

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Heenan and Sayers

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It was in the merry England, that home of Johnny Bull.
Great Britain filled her glasses, and filled them brimming full,
Says, "There's a toast to Drake, likewise to Britons brave,
For the champions we are on the land and the wave.

Then up rose Uncle Sam, and he looked far o'er the main,
"Is that the British Bull that's a-bellow'ing again?
Has he so soon forgotten the giant on the plain
That was always playing lightning when his day's work was done!"

"Or does he yet remember the Bunker Hill of old,
Or once upon Lake Erie with Perry brave and bold,
Or the bold charge at Yorktown when we caused him for to sigh?
Beware of Yankee muscle, Johnny Bull, mind your eyes!"

It was in the merry England, all in the bloom of spring,
When Britain's noble champion stood stripped all in the ring
To meet our noble Heenan, the galliant son of Troy
To try his British muscle on our bold Benicia boy,

There was two heavy flags that floated o'er the ring-
And the Briton's was the lion, just ready for to spring,
And the Yankee's was the eagle, and a noble bird she was,
For she carried a bunch of thunderbolts in each of 'er claws.

Now the coppers they were tendered as the milling match began.
To the one on bold Sayers the bets came rolling in,
They fought like noble heroes, till one received a blow,
And the red crimson tide from our Yankee's nose did flow.

"First blood!" cried Johnny, "Let England shout for joy!"
They cheered their British bully whilst our bold Benicia boy
Says, "Let the tiger entertain them," and lightning flashed his eyes,
Saying, "Smile away old England, but Johnny mind your eyes."

The grand round of all, boys, this world has never beat
He grabbed their English boy, and he hurled him from his feet,
His followers they cheered him as he held him in the air
And from his grasp he flung him, which made the Britons stare.

Now come all ye jolly young men who'd friends and fortune make

Come look upon the eagle, ana never be afraid
May our Union stand forever, and our flag will be unfurled,
And the Star Spangled Banner will float 'round the world.

note: the fight, in Hampshire, England 1860, was the last of the bare-
knuckle boxing matches. RG

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