

You will find a collection of 18th Century songs either as MP3's through our website, or via CD from the Education Department. It is highly recommended that you become familiar with some of these songs before your ship sets sail. Each song track includes a prelude narrative.

Important Notice!

If you received a CD from the Education Department, please keep in mind that this CD can only be loaned to you. You must bring it back with you the day of your program. If it is not returned, a twenty-five dollar charge will be billed to your group. Please do not duplicate this CD. We have been given special permission for the use of these songs.

PRELUDE TO REVOLUTION SONG LYRICS

The Girl I Left behind Me

I'm lonesome since I crossed the Hill,
And o're the moorland sedgy
Such heavy thoughts my hear do fill,
Since parting with my Betsey

I seek for one as fair and gay,
But find none to remind me.
How sweet the hours I passed away,
With The Girl I Left behind Me.

O ne're shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me
And gently lent their silv'ry light
When first she vowed to love me

But now I'm bond to Brighton Camp
Kind heaven then pray guide me
And send me safely back again,
To The Girl I Left behind Me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
Her eyes like diamonds shining

Her slender waist, her heavenly face
That leaves my heart still pining.

Ye gods above oh hear my prayer
To my beauteous fair to find me
And send me safely back again,
To The Girl I Left behind Me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger
The falling waters cease to roar,
Ere I shall seek to change her

The vows we made to heav'n above
Shall ever cheer and bind me
In constancy to her I love,
The Girl I Left behind Me.

God Save The King

God save great George our King.
Long live our noble King.
God Save the King!
Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God Save the King.

Join heart and voice, huzzah!
God save the King!

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall,
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks!
On him our hearts are fix't,
O save us all.

O grant him long to see
Friendship and unity,
Always increase:
May he his scepter sway,
All loyal souls obey,

I've Got Sixpence

I've got sixpence, jolly, jolly sixpence,
I've got sixpence to last me all my life.
I've got tuppence to spend and tuppence to lend
And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

CHORUS:

No cares have I to grieve me, no pretty little girls to deceive me
I'm as happy as a lark, believe me. As we go rolling, rolling home

Rolling home, rolling home
Rolling home, rolling home
Rolling home to my home by the sea, boom, boom, boom

Happy as the day when we line up for our pay
As we go rolling, rolling home

I've got four pence, jolly, jolly four pence,
I've got four pence to last me all my life.
I've got two pence to spend and two pence to lend
And no pence to send home to my wife. Poor wife!

CHORUS

I've got two pence, jolly, jolly two pence,
 I've got two pence to last me all my life.
 I've got two pence to spend and no pence to lend
 And no pence to send home to my wife. Poor wife!

CHORUS

I've got no pence, jolly, jolly no pence,
 I've got no pence to last me all my life.
 I've got no pence to spend and no pence to lend
 And no pence to send home to my wife. Poor wife!

Revolutionary Tea

There was an old lady lived over the sea
 And she was an island queen
 Her daughter lived off in a new country
 With an ocean of water between

The old lady's pockets were full of gold
 But never contented was she
 So she called on her daughter to pay her a tax
 Of three pence a pound on her tea
 Of three pence a pound on her tea

"Now mother, dear mother," the daughter replied,
 "I shan't do the thing you ax
 I'm willing to pay a fair price for the tea,
 But never the three-penny tax."

"You shall," quoth the mother, and reddened with rage,
 "For you're my own daughter, you see,
 And sure 'tis quite proper the daughter should pay
 Her mother a tax on the tea,
 Her mother a tax on the tea."

And so the old lady her servant called up

And packed off a budget of tea;
 And eager for three pence a pound, she put in
 Enough for a large family.

She ordered her servants to bring home the tax,
 Declaring her child should obey,
 Or old as she was, and almost woman grown,
 She'd half whip her life away
 She'd half whip her life away.

The tea was conveyed to the daughter's door,
 All down by the ocean's side;
 And the bouncing girl pour'd out every pound
 In the dark and boiling tide:

And then she called out to the Island Queen,
 "Oh, mother, dear mother," quoth she,
 "Your tea you may have when 'tis steep'd quite enough
 But never a tax from me,
 But never a tax from me."

Yankee Doodle

Yankee Doodle went to town,
 a-riding on a pony;
 Stuck a feather in his cap
 and called it macaroni.

CHORUS:

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
 Yankee Doodle dandy,
 Mind the music and the step
 And with the girls be handy.

Father and I went down to camp
 along with Captain Gooding
 And there we saw the men and boys,
 as thick as hasty pudding.

CHORUS

There was Colonel Washington,

upon a strapping stallion,
 A-giving orders to his men,
 I guess there was a million.

CHORUS

And there I saw a cannon barrel
 as big as mother's basin,
 And every time they touched it off
 they scampered like the nation.

CHORUS

Young Ladies in Town

Young Ladies in Town and those that live 'round
 Wear none but your country linen;
 Of economy boast, let your pride be the most
 To show clothes of your own make and spinnin'.

What if homespun, they say, be not quite as gay
 As brocades, be not in a passion
 For once it is known 'tis much worn in town
 One and all will cry out 'tis the fashion!

And as one all agree, that you'll not married be,
 To such as will wear London factory;
 But at first sight refuse, tell 'em you will choose,
 As encourage our own manufactory.

No more ribbons wear, nor in rich silks appear,
 Love your country much better than fine things,
 Begin without passion, 'twill soon be the fashion,
 To grace your smooth locks with a twine string.

Throw away your bohea, and your green hyson tea,

And all things of a new fashioned duty;
Get in a good store of the choice Labrador,
There'll soon be enough here to suit ye.

There do without fear and to all you'll appear,
Fair charming, true, lovely and clever,
Though the times remain darkish, young men will be sparkish,
And love you much stronger than ever.