

LOOK AROUND

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(This song shows the English settler's struggle in Virginia)

Sailing, Sailing, Sailing...

Sailing, I'm sailing away.

Sailing with two strong hands.

Sailing; I'm sailing away; to prosper in a promised land;

And nothing is going to stop me-- Nothing!

The passenger they make me laugh.

Jewelers tailors, gentlemen--they don't know.

they'll live above the land for a short time and live the rest six feet below.

Sailing, I'm sailing away; sailing with two strong hands.

Sailing; I'm sailing away, to prosper in a promised land.

And nothing is going to stop me--Nothing!

We land and the land is swamp. The air is foul. The water it is bad.

Nobody works; nobody eats. The gentlemen are very mad.

Here is Home. Look around. Soon it will be Jamestown.

Here is home. Look around. Soon it will be Jamestown.

We build a fort. We trade for food with savages in red skin.

Trade or a take it's their mistake to think in battle they will win.

Here is Home. Look around. Soon it will be Jamestown.

Here is home. Look around. Soon it will be Jamestown.

Swellings, fevers, fighting, lack of food in summer then in fall. So many dead. And the living aren't far behind.

I'll be dust in a matter of time.

Here is home. Look around. Soon it will be a death town.

Here is home. Look around. Soon it will be a death town.

Built a fort. Fire burnt it down.

We live like animals in on the frozen ground.

We build again, but next winter's worse.

God this land is surely cursed.

Here is Home and home is here. Everyday I live in fear.

Here is home and home is here. Everyday I live in fear.

Won't go hunt, won't leave the fort--

just to be Indian sport.

Listen, they are very near. Over there! There! There!

I'll eat rats, dogs, shoes instead.

Must ignore the hundreds dead.

Fear crawls all over me.

Biting at my sanity.

My hands were strong, but now they're weak.

God, please grant the wish I seek...

To sail away; let me sail away;

Sail away on the open sea.

Sail away; let me sail away.

God, please let me sail away.

TAKEN AWAY

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(This song accompanies the shadow puppet show based on an African king trading people to slave traders who took them to Virginia. This song is from the a slave boy's point of view.)

Taken away, my freedom
Taken away, from my home
Taken away, by strangers
To a ship I will go
and be taken away, taken away, taken away.

Taken away our dreams.
Taken away, just like that.
Taken away by strangers,
To a place we don't know.
We'll be taken away, taken away, taken away.

One day I was laughing, the next day in our village there was war.
An African king's warriors killed and captured many more.
Now my parents are dead and to the strangers the king has had me sold.
One day I was laughing, one day I was running, one day I was bold.

I must get away! How can I get away?
I will stay. I will stay.
Throw myself into sea, let my chains lower me to everlasting liberty.

Taken Away, my freedom.
Taken Away, from my home.
Taken away, by strangers.
They will not have their way.
It is here I will stay.
They won't take me away.

SMUGGLER SONG

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Have you heard?

The king and his customs agents are taking our money, have you heard?

We're all over the colonies

Smugglers just like me

Trying to earn a living.

Anyway we can so I....

Bribe the agent or a coin two;

hide goods here and there;

Take the ship out of customs' greedy reach.

It's my money that I will keep.

Let King George lose some sleep;

Count a few hundred sheep. I don't care.

These duties are most unfair.

Why? Why? Should I pay a tax?

Don't tell me to relax.

The king's greedy hand crosses the sea taking money from me. That's not nice.

I'll, I'll bring molasses in, from the Caribbean. Listen, King George, I've got some advice:

You are making a mistake, from money that you take.

You better awake,

Or you'll develop a colonial bellyache.

(Spoken: Who's to say? Well I say)

Take money from my hand, which I simply cannot stand

It's a rotting royal plan--

that will anger every child, wife, and man.

(Spoken: So, until you change your mind King George, I guess I'll have to...

Bribe the agent or a coin two;

hide goods here and there;

Take the ship out of customs' greedy reach.

It's my money that I will keep.

Let King George lose some sleep;

Count a few hundred sheep. I don't care.

The king can kiss my derriere.

These duties are most unfair.

