Colonial & Revolutionary War Sea Songs & Chanteys
Sung at Seaport '76
by Cliff Haslam & John Millar

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5275

SIDE 1
1. Boston Harbour (c. 1765) (1:52)
2. Sam's Gone Away (18th C.) (1:28)
3. Johnny Todd (18th C.) (1:42)
4. Pleasant & Delightful (1756) (3:14)
5. My Son John (18th C.) (1:20)
6. Polly On the Shore (18th C.) (3:54)
7. Anti-Gallican Privateer (1781) (2:04)
8. Fathom the Bowl (18th C.) (3:52)
9. The Pressgang (18th C.) (2:00)
10. All the Things Were Quite Silent (18th C.) (2:20)

SIDE 2
1. Here Comes Captain John Paul Jones (1779) (2:10)
2. Fare Thee Well My Dearest Nancy (18th C.) (2:14)
3. Adieu Sweet Lovely Nancy (18th C.) (2:32)
4. Pretty Nancy of Yarmouth (18th C.) (1:36)
5. Yankee Privateer (c. 1780) (4:18)
6. An American Frigate (1778) (2:28)
7. Stately American (1778) (2:14)
8. Yankee Man of War (1778) (1:24)
9. Sir Peter Parker (1778) (2:18)

© 1975 by Folkways Records & Service Corp.,
43 W. 61 St., NYC 10023
John F. Millar

John was born in 1945 and divided his early years between England and Rhode Island. He was graduated from Harvard in 1966 and is becoming quite widely known as an author and historian of the Colonial period. He and his wife Cathy live in a 1704 house in Newport, where he teaches at Salve Regina College and works as Curator of Seaport '76. In addition to his duties as Vice-President of the Newport Bicentennial Commission. Musically, he is equally at home with Handel in his church choir and British traditional folk music, both of which he started singing at an early age at school in England.

OTHER PERFORMERS ON THIS RECORD

Norman Ott, a neighbor of Cliff's in Connecticut, is a well-known fifer in some of Connecticut's fifes and drum units. James Cagney, Jr., lives in Newport, where he works in a shipyard and plays a variety of instruments. Gary Martin is a Newport silversmith, and has been singing chanteys on the frigate Rose for years, as has Norma McHenry.

Sung by Cliff Haslam and chorus

Sam's Gone Away - Sea Chanteys that are part of today's traditional repertoire come mainly from the nineteenth century, and from merchant ships rather than warships. On naval vessels the work was accompanied by whistles rather than singing, so that the crew could more easily hear crucial orders. However, this capstan chantey appears to be an exception, and may have survived through its having been adopted by musical West Indians in contact with ships of the Royal Navy in such ports as Antiqua or Barbados; in fact, ancestors of many of today's Barbados redlegs (poor whites) served in the Royal Navy. True to the form of most chanteys, this one can be expanded ad nauseam by the addition of more verses.

I wish I was a cabin-boy aboard a man of war
Sam's gone away aboard a man of war
Pretty work, brave boys, pretty work, I say,
Sam's gone away aboard a man of war.

I wish I was a gunner
I wish I was the bosun
I wish I was an officer
I wish I was the captain...

Johnny Todd - This well-known song is sometimes identified with a particular port, such as Liverpool (in north-west England), but we feel that it goes back long before the day when Liverpool was any kind of major port, so we have omitted any reference to any town. The moral of this song is clear, and the Methodist movement that was catching hold in England in the 18th century must have been delighted.

Johnny Todd, he took a notion, for to cross the ocean wide,
And he left his love behind him, standing by the foaming tide.
For a week she lay a-weeping, tore her hair and wrung her hands,
Till she met another sailor walking by the salt sea strand.

"Why, fair maid, are you a-weeping for your Johnny gone to sea?"
If you'll wed with me tomorrow, I will kind and constant be.

I'll buy you some sheets and blankets, I'll buy you a wedding ring.
You shall have a golden cradle for to rock the baby in."

Johnny Todd came home from sailing, sailing o'er the ocean wide,
And he found his fair and false one another sailor's bride.

So all young men who go a-sailing for to fight the foreign foe,
Do not leave your love like Johnny; marry her before you go.

