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AMERICAN  
REVOLUTIONARY  
WAR SONGS  
TO CULTIVATE THE  
SENSATIONS OF FREEDOM

Sung by Arthur F. Schrader

Assisted by David Robertson, Janet Robertson,  
Edward Olsen and Kenneth Lemly

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

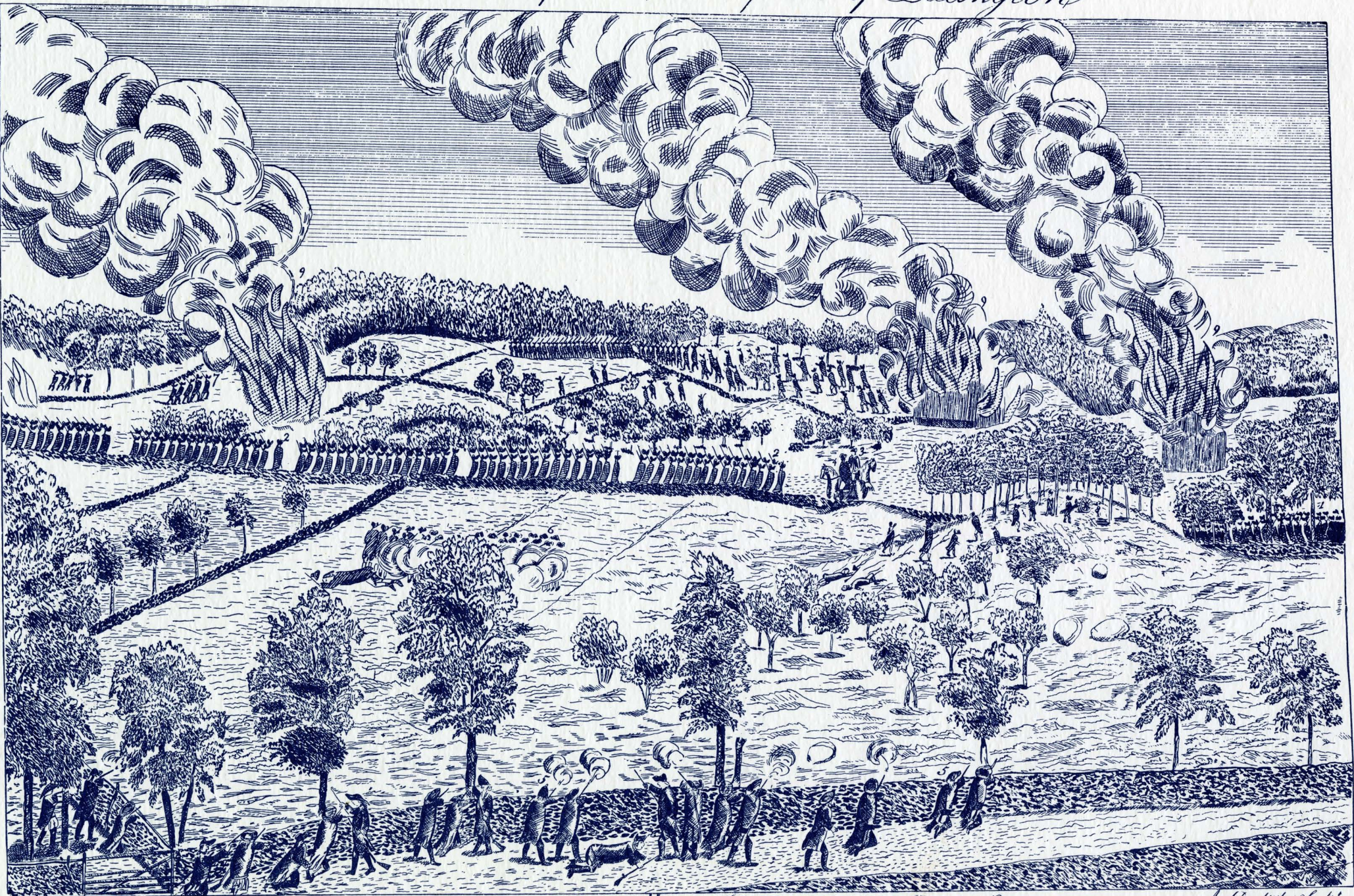
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*A View of the South part of Lexington*



- 1 Colonel Smith's Brigade retreating before the Provincials.  
2 Carl Perry's Brigade meeting them.  
3 & 4. Carl Perry & Col. Smith. vs Provincials.  
5. The Provincials firing at the British.  
6 & 7. The flank guards of Perry's Brigade.  
8. A Fieldpiece pointed at the Lexington Meetinghouse.  
9. The Burning of the Houses in Lexington.



AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR  
SONGS to CULTIVATE the SENSATIONS  
of  
FREEDOM

*Dined with 350 Sons of Liberty at Robinsons, the  
Sign of Liberty Tree in Dorchester. We had two Tables  
laid in the open Field by the Barn, with between 300  
and 400 plates,... After Dinner was over and the Toasts  
drank we were diverted with Mr. Balch's Mimickry....  
We had also the Liberty Song--that by the Farmer, and  
that by Dr. Church, and the whole Company joined in the  
Chorus. This is cultivating the Sensations of Freedom.  
John Adams DIARY, August 14, 1769.*

Sung and Annotated by Arthur F. Schrader

assisted by

David Robertson

Janet Robertson

Edward Olsen

Kenneth Lemley

This recording and its notes evolved from the May 1973 Conference sponsored by the Colonial Society of Massachusetts during which I sang and discussed these songs. In the forthcoming Colonial Society book, Early Music in Massachusetts, my chapter, also called "Songs to Cultivate the Sensations of Freedom," has additional information about most of these songs, and the texts of all but "Tory Doodle" and "Lady Washington" \* are reproduced in facsimile from 18th century newspapers, magazines, and caricatures.\*\* Modern music transcriptions are provided for the songs, and some of the original music is reproduced. My thanks to Barbara Lambert, editor of Early Music in Massachusetts, for permission to present here some of the information and songs from my chapter.

Topical songs deliberately comment on the social, economic, political, or military events of their day. Usually they are ephemeral. In the past they characteristically were written and sung by non-professionals to have an effect on events and attitudes rather than to make money.

