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**Grade level:** 5

**Primary Source Citation:** “Revolutionary Tea,” sheet music and lyrics accessed at Carpenters’ Hall’s *Songs of the Revolution*.

Allow students, in groups or individually, to examine the music and lyrics while answering the questions below in order. The questions are designed to guide students into a deeper analysis of the source and sharpen associated cognitive skills.

### **Level I: Description**

1. What kind of source is this?
2. What is the subject or topic?
3. Who is the rich lady over the sea? Who is the daughter?

### **Level II: Interpretation**

1. Who is the intended audience and how do you know? Or, what voice (perspective) is the song written in?
2. When was the song written?
3. What story does the song tell?

### **Level III: Analysis**

1. Why do you think the author chose to tell the story in a song?
2. How is England portrayed? How are the colonists portrayed?
3. How is the relationship between England and the colonies like a mother-daughter relationship? What connections can you make?

## **BATTLE OF THE KEGS**

Words: Francis Hopkinson. Music: anonymous. (Tune of Yankee Doodle)

The musical score is written on six staves in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, characteristic of a folk tune. Chords are indicated by letters (E, B7, A) above the notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

Twas ear - ly day as go - ers say.

Just when the sun was ris - ing, A sol - dier stood on a

log of wood And saw a sight sur - pris - ing. A

sail - or too in jer - kin blue This strange ap - pear - ance

view ing, First damned his eyes in great sur - prise. Then

said, "Some mis - chief's brew - ing."

Lyrics:

Twas early day as poets say, just when the sun was rising,  
A soldier stood on a log of wood and saw a sight surprising  
A sailor too in jerkin blue this strange appearance viewing  
First damned his eyes in great surprise, then said "Some mischief's brewing."

These kegs now hold the rebels bold, packed up like pickled herring  
And they're come down to attack the town in this new way of ferrying  
Therefore prepare for bloody war, these kegs must all be routed  
Or surely we despised will be, and British courage doubted.

The cannons roar from shore to shore, the small arms make a rattle  
Since war began I'm sure no man ere saw so strange a battle.  
These kegs 'tis said, though strongly made of rebels staves and hoops, sir  
Could not oppose their powerful foes, the conquering British troops, sir!