Sung by John Millar; Norm Ott: Pennywhistle
And I'm going to leave my Nancy; she's the girl that
As he embraced her tears from
And the black birds and the thrushes sang in every green
Then a ring from off her finger she instantly drew,
Our mainsail rigging was scattered
Said the sailor to his true love: "Take me right down to your knee?"
I was not dear, I was not blind when I left my two fine
Wore me two fine legs right down to me knee.....
But I was tall and I was slim, I had a leg for every
But now I've got no legs at all; they were both shot
away by a cannonball.

Polly On The Shore - This song, like two others on this
record, laments a sailor's bad luck at having been "im-
pressed" or caught by a Pressgang. Although this song
has a beautiful melody, it is also one of the most
difficult folk tunes we have ever encountered, slipping
as it does from key to key. Louis Killen was one of
many who inspired us to learn this song.

As I myself have done, it being in the merry month of May,
When I was pressed by a sea captain, and on board a man
of war I was sent.
We sailed on the ocean so wide, and a bonny, bonny flag
we let fly.
Let every man stand true to his gun, for the Lord knows
who must die.
Our captain was wounded full sore, and so were the rest
of his men.
Our mainsail rigging was scattered on the deck, so that
we were obliged to give in.
Our decks they were spattered with blood, and loudly the
cannons did roar.
And thousands of times that I've wished myself at home
And all alone with my Polly on the shore.
She's a tall and a slender girl, she's a dark and a
rowning eye,
And here am I lying a-bleeding on the deck, and for her
sweet sake I will die.
So, farewell to me parents and me friends: farewell my
dearest Polly, too.
I ne'er would have crossed the salt sea so wide if I
had've been ruled by you.

The Anti-Gallican Privateer - A privateer is a privately-
owned armed vessel that has been licensed by its govern-
ment to capture enemy ships. American privateers captured
so many British merchant ships during the War of Inde-
pendence that they were a major factor in winning
Independence. However, the British had privateers, too,
and this song is a recruiting song for one called the
Anti-Gallican (literally, "against the French") that
sailed out of Newcastle-Upon-Tyne around 1780. There
was still strong sympathy for the Americans in England,
but none at all for the Americans' opportunistic allies,
the French and Spanish, and it is significant that the
Americans are not mentioned in the song. We learned
this one from the singing of Louis Killen, though he's
already forgotten the song.

The Anti-Gallican's safe arrived; on board her with
speed we'll hie;
She'll soon be fit to sail away.
To the Anti-Gallican haste away. ....
For gold we'll sail the ocean o'er from Britain's Isle
to the French shore.
No ships from us will get away. ....
These Spaniards, too, the cunning knives,
We'll take their ships and make them slaves.
Till war's at end, we'll never stay. ....
Our country calls us all to arms to keep us safe from
French alarms.
Then let us all her voice obey. ....
When we are rich, then home we'll steer,
And enter Shields with many a cheer,
To meet our friends so blithe and gay. ....
To Charlotte's Head, then let's repair;
We'll be received with welcome there.
We'll enter them without delay. ....

The Anti-Gallican Privateer - We suspect that this fantastic
song was first sung in 1761 on the occasion of the huge
British invasion fleet leaving England to attack Cuba,
Martinique and St. Lucia in the West Indies; our ship,
the frigate Rose was in that fleet. In any case, it is
a traditional sailor's song of farewell to his love.
Louis Killen and I both learned it as schoolboys in
England and then more or less forgot it. Then, just
before he died, Sam Larner, that musical fisherman of
Winterton, Norfolk, taught it to Louis and he retaught
it to me.

It was pleasant and delightful on that midsummer's morn
When the green fields and the meadows were buried
in corn.
And the black birds and the thrushes sang in every green
tree,
And the larks they sang melodious at the dawning of the
day.
Well, a sailor and his true love were out walking one
day.
Said the sailor to his true love "I am bound far away.
I am bound out for the Indies where the loud cannons
roar,
And I'm going to leave my Nancy; she's the girl that
I adore."

Then a ring from off her finger she instantly drew,
Saying 'Take this, dearest William, and my heart shall
go too.'
And as he embraced her tears from her eyes fell,
Saying 'May I go along with you?' "Oh, no, my love,
farewell!"

