

**Do not write on this sheet. Please return at the end of class.**

Revolutionary War Song #1  
**Johnny Has Gone For a Soldier**

Here I sit on Buttermilk Hill, who could blame me cry my fill?  
And every tear would turn a mill. Johnny has gone for a soldier.

(Chorus)

Shule, shule, shulagra, sure and sure and he loves me.  
When he comes back we'll married be, Johnny has gone for a soldier.

Me, oh my, I love her so, Broke my heart, I had to go  
And only time will heal my woe. Johnny has gone for a soldier.

I'll sell my rod, I'll sell my reel, likewise I'll sell my spinning wheel.  
And buy my love a sword of steel. Johnny has gone for a soldier.

With fife and drum I marched away, I could not heed what she did say,  
I'll not be back for many a day. Johnny has gone for a soldier.

I'll dye my dress, I'll die it red, and through the streets I'll beg for bread,  
The lad that I love from me has fled. Johnny has gone for a soldier.

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Revolutionary War Song #2  
**God Save the Thirteen States**

(Verse 1)

God save the Thirteen States!  
Long rule the United States!  
God save our States!

Make us victorious,  
Happy and glorious;  
No tyrants over us;  
God save our States!

(Verse 2)

To our famed Washington,  
Brave Stark at Bennington,  
Glory is due.

Peace to Montgomery's shade,  
Who as he fought and bled,  
Drew honors round his head,  
Num'rous as true.

(Verse 3)

Oft did America  
Foresee with sad dismay  
Her slav'ry near.

Oft did her grievance state,  
But Britain, falsely great,  
Urging her desp'rate fate,  
Turned a deaf ear.

(Verse 4)

We'll fear no tyrant's nod  
Nor stern oppression's rod,  
Till time's no more.

Thus Liberty, when driv'n  
From Europe's states, is giv'n  
A safe retreat and hav'n  
On our free shore.

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Revolutionary War Song #3  
**Chester**

Let tyrants shake their iron rod,  
And Slav'ry clank her galling chains,  
We fear them not, we trust in God,  
New England's God forever reigns.

Howe and Burgoyne and Clinton too,  
With Prescot and Cornwallis join'd,  
Together plot our Overthrow,  
In one Infernal league combin'd.

When God inspir'd us for the fight,  
Their ranks were broke, their lines were forc'd,  
Their ships were Shatter'd in our sight,  
Or swiftly driven from our Coast.

The Foe comes on with haughty Stride;  
Our troops advance with martial noise,  
Their Vet'rans flee before our Youth,  
And Gen'rals yield to beardless Boys.

What grateful Off'ring shall we bring?  
What shall we render to the Lord?  
Loud Halleluiahs let us Sing,  
And praise his name on ev'ry Chord.

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Revolutionary War Song #4  
**The World Turned Upside Down**

*Note: there are a lot of songs with this same title. Be careful with your research!*

Goody Bull and her daughter together fell out,  
Both squabbled and wrangled and made a great rout.  
But the cause of the quarrel remains to be told,  
Then lend both your ears and a tale I'll unfold.  
Derry down, down, hey derry down,  
Then lend both your ears and a tale I'll unfold.

The old lady, it seems, took a freak in her head,  
That her daughter, grown woman, might earn her own bread,  
Self-applauding her scheme, she was ready to dance,  
But we're often too sanguine in what we advance.  
Derry down, down, hey derry down,  
But we're often too sanguine in what we advance.

For mark the event, thus for fortune we're cross,  
Nor should people reckon without their good host,  
The daughter was sulky and wouldn't come to,  
And pray what in this case could the old woman do?  
Derry down, down, hey derry down,  
And pray what in this case could the old woman do?

Zounds, neighbor, quoth pitt, what the devil's the matter?  
A man cannot rest in his home for your clatter  
Alas, cries the daughter, Here's dainty fine work,  
The old woman grows harder than Jew or than Turk  
Derry down, down, hey derry down,  
The old woman grows harder than Jew or than Turk.

She be damned, says the farmer, and do her he goes  
First roars in her ears, then tweaks her old nose,  
Hello Goody, what ails you? Wake woman, I say,  
I am come to make peace in this desperate fray.  
Derry down, down, hey derry down,  
I am come to make peace in this desperate fray.

Alas, cries the old woman, And must I comply?  
I'd rather submit than the hussy should die.  
Pooh, prithee, be quiet, be friends and agree,  
You must surely be right if you're guided by me,  
Derry down, down, hey derry down,  
You must surely be right if you're guided by me.

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Revolutionary War Song #4  
**Revolutionary Tea**

There was an old lady lived over the sea  
And she was an island queen  
Her daughter lived off in a new country  
With an ocean of water between  
The old lady's pockets were full of gold  
But never contented was she  
So she called on her daughter to pay her a tax  
Of three pence a pound on her tea  
Of three pence a pound on her tea

"Now mother dear mother," the daughter replied,  
"I shan't do the thing you ax.  
I'm willing to pay a fair price for the tea,  
But never the three-penny tax."  
"You shall," quoth the mother, and reddened with rage,  
"For you're my own daughter, you see,  
And sure 'tis quite proper the daughter should pay  
Her mother a tax on her tea,  
Her mother a tax on her tea."

And so the old lady her servant called up  
And packed off a budget of tea;  
And eager for three pence a pound, she put in  
Enough for a large familie.  
She ordered her servants to bring home the tax,  
Declaring her child should obey,  
Or old as she was, and almost woman grown,  
She'd half whip her life away,  
She'd half whip her life away.

The tea was conveyed to the daughter's door,  
All down by the ocean's side;  
And the bouncing girl pour'd out every pound  
In the dark and boiling tide;  
And then she called out to the Island Queen,  
"Oh, mother, dear mother," quoth she,  
"Your tea you may have when 'tis steep'd quite enough  
But never a tax from me  
But never a tax from me