

## SEVENTEEN SEVENTY-SIX

*Alfred G. Bailey*

Because Uncle Payne slapped the Committee-man's face  
our family got chased out of town:

Aunt and her trunk of lace  
that old Dirk brought from Spain  
and a spade and a jar of nuts  
pickled by Grandma Payne,  
a barrel of salted pork and assorted  
clothes for a clown,

a contract for a ship-load of spars  
and a taffeta wedding gown.

We left in a hurry, at night,  
impaled on the horns of a writ.

And they said, by George, if Uncle again,  
or any other Payne,

showed his face in Salem town,  
they'd hang him by the neck  
on the next market day,  
or pitch him in to drown  
in Massachusetts Bay.

He got his pistols ready, and he  
left in a hurry.

For they said, by George, if he  
showed his face again  
by the bight of Boston Bay,  
they'd hang him on the Common  
come the next trading day.

So leaving in a hurry  
before the break of day  
we sang a song for good King George  
all along the way.

"O goodbye Massachusetts,  
we're off down the bay  
to build the New Jerusalem  
in Nova Scot - i - ay."