The Tea Tax

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I snum I am a Yankee lad, I guess I'll sing a ditty,
And if you do not relish it, the more will be the pity.
That is, I think I should have been a plaguey sight more finished, man,
If I'd been born in Boston town, but I warn't cause I'm a countryman.

cho: Tol lol de ra, Ri tol de riddle iddle right tol de ra

And t'other day we Yankee folks were mad about the taxes
And so we went, like Indians dressed, to split tea chests with axes
I mean, t'was done in seventy-five, and we were real gritty
The mayor he would have led the gang, but Boston warn't a city.

Ye see we Yankees didn't care a pin for wealth or booty
And so in State Street we agreed we'd never pay the duty,
That is, in State Street 'twould have been, but 'twas King Street they
called it then,
And tax on tea, it was so bad the women wouldn't scald it then.
To Charleston Bridge we all went down to see the thing corrected,
That is, we would have gone there, but the bridge it warn't erected.
The tea perhaps was very good, Bohea, Souchong or Hyson
But drinking tea it warn't the rage, tlne duty made it poison.

And then we went aboard the ships our vengeance to administer
And didn't care a tarnal curse for any king or minister;
We made a plaguey mess o'tea in one of the biggest dishes,
I mean, we steeped it in the sea and treated all the fishes.

And then you see we were all found out, a thing we hadn't dreaded,
The leaders were to London sent and instantly beheaded,
That is, I mean they would have been if ever they'd been taken,
But the leaders they were never cotch'd and so they saved their bacon.

Now Heaven bless the President and all this goodly nation
And doubly bless our Boston Mayor and all the corporation;
And may all those who are our foes, or at our praise have falter'd.
Soon have a change, that is I mean may all of them get haltered.

Composed by A Gentleman of Boston