX  
IT WILL MELT AT OUR RIFLE BALL RAIN  
EVERY SHOT MUST TELL ON A REDCOAT WELL  
OR WE ANGER MAD ANTHONY WAYNE  
TRAMP, TRAMP AWAY THEY GO  
NOW RETREATS THE BEATEN FOE

chorus

ONE MORNING IN MAY----A SONG TYPICAL OF THE DAY, TELLING OF  
A MEETING BETWEEN A SOLDIER AND A LADY. This is a song that  
has lived and changed in oral tradition.

- 1 ONE MORNING, ONE MORNING, ONE MORNING IN MAY  
I MET A FAIR COUPLE THEY WERE MAKING THEIR WAY  
ONE WAS A LADY SO SWEET AND SO FAIR  
AND ONE WAS A SOLDIER AND A BRAVE VOLUNTEER
2. GOOD MORNING, GOOD MORNING, GOOD MORNING CRIED HE  
AND WHERE ARE YOU GOING MY PRETTY LADY  
I'M GOING OUT WALKING BY THE BANKS OF THE SEA  
JUST TO SEE THE WATER GLIDING AND HEAR THE NIGHTINGALE SING
3. THEY HAD NOT BEEN STANDING BUT A MINUTE OR TWO  
WHEN OUT OF HIS KNAPSACK A FIDDLE HE DREW  
AND THE TUNE THAT HE PLAYED MADE THE VALLEYS ALL RING  
OH HUSH, CRIED THE MADEN HEAR THE NIGHTINGALE SING
4. AND NOW MY DEAR LADY IT'S TIME TO GIVE O'ER  
OH NO KIND SOLDIER PLEASE PLAY ONE TUNE MORE  
I'D RATHER HEAR YOU FIDDLE AT THE TOUCH OF ONE STRING  
THAN TO SEE THE WATER GLIDING OR HEAR THE NIGHTINGALE SING
5. OH NOW HANDSOME SOLDIER WILL YOU MARRY ME  
OH NO DEAR LADY THAT NEVER CAN BE  
I'VE A WIFE BACK IN LONDON AND CHILDREN TWICE THREE  
TWO WIVES AND THE ARMY ARE TOO MANY FOR ME
6. I'M GOING BACK TO LONDON WHERE I'LL STAY FOR ONE YEAR  
AND I'LL DRINK UP MY LIVING IN WHISKEY AND BEER  
AND WHEN I RETURN IT WILL BE IN THE SPRING  
JUST TO SEE THE WATER GLIDING AND HEAR THE NIGHTINGALE SING

THE FATE OF JOHN BURGOWNE---GENTLEMAN JOHNNIE BURGOWNE WAS  
KNOWN TO BE A LADIES MAN, AND NEVER VERY WELL THOUGHT OF BY

THE REBELS. HIS DEFEAT AND SURRENDER AT SARATOGA PRODUCED  
SEVERAL BALLADS, INCLUDING THE FOLLOWING .

1. WHEN JACK THE KINS COMMANDER BOLD  
WAS GOING TO HIS DUTY  
THROUGH ALL THE CROWD HE SMILED AND BOWED TO EVERY  
BLOOMING BEAUTY  
THE CITY RANG WITH FEATS HE'D DONE  
IN PORTUGAL AND FLANDERS  
AND ALL THE TOWN THOUGHT HE'D BE CROWNED  
THE FIRST OF ALEXANDERS

TO HAMPTON COURT HE FIRST REPAIRS,  
TO KISS GREAT GEORGE'S HAND, SIR,  
THEN TO HARANGUE ON STATE AFFAIRS,  
BEFORE HE LEFT THE LAND, SIR.  
THE "LOWER HOUSE" SAT MUTE AS MOUSE,  
TO HEAR HIS GRAND ORATION;  
AND "ALL THE PEERS" WITH LOUDEST CHEERS,  
PROCLAIMED HIM TO THE NATION.