Sung by Cliff Haslam and chorus

My Son John - It is said that far more seamen died of
disease than in battle in the wars of the 18th century,
but a large number of men were still hit in battle.
Afterwards, they would meet great difficulties in trying
to collect a disability pension from an ungrateful
country's bureaucracy. In this song, the legless sailor
is asked whether he really lost his legs in battle or did
he just lose them somewhere else on his own time.
We learned this cheerfully and ditty from the singing of
Tim Hart and Waddy Prior.
My son John was tall and slim, and he had a leg for
every limb.
But now he's got no legs at all for he ran a race with
a cannonball,
To me roo-dum-dah; folleriddle dah; Whack folleriddle
to me roo-dum-dah.
"Oh, were you dear? or were you blind when you left
your two fine legs behind?
Or was it sailing on the sea wore your two fine legs
right down to your knee?"
Me father, he do lie in the depths of the sea, With no stone to shackle, nor what matters for he? It's a clear crystal fountain near England doth roll: Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

(repeat first verse)

Sung by Cliff Haslam and chorus

The Pressgang

At the time of the American Revolution, the Royal Navy resorted to the Pressgang to fill up its depleted ranks with seamen and any other unfortunate who got in the way of this marauding band. It was no more than a legalized form of kidnapping. We got this song from the singing of Ewan MacColl, and it dates from about the time of the Revolution. It was obviously written by a common seaman.

As I walked down on London Street, A Pressgang there I chanced to meet. They asked me if I'd join the fleet, On board of a man of war. Come, brother shipmates, tell me true, What's the news of treatment they give you, So I may know before I go on board of a man of war.

When I got there to my surprise, All that they'd told me was shocking lies. There was a row and some jolly old fights On board of a man of war.

The first thing they done when they took me in hand, They lashed me with a ter of a strand. They flogged me till I could not stand On board of a man of war.

Now I was married and my wife's name was Kate, 'Twas she that drive me to this bad state. She that caused me to go away on board of man of war.

When next I get my foot on shore To see them London girls once more, I'll never go to see no more on board of a man of war.

Sung by John Millar; Norm Ott; Pennywhistle

All Things Were Quite Silent

Sometimes, when the Royal Navy was particularly short of seamen, the Pressgang would resort to the dirty trick of kidnapping likely sailors at seaside inns frequented by highwaymen, usually in the middle of the night. This song is an example of the all-too-frequent result. Why this couple was described as being in a "cave" rather than an inn is probably explained by the ancient meaning of cave as a cellar. We learned this song from Louis Killen.

All things were quite silent, each mortal at rest, And me and my true love lay snug in one nest, When a bold set of ruffians broke into our cave, And they forced my dear jewel to plough the salt wave.

I begged for my true love as I'd beg for my life, But he'd not listen to me, although I said wise, Saying the King must have sailors, to the sea he must go, And they left me lamenting in sorrow and woe.

Through green fields and meadows we oft-times did walk, With sweet conversations of love we did talk, And the birds in the woodlands so sweetly did sing, And the lovely thrushes' voices made the valleys to ring.

Though my love has left me I'll not be cast down. Who knows, but some day my love may return, And will make me amends for my sorrow and strife, And me and my true love might live happy for life.

Sung by John Millar; Norm Ott; Pennywhistle

Hurrah for John Paul Jones - Since Jones spent a lot of time at Amsterdam, the Dutch were quite familiar with his exploits, and they were generally quite pleased to see the Lion's tail being tweaked. This song was written late in 1779 in Amsterdam and commemorates his victory over the Serapis. It is still sung by Dutch schoolchildren, and there is also a version in French. The version on this record was translated directly from Dutch by John Millar and set to the original tune; this is the first time it has ever been recorded in English. The tune is very typical of Dutch music of the period.

Here comes Captain John Paul Jones, Sing his praise in hero's tones. He is a bold American, his ship went down not far from land. Had we him here, had they him there, He would command us o'er the sea, good fortune would then with us be.

He does many a daring deed for his friends when they're in need. He landed prisoners on our strand, and they were all from England....

He took their ship before our eyes, and he has made a very fine prize. To Breast in France he next did tack; now let them only see his back....

He sails serenely like a swan; he pops his cannonballs like corn (;) He hangs his broadsword by his side and sails upon the foaming tide....

Hurrah for Captain John Paul Jones, sing his praise in hero's tones. He has done his business well, his mighty acts no tongue can tell. Had we him here, had they him there, He would command us o'er the sea, now Paul Jones will soon with us be.

