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

SIDE 1
1. BILLY BROKE LOCKS, DOROTHY,
   VOCAL AND GUITAR, ERIC, HARMONY
   AND MANDOLA, KAREN,
   HARMONY AND GUITAR, LENNY,
   FIDDLE. 2:01
2. TRAPPAN'D MAIDEN, KAREN AND
   DOROTHY VOCAL, KAREN; DULCI-
   MER, DOROTHY, GUITAR, ERIC,
   GUITAR, LENNY, FIDDLE. 2:33
3. FARE THEE WELL YE SWEET-
   HEARTS..KEVIN ROTH, VOCAL
   AND DULCIMER, DOROTHY, HAR-
   MONY. JACK RICKENBACH, GUi-
   TAR. 2:58
4. MAD ANTHONY WAYNE...DORO-
   THY, VOCAL, ERIC, VOCAL AND
   GUITAR, KAREN, VOCAL AND
   DULCIMER, LENNY, MANDOLIN.
   2:48
5. ONE MORNING IN MAY ....
   DOROTHY AND KEVIN. 1:59
6. THE FATE OF JOHN BURGOYNE...
   KAREN, VOCAL AND DULCIMER,
   ERIC, GUITAR, LENNY, FIDDLE. 2:42

SIDE 2.
1. BATTLE OF THE KEGS...DOROTHY,
   VOCAL AND GUITAR, ERIC, VOCAL
   AND GUITAR, KAREN VOCAL AND
   DULCIMER, LENNY, FIDDLE. 4:14
2. JOHNNIE HAS GONE FOR A SOL-
   DIER...DOROTHY, VOCAL, KEVEN
   ROTH DULCIMER, JACK RICKEN-
   BACH, GUITAR 2:40
3. HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND
   ...ERIC, VOCAL AND GUITAR. 3:42
4. ALL THINGS ARE QUITE SILENT
   DOROTHY, VOCAL, ERIC LEAD
   GUITAR, LENNY GUITAR. 2:35
5. THE BATTLE OF TRENTON...ERIC
   VOCAL AND LEAD GUITAR, KAREN
   VOCAL AND GUITAR, DOROTHY,
   VOCAL, LENNY FIDDLE. 2:35

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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
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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 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. PARLIAMENT 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 THERE 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 TRAPANN'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 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 holidays
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

chorus

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 Marrow 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 it 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 MAIDEN 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 JOHN BURGOYNE 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, SIRS,
THEN TO HARANGUE ON STATE AFFAIRS,
BEFORE HE LEFT THE LAND, SIRS.
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 FAIN 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 PORTENDEO; 
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 INVENTOR, 
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 
(HOPFULLY) 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 DITY, 
STRANGE THINGS I'LL TELL WHICH LATE BEFELL 
IN PHILADELPHIA CITY, 
'I'TAS 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 
COMING FLOATING DOWN THE TIDE, SIR. 
A SOLDIER TOO IN JERKIN BLUE, 
THIS STRANGE APPEARANCE VIEWING, 
FIRST DAMN'D HIS EYES, IN GREAT SURPRISE, 
THEN SAID, 'SOME MISCHIEF'S BREWING.

'THESKEGS, I'M TOLD, THE REBELS HOLD, 
PACK'D UP LIKE PICKLING HERRING; AND THEY'RE COMING DOWN TO ATTACK THE TOWN, 
IN THIS NEW WAY OF FERRYING.'

THE SOLDIER FLEW, THE SAILOR TOO, 
AND SCAR'D ALMOST TO DEATH, SIR, 
WOKE 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 THE 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. 
"THESE KEGS MUST ALL BE ROUTED, 
SOMEBE 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 
SINCE SAW SUCH STRANGE A BATTLE.

THE REBEL DALES, THE REBEL VALES, 
WITH REBEL TREES SURROUNDED; 
THE DISTANT WOOD, THE HILLS AND FLOODES, 
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,
RETR'ED TO SUP THEIR PORRIDGE.

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 TEAR
   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 PETTICOAT, 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
FAVORITES, 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 SALTS 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 THRESHER'S 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.