Anthologies of Revolutionary War song-texts began to appear in 1842 with Wm. McCarty's Odes and Other Poems of National Subjects. Frank Moore's Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution, 1856, was the first and largest (and still the best) sampling of such texts from Whigs and Tories in England as well as Rebels and Loyalists in America. Unfortunately, Moore's citations are frequently vague or missing, so that some of his most interesting rare texts are hard to verify. Also, Moore was a Victorian gentleman who at times censored or recast scatological phrases--some of which are a key to the attitudes and affiliations of the writers. Winthrop Sargent was a better editor than Moore but wrote only about Loyalists: Loyalist Poetry of the Revolution, 1857, and The Loyal Verses of Stansbury and Odell, 1860.

Most books and articles on these songs since 1860 have simply copied McCarty, Moore, or Sargent, with or without credit. After 120 years there is a real need for studies which go back to the original texts in the primary sources.

The tunes of Revolutionary War songs have received even less critical attention than the texts. In recent decades "folk" tunes have been consciously used as a base for labor

\* Discussed in the notes to Songs 8 and 13.

\*\* Broad-sides were treated in another paper.

songs, civil rights songs, and anti-war songs. In the 18th century stage tunes and other popular composed songs were the most important vehicle for topical songs. John Allison began the practice of setting Revolutionary War song-texts to his attractive variants of folk tunes for recordings in 1939. Since then, a number of folk song enthusiasts have adapted the complex 18th-century texts to the procrustean simplicity of the tunes found by collectors in the 20th century. When the original verses have seemed too wordy for modern tastes, some adaptors have not hesitated to simplify those as well. Rather like rewriting the Declaration of Independence into modern basic English instead of learning to read it in the original.

In this recording, each unexpurgated text is sung to the tune to which its author wanted it to be sung, with the possible exception of "Address to the Ladies," and the "Irishman's Epistle..." both of which were first published without stanza divisions or tune indications, and may not have been thought of as songs. But, the majority of Revolutionary War song-texts certainly were intended to be sung. Of more than 300 such texts at least 180 give clear music cues: an indicated tune, an imitative first line or chorus, and, in many English items, even engraved music.

Neither the tunes nor the texts of these songs are as simple and bland as their 19th-century successors, such as "Revolutionary Tea," first published in 1857, with text by Seba Smith (1792-1868).† He is known to historians as the author of the Major Jack Downing Letters on Andrew Jackson, and to folklorists as the author of the "Frozen Girl." However pertinent its subject, Smith's tea song is typical only of the 19th century, not of the Revolutionary War. The songs which follow are from or typical of the Revolutionary era. Pronunciations were changing then, but more syllables were pronounced than today. The apostrophe was used to indicate syllables which were not to be pronounced. So us'd is one syllable; used is frequently two. Most of the erratic 18th-century spelling, pronunciation, and capitalization has been retained.

All verses are reproduced in the following texts, but some (noted) are not included in the recording. David Robertson provided much musical editorial help, and arranged and played the harpsichord settings. Most of the songs are sung unaccompanied as they would have been in the 18th century.

† Music by H.D. Munson [dates unknown].



## [BURN ALL]

## Song 1.

"Burn All" and its introduction were printed in the *New Hampshire Gazette*, September 6, 1765, as part of a letter describing the Stamp Tax protests in Newport Rhode Island. It is the earliest dated protest song on specific issues of the American Revolution. Though no tune is indicated the verses are intended to be sung to "Medley of Mortals" or "Tantararara" as published under the title of "Masquerade Song..." in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, London, August 1749, p 371. This tune was used mostly for comic and satirical songs, but vehement political texts were also sung to it in England. For example, it was used for a song calling for the punishment of Admiral John Byng for cowardice and incompetence at the Battle of Minorca, May 1756. Each verse ends, "Sing tantararara, shoot Byng, &c." [Madden Ballads, V, 270].

The *New Hampshire Gazette*, September 6, 1765. BOSTON, September 2. Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman in Newport, Rhode-Island, to one in this Town, Aug. 29.... On Tuesday about 9 o'clock in the morning the populace brought forth the effigies of three persons in a cart, each of them with a rope about their necks, and carried them to a gallows about 20 feet high...on which they were exhibited to public view the whole day.... On one of the Posts out of Reach, Whoever attempts, in any way whatsoever, to render ineffectual this Mark of public Contempt, will be deem'd an Enemy to Liberty, and incur the Resentment of the Town.-- On the other, at the same Height, the following SONG,

He who for a Post, or base sordid Pelf,  
His Country betrays, makes a rope for himself  
Of this an Example before you we bring,  
In these infamous Rogues, who in Effigy swing,  
[Sing tantararara, swing all &c.]

Huzza, my brave Boys! every Man stand his ground,  
With Liberty's Praise let the Welkin resound;  
Eternal Disgrace on those miscreants fall,  
Who thro' Pride or for Wealth would ruin us all,  
[Sing tantararara, ruin all &c.]

Let us make wise Resolves, to them let's stand strong,  
Your Posts and your Vapours do never last long,  
To maintain our just Rights ev'ry measure pursue,  
To our King we'll be loyal to ourselves we'll be true,  
[Sing tantararara, true all &c.]

Those blessings our Fathers obtain'd by their blood,  
We are justly oblig'd as their Sons to make good;  
All internal Taxes let us then nobly spurn,  
These Effigies first--next the Stamp Paper burn,  
CHORUS,--Sing Tantararara, burn all, burn all,  
Sing Tantararara, burn all.

## "ADDRESS TO THE LADIES"

## Song 2.

Jan Robertson sings this song as it originally appeared in the *Boston Post Boy*, November 16, 1767, and in the *Connecticut Gazette* (New London), November 20, 1767. No tune is indicated with either period text, but the first line, the stanza form, and the giving of advice are all similar to Tom D'urfey's song "Advice to the Ladies," a comic description of some kinds of men no woman should ever marry.

The tune was popular enough to have thirty different sets of words by the 1750's. Aside from its presence in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol II, 8-10, the tune would have been known in Boston from its use as Air XXXIII, in *The Beggar's Opera*: McHeath's solo, "If you at an Office solicit your due."