THEN OFF HE WENT TO CANADA,  
NEXT TO TICONDEROGA,  
AND QUITTING THOSE, AWAY HE GOES,  
STRAIGHTWAY TO SARATOGA.  
WITH GREAT PARADE HIS MARCH HE MADE,  
TO GAIN HIS WISHED FOR STATION,  
WHEN FAR AND WIDE HIS MINIONS HIED,  
TO SPREAD HIS "PROCLAMATION."

TO SUCH AS STAYED HE OFFERS MADE  
OF "PARDON ON SUBMISSION;  
BUT SAVAGE BANDS SHOULD WASTE THE LANDS  
OF ALL IN OPPOSITION."  
BUT AH, THE CRUEL FATE OF WAR!  
THIS BOASTED SON OF BRITAIN,  
WHEN MOUNTING HIS TRIUMPHAL CAR  
WITH SUDDEN FEAR WAS SMITTEN.

THE SONS OF FREEDOM GATHERED ROUND,  
HIS HOSTILE BANDS CONFOUNDED,  
AND WHEN THEY'D FAIR HAVE TURNED THEIR BACK,  
THEY FOUND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED!  
IN VAIN THEY FOUGHT, IN VAIN THEY FLED,  
THEIR CHIEF HUMANE AND TENDER,  
TO SAVE THE REST, SOON THOUGHT IT BEST  
HIS FORCES TO SURRENDER.

BRAVE ST. CLAIR WHEN HE FIRST RETIRED,  
 KNEW WHAT THE FATES PORTENDED;  
 AND ARNOLD AND HEROIC GATES,  
 HIS CONDUCT HAVE DEFENDED.  
 THUS MAY AMERICA'S BRAVE SONS  
 WITH HONOR BE REWARDED,  
 AND BE THE FATE OF ALL HER FOES,  
 THE SAME AS HERE RECORDED.

## SIDE 2

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS-----THIS BALLAD BY FRANCIS HOPKINSON  
 BECAME ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR SONGS OF THE REVOLUTION. IT  
 WAS PUBLISHED AS A PAMPHLET AND AS A BROADSIDE, AND SANG BY  
 THE SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT. ASA BUSHNELL, A YOUNG INVENTER,  
 CONSTRUCTED THE FIRST FLOATING MINE, KEGS OF POWDER, RIGGED  
 TO EXPLODE WHEN THEY CAME IN CONTACT WITH OTHER OBJECTS. THE  
 KEGS WERE SENT DOWN THE DELAWARE ON JANUARY 1, 1778, TO  
 (HOPEFULLY) DESTROY THE BRITISH FLEET. HOWEVER THE BRITISH  
 HAD MOVED THE FLEET FURTHER UP INTO THE HARBOR TO ESCAPE  
 THE ICE, AND THE ONLY VESSEL DESTROYED WAS A SMALL BOAT WHICH  
 TRIED TO PICK UP ONE OF THE KEGS. THE BRITISH TROOPS OPENED  
 FIRE ON THE KEGS AND DID NOT STOP UNTIL EVERY ONE WAS BLOWN  
 OUT OF THE WATER.

GALLANTS ATTEND AND HEAR A FRIEND,  
 TRILL FORTH HARMONIOUS DITTY,  
 STRANGE THINGS I'LL TELL WHICH LATE BEFELL  
 IN PHILADELPHIA CITY.  
 'T WAS EARLY DAY, AS POETS SAY,  
 JUST WHEN THE SUN WAS RISING,  
 A SOLDIER STOOD ON A LOG OF WOOD,  
 AND SAW A THING SURPRISING.

AS IN A MAZE HE STOOD TO GAZE,  
 THE TRUTH CAN'T BE DENIED, SIR,  
 HE SPIED A SCORE OF KEGS OR MORE  
 COME FLOATING DOWN THE TIDE, SIR.  
 A SAILOR TOO IN JERKIN BLUE,  
 THIS STRANGE APPEARANCE VIEWING,  
 FIRST DAMN'D HIS EYES, IN GREAT SURPRISE,  
 THEN SAID, "SOME MISCHIEF'S BREWING.

