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Lod Cornwallis' Surrender

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Come all you brave Americans,
The truth to you I'll tell,
'Tis of a sad misfortune,
To Britain late befell;
 'Twas all in the heights of Yorktown,
 Where cannons loud did roar,
 They summoned Lord Cornwallis,
 To fight or else give o'er.

The summons then to he served,
Was sent unto my Lord,
Which made him feel like poor Burgoyne
And quickly draw his sword;
 Say must I give these glittering troops,
 These ships and Hessians too,
And yield to General Washington,
And his bold rebel crew?

A grand council then was called,
His Lordship gave command,
Say what think you now my heroes.
To yield you may depend.
 For don't you see the bombshells fly,
 And cannons loud do roar,
 Count de Grasse lies in the harbor
 And Washington's on shore.

'Twas the nineteenth of October
In the year of eighty-one,
Lord Cornwallis he surrendered
To General Washington.
 They marched from their posts, brave boys,
 And quickly grounded arms,
 Rejoice you brave Americans
 With music's sweetest charms.

Six thousand chosen British troops
To Washington resigned.
Besides some ships and Hessians
That could not stay behind.
 With refugees and blackamores

Oh what a direful crew,
It was then he had some thousannds,
But now he's got but few.

Here's a health to brave Washington,
And his brave army, too.
And likewise to our worthy Greene,
To him much honor's due.

May we subdue those British troops,
And clear the Eastern shore,
That we may live in peace, my boys,
While wars they re no more.

from A Folk Song History of America, Forcicci