Young ladies in town, and those that live round,  
Let a friend at this season advise you:  
Since money's so scarce, and times growing worse,  
Strange things may soon hap and surprize you;  
First then, throw aside your high top knots of pride,  
Wear none but your own country linnen,  
Of Oeconomy boast, let your pride be the most  
To show clothes of your own make and spinning.

What, if homespun they say is not quite so gay  
As brocades, yet be not in a passion,  
For when once it is known this is much wore in town,  
One and all will cry out, 'tis the fashion!  
And as one, all agree that you'll not married be  
To such as will wear London Fact'ry:  
But at first sight refuse, tell 'em such you do chuse  
As encourage our own Manufact'ry

No more Ribbons wear, nor in rich dress 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,  
Throw aside your Bohea, and your Green Hyson Tea,  
And all things with a new fashion duty;  
Procure a good store of the choice Labradore,  
For there'll soon be enough here to suit ye;

These do without fear and to all you'll appear  
Fair, charming, true, lovely and cleaver;  
Tho' the times remain darkish, young men may be sparkish,  
And love you much stronger than ever. !O!

## "LIBERTY SONG"

## Song 3.

John Adams' cryptic comment "We had also the Liberty Song--that by the Farmer...." shows he knew the song was written by John Dickinson (the author of "The Letters of a Farmer in Pennsylvania"), even though it was published anonymously. Other Revolutionary War songs were published earlier, but the "Liberty Song" was the first American "patriotic song" to receive widespread acceptance, and we can follow its course through the colonies week by week in the newspapers during the summer of 1768 after its initial publication in the *Pennsylvania Chronicle*, July 4-11, 1768.

The original "Heart of Oak" was first published in single sheet music as "Come cheer up my lads. A song sung by Mr. Champnes in Harlequin's Invasion...." to celebrate 1759, the year of decisive English victories over the French. With verses by David Garrick and music by William Boyce, Master of the Royal Band of Music, the song became extremely popular. The tune became the second most common vehicle for Anglo-American topical song-texts during the Revolution. More texts were set to the "Derry Down" tune, but these were less frequently reprinted so were probably not as well known.

Mr. GODDARD,

Please to insert the following Song in your next Chronicle, and you will oblige yours, &c. D.

## A SONG

To the Tune of HEART OF OAK &c.

Come, join Hand in Hand, brave Americans all,  
And rouse your bold Hearts at fair Liberty's Call,  
No tyrannous Acts shall suppress your just Claim,  
Or stain with Dishonour America's Name.

In Freedom we're born,  
and in Freedom we'll live  
Our Purses are ready,  
Steady, Friends, steady,  
Not as Slaves, but as Freemen our Money we'll give.

Our worthy Forefathers--let's give them a Cheer--  
To Climates unknown did courageously steer;  
Thro' Oceans to Desarts for Freedom they came,  
And dying bequeath'd us their Freedom and Fame--  
In Freedom we're born &c.

\* Their generous Bosoms all Dangers despis'd,  
So highly, so wisely, their Birthrights they priz'd;  
We'll keep what they gave, we will piously keep  
Nor frustrate their Toils on the Land and the Deep.  
In Freedom we're born, &c.

The Tree their own Hands had to Liberty rear'd  
They liv'd to behold growing strong and rever'd;  
With Transport they cry'd "now our Wishes we gain,  
For our Children shall gather the Fruits of our Pain.  
In Freedom we're born, &c.

\*Verse not included in recording.



- \* How sweet are the Labors that Freemen endure,  
That they shall enjoy all the Profit, secure--  
No more such sweet Labors Americans know,  
If Britons shall reap what Americans sow--  
In Freedom we're born, &c.

Swarms of Placemen and Pensioners soon will appear,  
Like Locusts deforming the Charms of the Year,  
Suns vainly will rise, Showers vainly descend  
If we are to drudge for what others shall spend,  
In Freedom we're born, &c.

- \* Then join Hand in Hand brave Americans all,  
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall;  
In So Righteous A Cause let us hope to succeed,  
For Heaven approves of each generous Deed--  
In Freedom we're born &c.

All Ages shall speak with Amaze and Applause,  
Of the Courage we'll show in Support Of Our Laws,  
To die we can bear--but to serve we disdain---  
For Shame is to Freemen more dreadful than Pain---  
In Freedom we're born &c.

This bumper I crown for our Sov'reign's Health,  
And this for Britannia's Glory and Wealth;  
That Wealth and that Glory immortal may be,  
If she is but just--and if we are but free----  
In Freedom we're born,  
And in Freedom we'll live,  
Our Purses are ready,  
Steady, Friends, steady,  
Not as Slaves, but as Freemen our Money we'll give.

[COME SHAKE YOUR DULL NODDLES]

Song 4.

*When printed in the Boston Gazette, September 26, 1768, this song was headed "Last Tuesday the following Song made its Appearance from a Garret at C-st-e W-----m." This is a case of a Rebel paper printing a Tory parody of the preceding Rebel song. Castle William was a Provincial island fortress in Boston Harbor. At this time it had, since June, been a refuge for customs officials and their families who had fled from the Sons of Liberty when the government plan to confiscate Hancock's sloop "Liberty" erupted into a riot. (A similar riot against impressment had sent Governor Shirley scuttling to the fortress in 1747.)*

*The Tory song appeared at the end of a five day "illegal" meeting of delegates from Massachusetts towns at Faneuil Hall who had ignored orders from Governor Bernard to disperse. Both the meeting and the song were concerned with the expected arrival of two regiments of redcoats who did land and begin policing the town on Saturday, October 1, 1768.*

Come shake your dull Noddles, ye Pumpkins, and bawl,  
And own that you're mad at fair Liberty's call;  
No scandalous Conduct can add to your Shame,  
Condemn'd to Dishonour, Inherit the Fame.  
In Folly you're born, and in Folly you'll live,  
To Madness still ready,  
And Stupidly steady,  
Not as Men, but as Monkeys, the Tokens you give.

Your Grandsire, old Satan, now give him a Cheer,  
Would act like yourselves, and as wildly would steer:  
So great an Example in Prospect still keep,  
Whilst you are alive, Old Belzee may sleep.  
In Folly &c.

- \* Such Villains, such Rascals, all Dangers despise,  
And stick not at Mobbing when Mischief's the Prize;  
They burst thro' all Barriers, and piously keep  
Such Chattels and Goods the vile Rascals can sweep.  
In Folly &c.