"THESE KEGS, I'M TOLD, THE REBELS HOLD,  
 PACK'D UP LIKE PICKLING HERRING;  
 AND THEY'RE COME DOWN T'ATTACK THE TOWN,  
 IN THIS NEW WAY OF FERRYING."

THE SOLDIER FLEW, THE SAILOR TOO,  
 AND SCAR'D ALMOST TO DEATH, SIR,  
 WORE OUT THEIR SHOES, TO SPREAD THE NEWS,  
 AND RAN TILL OUT OF BREATH, SIR.

NOW UP AND DOWN THROUGHOUT THE TOWN,  
 MOST FRANTIC SCENES WERE ACTED;  
 AND SOME RAN HERE, AND OTHERS THERE,  
 LIKE MEN ALMOST DISTRACTED.  
 SOME FIRE CRY'D, WHICH SOME DENIED,  
 BUT SAID THE EARTH HAD QUAKED;  
 AND GIRLS AND BOYS, WITH HIDEOUS NOISE,  
 RAN THRO' THE STREETS HALF NAKED.

SIR WILLIAM, HE, SNUG AS A FLEA,  
 LAY ALL THIS TIME A SNORING,  
 NOR DREAM'D OF HARM AS HE LAY WARM,  
 IN BED WITH MRS. L——G.  
 NOW IN A FRIGHT, HE STARTS UPRIGHT,  
 AWAK'D BY SUCH A CLATTER;  
 HE RUBS BOTH EYES, AND BOLDLY CRIES,  
 "FOR GOD'S SAKE, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

AT HIS BED-SIDE HE THEN ESPY'D,  
 SIR ERSKINE AT COMMAND, SIR,  
 UPON ONE FOOT, HE HAD ONE BOOT,  
 AND TH'OTHER IN HIS HAND, SIR.  
 "ARISE, ARISE," SIR ERSKINE CRIES,  
 "THE REBELS—MORE'S THE PITY,  
 WITHOUT A BOAT ARE ALL AFLOAT,  
 AND RANG'D BEFORE THE CITY.

"THE MOTLEY CREW, IN VESSELS NEW,  
 WITH SATAN FOR THEIR GUIDE, SIR,  
 PACK'D UP IN BAGS, OR WOODEN KEGS,  
 COME DRIVING DOWN THE TIDE, SIR.  
 "THEREFORE PREPARE FOR BLOODY WAR,  
 THESE KEGS MUST ALL BE ROUTED,  
 OR SURELY WE DESPISED SHALL BE,  
 AND BRITISH COURAGE DOUBTED."

THE ROYAL BAND, NOW READY STAND  
 ALL RANG'D IN DREAD ARRAY, SIR,  
 WITH STOMACH STOUT TO SEE IT OUT,  
 AND MAKE A BLOODY DAY, SIR.  
 THE CANNONS ROAR FROM SHORE TO SHORE,  
 THE SMALL ARMS MAKE A RATTLE;  
 SINCE WARS BEGAN I'M SURE NO MAN  
 E'ER SAW SO STRANGE A BATTLE.

THE REBEL DALES, THE REBEL VALES,  
 WITH REBEL TREES SURROUNDED;  
 THE DISTANT WOOD, THE HILLS AND FLOODS,  
 WITH REBEL ECHOES SOUNDED.

THE FISH BELOW SWAM TO AND FRO,  
ATTACK'D FROM EV'RY QUARTER;  
"WHY SURE," THOUGHT THEY, "THE DEVIL'S TO PAY,  
'MONGST FOLKS ABOVE THE WATER."

THE KEGS, 'TIS SAID, THO' STRONGLY MADE,  
OF REBEL STAVES AND HOOPS, SIR,  
COULD NOT OPPOSE THEIR POWERFUL FOES,  
THE CONQU'RING BRITISH TROOPS, SIR.  
FROM MORN TO NIGHT THESE MEN OF MIGHT  
DISPLAY'D AMAZING COURAGE;  
AND WHEN THE SUN WAS FAIRLY DOWN,  
RETIR'D TO SUP THEIR PORRIDGE.

