

The Boston Tea Party

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Boston, Britain, a dance, a chilling song in the morning breeze
To and fro, the rustling of autumn leaves
An alarming tiding called across the mist
This story starts when the air is frost kissed
Just as winter and spring, so close and yet so far
So different and yet all from the same jar
Ever changing, ever playing this game
Back, and forth, back and forth, back and forth, each is just a name
A swaying branch in a storm, when will it snap, where will it break, how long can we stand?
Together the branches, apart just twigs, held in the hand of a single man
Kindling to a growing fire in the souls of man and beast
Watching, waiting for its time to spring forth - war from the east
A disaster in the making, one to many hit
Just one thing to push us to quit
But we will stand against the fall
Strong together we climb the wall
They say 'the barrier is now down now,
All there's left to do is to take this town out'
Our people protest, whaling in the streets
Hoping waiting for the time to retreat
But fearsome leaders and a fiercer force, anger

Captures the colonies, together an anchor
Patrolling danger through the streets
Lobsterbacks are not able to keep the peace
Marching, marching, endlessly these red coat soldiers march relentlessly
They thought they would ease the protest
But to their disgust they started the fire that startled the world to unrest
The troops, they marched, and laws they enforced
But nothing they could do would stop this growing force
One lonely night, the raucous town,
The sons of liberty decided to shut them down
Three ships of Britain's finest East India tea,
Stuck at Boston's port unable to leave
The sons of liberty gathered in the town square
To welcome the rebellion they prepare
Those ships must go, or the growing anger they will stoke
We will overcome anyone who could oppose
Dressed as mohawks, the colonists face no loss
Not a one rebel is lost
The minutemen gather at Griffin's wharf, splitting in three, the three ships, they soon dwarf
Into the darkness the recruits morph
The Beaver, Dartmouth, and Elanor emptied in three hours
This cup of tea suddenly sours
Ridding them of their precious cargo, to the British's great sorrow

Retribution they will face on the morrow

342 chests of tea muddying the waters of Boston harbor, everyone has seen

On the eave of dawn, the rising mourn

The whole state of Massachusetts facing Britain's scorn

Small boats, shallops rowed the waters, beating the tea down, keeping it from marauders

Not one man is captured, thanks to our sons and daughters

Plundered and emptied these ships take their leave

Back to Britain, no one grieves