

Unknown

"Cornwallis Country Dance"

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CORNWALLIS' COUNTRY DANCE

Cornwallis led a country dance, its like was never seen,
Sir

Much retrograde and much advance and all with
General Greene, Sir.

They rambled up, they rambled down, joined hands
and off they run, Sir

Of General Greene to Charlestown, the Earl to
Wilmington, Sir.

Greene, in the south, then danced a set, and got a
mighty name, Sir

Cornwallis jigged with young Fayette but suffered in his
fame, sir.

Then down he figured to the shore, most like a lordly
dancer

And on his courtly honor swore, he would no more
advance, Sir.

Quoth he "My guards are weary grown with doing
country dances,

They never at St. James had shown at capers, kicks or
prances.

No men so gallant there were seen while saunt'ring on
parade, Sir,

Or dancing o'er the park so green, or at the
masquerade, Sir."

Yet are red heels and long-laced skirts for stumps and
briars meet, Sir?

Or stand they chance with hunting-shirts or hardy
veteran feet, Sir?

Now housed in York he challenged all, at minuet or
allemande

And lessons for a courtly ball his guards by day and
night conned.

Good Washington, Columbia's son, whom easy nature
taught, Sir,

That grace that can't by pains be won, nor Plutus' gold

be bought, Sir.
Now hand in hand they circle round the ever-dancing
Peer, Sir,
Their gentle movements soon confound the Earl, as he
draws near, Sir

His music soon forgets to play, his feet can't move no
more, Sir,
And all his men now curse the day they jigged to our
shore, Sir.
Now Tories all, what can you say? Cornwallis is no
griper,
But while your hopes are danced away, 'tis you who pay
the piper.

@war @soldier @America
filename[CRNWLLIS
play.exe WEASLPOP
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