AN HUNDRED MEN WITH EACH A PEN,  
OR MORE, UPON MY WORD, SIR,  
IT IS MOST TRUE WOULD BE TOO FEW,  
THEIR VALOUR TO RECORD, SIR.  
SUCH FEATS DID THEY PERFORM THAT DAY,  
AGAINST THESE WICKED KEGS, SIR,  
THAT YEARS TO COME, IF THEY GET HOME,  
THEY'LL MAKE THEIR BOASTS AND BRAGS, SIR.

JOHNNIE HAS GONE FOR A SOLDIER-----COMES TO US FROM AN OLD  
IRISH SONG OF WAR AND PARTING, CALLED SHULE AGRAH. THIS IS  
A HUDSON VALLEY VERSION, AND THIS AND OTHER VERSIONS WERE  
SUNG DURING THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR AND THE REVOLUTIONARY  
WAR.

1. SAD I SIT ON BUTTERNUT HILL  
WHO COULD BLAME ME, CRY MY FILL  
EVERY TEAR WOULD TURN A MILL  
JOHNNIE HAS GONE FOR A SOLDIER
- 2, ME OH MY I LOVED HIM SO  
BROKE MY HEART TO SEE HIM GO  
ONLY TIME CAN HEAL MY WOE  
JOHNNIE HAS GONE FOR A SOLDIER
3. I'LL SELL MY CLOCK, I'LL SELL MY REEL  
, EVEN SELL MY SPINNING WHEEL  
TO BUY MY LOVE A SWORD OF STEEL  
JOHNNIE HAS GONE FOR A SOLDIER
4. I'LL DYE MY PETTIECOAT, DYE IT RED  
WALK THE STREETS TO BEG MY BREAD  
FOR MY TRUE LOVE HAS FROM ME FLED  
JOHNNIE HAS GONE FOR A SOLDIER

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND---A SOLDIERS DRINKIN SONG POPULAR  
WITH THE REDCOATS AND THE REBELS. THIS SONG WAS GENERAL WOLFE'S  
FAVORITE, AND DATES BACK TO 1729, WHEN IT FIRST APPEARED IN PRINT.

1. HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND  
FOR SHAME YE TAKE NO CARE MY BOYS  
HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND  
LET MIRTH AND WINE ABOUND  
THE TRUMPETS SOUND  
THE COLORS THEY ARE FLYING BOYS  
TO FIGHT, KILL, OR WOUND  
MAY WE STILL BE FOUND  
CONTENT WITH OUR HARD FATE MY BOYS  
ON THE COLD GROUND

WHY, SOLDIERS, WHY,  
SHOULD WE BE MELANCHOLY, BOYS?  
WHY, SOLDIERS, WHY,  
WHOSE BUSINESS 'TIS TO DIE!  
WHAT, SIGHING? FIE!  
DAMN FEAR, DRINK ON, BE JOLLY, BOYS,  
'TIS HE, YOUR OR I!  
COLD, HOT, WET OR DRY,  
WE'RE ALWAYS BOUND TO FOLLOW, BOYS,  
AND SCORN TO FLY!

'TIS BUT IN VAIN,  
(I MEAN NOT TO UPBRAID YOU, BOYS),  
'TIS BUT IN VAIN  
FOR SOLDIERS TO COMPLAIN.  
SHOULD NEXT CAMPAIGN  
SEND US TO HIM WHO MADE US, BOYS,  
WE'RE FREE FROM PAIN!  
BUT IF WE REMAIN,  
A BOTTLE AND KIND LANDLADY  
CURE ALL AGAIN.

ALL THINGS ARE QUITE SILENT-----A BRITISH SONG DESCRIBING  
THE FATE OF A YOUNG MAN CAPTURED BY A PRESS GANG.

ALL THINGS ARE QUITE SILENT, EACH MORTAL AT REST.  
AS ME AND MY TRUE LOVE, LAY STILL IN ONE NEST.  
WHEN A BOLD GANG OF RUFFIANS THEN ENTERED OUR CAGE,  
AND THEY FORCED MY OWN TRUE LOVE, TO PLOW THE SALT WAVES.

