The Halcyon Days of Old England

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G ive ear to my song, I'll not tell you a story
This is the bright era of Old England's glory!
And though some may think us in pitiful plight
I'll swear they're mistaken, for matters go right!
Sing tantararara, Wise All! Wise All!
Sing tantararara, Wise all.

Let us laugh at the cavils of weak silly elves!
Our statesmen are wise men! they say so themselves,
And tho' little mortals may hear it with wonder, '
Tis consummate wisdom that causes each blunder!
Sing tantararara, &c.

They are now engaged in a glorious war!
It began about tea, about feathers and tar;
With spirit they push what they've planned with sense!
Forty millions they've spent for a tax of three pence.
Sing tantararara, &c.

The debts of the nation do grieve them so sore,
To lighten our burden, they load us the more!
They aim at th' American cash, my dear honey!
Yet beggar this kingdom, and send them the money.
Sing tantararara, &c.

What honors we're gaining by taking their forts,
Destroying bateaus, and blocking up ports!
Burgoyne would have worked 'em but for a mishap,
By Gates and one Arnold, he' s caught in a trapl
Sing tantararara,&c.

Oh! think us not cruel, because our allies
Are savagely scalping men, women and boys!
Maternal affection to this step doth move us!
The more they are scalped, the more they will love us.
Sing tantararara, &c.

Some folks are uneasy, and make a great pother
For the loss of one army, and half of another;
But, sirs, next campaign by ten thousands we'll slay' em,
If we can find soldiers, and money to pay ' em.

Sing tantararara, &c.

I've sung you a song, now I'll give you a prayer;
May peace soon succeed to this horrible war!
Again may we live with our brethren in concord,
And the authors of mischief all hang on a strong cord.
Sing tantararara, &c.

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