The Tree, which the Wisdom of Justice hath rear'd,  
Should be stout for their Use, and by no Means be spar'd:  
When fuddled with Rum the mad Sots to restrain,  
Sure Tyburn will sober the Wretches again.  
In Folly &c.

- \* Your Brats and your Bunters by no Means forget,  
But feather your Nests, for they're bare enough yet;  
From the insolent Rich sure the poor Knave may steal,  
Who ne'er in his Life knew the Scent of a Meal.  
In Folly &c.

- \* When in your own Cellars you've quaff'd a Regale,  
Then drive, tug and stink, the next House to assail;  
For short is your Harvest, nor long shall you know  
The Pleasure of Reaping what other Men sow.  
In Folly &c.

Then plunder, my Lads, for when Red Coats appear,  
You'll melt like the Locust when Winter is near;  
Gold vainly will glow, Silver vainly will shine,  
But, Faith, you must skulk, you no more shall purloin.  
In Folly &c.

- \* Then nod your poor numbskulls, ye Pumpkins, and bawl,  
The de'il take such Rascals, Fools, Whoresons and all;  
Your cursed old Trade of purloining must cease,  
The Curse and the Dread of all Order and Peace.  
In Folly &c.

All Ages shall speak with Contempt and Amaze,  
Of the vilest Banditti that swarm'd in these days;  
In Defiance of Halters, of Whips and of Chains,  
The Rogues would run Riot, damn'd Fools for their Pains.  
In Folly &c.

Gulp down your last Dram, for the Gallows now groans,  
And Order depress'd, her lost Empire bemoans;  
While we quite transported and happy shall be,  
From Mobs, Knaves and Villains, protected and free.  
In Folly &c.

"THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN,  
or the  
OLD WOMAN TAUGHT WISDOM"

Song 5.

*The customary bowdlerization of this song up to this decade has tended to mask its importance as an English Tory song fervidly protesting the repeal of the Stamp Act. It is sung here as printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, March 1766, p.140, but the animus against Pitt and America is even more strongly shown in the cartoon version (British Museum, Political and Personal Satires, No. 4142), where Pitt and America are shown belaboring Britannia. The caricature also includes the complete text of the song.*

*There is little reason to believe the tale about a tune called "The World Turned Upside Down" having been played at Yorktown, and even less reason to credit this song as the one that might have been played on that occasion.*

*The "Derry Down" tune used here is from Calliope: or the Musical Miscellany, London, 1788, pp. 248-9.*

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

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,  
Derry down, &c.

For mark the event; Thus by Fortune we're crost,  
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?  
Derry down, &c.

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 have sung psalms to a horse.  
Derry down, &c.

\*Verses not included in recording.



Young, froward, and sullen, and vain of her beauty,  
 She tartly reply'd that she well knew her duty,  
 That other folks children were kept by their friends,  
 And that some folks lov'd people but for their own ends.  
 Derry down, &c.

She sobb'd and she blubber'd, she bluster'd and swore,  
 If her mother persisted, she'd turn common whore,  
 The Old Woman, thus threaten'd, fell down in a fit,  
 And who in the nick should hop in but Will P-tt.  
 Derry down, &c.

Zounds! neighbour, quoth he, what the devil's the matter.  
 A man cannot rest in his house for your clatter;  
 Alas! cries the daughter, here's dainty fine work,  
 The Old Woman's grown harder than Jew or than Turk.  
 Derry down, &c.

She be d--n'd, says the farmer, and to her he goes,  
 First roars in her ears, and then tweaks her old nose,  
 Holla, Goody, what ails you? Wake, woman, I say;  
 I am come to make peace in this desperate fray,  
 Derry down, &c.

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

Alas! cries the Old Woman, & 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,  
 Derry down, &c.

Unwillingly aukward, the mother knelt down,  
 While the absolute farmer went on with a frown,  
 Come kiss the poor child, then, come kiss and be friends,  
 There, kiss your poor daughter, and make her amends.  
 Derry down, &c.

No thanks to you, mother; the daughter reply'd;  
 But thanks to my friend here, I've humbled your pride;  
 Then pray leave off this nonsense, 'tis all a mere farce,  
 As I have carried my point, you may now kiss my ----.  
 Derry down, &c.

[BALLAD OF THE TEA PARTY] Song 6.  
 "A New Song to the Plaintive Tune of Hosier's Ghost."

This seems to be the earliest response in the form of a song to the Boston Tea Party (December 16, 1773). It was published in the *Pennsylvania Packet* by January 3 1774, and reprinted with credit to the *Packet* in the *Massachusetts Spy*, January 27, 1774. Originally, "Hosier's Ghost" was a factional ballad against alleged political intrigue during the "Jenkins' Ear" controversy of the 1730's. The supposed intrigue kept Admiral Hosier from easily capturing Portobello (near the Caribbean entrance to the present Panama Canal), though Admiral Vernon was permitted to do so in November 1739, after Hosier's death, with a smaller fleet and much resultant acclaim. The ballad shows the bitterness from the belief that Hosier and many of his men were sacrificed to tropical diseases for the sake of red tape and politics.

The tea party song imitates the first line of "Hosier's Ghost," and includes ghosts and other spirits, but is not otherwise similar. The tune has had other important texts such as "The Sailor's Complaint" and "Welcome Brother Debtor" but its last major text was also its most popular. As "The Tempest" or "The Storm" or "Cease Rude Boreas" it was an all time hit from the 1770's to the 1830's in England and America.

for the PENNSYLVANIA PACKET, A NEW SONG  
 to the plaintive tune of Hosier's Ghost.

As near beauteous Boston lying  
 On the gently swelling flood,  
 Without jack or pendant flying  
 Three ill-fated Tea-ships rode.

Just as glorious Sol was setting  
 On the wharf a numerous crew,  
 Sons of Freedom, fear forgetting,  
 Suddenly appeared in view.

O'er their heads aloft in mid-sky,  
 Three bright angel forms were seen;  
 This was Hampden, that was Sidney,  
 With fair Liberty between.

Arm'd with hammer, ax and chissels,  
 Weapons new for warlike deed,  
 Towards the herbage freighted vessels,  
 They approach'd with dreadful speed.