OH I BEGGED FOR MY TRUE LOVE, AS I'D BEG FOR MY LIFE  
BUT THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME, ALL BOLD AND UP RIGHT  
SAYING THE KING MUST HAVE SAILORS. TO THE SEAS HE MUST GO  
AND THEY LEFT ME LAMENTING IN SORROW AND WOE.

THROUGH THE GREENFIELDS AND MEADOWS, WE OFTTIMES DID DWELL  
AND SWEET CONVERSATION OF LOVE WE DID TELL  
WHILE THE BIRDS IN THE WOODLANDS SO SWEETLY DID SING  
AND THE YOUNG THRESHES' VOICES, FILLED THE WOODLANDS WITH SONG.

THOUGH MY LOVE HAS NOW LEFT ME, I'LL NOT BE CAST DOWN  
FOR WHO KNOWS BUT SOMEDAY, MY LOVE WILL RETURN  
AND WILL MAKE ME AMENDS FOR MY SORROW AND STRIFE  
AND WE BOTH SHALL BE HAPPY FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES.

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON-----WASHINGTON AND HIS RAGGED REBEL  
ARMY SALLIED ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN 1776, AND DEALT A CRUSHING  
BLOW TO THE HESSIAN MERCENARIES QUARTERED IN TRENTON. THE  
GERMANS MADE MUCH OF CHRISTMAS, AND HAVING DRUNK QUITE A  
LOT OF BEER, WERE TIRED AND SLEEPY. THE AMERICANS SUFFERED  
A HANDFUL OF CASUALTIES, WHILE THE HESSIANS LOST 106 MEN,  
AND MORE THAN 900 WERE TAKEN PRISONER.

1. ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN SEVENTY-SIX  
OUR RAGGED TROOPS WITH BAYONETS FIXED  
FOR TRENTON MARCHED AWAY  
THE DELAWARE SEE, THE BOATS BELOW  
THE LIGHT OBSCURED BY HAIL AND SNOW  
BUT NO SIGNS OF DISMAY

OUR OBJECT WAS THE HESSIAN BAND,  
THAT DARED INVADE FAIR FREEDOM'S LAND,  
AND QUARTER IN THAT PLACE.  
GREAT WASHINGTON HE LED US ON,  
WHOSE STREAMING FLAG IN STORM OR SUN,  
HAD NEVER KNOWN DISGRACE.

IN SILENT MARCH WE PASSED THE NIGHT,  
EACH SOLDIER PANTING FOR THE FIGHT,  
THOUGH QUITE BENUMBED WITH FROST.  
GREENE, ON THE LEFT, AT SIX BEGAN,  
THE RIGHT WAS LED BY SULLIVAN,  
WHO NE'ER A MOMENT LOST.

THEIR PICKETS STORMED, THE ALARM WAS SPREAD,  
THAT REBELS RISEN FROM THE DEAD  
WERE MARCHING INTO TOWN.  
SOME SCAMPERED HERE, SOME SCAMPERED THERE,  
AND SOME FOR ACTION DID PREPARE;  
BUT SOON THEIR ARMS LAID DOWN.

TWELVE HUNDRED SERVILE MISCREANTS,  
WITH ALL THEIR COLORS, GUNS AND TENTS,  
WERE TROPHIES OF THE DAY.  
THE FROLIC O'ER, THE BRIGHT CANTEEN,  
IN CENTER, FRONT AND REAR WAS SEEN  
DRIVING FATIGUE AWAY.

NOW, BROTHERS OF THE PATRIOT BANDS,  
LET'S SING DELIVERANCE FROM THE HANDS  
OF ARBITRARY SWAY.  
AND AS OUR LIFE IS BUT A SPAN,  
LET'S TOUCH THE TANKARD WHILE WE CAN,  
IN MEMORY OF THAT DAY.



LITHO IN U.S.A.

