

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
IN SONG AND BALLAD
The Committee of Correspondence

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5277



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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
FOLK LIFE PROGRAM
PROPERTY OF

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THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN SONG AND BALLAD The Committee of Correspondence

The "Committee of Correspondence" presents songs that were used to fan the fires of revolutionary passion and create a unity of feeling in a land where the people were widely separated by distance, culture, and a lack of communications. Many of the songs were printed on broadside sheets and circulated throughout the countryside by the groups from whom we have taken our name. There were, indeed, small groups of radicals in every colony calling themselves Committees of Correspondence who spread revolutionary propaganda to raise the morale and enthusiasm of the reluctant colonists, and who participated in espionage against the loyalists.

While the songs themselves and the historical comments about them are as authentic as research makes possible, we make no claims as to the authenticity of our accompaniment; our aim is to record music that is both authentic in content and musically listenable. We use modern instruments, arrangements, and rhythms to try to generate the same feeling of enthusiasm today that was evident in the Colonies two hundred years ago.

SIDE ONE

COME, COME... A song typical of those sold on the streets of London in the form of Penny Broadside, to entice people to come to America and make their home. This song, written by Steve Black indicates freedom of worship, and a chance to enjoy the land, sow it, reap it's harvest of plenty etc.

TO THE LADIES... In 1768 Boston militants hit upon the plan to boycott British goods. Virginia followed suit in early 1769 when the House of Burgesses, meeting in the Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg adopted the same measure of resistance to the crown. British cloth was a special target, and it became fashionable for young women to forswear English Goods. British exports to the Colonies dropped appreciably.

REVOLUTIONARY TEA... Due to the boycott, taxes on all British exports to the Colonies were repealed, except for a small tax on tea. The Colonists, however, were not inclined to accept any tax imposed by the crown, and on December 16, 1773 a group of thinly disguised "Mohawks" dumped 342 chests of tea into Boston harbor. The consequences of this raid were momentous. The British closed Boston Harbor, the radicals won control of the independence forces, and the

other colonies rallied to the aid of the Bostonians, thereby uniting the colonies even more closely.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE... A love song that became popular on both sides of the ocean, it tells of separation in which the young man was sent to fight the rebels in North America.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE (Parody)... Oliver Arnold, a relative of Benedict Arnold, wrote a parody of the popular song, and the colonists quickly picked it up. They really had little sympathy for poor Jamie, gone to "quell the proud rebels."

IRISHMAN'S EPISTLE... General Gage, stationed in Boston, had sent to Britain for reinforcements, because it was becoming more and more evident that the disagreements with the Colonists were coming to a head. On April 18, 1775, 800 Redcoats were sent out secretly to Concord to destroy a collection of arms and munitions belonging to the Yankees. However, Paul Revere's spy organization was aware of every move made by the enemy, and the munitions were moved in the night to Worcester, Mass. When the British company, under the command of Major John Pitcairn reached

Lexington Green at dawn, 70 hostile militiamen were waiting for them. It remains unknown who fired the first shot, but the rebels chased the British all the way back to Boston, peppering their "bums" with shot.

THE BATTLE OF POINT PLEASANT... A young Colonial Surveyor came upon a beautiful spot along the Ohio River, and named it Point Pleasant. This surveyor happened to be George Washington. In the fall of 1774 a band of Virginia Militia under the command of Colonel Andrew Lewis was camped in this lovely spot. The Colonists were under the impression they had a treaty with Cornstalk, chief of the Shawnee, camped across the river. However, the Shawnee were persuaded by the British to attack and massacre the rebels. This could very well have happened, had not two rebel soldiers been searching the woods for deer before dawn on this particular morning. This battle was declared a Revolutionary War Battle by the 60th U. S. Congress in 1908. Therefore since this battle took place on October 10, 1774, West Virginians claim the firing of the first shot for freedom from England's rule. The fact that Dorothy O'Donnell wrote this song has nothing whatsoever to do with the fact that she is a West Virginian?

SIDE TWO

FISH AND TEA. . . . Three Generals with troops came to America as a result of General Gage's plea for help. This was looked upon as a Military Junto by the Colonists. As a result this song was published on a Broadside. While the song acknowledges the fact that some members of Parliament were inclined to side with the colonists (under the leadership of William Pitt, the Earl of Chatham) it still militantly deplores the taxes and other "Intolerable Acts."

SIR PETER PARKER. . . . In the spring of 1776 General Howe was to attack and take New York, and Sir Henry Clinton and Admiral Sir Peter Parker were to take Charleston, S. C. This was an effort to divide the colonists and leave New England to fend for itself. However, instead of winning a victory the British suffered an inglorious loss. Sir Peter Parker sustained a wounded thigh, and had most of his trousers shot away. Naturally the Yankees took advantage of the situation to make up a ditty about this incident.

