

Ye Parliaments Of England - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Ye Parliaments of England.

You parliament of England,
You lords and commons, too,
Consider well what you're about,
And what you mean to do;
You've been at war with Yankees,
I'm sure you'll rue the day,
You rous'd the sons of liberty
In North America.

You first confined our commerce,
And say our ships can trade;
You next confined our seamen,
And used them as your slaves;
You then insulted Rogers,
While cruising on the main;
And had not we declared war,
You'd have done it o'er again.

You tho't our frigates were but few,
And Yankees would not fight,
Until brave Hull your Guerriere took
And vanished from your sight.
The Wasp then took the Frolic,
You nothing said of that;
The Pointiers being of the line,
Of course she took her back.

The next your Macedonian,
No finer ship could swim;
Decatur took her gilt works off
And then he took her in.
The Java, by a Yankee ship
Was sunk, you all must know;
The Peacock fine, in all her pride,
By Lawrence down did go.

Then next you sent a Boxer,
To box us all about;
But we had an Enterprising brig,
That beat your Boxer out.
We boxed her up to Portland,
And moored her off the town,
To show the sons of liberty
Your Boxer of renown.

Then upon lake Erie,
Brave Perry had some fun;
You own he beat your naval force,
And caused them for to run;
While Chauncy on Ontario,
The like ne'er was known before,
Your British squadron beat complete,
Some took-some run ashore.

Then your brave Indian allies,
You styled them by that name,
Until they turn'd their tomahawk
And by you savages became.
But by your mean insinuation,
They despised you from their soul.
And joined the sons of liberty
That scorn to be controlled

Now lament you sons of Britain,
Far distant is the day,

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That e'er you'll gain what you have lost
In North America.
Go tell your king and parliament,
By all the world 'tis known,
That British force by sea and land.
By Yankees are o'erthrown.

Our Decatur in the Guerriere,
Soon humbled the Turkish crew,
Bro't them to submission,
As he had done to you.
The Essex in the South seas.
Had put out all your lights;
The flag she wore at her mast-head
Was "free trade and sailor's rights."

Grant us free trade and commerce,
And don't impress our men;
Give up all claims to Canada,
Then we'll be at peace again.
And then we will respect you,
And treat you as our friend;
Respect our flag and citizens,
Then all these wars will end.