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A New War Song By Sir Peter Parker

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My lords with your leave
An account I will give
That deserves to be written in metre
For the rebels and I
Have been pretty nigh
Faith almost too nigh for Sir Peter.

With much labor and toil,
Unto Sullivan's Isle,
I came firm as Falstaff or Pistol,
But the Yankees, 'od rot 'em,
I could not get at 'em,
Most terribly mauled my poor Bristol.

Bold Clinton by land
Did quietly stand
[While I made a thundering clatter;
But the channel was deep,
So he could only peep,
And not venture over the water.]*

De'il take' em, their shot
Came so swift and so hot
And the cowardly dogs stood so stiff sirs!
That I put ship about
And was glad to get out
Or they would not have left me a skiff sirs!

Now bold as a Turk
I proceed to New York,
There with Clinton and Howe you may find me
I've the wind in my tail
And am hoisting my sail,
To leave Sullivan's island behind me.

But my Lords, do not fear,
For before the next year,
Although a small island could fret us,
The Continent whole,
We shall take, by my soul
If the cowardly Yankees will let us.

* for bracketed section, Burl Ives sang:
[While my guns made a terrible rumpus,
But my pride took a fall when a well-aimed ball
propelled me along on my bumpus!]

From the American Revolution Songbook, Rabson

Note: Sir Peter Parker was not the pride of England. He commanded the British flagship Bristol leading a convoy to assist in Clinton's proposed invasion of Charleston, South Carolina. He attacked the fort on Sullivan's Island, which guarded the entrance to Charleston Harbor, and was beaten off, but not before having his breeches blown off in the encounter. For some reason, the Rebels thought this was funny.RG