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Cornwallis' Country Dance

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Cornwallis led a country dance, its like was never seen, Sir
Much retrograde and much advance and all with General Greene, Sir.
They rambled up, they rambled down, joined hands and off they run, Sir
Of General Greene to Charlestown, the Earl to Wilmington, Sir.

Greene, in the south, then danced a set, and got a mighty name, Sir
Cornwallis jigged with young Fayette but suffered in his fame, sir.
Then down he figured to the shore, most like a lordly dancer
And on his courtly honor swore, he would no more advance, Sir.

Quoth he "My guards are weary grown with doing country dances,
They never at St. James had shown at capers, kicks or prances.
No men so gallant there were seen while saunt'ring on parade, Sir,
Or dancing o'er the park so green, or at the masquerade, Sir."

Yet are red heels and long-laced skirts for stumps and briars meet, Sir?
Or stand they chance with hunting-shirts or hardy veteran feet, Sir?
Now housed in York he challenged all, at minuet or allemande
And lessons for a courtly ball his guards by day and night conned.

Good Washington, Columbia's son, whom easy nature taught, Sir,
That grace that can't by pains be won, nor Plutus' gold be bought, Sir.
Now hand in hand they circle round the ever-dancing Peer, Sir,
Their gentle movements soon confound the Earl, as he draws near, Sir

His music soon forgets to play, his feet can't move no more, Sir,
And all his men now curse the day they jigged to our shore, Sir.
Now Tories all, what can you say? Cornwallis is no griper,
But while your hopes are danced away, 'tis you who pay the piper.