

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Hot Stuff

Hot Stuff

(Edward Botwood)

Come, each death-doing dog who dares venture his neck,
Come, follow the hero that goes to Quebec;
Jump aboard of the transports, and loose every sail,
Pay your debts at the tavern by giving leg-bail;
And ye that love fighting shall soon have enough:
Wolfe commands us, my boys; we shall give them Hot Stuff.

Up the River St. Lawrence our troops shall advance,
To the Grenadiers' March we will teach them to dance.
Cape Breton we have taken, and next we will try
At their capital to give them another black eye.
Vaudreuil, 'tis in vain you pretend to look gruff,
Those are coming who know how to give you Hot Stuff.

With powder in his periwig, and snuff in his nose,
Monsieur will run down our descent to oppose;
And the Indians will come: but the light infantry
Will soon oblige them to betake to a tree.
From such rascals as these may we fear a rebuff?
Advance, grenadiers, and let fly your Hot Stuff!

When the forty-seventh regiment is dashing ashore,
While bullets are whistling and cannons do roar,
Says Montcalm: 'Those are Shirley's! I know the lappels.'

'You lie,' says Ned Botwood, 'we belong to Lascelles' !
Though our clothing is changed, yet we scorn a powderpuff;
So at you, ye beggars, here's give you Hot Stuff.'

Botwood was a sergeant of Lascelle's regiment, the 47th. He wrote this song on the eve of the expedition to Quebec; and was killed in the first attack on the French camp. Parkman's Montcalm and Wolfe (1884), ii. 234 (Macmillan). Air, 'Lilies of France.' TD

TD

oct97