

Ye Parliament Of England

Stan Rogers

Ye Parliament of England,
You Lords and commons, too,
Consider well what you're about
And what you're going to do.
You're now to fight with Yankees,
I'm sure you'll rue the day,
You roused the Sons of Liberty
In North Amerikay.
You first confined our commerce,
And said our ships shant trade,
You next impressed our seamen,
And used them as your slaves;
You then insulted Rogers,
While ploughing o'er the main,
And had we not declared war,
You'd have done it o'er again.
You thought our frigates were but few,
And Yankees would not fight,
Until brave Hull your Guerriere took,
And banished her from your sight.
The Wasp then took your Frolic,
We'll nothing say to that,
The Poictiers being of the line,
Of course she took her back.
Then next, upon Lake Erie,
Where Perry had some fun,
You own he beat your naval force,
And caused them for to run;
This was to you a sore defeat,
The like ne'er known before,
Your British Squadron beat complete
Some took, some run ashore.
There's Rogers, in the President,
Will burn, sink, and destroy;
The Congress, on the Brazil coast,
Your commerce will annoy;
The Essex, in the Sonth Seas,
Will put out all your lights,
The flag she waves at her mast-head-
"Free Trade and Sailors' Rights!"
Lament, ye sons of Britain,
Far distant is the day
When you'll regain by British force
What you're lost in America;
Go tell your King and parliament,
By all the world 'tis known,
That British force, by sea and land,
By Yankees is o'erthrown.
Use every endeavor,
And strive to make a peace,
For Yankee ships are building fast,
Their Navy to increase;
They will enforce their commerce,
The laws by Heaven were made,
That Yankee ships in time of peace,
To any port may trade.

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