Sung by John Millar; Jim Cagney: guitar

Farewell Nancy - A frequently recurring theme in traditional songs of sailors is that of the sailor bidding farewell to his love, while she begs to be allowed to come along. This is not as far-fetched as one might think; in the first place, the Royal Navy actually encouraged seamen to marry their wives or girl-friends onto the ship while they were in port in order to lessen the danger of desertion, and in the second, there are many stories of girls dressing as men and actually getting away with joining the army or the navy. I got this song from the singing of Tim Hart, who was instrumental in founding the Steel-Rey Span.

Fare thee well, my dearest Nancy, for it's now I must leave you. All on the salt seas I am bound for to go, But let my long absence be no trouble to you, For I will return in the spring as you know.

"Like some pretty little seafax I will dress and go with you; In the deepest of dangers I will stand your friend. In the cold stormy weather when the winds they are blowing, My love, I'll be willing to wait on you then."

Your pretty little hands cannot handle our tackle; Your pretty little feet to our tompast can't go. And the cold stormy weather, love, you never could endure, Therefore, lovely Nancy, to the sea do not go.

(repeat first verse)

Sung by John Millar; Norm Ott; Pennywhistle

Adieu Sweet Lovely Nancy - In a surprisingly large percentage of traditional sea songs, the girls' names are either Nancy or Sally; it seems that all the Nancys are true loves or childhood sweethearts, while all the Sallys are the kind of girl that a sailor might pick up in a seaport town. I don't know what significance, if any, can be read into this piece of trivia, but here is another song of a sailor saying farewell to his girl, whose name is, of course, Nancy. I got this song from the singing of Tim Hart and Maddy Prior.

Adieu, sweet lovely Nancy, ten thousand times adieu. I'm a-going around the ocean, love, to seek for something new.

Come change your ring with me, dear girl, come change your ring with me. That it might be a token of true love while I am out to sea.

And when I'm far upon the sea, you know not where I am, Kind letters I will write to you from every foreign land. The secrets of your heart, dear girl, are the best of my good will, So let your body beware at night, my heart will be with you still.

There's a heavy storm arising, see how it gathers round, While we poor souls on the ocean tide are fighting for the Crown.
There's nothing to protect us, love, nor keep us from
On the ocean wide where we must ride like jolly seamen
bold.

There's tinkers, tailors, shoemakers lie snoring fast asleep,
While we poor souls on the ocean wide go ploughing through the deep.
Our officers commanded us, and them we must obey,
Expecting every moment for to get cast away.

But when the wars are over, there'll be peace on every shore.
We'll return to our wives and our families and the girls that we adore.
We'll call for liquor merrily, we'll spend our money free,
And when our money is all gone, we'll boldly go to sea.

Sung by Cliff Haslam and John Millar

Pretty Nancy of Yarmouth - There are numerous songs of sailors bidding farewell to their lasses, and many others of seamen (the same men?) carousing with wenches in foreign ports, but there are surprisingly few giving equal time to the ladies, who weren't always waiting patiently on the shore for their love to return. The moral is obvious: get married before you go, or even better still: don't go at all. Yarmouth is a large port on the east coast of England famed for its fishing fleet, and also in those days for its flourishing trade with Holland and Scandinavia. We got this song from Peter Bellamy and the Young Tradition.

Pretty Nancy of Yarmouth, she's me own heart's delight,
And a long and kind letter unto her I did write,
All for to inform her what we had to undergo:
While sailing on the ocean where the stormy winds blow.

On the 18th of October our back it set sail.
Pretty Nancy come down for to bid me farewell.
She said "While you're sailing on the wide ocean blue,"
She said "My young sailor, I'll be faithful to you."

Long years then did pass when back I did return.
Pretty Nancy was married, had a home of her own.
While I was sailing on the wide restless sea,
Pretty Nancy proved faithless and false unto me.

Come all you young sailors and listen to me,
And never leave the less you love for to plough the salt sea,
For while you're a-sailing on the wide ocean blue,
She'll prove faithless like Nancy of Yarmouth to you.