Hereeeee's the THIRTEEN COLONIES

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(A song used to improve student understanding of the 13 colonies)

In 1607 Virginia came to be
the first of the tobacco colonies
Come down, to a struggling Jamestown
Or wait, 13 years
And Massachusetts will be here

Massachusetts is colony number two
Pilgrims settled and Puritans too
From England's Church they ran away so they could worship down by the bay.

VA., MA., NH., NY., CT., MD., RI.
DE., PA., NC., NJ., SC., GA.

New Hampshire is colony three to be forged
By captian Mason and Sir Gorges
The year: 1623, maybe this colony's a little cold for thee
So wait, just wait one more year
and New York will be here.

New York, New York colony four to be found.
The Wall is up (spoken: to protect us) and the Dutch are around.
If you don't like it just move up the sound.
In nine years, Connecticut will be here.
Connecticut is number five in the growing colonial hive.
The date: 1633. Oh, that Connecticut river is so pretty,
But the Pequot and settlers are having a war,
Maybe you'd better wait till 1634,
And in that year Maryland will be here.

VA., MA., NH., NY., CT., MD., RI.
DE., PA., NC., NJ., SC., GA.

Maryland is number six--
Founded by the Roman Catholics;
Friendly folks farming tobacco
But Virginia grew tobacco too, wanted Maryland to grow something new.
Maybe tobacco makes you sick, well wait till to 1636 and in that year Rhode Island will be here.

Rhode Island is number seven
A Quaker-friendly colony under God's heaven.
Roger Williams, the founder, felt there was nothing to fear cause all religions are welcome here. Maybe
this welcome isn't for you then wait two more years, and Delaware will be here.

Delaware is colony is number eight founded in 1638.
Dutch were there, but the Lenape sent them packing.
In came the Swedes but Dutch came back attacking.
The Dutch Beat the Swedes and then English beat the Dutch.
Is this too much?
Then wait and see, Pennsylvania is coming in 1643.

VA., MA., NH., NY., CT., MD., RI.
DE.. PA.. NC.. NJ.. SC.. GA.

Pennsylvania is number nine a colony by William Penn's design.
Laws were fair, tolerance was preached.
It was a holy experiment within everyone's reach.
But maybe experiments aren't for you, there's always something you can do.
Just wait ten more years and North Carolina will be here.

North Carolina is colony number ten. It almost never happened do you remember when?
In 1587 the colonists of Roanoke were never seen again.
It wasn't until 1653, a settlement took finally.
But wait, you have your doubts, how it will turn out.
So wait, in seven years New Jersey will be here.

VA., MA., NH., NY., CT., MD., RI.
DE., PA., NC., NJ., SC., GA.

New Jersey is colony number eleven you see, founded in 1660.
Between the Hudson and Delaware River, King Charles II gave the land,
But it was ruled by New York's mighty hand.
Maybe this doesn't appeal, well it's no big deal.
Just wait ten years and South Carolina will be here.

South Carolina is number twelve from the start--
on the colonial charts.
A humming Harbor, rice, tobacco, slaves, and Indigo made this
place prosper and grow.
Maybe you don't like rice, maybe there's something else on your mind.
Just wait and and Georgia will be here in three years time.

Georgia is the final colony, adding up to thirteen in 1733.
Hard work, raise silk, no rum--lawyers, or slavery.
A place for jailed debtors to find prosperity.

Thirteen colonies is the sum. A perfect settlement?
Well, there wasn't one.
Still, people came to the colonies hoping to prosper and be free.
VA., MA., NH., NY., CT., MD., RI.
DE., PA., NC., NJ., SC., GA.
On the colonial hit parade.

PURITAN BOY

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(A parody of Material Girl)

In 1630, we said bye bye birdy to the King and his crown
The Church of England was too fancy we wanted to tone it down
Make it simple make it less priestly will make us heaven bound.
Fancy not. Believe in plain. That is what you must tell your brain.
This is what we need in this time of greed, in this material world
Discipline's essential. Hard work is joy; yes I'm a Puritan boy.