RIFLEMEN OF BENNINGTON. . . . The rifle, developed by the German settlers in Pennsylvania, proved a formidable enemy of the Redcoats. The British were trained to stand shoulder to shoulder with his fellows and they sprayed shot in the general direction of the enemy. The frontiersmen however, had depended upon his shooting skill to provide food for their families, and could pick off the enemy on the run.

BALLAD OF ANDRE. . . . One of the most exciting spy dramas of all times is the story of Benedict Arnold's treason. He had been one of the most successful and heroic American Generals. He was loved by his men and trusted implicitly by Washington. However, he enjoyed extravagant living and was constantly in debt, and when he married young and beautiful Peggy Shippen, who was spoiled and willful, his extravagances increased. Peggy had known Major André for some time, and finally persuaded her husband that the rebel cause was failing and to take advantage of a dying cause and sell the plans of West Point to the British. The go between for Arnold and General Henry Clinton was to be John André. He had Arnold's plans for the fort and its defenses concealed in his boots, when he encountered three men who turned out to be rebels. Discovering the plans, they arrested André. Word of André's seizure reached Arnold, who fled New York City aboard the British ship "The Vulture." Major John André was tried as a spy and condemned to death on the gallows.

PAUL JONES' VICTORY. . . . Jones's most famous engagement took place September 23, 1779, when commanding a small naval squadron he encountered a British merchant fleet under convoy of the frigate "Serapis." Jones's ship was the "Bonhomme Richard" named after Benjamin Franklin's poor Richard. His victory was even more remarkable because his ship was attacked not only by the "Serapis," but also by one of the vessels in his own squadron, the "Alliance," commanded by Pierre Landais a half-crazed French ex-naval officer who was jealous of Jones. The "Bonhomme Richard" was so badly damaged in the battle that it sank two days later, but the captain's indomitable perseverance turned the defeat into a brilliant triumph. This song was originally a British Broadside, but soon became popular in the Colonies where it drifted into folk tradition.

COME, COME

Come come — the devil's on the run
And he cannot dwell in the land of love,
We shall reap and we shall sow
And the devil be damned to his home below,

Come fair maiden I love thee well,
I love thee more than tongue can tell.
I have no land and I store no food,
But I've two busy hands and I work in wood.

We shall dwell where the wild flowers grow,
The tongues of angels our lips shall know,
We shall dance in the court of the holy one,
And he shall call us daughter and son.

TO THE LADIES

1. Young ladies in town, and those that live round
Wear none but your own country linen;
Of economic boast, let your pride be the most
To show clothes of your own make and spinning.

What if homespun they say, be not quite so 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 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.

REVOLUTIONARY TEA

1. There was an old lady lived over the sea
And she was an island queen.
Her daughter lived off in a new country
With an ocean of water between.
The old lady's pockets were filled with gold,
But never contented was she.
So she called on her daughter to pay her a tax
Of three pence a pound on the tea,
Of three pence a pound on the tea.
2. "Now mother, dear mother," the daughter replied,
"I shan't do the thing that you ax;
I'm willing to pay a fair price for the tea,
But never the three-penny tax."
"You shall," quoth the mother, and reddened with rage,
For you're my own daughter, you see.
And sure 'Tis quite proper the daughter should pay
Her mother a tax on the tea,
Her mother a tax on the tea."

3. And so the old lady her servant called up,
And packed off a budget of tea,
And eager for three pence a pound, she put in
Enough for a large family.
She ordered her servant to bring home the tax
Declaring her child should obey,
Or old as she was, and a woman most grown,
She'd half whip her life away,
She'd half whip her life away.
4. The tea was conveyed to the daughter's door,
All down by the ocean side,
But the bouncing girl poured out every pound
In the dark and boiling tide.
And then she called out to the island queen,
"Oh mother, dear mother," quoth she,
"Your tea you may have when 'Tis steeped enough,
But never a tax from me,
But never a tax from me."

FISH AND TEA

1. What a court hath old England, of folly and sin,
Spite of Chatam and Camden, Barre, Burke, Wilkes, and Glynn!
Not content with the game act, they tax fish and sea,
And America drench with hot water and tea.
*Derry Down, Down hey Derry Down.
2. But if the wise council of England doth think
They may be enslaved by the power of drink,
They're right to enforce it; but then do you see?
The colonies, too, may refuse and be free.
*Derry Down, Down hey Derry Down.
3. There's no knowing where this oppression will stop;
Some say there's no cure but a capital chop;
And that I believe's each American's wish,
Since you've drenched them with tea and deprived 'em of fish.
*Derry Down, Down hey Derry Down.
4. The birds of the air and the fish of the sea,
By the Gods for poor Dan Adam's use were made free,
Till a man with more power than old Moses would wish,
Said, "Ye wretches, ye shan't touch a fowl or a fish!"
*Derry Down, Down hey Derry Down.
5. Three Generals these mandates have borne 'cross the sea,
To deprive 'em of fish and make 'em drink tea;
In turn, sure, these freemen will boldly agree,
To give 'em a dance upon Liberty Tree.
*Derry Down, Down hey Derry Down.
6. Then freedom's the word, both at home and abroad,
And damn every scabbard that hides a good sword!
Our forefathers gave us this freedom in hand,
And we'll die in defense of the rights of the land.
*Derry Down, Down hey Derry Down.