Sung by Cliff Haslam and John Millar

Yankee Privateer - The 28-gun Continental frigate Providence (not to be confused with the 12-gun Continental sloop Providence, whose replica is on display at Newport '76 in Newport, Rhode Island) was by no stretch of the imagination a privateer for she was a part of the regular American Navy in the War of Independence. The song-writer may have taken liberties in that regard, but the incident narrated by the song is absolutely true and took place in July, 1779. Whipple and the Providence were captured by the British in 1760 at the fall of Charleston, South Carolina, but by then he was universally regarded as an able Navy captain, so there was no question of his being hanged at a yard-arm as Captain Wallace of the frigate Rose had threatened him in 1775 (verse 2). Whipple was actually a much more deserving hero than John Paul Jones, but didn't manage to have so many songs written about him. We set these words, found in a book with no tunes, to a 18th century tune.

Come listen and I'll tell you how first I went to sea
To fight against the British and earn our liberty.
We shipped with Captain Whipple who never knew a fear,
The Captain of the Providence, the Yankee privateer.
We sailed and we sailed, and we made good cheer;
There were many pretty men on the Yankee privateer.

The British Lord High Admiral, he wished old Whipple harm,
He wrote that he would hang him at the end of his yard-arm.
"My lord," wrote Captain Whipple back "It seems to me it's clear,
That if you want to hang him you must catch your privateer."
We sailed and we sailed and we made good cheer,
For not a British frigate could come near the privateer.

We sailed to the south'ard and nothing did we meet
Till we found three British frigates and their West Indian Fleet.
Old Whipple shut our ports up as we crawled up near
And he sent us all below on the Yankee Privateer.
So slowly he sailed we dropped back to the rear
And not a soul suspected the Yankee privateer.

At night we put the lights out and forward we ran,
And slipped on board the biggest merchantman.
We knocked down the watch and the lubbers shook for fear.
She's prize without a shot to the Yankee privateer.
We sent the prize north'ard while we lay near,
And all day we slept on the Yankee privateer.

For ten nights we followed and ere the moon rose
Each night a prize we'd taken beneath the Lion's nose.
When the British asked why their ships should disappear,
They found they had in convoy a Yankee privateer.
But we sailed and we sailed and we made good cheer,
For not a coward was on board the Yankee privateer.

The biggest British frigate bore round to give us chase,
But though he was the fleetest old Whipple wouldn't race.
Till he's raked her fore and aft and the lubbers could not steer;
He showed them the heels of the Yankee privateer.
Then we sailed and we sailed and we made good cheer,
For not a British frigate could come near the privateer.

Then northward we sailed to the town we all do know,
And there lay our prizes all anchored in a row.
And welcome were we there to our friends so dear,
And we shared a million dollars on the Yankee privateer.
We'd sailed and we'd sailed and we'd made good cheer,
And we all had full pockets on the Yankee privateer.

Then each man shipped a ship and our sails we unfurled,
And we bore the Stars & Stripes, me boys, o'er the oceans of the world.
From the proud flag of Britain we swept the seas quite clear,
And we earned our Independence on the Yankee privateer.
Then landmen and sailors, let's give one more cheer!
Here is three times three for the Yankee privateer!

Sung by John Millar; Jim Cagney, Jr. guitar

The Ballad of John Paul Jones - Virtually every American schoolboy has heard the story of how Jones on the 12-gun rotten, leaky Bonhomme Richard exclaimed "I have only just begun to fight!" and then captured the 44-gun British warship Serapis in 1779. Captain Pearson, who surrendered the Serapis after a long fight, was later knighted because he had managed the battle skillfully enough as to allow the rich convoy he was guarding to escape safely into a British port, but this part of the battle is often overlooked by over-zealous fans of Jones. Many will recognize the tune as being close to Sweet Betsy from Pike, which however is a tune used with many 18th century songs.

An American frigate, a frigate of fame,
With guns mounted forty the Richard by name,
Was cruising the Channel of Old England,
With a noble commander, Paul Jones was the man.
We had not sailed long before we did spy
A large 44 and a 20 close by;
Well manned with bold seamen and plenty of store,
They quickly pursued us from Old England's shore.

At the hour of 12 Pearson came alongside,
With a loud-speaking trumpet "Whence come you?" he cried.
"Pray give me an answer; I've hailed you before,
For at this very instant a broadside I'll pour."
Paul Jones he exclaimed "My brave boys, we won't run.
Let every bold seaman stand close to his gun.
When the broadside was fired by those brave Englishmen
Like bold buckskin heroes we returned it again."
We fought them eight glasses, eight glasses so hot,
Till 50 bold seamen lay dead on the spot.
70 more they lay bleeding in gore,
While the pieces of cannon like thunder did roar.

