

THE CONGRESS (1776) Lyrics

Ye, Tories all rejoice and sing, success to George our gracious King.
The faithful subjects tribute bring, and execrate the Congress.
These hardy knaves and stupid fools,
 some apish and pragmatic mules,
Some servile acquiescing tools,
These compose the Congress.
Then Jove resolve to send a curse, and all the woes of life rehearse
Not plague, not famine, but much worse,
He cursed us with a Congress.
Then peace forsook this hopeless shore,
Then cannons blazed with horrid roar,
We hear of blood, death, wounds, and gore,
The offspring of the Congress.
Prepare, prepare, my friends prepare,
For scenes of blood, the field of war
To royal standard we'll repair,
And curse the haughty Congress.
Huzza! Huzza! And thrice Huzza! Return peace, harmony, and law!
Restore such times as once we saw,
And bid adieu to Congress.

Jonathan Odel