

American Taxation

Traditional, arranged by Matthew Sabatella

Musical score for 'American Taxation' in E major, 4/4 time, with a tempo of 148. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'While I re-late my sto - ry A - mer - i - cans - gi - ve ear. Of Bri - tains fad - ing glo - y you - pre - sent - ly - shall - hear. I'll - give a true re - la - tion, at - tend to what - I - sa - y con - cern - ing the tax - a - tion of - North A - mer - i - ca.'

♩ = 148

E B7 E B7

4 E B7 E B7

8 E A

12 E B7 E B7 E B7 E

While I re-late my sto - ry A - mer - i - cans - gi - ve
ear. Of Bri - tains fad - ing glo - y you - pre - sent - ly - shall -
hear. I'll - give a true re - la - tion, at - tend to what - I -
sa - y con - cern - ing the tax - a - tion of - North A - mer - i - ca.

Additional verses:

The cruel lords of Britain, who glory in their shame
The project they have hit on they joyfully proclaim
'Tis what they're striving after our rights to take away
And rob us of our charter in North America

There are two mighty speakers who rule in Parliament
Who ever have been seeking some mischief to invent
'Twas North, and Bute his father, the horrid plan did lay
A mighty tax to gather in North America

There is a wealthy people who sojourn in that land
Their churches all with steeples most delicately stand
Their houses like the gilly, are painted red and gay
They flourish like the lily in North America.

O King, you've heard the sequel of what we now subscribe
Is it not just and equal to tax this wealthy tribe
The question being asked, his majesty did say
My subjects shall be taxed in North America

Invested with a warrant, my publicans shall go
The tenth of all their current they surely shall bestow
If they indulge rebellion, or from my precepts stray
I'll send my war battalion to North America

The laws I have enacted, I never will revoke
Although they are neglected my fury to provoke
I will forbear to flatter, I'll rule the mighty sway
I'll take away the charter from North America

Our fathers were distressed, while in their native land
By tyrants were oppressed, as we do understand
For freedom and religion they were resolved to stray
And trace the desert regions of North America

We are their bold descendants, for liberty we'll fight
The claim to independence we challenge as our right
'Tis what kind Heaven gave us, who can it take away
O, Heaven, sure will save us in North America