



## BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

This Song was composed by the British,  
after the engagement.

**I**T was on the seventeenth, by break of day,  
The Yankees did surprize us,  
With their strong works they had thrown up,  
To burn the town and drive us.  
But soon we had an order came,  
An order to defeat them,  
Like rebels stout, they stood it out,  
And thought we ne'er could beat them.  
About the hour of twelve that day,  
An order came for marching,  
With three good flints and sixty rounds,  
Each man hop'd to discharge them.  
We marched down to the long wharf,  
Where boats were ready waiting,  
With expedition we embark'd,  
Our ships kept cannonading,  
And when our boats all filled were,  
With officers and soldiers,  
With as good troops as England had  
To oppose, who dar'd controle us.  
And when our boats all filled were,  
We row'd in line of battle,  
Where showers of ball like hail did fly,  
Our cannon loud did rattle.  
There was Cop's hill battery near Charlestown,  
Our twenty-fours they play'd,  
And the three frigates in the stream,  
That very well behav'd.  
The Glasgow frigate clear'd the shore,  
All at the time of landing,  
With her grape shot and can on balls,  
No Yankees e'er could stand them,  
And when we landed on the shore,  
We draw'd up all together,  
The Yankees they'd all man'd their works  
And thought we'd ne'er come thither.  
But soon they did perceive brave Howe,  
Brave Howe our bold commander,  
With grenadiers, and infantry,  
We made them to surrender.  
Brave William Howe on our right wing,  
Cry'd, boys fight on like thunder;  
You soon will see the rebels flee,  
With great amaze and wonder.  
Now some lay bleeding on the ground,  
And some full fast a running,  
O'er hills and dales and mountains high,  
Crying zounds! brave Howe's a coming.

They began to play on our left wing,  
Where Pigot he commanded,  
But we'd return'd it back again,  
With courage most undaunted.  
To our grape shot and musquet balls,  
To which they were but strangers.  
They thought to come with sword in hand,  
But soon they found their danger.  
And when the works we got into,  
And put them to the flight, fir,  
Some of them did hide themselves,  
And others died of fright, fir.  
And when their works we got into,  
Without great fear or danger,  
The work they'd made was firm and strong,  
The Yankees are great strangers.  
But as for our artillery,  
They all behaved dinty,  
For while our ammunition held,  
We gave it to them plenty.  
But our conductor he got broke,  
For his misconduct sure, fir,  
The shot he sent for twelve pound guns  
Were made for twenty-fours, fir.  
There's some in Boston pleas'd to say,  
As we the field were taking,  
We went to kill their countrymen,  
while they their hay were making.  
For such stout whigs I never saw,  
To hang them all I'd rather,  
For making hay with musket balls  
And buck-shot mix'd together.  
Brave Howe is so considerate,  
As to prevent all danger,  
He allows us half-pint-a-day—  
To rum we are no strangers;  
Long may he live by land and sea,  
For he's beloved by many,  
The name of Howe the Yankees dread,  
we see it very plainly.  
And now my song is at an end,  
and to conclude my ditty,  
It is the poor and ignorant  
And only them I pity;  
as for their king John Hancock,  
and Adams if they're taken,  
Their heads for signs shall hang up high  
Upon that hill call'd Bacon.