"Soon they cry'd, your foes you'll banish,  
 "Soon the triumph shall be won;  
 "Scarce shall setting Phoebus vanish,  
 "'Ere the deathless deed be done."

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,  
 Hatches burst and chests display'd;  
 Axes, hammers, help afforded;  
 What a glorious crash they made!

Squash into the deep descended  
 Cursed weed of China's coast---  
 Thus at once our fears were ended:  
 British rights shall ne'er be lost.

Captains! Once more hoist your streamers,  
 Spread your sails, and plow the wave!  
 Tell your masters they were dreamers  
 When they thought to cheat the Brave.  
 BRITANNIO AMERICANUS.

Philadelphia  
 January 1st, 1774.

"LIBERTY TREE"

Song 7.

Thomas Paine is generally credited with writing "Liberty Tree," first published over the pseudonym "Atlantico" in the *Pennsylvania Magazine* for July 1775 which he edited. The indicated tune is "The Gods of the Greeks," an American shortening of the published English title "Once the Gods of the Greeks" (1760, text by George Alexander Stevens). It was also published as "The Origin of English Liberty," which better expresses its theme: the Gods being credited with bringing the gift of "Liberty" to the English, assumed to be the only people in the world who deserve and can appreciate such a gift. After the Revolution, "Liberty Tree" was published in some songbooks to a minor tune which bears no resemblance to the "Gods of the Greeks."

Paine doesn't directly imitate the "Gods of the Greeks" but uses a similar conceit when his "Goddess of Liberty" brings a tangible symbol of her love for her American patriots to sit beneath, to worship under, and to rally round, The Liberty Tree!

In a chariot of light from the regions of day,  
 The goddess of liberty came;  
 Ten thousand celestials directed the way,  
 And hither conducted the dame.  
 A fair budding branch from the gardens above,  
 Where millions with millions agree,  
 She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,  
 And the plant she named Liberty Tree.

The celestial exotic stuck deep in the ground,  
 Like a native it flourish'd and bore,  
 The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,  
 To seek out this peaceable shore.  
 Unmindful of names or distinctions they came,  
 For freemen like brothers agree;  
 With one spirit endu'd, they one friendship pursu'd  
 And their temple was Liberty Tree.



Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,  
 Their bread in contentment they eat,  
 Unvex'd with the troubles of silver and gold,  
 The cares of the grand and the great.  
 With timber and tar they Old England supply'd,  
 And supported her pow'r on the sea;  
 Her battles they fought, without getting a groat,  
 For the honour of *Liberty Tree*.

But hear, O ye swains, ('tis a tale most profane)  
 How all the tyrannical powers,  
 Kings, Commons and Lords, are uniting amain,  
 To cut down this guardian of ours;  
 From the east to the west, blow the trumpet to arms,  
 Thro' the land let the sound of it flee,  
 Let the far and the near--all unite with a cheer,  
 In defence of our *Liberty Tree*.

[TORY DOODLE]

Song 8.

*The Loyalists of course had their own view of the Liberty Tree as a Rebel symbol. One such view reflected in folk tradition was reported by Samuel Barney in his pamphlet, Songs of the Revolution (New Haven, 1893), where he tells of learning a song from a Union soldier who said he had learned it from his grandmother. The tune is an 1820's fife version of Yankee Doodle.*

Yankee Doodle took a saw, with a patriot's devotion,  
 To trim the Tree of Liberty according to his notion,  
 He set himself upon a limb, just like some other noodle,  
 He cut between the tree and him,  
 And down came Yankee Doodle.

Yankee Doodle broke his neck and every bone about him,  
 And then the Tree of Liberty did very well without him.

## Side 2

"YANKIE DOODLES INTRENCHMENTS NEAR BOSTON"

Song 9.

*These verses are at the bottom of a caricature lampooning General Putnam and the Yankee Militia (British Museum, Political and Personal Satires, No. 5329). One could be led incorrectly to assume from the chorus line that the tune might be "Yankee Doodle." The correct tune is from a quite different song, "Doodle Doo." This becomes obvious when this text is compared with a dozen other Loyalist, Whig, and Tory verse satires written in this pattern between 1762 and 1780. The "Siege of Savannah," from Rivington's *Royal Gazette*, November 27, 1779 (reprinted in Moore's *Songs and Ballads of the Revolution*, pp. 275-6), is another good example of the verse pattern.*

*The "Doodle Doo" tune sung here is from a unique single music sheet titled "The New Raree Shew or a Touch on the Times" (London, c. February, 1779; reproduced in *Early Music in Massachusetts*). The accompaniment, Ed Olsen on fife and Ken Lemley with drum sticks on table, can still be heard in the homes, taverns, and parks of southern Connecticut towns where "Ancient Musters" of traditional fife and drumming take place. Moore's *Diary of the Revolution*, I, 254, cites a letter from Captain Caleb Gibbs, of Washington's Guard, which describes such singing and playing. "After the toasts, little Phil, of the Guard, was brought in to sing H-----'s new campaign song, and was joined by all the under officers, who seemed much animated by the accompanying of Clute's drum sticks and Aaron's fife."*

The Yankie Doodles Intrenchments Near Boston 1776  
 Publish'd as the Act Directs.

Behold the Yankies in there ditch's  
 Whose Conscience gives such griping twitch's  
 They'r ready to Be S--t their Brech's,  
 Yankie Doodle do [pa, pa, pa, pa, pa]

Next see the Hypocritic parson  
 Who! thay all wish to turn an A--s on  
 Altho' the Devil keeps the farce on  
 Yankie &c

See Putnam that Commands in Chief Sir  
 Who looks & Labours like a thief sir  
 To get them daily Bread & Beef sir,  
 Yankie &c

Their Congress now is quite disjoint'd  
 Since Gibbitts is for them appointed  
 For fighting gainst ye Lords Annoited.  
 Yankie doodle [doo, pa, pa, pa, pa, pa]

"THE IRISHMAN'S EPISTLE TO THE OFFICERS  
AND TROOPS OF BOSTON "

Song 10.

