Dying British Sergent

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Come all you good people where'er you be
Who walk by the land or sail by the sea.
Come listen to the words of a dying man,
I think you will remember them.

It was on December the eighteenth day
That out fleet set sail for Amerikay;
Our drums and trumpets loud did sound,
And then for Boston we were bound.

And when to Boston we did come
We thought by the aid of our British guns
We could make those Yankees own our British king
And daily tribute to him bring.

They said it was a garden place,
And that our armies could with ease
Tear down their walls, lay waste their land
In spite of all their boasted bands.

We found a garden place indeed,
But in it grew many a bitter weed,
Which soon cut off our highest hopes
And slowly wound the British troops.

For to our sad and sore surprise
We saw men like grasshoppers rise.
"Freedom or Death!" was all their cry,
Believe they did not fear to die.

When I received my deathly wound,
I bade farewell to British ground
My wife and children will mourn for me
Whilst I lie cold in Amerikee.

From Frank Warner
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