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."