*When the shooting began at Lexington, writers for a time produced only laments and dirges for the American dead. Some colonists at a distance, however, saw immediate humor in the precipitate British retreat and the subsequent siege of Boston. These verses are anonymous but Tom Paine might have had a hand in them since they were published in the *Pennsylvania Magazine* in May 1775, while he was editor, and between the months March and July, when he contributed two songs to the magazine: "Death of General Wolfe" and "Liberty Tree."*

*No tune is indicated for the text, and there are no tune hints within the verses. This adaptation of the original text from the *Pennsylvania Magazine* to the "Wash Woman" tune in the Ishmael Spicer Collection of Songs, 1797, at the Connecticut Historical Society, required some changes. Bars 9-12 were dropped to make the text fit.*

By my faith, but I think ye're all makers of bulls,  
 With your brains in your breeches, your guts 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 honies, how much your mistaken,  
 For Concord by discord can never be beaten.

How brave ye went out with your muskets all bright,  
 And thought to befrighthen the folks with the sight;  
 But when you got there how they powder'd your pomes, \*  
 And all the way home they pepper'd your bums,  
 And is it not, honeys, a comical farce,  
 To be proud in the face, and be shot in the a-se?

How come ye to think, now, they did not know how,  
 To be after their firelocks as smartly as you?  
 Why, you see now, my honies, 'tis nothing at all,  
 But to pull at the trigger, and pop goes the ball.

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 fasting and fighting will soon make ye thinner  
 PADDY.

\*heads † Boston

"THE KING'S OWN REGULARS"

Song 11.

*"The King's Own Regulars" is worthy and characteristic of Benjamin Franklin to whom it has been attributed, though no one has yet proved that he wrote it. Most of the 18th-century versions of the "Old Courtier" tune are even simpler than this one from the *Convivial Songster*, London, c. 1782, p. 210. This text is from the *Boston Gazette*, November 27, 1775, but verses 2 to 11 are not included in this recording.*

The King's Own Regulars And their Triumphs over the  
 Irregulars. A New Song to the Tune of, An Old Courtier  
 of the Queen's and the Queen's old Courtier.



Since you all will have singing, and won't be said nay,  
 I cannot refuse, when you so beg and pray;  
 So, I'll sing you a song,--as a body may say,  
 'Tis of the King's Regulars, who ne'er run away.  
 O the old soldiers of the King, and the King's own regulars.

At Preston Pans we met with some Rebels one day,  
 We marshall'd ourselves in comely array;  
 Our hearts were all stout, and bid our legs stay,  
 But our feet were wrong-headed, and took us away.  
 O the old soldiers, &c.

At Falkirk we resolv'd to be braver,  
 And recover some credit by better behaviour;  
 We would not acknowledge feet had done us a favour,  
 So feet swore they would stand, but--legs ran, however.  
 O the old soldiers, &c.

No troops perform better than we at reviews,  
 We march and we wheel, and whatever you chuse;  
 George would see how we fight, & we never refuse,  
 There we all fight with courage--you may see it in the News.  
 O the old soldiers, &c.

To Monongehala, with fifes and with drums,  
 We march'd in fine order, with cannon & bombs:  
 That great expedition cost infinite sums,  
 But a few irregulars cut us all into crumbs.  
 O the old soldiers, &c.

It was not fair to shoot at us from behind trees:  
 If they had stood open, as they ought, before our great  
 guns, we should have beat 'em with ease;  
 They may fight with one another that way, if they please,  
 But it is not regular to stand, and fight with such  
 rascals as these.  
 O the old soldiers, &c.

At Fort George and Oswego, to our great reputation,  
 We show'd our vast skill in fortification;  
 The French fired three guns; of the fourth they had no occasion;  
 For we gave up those forts--not through fear,-- but mere  
 persuasion.  
 O the old soldiers, &c.

To Ticonderoga we went in a passion,  
 Swearing to be revenged on the whole French nation;  
 But we soon turned tail without hesitation,  
 Because they fought behind trees--which is not the fashion.  
 O the old soldiers, &c.

Lord Loudon, he was a fine regular general, they say;  
 With a great regular army he went his way,  
 Against Louisburgh, to make it his prey,  
 But return'd--without seeing it for he did not feel bold  
 that day.  
 O the old soldiers, &c.

Grown proud at reviews, great George had no rest;  
 Each grandsire, he had heard, a rebellion suppress'd:  
 He wish'd a rebellion, look'd round and saw none,  
 So resolved a rebellion to make--of his own.  
 O the old soldiers, &c.

The Yankees he bravely pitch'd on, because he thought they  
 would not fight,  
 And so he sent us over to take away their right;  
 But lest they should spoil our review-clothes, he cried  
 braver and louder;  
 "For God's sake, brother kings, don't sell the cowards--  
 any powder!"  
 O the old soldiers, &c.

Our general with his council of war did advise  
 How at Lexington we might the Yankees surprise;  
 We march'd and remarch'd--all surpris'd at being beat;  
 And so our wise general's plan of surprise was complete.  
 O the old soldiers, &c.

For fifteen miles they follow'd and pelted us, we scarce  
 had time to pull a trigger;  
 But did you ever know a retreat perform'd with more vigour?  
 For we did it in two hours, which saved us from perdition;  
 'Twas not in going out, but in returning, consisted our  
 expedition.  
 O the old soldiers, &c.

Says our general, "We were forced to take to our arms in  
 our own defense";  
 (For arms read legs, and it will be both truth and sense.)  
 "Lord Percy, (says he), I must say something of him in civility,  
 And that is--I can never enough praise him for his great  
 agility."  
 O the old soldiers, &c.

Of their firing from behind fences he makes a great pother,  
 Ev'ry fence has two sides; they made use of one, and we  
 only forgot to use the other.  
 That we turn'd our backs and ran away so fast, don't let  
 that disgrace us;  
 'Twas only to make good what Sandwich said, that the Yankees  
 could not face us.  
 O the old soldiers, &c.

As they could not get before us, how could they look us  
 in the face?  
 We took care they should not, by scampering away apace.  
 That they had not much to brag of, is a very plain case;  
 For if they beat us in the fight, we beat them in the race.  
 O the old soldiers of the King, and the King's own regulars.