One gunner got frightened, to Paul Jones he came
"Our ship she's a-sinking; her side's but a frame."
Then Paul Jones exclaimed in the height of his pride
"If we can't do better, we'll sink alongside."
Our shot flew so fast that they could not stand.
The proud flag of Britain was forced to come down.
Now, my brave boys, we have taken a prize:
A large 44 and a 20 likewise.

God bless the widows who shortly must weep
For the loss of their husbands now sunk in the deep.
Here's a health to bold Paul Jones, his sword in his hand,
Who stood up in action and gave the command.

Sung by John Millar; James Cagney, Jr., guitar
The Stately American - This song, which has sometimes mistakenly been combined into one song with The Yankee Man of War, concerns an incident in 1778 off the coast of southern Ireland in which John Paul Jones and his 18-gun corvette Ranger were able to escape being caught by a British fleet that was out looking for them. The Ranger's exceptional turn of speed helped her to escape. We got this version from the singing of Tim Hart and Maddy Prior, who in turn picked it up through British traditional sources rather than American, surprisingly enough.

She was a stately American that flew the Stripes and Stars.

The whistling wind from the west-north-west blew through her pitch-pine spars
As like an eagle swiftly on she flew before the gale.
Till late that night she raised a light, the old Head derous spar:

"Out booms, out booms!" our skipper cried, "Out booms, and give her sheet!"

As midst a murderous hail of shot our stuns'ls hoisted away.

"What's that, what's that on the starboard bow, from our masthead described?"
"It is an English man of war," our gallant captain cried.
"Bear down, bear down on his port bow, and we'll give to him a broadside,
And we'll let him know that John Paul Jones is king of the Irish tide."

"Twas 11 o'clock in the forenoon when we ranged up alongside.
Locked yard-arm to yard-arm our fo'csles we then described.
"Come on, come on, you cowardly curs!" was heard above the din;
"If you've got brass for outward show we've got good steel within."

Sung by John Millar; Jim Cagney - guitar

The Yankee Man of War - Abraham Whipple, John Barry and Nicholas Middle, among others, were probably more deserving to be American Naval heroes of the War of Independence than John Paul Jones, but the public never caught on to anyone as they did to Jones. Jones, a Scotsman who was wanted for murder in the West Indies, joined the infant Continental Navy as a lieutenant. His first command was the little sloop Providence, whose replica is on display in Newport, R.I. He was then promoted to command the new 18-gun corvette Ranger, and the incident in this song took place off the coast of Ireland in 1779. The "English Man of War" actually the Drake, a former Philadelphia merchant ship aboard which the Royal Navy had mounted 20 cannons. This song is frequently sung as part of another, which it was not, and we have separated them; the other is The Stately American.

What's that, what's that on the starboard bow from our masthead described?
"It is an English man of war," our gallant captain cried.
"Bear down, bear down on his port bow, and we'll give to him a broadside,
And we'll let him know that John Paul Jones is king of the Irish tide."

"Twas 11 o'clock in the forenoon when we ranged up alongside.
Locked yard-arm to yard-arm our fo'csles we then described.
"Come on, come on, you cowardly curs!" was heard above the din;
"If you've got brass for outward show we've got good steel within."

Sung by John Millar; Jim Cagney - guitar

Sir Peter Parker - Early in the summer of 1776, Commodore Sir Peter Parker took an invasion fleet to Charleston, South Carolina, but was repulsed by the stout defenders of a palmetto-log fort. That was newsworthy by itself, but when it was learned that an American cannonball grazed Sir Peter's rump and made a large hole in his breeches, well, that was material for a satirical song, and many a flagging Patriot was probably cheered back to renewed vigor in the early stages of the War of Independence by this ballad.

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.

Sir Peter Parker: chorus and autoharp

Bold Clinton by land did quietly stand
While my guns made a terrible rumble;
But my pride took a fall when a well-sized ball
Propelled me along on my bummus:

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 my sail
To leave Sullivan's Island behind me.....

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.....

Sung by John Millar; Jim Cagney: chorus and autoharp
(FROM A PAINTING BY FRANCIS HOLMAN, 1777)

THE 24-GUN REVOLUTIONARY WAR FRIGATE "ROSIE", AT SEAPORT '76, NEWPORT, R.I.