A Tea Party Song

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As near beauteous Boston lying
On the gently swelling flood,
Without jack or pendant flying
Three ill-fated tea ships rode.
Just as glorious Sol was setting,
On the wharf a numerous crew
Sons of Freedom, fear forgetting
Suddenly appeared in view.

Armed with hammers, axe and chisels
Weapons new for warlike deed,
Towards the herbage-freighted vessels,
They approached with dreadful speed.
Quick as thought the ships were boarded,
Hatches burst and chests displayed;
Axes, hammers help afforded;
What a glorious crash they made.
Squash (splash?) into the deep descended
Cursed weed of China's coast;
Thus at once our fears were ended;
British rights shall ne'er be lost.
Captains! Once more hoist your streamers
Spread your sails, and plough the wave,
Tell your masters they were dreamers,
When they thought to cheat the brave.

From Songbook of the American Revoluton, Rabson
Tune: Hosier's Ghost