# "THE NEW MASSACHUSETTS LIBERTY SONG"

Song 12

*This song is now commonly known as "Free America," a name it probably acquired during the Napoleonic Wars when changes were made in the text to make a more impassioned statement against England and Europe. The result is that this song has an unusual number of variant texts, some of which seem to be calling for an independent America quite some time before it became fashionable to do so. Such changes were not common in topical songs of this era. Usually song writers simply wrote a new parody and gave it a variant title.*

*This text<sup>†</sup> is the earliest, judging by the Connecticut Courant, May 8, 1775, which reprinted it and headed it--"A Song compos'd by a Son of Liberty, February 13, 1770 To the tune of the British Grenadier." This version in the Courant matches the Evans 42135 broadside in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, which also has a Tory parody of the song in manuscript, dated April 1770. The tune was less popular as a vehicle for Revolutionary song-texts than might have been expected of such stirring music. The supporting drum sticks are again thanks to Ken Lemley.*

That Seat of Science Athens, and Earth's great Mistress Rome;  
 Where now are all their Glories, we scarce can find their Tomb:  
 Then guard your Rights, Americans! nor stoop to Lawless Sway,  
 Oppose, oppose, oppose, oppose,--my brave America.

Proud Albion bow'd to Caesar, and num'rous Lords before,  
 To Picts, to Danes, to Normans, and many Masters more:  
 But we can boast Americans! we never fell a Prey;  
 Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, for brave America.

We led fair Freedom hither, when lo the Desert smil'd,  
 A Paradise of Pleasure, was open'd in the Wild;  
 Your Harvest bold Americans! no Power shall snatch away,  
 Assert yourselves, yourselves, yourselves, my brave America.

Torn from a World of Tyrants, beneath this western Sky,  
 We form'd a new Dominion, a Land of Liberty;  
 The World shall own their Masters here, then hasten on the Day  
 Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, for brave America.

God bless this maiden Climate, and thro' her vast Domain,  
 Let Hosts of Heroes cluster, who scorn to wear a Chain:  
 And blast the venal Sycophant, who dares our Rights betray,  
 Preserve, preserve, preserve, preserve my brave America.

Lift up your Heads my Heroes! and swear with proud Disdain,  
 The Wretch who would enslave you, shall spread  
 his snares in vain;  
 Should Europe empty all her Force, wou'd meet them in Array,  
 And shout, and shout, and shout, and shout, for brave America.

Some future Day shall crown us, the Masters of the Main,  
 And giving Laws and Freedom, to subject France and Spain;  
 When all the Isles o'er Ocean spread, shall tremble and obey,  
 Their Lords, their Lords, their Lords, their Lords  
 of brave America.

<sup>†</sup> Attributed (after the Revolution) to Joseph Warren.



## "LADY WASHINGTON"

## Song 13.

"Lady Washington" or "Saw You My Hero" is included in the recording as a rare example of a documented (words and music) Revolutionary era folk song. Its ancestor, Child Ballad 248, "The Gray Cock" or "Saw You My Father," is one of few Child ballads for which words with music exist in both English and Scottish copies well before 1800. Three sheet music editions, a magazine version and a flute book copy were published in London between 1772 and 1780, in addition to the Scottish publications such as the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787.

The text sung here appeared in *Mirth and Song*, Boston, 1804, and substantially the same verses were copied into the Stevens-Douglass manuscript in the 1840's in Arcade, New York. A longer and more ornate version c.1814, is in the Isaiah Thomas Ballad Collection, American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, vol III, 50. The song does not seem to have survived into the 20th century, though both the original Child 248 and the derivative revival hymn "Saw You My Saviour" were collected as folk songs between 1910 and 1940. Further details are in "Arcade Revisited: Some Additional Notes for A Pioneer Songster," *New York Folklore Quarterly*, vol XXIV, No 1, March 1968.

Saw you my hero, Saw you my hero,  
Saw you my hero George,  
I have travelled o'er the plain,  
And inquired of every swain,  
But no tidings could I get of my George.

I saw not your hero, I saw not your hero,  
I saw not your hero George,  
But I'm told he's at the van,  
Where the battles just began,  
But I haste to take care of my men.

O'er hills and o'er dales, O'er mountains and plains,  
Where the drums and the trumps they sound alarms,  
O! ye Gods I give you charge,  
To protect my hero George,  
And return him safe home to my arms.

## [THE REBELS]

## Song 14.

The "Black Joke" tune emerged in the 18th century as a dance tune and as the vehicle for a remarkable range of quite different song-texts, from the lusty lechery of the "Original Black Joke Sent from Dublin" (c. 1720 with variants to 1782) to the playful manuscript catalog of Vermont country products, "Marlboro Merchants" (1787), discovered and sung in recent times by Margaret MacArthur. Although Thomas Moore used a smoothed-out version of the tune for "Sublime was the Warning," the tune was not often used for political polemics as in the ascribed verses sung here. The text, which is one of the best Loyalist songs of the war, is from the *Pennsylvania Ledger*, January 7, 1778. Frank Moore's *Songs and Ballads* supplied the title and the information that the verses were written by a Captain Smyth.

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 sing you a song,  
I'll show you, those Yankees are all in the wrong,  
Who, with blustering look and a most awkward gait,  
'Gainst their lawful Sov'reign 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, &c.  
To rend the empire, the most infamous lies,  
Their mock-patriot Congress, do always devise;  
Independence, like the First of rebels, they claim,  
But their plots will be damn'd in the annals of fame,  
With their hunting-shirts, &c.

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

With loud peals of laughter, your sides, sirs, would crack,  
To see General Convict and Colonel shoe-black,  
With their hunting-shirts, &c.  
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, &c.

This perjured banditti, now ruin this land,  
And o'er its poor people claim lawless command,  
With their hunting-shirts, &c.  
Their paste-board 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 honour's dishonour, and justice their scoff,  
With their hunting-shirts, &c.

For one lawful ruler, many tyrants we've got,  
Who force young and old to their wars, to be shot,  
With their hunting-shirts, &c.  
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 murder'd; our country's undone,  
By hunting-shirts, &c.

Come take up your glasses, each true loyal heart,  
May every rebel meet his due desert,  
With his hunting-shirt, &c.  
May Congress, Conventions, those damn'd 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.

