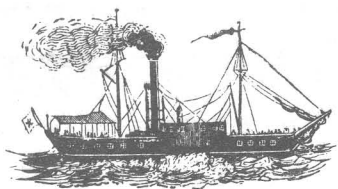


Aftermath (to the tune of "Yankee Doodle")

text by Walter McDonald
submitted by Edith Fowke



Sterling Beckwith, a professor of music at York University, found these verses in the Ontario Archives (Pamphlet Collection, 1838, Box No. 1), and gave me a copy.

The events described were an "Aftermath" of the 1837 rebellion in Upper Canada. When McKenzie's men were routed at Montgomery's Tavern many of them fled to the United States where sympathizers organized "Patriot Societies" and "Hunters' Lodges" to support the cause of "Canadian freedom." The Patriots set up headquarters on Navy Island on the Canadian side of the Niagara River, and an American steamship, the *Caroline*, carried supplies to them. On the night of December 29, 1837, Captain Andrew Drew led a group of Canadian officers in an attack on the *Caroline*. They drove the crew off it, set it on fire, and let it drift over Niagara Falls.

That victory inspired these boastful verses which make an interesting parallel with another song, "The *Sir Robert Peel*." In the early hours of May 30, 1838, a band of Mackenzie's American supporters boarded the British steamship the *Sir Robert Peel* which was lying at Wells Island in the St. Lawrence. Crying "Revenge for the *Caroline*!" they ordered the crew and passengers ashore and then burnt the ship. (For text and music of "The *Sir Robert Peel*" see *Canada's Story in Song* by Fowke and Mills, Toronto: W.J. Gage, 1960, pp. 76-66.)

When McKenzies Rebel band was beat
Away from Gallows-Hill Sir
To Buffalo he did retreat
And said we use him ill Sir.

The Buffalo-ians did sympathize
And soon began to rear Sir,
And kicked up a windy noise
That reached the British Shore Sir.

A Steamer bound for Navy Isle
Left Buffalo one Morning
T'is to assist McKenzie's Band
Britannia's thunder scorning.

But the British Lion shook his name
And looked a little grim sir
And seen t'was not a Texas Game
That he should play with him sir.

A party from the British Shore
Led on by gallant Drew sir
They set this Yankee Boat on fire
And beat his pirate crew sir.

The Yankees say they did invent
The Steamboat first of all Sir
But Britons taught their Yankee Boat
To Navigate the Falls sir.

And if they ever come again
They'll get what they don't seek sir
Just what they got at Lundy's Lane
And also Stoney Creek sir.

Now Uncle Jonathan be wise
And of Yourself take care sir
For each Canadian loudly Cries
Invade us if you dare sir.

Our Flag has braved a Thousand Years
The Breeze and Battle too Sir
It has conquered in Trafalgar's Wave
And plains of Waterloo Sir.

No Slave shall ever breathe our air
No Lynch Laws e'er shall bind us
So keep your Yankee Mobs at home
T'is Britons still you'll find us.

The spirits of our Wolfe and Brock
Doth still around us hover
And still we stand on Queenston Heights
To drive the Yankees over.