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An Irishman's Epistle to the Officers and Troops at Boston

An Irishman's Epistle to the Officers and Troops at Boston

By my faith but I think ye're all makers of bulls,
With your brains in your breeches, your bums in your skulls
Get home with your muskets and put up your swords,
And look in your books for the meaning of words.

You see, now, my honeys, how much you're mistaken,
For Concord by discord can never be taken.

How brave ye went out with your muskets all bright,
And thought to be-frighten the folks with the sight;

But when you got there how they powdered your pums,
And all the way home how they peppered your bums.
And is it not, honeys, a comical crack,
To be proud in the face, and be shot in the back?

With all of your talkin' and all of your wordin'
And all of your shoutin' and marchin' and swordin'
How come ye to think, now, they did not know how,
To be after their firelocks as smartly as you?

Why, you see, now, my honeys, 'tis nothing at all,
But to pull at the trigger, and pop goes the ball,

And what have you got now with all your designinng,
But a town without victuals to sit down and dine in,

And to look on the ground like a parcel of noodles,
And sing how the Yankees have beaten the Doodles.
I'm sure if you're wise you'll make peace for a dinner,

For fighting and fasting will soon make ye thinner.

From Songbook of the American Revolution, Rabson
tune: Irish Washerwoman