## "HALCYON DAYS OF OLD ENGLAND"

## Song 15.

With amnesty for Viet Nam war resisters still only a hope for the future, we Americans have our own bitter reminders of internal divisions over fighting a nasty war on another continent. The "American War" had many of the same repercussions in England as shown by this scathing Whig song. The *Massachusetts Spy* for June 18, 1778, reprinted this text from the *London Evening Post*. The tune is the same one used for [Burn All].

The Halcyon Days of Old England; Or the Wisdom of Administration demonstrated: A Ballad to the tune of---Ye Medley of Mortals

Give ear to my song, I'll not tell you a story;  
This is the bright era of Old England's glory!  
And tho' some may think us in pitiful plight,  
I'll swear they're mistaken, for matters go right!  
Sing tantararara, wise all, wise all,  
Sing tantararara, wise all.

Let us laugh at the cavils of weak, silly elves!  
Our statesmen are wise men! they say so themselves!  
And tho' little mortals may hear it with wonder,  
'Tis consummate Wisdom, that causes each blunder!  
Sing tantararara &c.

They now are engag'd in a glorious war!  
(It began about tea, about feathers and tar)  
With spirit they push what they've planned with sense!  
Forty-millions they've spent, for a tax of three pence!  
Sing tantararara &c.

The debts of the nation do grieve them so sore,  
To lighten our burden, they load us the more!  
They aim at th' American's cash, my dear honey!  
Yet beggar this kingdom, and send them the money!  
Sing tantararara &c.



What honours we're gaining by taking their forts,  
 Destroying bateaux, and blocking up ports!  
 Burgoyne would have work'd them but for a mishap,  
 By Gates and one Arnold--he's caught in a trap!  
 Sing tantararara &c.

\* But Howe was more cautious and prudent by far,  
 He sail'd with his fleet up the great Delaware;  
 All summer he struggled and strove to undo them,  
 But the plague of it was, he could not get to them!  
 Sing tantararara &c.

Oh! think us not cruel, because our allies  
 Are savagely scalping men, women and boys!  
 Maternal affection to this step doth move us--  
 The more they are scalped--the more they will love us!  
 Sing tantararara &c.

Some folks are uneasy, and make a great pother  
 For the loss of one army, and half of another;  
 But, Sirs, next campaign by ten thousands we'll slay 'em,  
 If we can find soldiers, and money to pay 'em.  
 Sing tantararara &c.

I've sung you a song, now I'll give you a prayer;  
 May peace soon succeed to this horrible war!  
 Again may we live with our brethren in concord,  
 And the authors of mischief all hang in a strong cord.  
 Sing tantararara, wise all, wise all,  
 Sing tantararara, wise all.

"THE PARODY PARODIZED OR THE  
 MASSACHUSETTS SONG OF LIBERTY"

Song 16.

*Some of the troops in the two newly arrived regiments of redcoats were still looking for housing when this song was reprinted from a broadside into the Boston Gazette on Monday, October 3, 1768. Appropriately, it appeared the week following the meeting of representatives from nearly a hundred Massachusetts towns at Faneuil Hall. It appeared beside a column claiming that there was sufficient room for the troops at Castle William and therefore no need to quarter them in the town at places like Faneuil Hall.*

*The "Massachusetts Liberty Song" had a remarkably long life for a topical parody. It continued to appear in songsters for some years after the Revolution and was revived during the War of 1812 by Nathaniel Coverly, Jr., in a broadside which is now number 79, in volume II of the Isaiah Thomas Ballad Collection, American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Massachusetts.*

Come swallow your Bumpers, ye Tories! and roar,  
 That the Sons of fair Freedom are hamper'd once more;  
 But know that no Cut-throats our Spirits can tame,  
 Nor a Host of Oppressors shall smother the flame.

In Freedom we're born, and like Sons of the brave,  
 We'll never surrender,  
 But swear to defend her,  
 And scorn to survive, if unable to save.

Our Grandsires, blest Heroes! we'll give them a Tear,  
 Nor sully their Honors, by stooping to fear;  
 Thro' Deaths and thro' Dangers, their Trophies they won,  
 We dare be their Rivals, nor will be outdone.  
 In Freedom we're born, &c.

\* Let Tyrants and Minions presume to despise,  
 Incroach on our Rights, and make Freedom their prize:  
 The Fruits of their Rapine they never shall keep;  
 Tho' Vengeance may nod, yet how short is her sleep!  
 In Freedom we're born &c.

\* Our Wives and our Babes, still protected, shall know,  
 Those who dare to be free, shall for ever be so;  
 On these Arms and these Hearts they may safely rely,  
 For in Freedom we'll live or like Heroes we'll die.  
 In Freedom we're born, &c.

The Tree, which proud Haman for Mordecai rear'd,  
 Stands recorded, that Virtue endanger'd is spar'd  
 That Rogues whom no bonds and no Laws can restrain,  
 Must be stript of their Honours, and humbled again.  
 In Freedom we're born, &c.

\* Ye insolent Tyrants! who wish to enthral,  
 Ye Minions, ye Placemen, Pimps, Pensioners, all,  
 How short is your Triumph! how feeble your Trust!  
 Your Honours must wither and nod to the Dust.  
 In Freedom we're born, &c.

When oppres'd and reproach'd, our King we implore,  
 Still firmly perswaded our Rights he'll restore;  
 When our Hearts beat to Arms, to defend a just right,  
 Our Monarch rules there, and forbids us to fight.  
 In Freedom we're born, &c.

\* Not the Glitter of arms, nor the Dread of a Fray,  
 Could make us submit to their Chains for a day;  
 Withheld by Affection, on Britons we call,  
 Prevent the fierce Conflict which threatens your Fall.  
 In Freedom we're born, &c.

All Ages shall speak, with amaze and applause,  
 Of the prudence we show in support of our Cause;  
 Assur'd of our safety, a Brunswick still reigns,  
 Whose free loyal Subjects are strangers to Chains.  
 In Freedom we're born, &c.

Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all!  
 To be free is to live, to be slaves is to fall;  
 Has the Land such a Dastard, as scorns not a Lord,  
 Who dreads not a Fetter much more than a sword.  
 In Freedom we're born, &c.

\*Verses not included in recording.



Since 1961 Arthur Schrader has presented and directed historical music programs at Old Sturbridge Village in Massachusetts. He also has performed at hundreds of schools, museums, and historical societies.

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a.f.s.