

THE TEA TAX

A Yankee Comic Song

Sung with Unbounded Applause

BY
Mr. Andrews,

at the Federal Street Theatre.

The Words by a Gentleman of Boston;

{ *The Music newly arranged with an
Accompaniment for the Piano Forte,*

BY

T. COMER.

Composer and Director of the Music to the Tremont Theatre.

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VOICE.

ALLEGRETTO
MODERATO.

The first system of music features a voice line on a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature. Below it is a grand staff for piano accompaniment, consisting of a treble and bass clef. The piano part begins with a forte dynamic marking 'f'. The tempo is indicated as 'ALLEGRETTO MODERATO' on the left side.

The second system of music continues the composition. It includes a voice line and a grand staff for piano accompaniment. The piano part features dynamic markings of 'p' (piano), 'fz' (forzando), 'p' (piano), and 'f' (forte) throughout the system.

Entered according to Act of Congress

I snum I am a yankee lad, and I guess I'll sing a ditty, And if you do not

relish it, the more will be the pity, That is, I think I should have been a

plaguy sight more finish'd man, If I'd been born in Boston Town, but I warn't cause I'm a

Countryman. Tol lol de ra Ri tol de rid dle id dle

right tol de 7 da.

2

And t'other day we yankee folks, were mad about the taxes,
 And so we went, like Indians dress'd, to split Tea chests with axes,
 I mean, 'twas done in seventy five, an' we were real gritty,
 The Mayor he would have led the gang, but Boston warn't a City.

3.

Ye see we yankees didn't care, a pin for wealth or booty,
 And so in State street we agreed we'd never pay the duty,
 That is, in State street 'twould have been, but 'twas King street, they call'd it then,
 And tax on Tea, it was so bad, the women would'nt scald it then.

4.

To Charlestown Bridge we all went down to see the thing corrected,
 That is, we would have gone there, but the Bridge it warn't erected;
 The Tea perhaps was very good, Bohea, Shouchong or Hyson,
 But drinking Tea it warn't the rage, the duty made it poison.

5.

And then we went aboard the ships, our vengeance to administer,
 And didn't care a tarnal curse, for any King or minister;
 We made a plaguy mess o' Tea, in one of the biggest dishes,
 I mean, we steeped it in the Sea, and treated all the fishes.

6.

And then you see, we were all found out, a thing we hadn't dreaded,
 The leaders were to London sent and instantly beheaded,
 That is, I mean, they would have been if ever they'd been taken,
 But the leaders they were never cotch'd, and so they saved their bacon.

7.

Now Heaven bless the President and all this goodly nation,
 And doubly bless our Boston Mayor and all the corporation;
 And may all those who are our foes, or at our praise have falter'd,
 Soon have a change, that is, I mean may all of 'em get haltered.