



Brilliant Naval Victory: Yankee PERRY Better Than Old English CIDER

Huzzah! For the brave Yankee boys,
Who touch'd up John Bull on Lake Erie,
Who gave 'em a taste of our toys,
From the fleet of brave Commodore *Perry*.
They were not made of 'lasses but lead,
And good solid lumps of cold iron;
When they hit JOHNNY BULL on the head,
They gave him a pain that he'll die on.

Now the *Niagara* bore down,
To give 'em a bit of a whacking
The *Lawrence* came up and wore round,
And set her nine pounders a cracking.
They soon felt the *Scorpion's* sting,
And likewise the *Æriel's* thunder;
The *Porcupine* gave 'em a quill,
And made the *Queen Charlotte* knock
under.

The *Somers* now gave 'em a touch,
And the *Tygress* she gave 'em a shock sir,
Which did not divert Johnny much,
For it put him in mind of the BOXER.
The *Trippe* she was hammering away,
The *Ohio* so on made 'em smell powder,

The brave *Caledonia* that day
Made her thunder grow louder and louder

We gave 'em such tough Yankee blows,
That soon they saw fit to surrender;
That day made 'em feel that their foes,
Were made in the masculine gender.
Poor Johnny was sick of the gripes,
From the pills that we gave them at Erie,
And for fear of the stars and the stripes,
He struck to brave Commodore PERRY.

Now as for poor old Johnny Bull,
If we meet him on land or at Sea sir,
We'll give him a good belly full,
Of excellent gun powder tea sir.
Huzza! For our brave Yankee Tars,
Who pepper'd the British so merry,
Who fought for the stripes and the stars,
Under brave Commodore PERRY.

England is fam'd for perry and beer,
Which quickly bewilders the brain, sir,
But such PERRY as she's taken here,
She never will wish for again, sir.

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