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THE BOLD LADS OF CANADA.

COME all you British heroes, I pray you lend an ear,
 Draw up your British forces, and then your volunteers,
 We're going to fight the Yankee-boys, by water and by land,
 And we never will return until we conquer, sword in hand,
 We're the noble lads of Canada, come to arms, boys come.

O! now the time has come, my boys, to cross the Yankee line,
 We remember they were rebels ouce, and conquered John Bur-
 goyne.
 We'll subdue those haughty Democrats, and pull their dwellings
 down,
 And we'll have the States inhabited with subjects to the crown,
 We're the noble lads, &c.

We've as choice a British army as ever cross'd the seas,
 We'll burn both town and city, and with smoke becloud the skies;
 We'll subdue the old Green Mountain boys, their Washington is
 gone,
 And we'll play them Yankee Doodle, as the Yankees did Bur-
 ghyme.
 We're the noble lads, &c.

Now we've reach'd the Plattsburgh banks my boys and here
 we'll make a stand,
 Until we take the yankee fleet McDonough doth command;
 We've the Growler and the Eagle, that from Smith we took away,
 And we'll have their noble fleet that lies anchor'd in the bay.
 We're the noble lads, &c.

O! our fleet is hove in view, my boys, the cannons loudly roar,
 With death upon our cannon balls, we'll drench their decks with
 gore,
 We've a water craft sufficient for to sink them in an hour;
 But our orders are to board, and the Yankee's flag destroy.
 We're the noble lads, &c.

O! what bitter groans and sighing we heard on board the fleet,
 While McDonough's cocks are crowing boys I fear we shall ge-
 beat;
 If we lose the cause by sea, my boys, we'll make a quick return.
 For as sure as hell is hell we shall all be Burgoyne'd,
 We're the noble lads of Canada—stand at arms, boys, stand.

Now the battle's growing hot my boys, I don't know how 'twil
 turn.
 While McDonough's boats on swivels hung continually to burn,
 We see such constant flashing that the smoke beclouds the day,
 And our larger boats they're struck, and our smaller run away.
 O we've got too far from Canada—run for life, boys, run.

O! Provost he sigh'd aloud, and to his officers he said
 "I wish the Devil and those Yankees could but sail along side—
 "For the fars of France and England can't stand before them well.
 "For I think they'd flog the devils and drive them back to hell."
 O we've got to far, &c.
 Now prepare for your retreat, my boys, make all the speed you
 can,

The Yankees are surrounding us, we'll surely be Burgoyne'd,
 Behind the hedges and the ditches and the trees and every stump
 You can see the sons of-bitches and the cursed Yankees jump.
 O we've got too far, &c.

Now we've reach'd the Chazy heights, my boys we'll make a short
 delay,
 For to rest our weary limbs, and to feed our beasts on hay,
 Soon McDonough's cocks began to crow, was heard at Starks'
 barn,
 And a report throughout the camp was the general alarm,
 O we've got too far, &c.

O! Provost he sigh'd aloud, and to his officers did say,
 "The Yankee troops are hove in sight and hell will be to pay,
 "Shall we fight like men of courage and do the best we can
 "When we know they will flog us two to one? I think we'd bet-
 ter run.
 "O we've got too far, &c."

Now if ever I reach Quebec alive I'll surely stay at home,
 For McDonough's gain'd the victory, the Devil fight McComb,
 I had rather fight a thousand troops as good as e'er cross'd the
 seas
 Than fifty of those Yankee boys behind the stumps and trees.
 O we've got too far, &c.

They told us that the Federalists were friendly to the Crown;
 They'd join our Royal Army and the Democrats pull down;
 But they all unite together as a band of brothers join'd;
 They will fight for Independence till they die on the ground.
 O we've got to far, &c.

The Old 76's have sallied forth, upon their crutches they do
 lean;
 With their rifles level'd on us, with their spect's they take good
 aim;
 For there's no retreat to those, my boys, who'd rather die than
 run;
 And we make no doubt but these are those that conquer'd John
 Burgoyne,
 When he got too far, &c.

Now we've reach'd the British ground, my boys, we'll have a day
 of rest,
 And I wish my soul that I could say 'twould be a Jay of mirth,
 But I've left so many troops behind, it causes me to mourn,
 And if ever I fight the Yankees more I'll surely stay at home.
 Now we've all got back to Canada—stay at home, boys, stay:

Here's a health to all the British troops, likewise to George Pro-
 vost;
 And to our respective families, and the girls that love us most,
 To McDonough and McComb and to every Yankee Boy,
 Now fill up your tumblers full, for I never was so dry.
 Now we've all got back to Canada—stay at home, boys, stay.

John Burgoyne