

THE REBELS (1778)

(sung to the tune: Black Joak)

Ye brave honest subjects who dare to be loyal,
And have stood the brunt of every trial,
Of hunting shirts and rifle guns;
Come listen awhile and I'll tell you a song;
I'll show you those Yankees are all in the wrong,
Who, with blustering look and most awkward gait,
'Gainst their lawful sovereign dare for to prate,
With their hunting shirts and rifle guns.

The arch-rebels, barefooted tatterdemalions,
In baseness exceed all other rebellions,
With their hunting shirts and rifle guns:
To rend the empire, the most infamous lies,
Their mock-patriot Congress, do always devise;
Independence, like the first rebels, they claim,
But their plots will be damned in the annals of fame,
With their hunting shirts and rifle guns.

Forgetting the mercies of Great Britain's King,
Who saved their forefathers' necks from the string,
With their hunting shirts and rifle guns,
They renounce all allegiance and take up their arms,
Assemble together like hornets in swarms,
So dirty their backs, and so wretched their show,
That carrion-crow follows wherever they go,
With their hunting shirts and rifle guns.

With loud peels of laughter, you sides, sirs, would crack,
To see General Convict and Colonel Shoe-Black,
With their hunting shirts and rifle guns.
See cobblers and quacks, rebel priests and the like,
Pettifoggers and barbers, with sword and with pike,
All strutting the standard of Satan beside,
And honest names using, their black deeds to hide,
With their hunting shirts and rifle guns.

This perjured banditti, now ruin this land,
And o'er its poor people claim lawless command,
With their hunting shirts and rifle guns.
Their pasteboard dollars prove a common curse,
They don't chink like silver and gold in our purse,
With nothing their leaders have paid their debts off,

Their honor's, dishonor, and justice they scoff,
With their hunting shirts and rifle guns.

For one lawful ruler, many tyrants we've got,
Who force young and old to their wars, to be shot,
With their hunting shirts and rifle guns.
Our good King, God speed him! never used men so,
We then could speak, act, and like freemen could go,
But committees enslave us, our liberty's gone,
Our trade and church murdered; our country's undone,
By hunting shirts and rifle guns.

Come take up you glasses, each true loyal heart,
And may every rebel meet his due dessert,
With his hunting shirt and rifle gun.
May Congress, Conventions, those damned inquisitions,
Be fed with hot sulfur from Lucifer's kitchens,
May commerce and peace again be restored,
And Americans own their true sovereign lord,
Then oblivion to shirts and rifle guns.
GOD SAVE THE KING!

(Originally published in the *Pennsylvania Ledger*, 1778)

Liberty Song by John Dickinson
(To the tune of "Hearts of Oak")

Come, join hand in hand, brave Americans all!
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty's call;
No tyrannous acts shall suppress your just claim,
Or stain with dishonor America's name.

Chorus: In freedom we're born, and in freedom we'll live!
Our purses are ready, Steady, friends, steady;
Not as slaves, but as free men, our money we'll give.

How sweet are the labors that freemen endure,
That they shall enjoy all the profit, secure,
No more such sweet labors Americans know,
If Britons shall reap what Americans sow.

Then join hand in hand brave Americans all,
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall;
In so righteous a cause let us hope to succeed,
For Heaven approves of each generous deed.

Citations:

Loyalist Songs of The American Revolution.

<http://www3.sympatico.ca/gowezer/theshack/songs.htm>.

Traitors, Seamstresses, and Generals: Voices of the American Revolution.

<http://library.thinkquest.org/TQ0312848/music.htm#The%20Liberty%20Song>.