THE BATTLE OF POINT PLEASANT

In the cool pale dawn of an Indian summer morn
Two men stole silently through the wood
Foraging for food for their comrades at arms
Camped on the banks of the Ohio

Across the river on the eve of this dawn
The Shawnee and the Redcoat had planned an attack
To wipe out Colonel Lewis and his rebel band of men
And deal a crushing blow to the rebel pack

The rebel soldiers still sought the resting deer
When in their path to their horror and surprise
War painted Indians met them face to face
With tomahawks raised and blood in their eyes

They killed one man but the other got away
To warn his Colonel of the coming attack
The battle that followed lasted well into the day
But by eventide they had fought the redcoat back

A lesson here my friends of fate and her wiles
Had not two men sought the resting deer
Many soldiers would have died and good men lost their lives
And the cost to the patriots would have been very dear

And the battle for freedom goes on and on
Brandywine, Concord and Lexington
North and East and West and South
And old Point Pleasant on the Ohio

THE IRISHMAN'S EPISTLE

1. By my faith, but I think you're all makers of bulls,
With your brains in your breeches, your arse in your skulls,
Get home with your muskets and put up your swords,
And look in your books for the meaning of words.
You see now, my honeys, how much you're mistaken,
For concord by discord can never be beaten.
2. How brave ye went out with your muskets all bright,
And thought to befrighten the folks with the sight;
But when you got there how they powdered your pums,
And all the way home how they peppered your bums;
And is not, honeys, a comical crack,
To be proud in the face and be shot in the back.
3. With all of your talkin' and all of your wordin',
And all of your shoutin' and marchin' and swordin',
How come ye to think now they didn't know how
To be after their firelocks as smartly as you?
You see now my honeys, 'Tis nothing at all,
But to pull at the trigger and pop goes the ball.
4. And what have you got now with all your designing,
But a town without victuals to sit down and dine in;
And to look on the ground like a parcel of noodles,
And sing, how the yankees have beaten the doodles.
I'm sure if you're wise you'll make peace for a dinner,
For fighting and fasting will make soon make you thinner.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE

'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's 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 then will 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.

'Twas winter and blue Tory noses were freezing
As they marched o'er the land where they ought not to be;
The valiants complained at the fifers' cursed wheezing
And wished they'd remained on the banks of the Dee.
Lead on, thou paid captain! Tramp on thou proud minions!
Thy ranks, basest men, shall be strung like ripe onions,
For here thou hast found heads with war-like opinions
On shoulders of nobles who ne'er saw the Dee.

Prepare for war's conflict; or make preparation
For peace with the rebels, for they're brave and glee;
Keep mindful of dying, and leave the foul nation
That sends out its armies to brag and to flee.
Make haste, now, and leave us thou miscreant Tories!
To Scotland repair! There court the sad houris,
And listen once more to their plants and their stories
Concerning the "Glory and pride of the Dee."

Be quiet and sober, secure and contented,
Upon your own land, be valiant and free;
Bless God that the war is so nicely prevented,
And till the green fields on the banks of the Dee.
The Dee then will flow, all its beauty displaying,
The lads on its banks will again be seen playing,
And England thus honestly taxes defraying,
With natural drafts from the banks of the Dee.

BALLAD OF ANDRE

1. Come all you brave Americans,
And unto me give ear,
I'll sing you now a ditty
That will your spirit cheer,
Concerning a young gentleman
Who came from Tarrytown,
Where he met a British officer,
A man of high renown.

2. Then up spoke this young hero,
Young Paulding was his name;
"O tell us where you're going, sir,
And also whence you came."
"I bear the British flag, sir,"
Up answers bold Andre,
"I have a pass that takes me through
I have no time to stay."
3. Then others came around him,
And bade him to dismount:
"Come tell us where you're going,
Give us a strict account."
Young Paulding said, "We are resolved
That you shall ne'er pass by,"
And so the evidence did prove
The prisoner a spy.