The church wouldn't budge, they wouldn't change so we packed up and took to the sea.
We dropped our anchor in the Charles and Merrimac and founded the Massachusetts Bay Colony.
Question not. Do as your told,
Or will make you hit the Boston Post Road.
We put stock in our flock and sometimes our flock in our stocks.

This is what we need in this time of greed, in this material world.
Discipline's essential. Hard work is joy yes I'm a Puritan boy. Discipline essential. (Spoken: And so is
listening to your Parents. That is what I have been told. That is what I know.)
Yes, I'm a Puritan Boy.
We live right day and night, our ways we will defend.
To live plain and create pain in women and men, it won't be Puritans.

I am glad we left the bad, material world.
Welcome, new home. Hello, ahoy I'm the Puritan boy.
I am glad we left the bad, material world
Welcome, new home. Hello, ahoy I'm the Puritan boy.

I'M ITCHY: A COLONIAL LAMENT

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A British Soldier:

I'm itchy

I'm itchy

I'm altogether twitchy.

No foolin,

This woolen uniform is grueling.

The coat's so tight, me breeches, too.

It takes three hours to get into.

My hat is fat and has no brim

And as I march the sun shines in.

My children, my children

They cry out for a treat

My wife, my wife

She cries for more to eat

And I, and I, what do I want for me?

It's not a treat or more to eat

It's time to rest my aching feet

My knapsack has a tent, food, and clothing

It weighs almost 9 stone, that about 125 pounds you know.

My back is always aching

And I'm aching to go home.

But I have no home you see,

I have no home you see,

I'm a poor British soldier in these

Irritating, constipating, American colonies.

An American rebel:

I'm itchy

I'm itchy

I'm altogether twitchy

No fooling it gets to you;

Being ruled instead of ruling.

In red they march, these lobsterback drill.

And sit and drink and have their fill.

They're everywhere with their march and prance.

I'd give them the boot, if I had my chance.

These soldiers cry of being poor, but if you look around

They work not only for the king, but someone else in town

I have no job, I have no hope, just angry thoughts and time

I ask myself: Whose land is this, the British king's or mine?

Take away your soldiers, King George. Give us the chance to rule and fight,
To protect the land we love, that is our blessed right.

You see us as little children. Children grow and parents must let them go.

If you search your heart King George you know this to be so.

British Soldier:

I'm itchy.

I'm itchy.
I'm altogether twitchy.
These children, these children of the American colonies.
They hate me, despise me.
Respect is what they lack.
When I walk the street they yell:
There goes that lobsterback!
These colonist, their parents, are not a better lot.
We protect them, die for them and what thanks have we got?
They have no army, no skill to fight.
If we left, the colonists be scared to sleep at night.
They hate us so, but if we were to go...
We would be right back by tomorrow.

My knapsack has a tent, food, and clothing
It weighs almost 9 stone, that 125 pounds you know.
My back is always aching
And I'm aching to go home.
But I have no home you see,
I have no home you see,
I'm a poor British soldier in these
Irritating, constipating, American colonies.

A Colonist:

I'm itchy.
I'm itchy.
I'm altogether twitchy.
How else can I be?
We pay duty on molasses. We pay duty on our tea.
We've paid tax on products that we've make, tell me how can that be?
We pay and pay and still the British say we must pay for the war.
With all the profits the king's made from our goods and land, how can he ask for more?
The way we act. The way we dress, perhaps it does offend.
We do not say we're sorry. We're farmers, why pretend.
But farmers know the land, and know the musket in their hand.
If you deny our freedom's fight,
Will turn the world upside down and daytime into night.

Take away your soldiers, King George. Give us the chance to rule and fight,
To protect the land we love, that is our blessed right.
You see us as little children. Children grow and parents must let them go.
If you search your heart King George you know this to be so

NO TAXATION BLUES

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No give without take
No learning without mistakes
no chores without compensation
no taxation without representation

No daylight without the sun
No good time without the fun
No citizens without a nation
No taxation without representation

We elect assemblies to make our laws
Pay taxes to the colonial cause
But the king pays our officials, and that gives us pause
Why would officials do what colonists demand,
If their paid by the royal hand?

No breath without exhalation
No thought without concentration
No hope without frustration
No taxation without representation(x3)