

Schooner E.A. Horton

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Come all you sons of Uncle Sam, come listen to me awhile
 And I'll tell you of a capture that was made in Yankee style
 'Twas the Schooner E.A. Horton in the British harbor lie
 She was shaken by "The Sweepstakes" while cruising in disguise
 Our treaties they've rejected and our governments defied
 It's now you've stolen our fishermen so Johnnies, mind yer eye.

'Twas the thirteenth day of October in the year of sixty-one
 Brave Knowlton and his comrades day it was begun
 While the British thick-skulls were sleepin' with red ruin on their brain
 We stole away our fishermen and brought her back again

Says brave Knowlton to his comrades, "If you will follow me
 We'll have the Horton home again whate'er the cost may be
 We'll stick to one another like brothers just as tre
 And we'll show those Yankee thievish-men what Yankee lads can do"

'Twas early in the next morning the news did spread about
They found the gold prospector with the Horton had stepped out
The news began to penetrate the British skulls so thick
They finally did acknowledge 'twas a bold and Yankee trick

Now boysre is a jolly time in Glou-cester tonight
For heavy guns are firing and torches burning bright
The band plays, "Yankee Doodle"and the voices loudly ring
For the Yankee boys are shouting that the Horton has got in

Now you Dominion Canaday, I warn you to beware
You better sigh the treatie and settle this affair
And always do to others as you'll have 'em do to you
And don't try to treat your neighbor like old Johnnie tried to do