SIR PETER PARKER

1. My lords, with your leave
An account I will give
That deserves to be written in metre;
For the rebels and I
Have been pretty nigh
Faith almost too nigh for Sir Peter!
Chorus: Timiralderry O, Timiralderry Ay,
Faith almost too nigh for Sir Peter!
2. With much labor and toil
Unto Sullivan's Isle,
I came firm as falstaff or pistol;
But the Yankees, God rot 'em,
I could not get at 'em,
They most terribly mauled my poor bristol.
3. Bold Clinton by land
Did quietly stand,
While I made a thundering clatter.
But the channel was deep,
So he could only peep
And not venture over the water.
4. Devil take 'em their shot
Come so swift and so hot,
And the cowardly dogs stood so stiff, sirs!
That I put ship about
And was glad to get out
Or they would not have left me a skiff, sirs!
5. Now, bold as a Turk,
I proceed to New York,
Where with Clinton and Howe you may find me.
I've the wind in my tail, and am hoisting sail,
To leave Sullivan's Island behind me.
6. But, my lords, do not fear,
For before the next year,
Although a small island could fret us,
The continent whole,
We shall take, by my soul,
If the cowardly Yankees will let us.

RIFLEMEN OF BENNINGTON

1. Why come ye hither, Redcoats,
Your minds what madness fills?
In our valleys there is danger,
And there's danger in our hills.
Oh hear ye not the singing
Of the bugle wild and free?
Full soon you'll know the ringing
Of the rifle from the tree.
Chorus: For the rifle, for the rifle,
In our hands will prove no trifle.

2. Ye ride a goodly steed,
Ye may know another master,
Ye forward come with speed,
But ye'll learn to back much faster.
When ye meet our mountain boys
And their leader, Johnny Stark,
Lads who make but little noise,
Lads who always hit the mark!
Chorus:

3. Had ye no graves at home
Across the briny water,
That hither ye may come
Like bullocks to the slaughter?
If we the work must do,
Why the sooner 'tis begun,
If flint and trigger hold but true
The quicker 'twill be done.
Chorus:

4. He begged for his liberty,
He pled for his discharge,
And oftentimes he told them,
If they'd set him at large,
"Of all the gold and silver
I have laid up in store,
But when I reach the city
I will send you ten times more."

5. "We scorn this gold and silver
you have laid up in store."
Van Vert and Paulding both did cry,
"You need not send us more."
He saw that his conspiracy
would soon be brought to light,
He begged for pen and paper
And he asked for to write.

6. The story came to Arnold
Commanding at the fort:
He called for the vulture
And sailed for New York;
Now Arnold to New York has gone,
A-fighting for his king.
And left poor Major Andre
On the gallows for to swing.

7. Andre was executed,
He looked both meek and mild,
His face was fair and handsome,
And pleasantly he smiled.
It moved each eye with pity,
And every heart there bled.
And everyone wished him released
And Arnold in his stead.

8. He was a man of honor!
In Britain he was born,
To die upon the gallows
Most highly he did scorn.
And now his life has reached its end
So young and blooming still - - -
In Tappan's quiet countryside
He sleeps upon the hill.

PAUL JONE'S VICTORY

1. An American frigate, a frigate of fame,
With Guns mounting forty, "The Richard" by name,
Sailed to cruise in the channels of Old England,
With a valiant commander, Paul Jones was the man.

2. We had not cruised long before he espies
A large fourty-four and twenty, likewise;
Well-manned with bold seamen, well laid in with stores,
In consort to drive us from old England's shores.

3. Paul Jones then said to his men, everyone,
"Let every true seaman stand firm to his gun!
We'll receive a broadside from this bold Englishman,
And like true yankee sailors, return it again."

4. The contest was bloody, both decks ran with gore
And the sea seemed to blaze while the cannon did roar;
"Fight on my brave boys," then Paul Jones he cried,
"And soon we will humble this bold Englishman's pride."

5. The battle rolled on till bold Pearson cried:
"Have you yet struck your colors? Then come alongside!"
But so far from thinking that the battle was won
Brave Paul Jones replied, "I've not yet begun!"

6. Our gunner in great fright to Captain Jones came,
"We gain water quite fast and our side's in a flame,"
Then Paul Jones said in the height of his pride,
"If we cannot do better, boys, sink alongside!"

7. The alliance bore down and "The Richard" did rake
Which caused the bold hearts of our seamen to ache;
Our shot flew so hot that they could not stand long,
And the undaunted union of Britain came down.

8. To us they did strike and their colors hauled down,
The fame of Paul Jones to the world shall be known;
His name shall rank with the galant and brave,
Who fought like a hero our freedom to save.

9. So now my brave boys, have we taken a prize - -
A large forty-four, and twenty likewise.
Then God bless the mother whose doom is to weep
The loss of her sons in the ocean so deep.



ARRANGEMENTS:	STEVE HUTSON
LEAD GUITAR:	STEVE HUTSON, STEVE BLACK
RHYTHM GUITAR:	DOROTHY O'DONNELL
TWELVE-STRING GUITAR:	STEVE HUTSON
DOBRO:	STEVE BLACK
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