Liberty Song (Parody)

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Come shake your dull noddles, ye pumpkins, and bawl
And own you've gone mad at fair Liberty's call;
No scandalous conduct can add to your shame
Condemned to dishonor, inherit the fame,
    In folly you're born and in folly you'll live
    To madness still ready, stupidly steady,
    Not as men, but as monkeys, the tokens you give,

Such villains, such rascals all dangers despise
And stick not at mobbing when mischief's the prize,
In defiance of halters, of whips and of chains,
The rogues would run riot, fools for their pains,
    In folly etc.

Your Grandsire, Old Satan, now give him a cheer
Would act like yourselves and as wildly would steer,
But short is your harvest, nor long shall you know
The pleasure of reaping what other men sow,
    In folly etc.

Then plunder, my lads, for when red-coats appear
You'll melt like the locust when winter is near.
Your cursed old trade of purloining must cease
The dread and the curse of all order and peace.

Gulp down your last dram, for the gallows now groans
And over depressed, her lost empire bemoans;
While we quite transported and happy shall be
From mobs, knaves and villains, protected and free.
    In folly etc.

From Songbook of the American Revolution, Rabson
Note: a pre-Revolutionary law-and-order song.
Tune: Heart of Oak