

UNIT 4 HANDOUT

A NEW TOUCH ON THE TIMES

WELL ADAPTED TO THE DISTRESSING SITUATION OF EVERY SEA-PORT TOWN

BY A DAUGHTER OF LIBERTY, LIVING IN MASSACHUSETTS

Our best beloved they are gone,
We cannot tell they'll ever return
For they are gone the ocean wide,
Which for us now they must provide.

For they go on the roaring seas,
For which we can't get any ease,
For they are gone to work for [?]*
And that it is to fill our purse.

We must do as well as we can,
What could women do without man,
They could not do by night or day,
Go round the world and that they'll say.

They could not do by day or night,
I think that man's a woman's delight,
It's hard and cruel times to live,
Takes thirty dollars to buy a sieve.

To buy sieves and other things too,
To go through the world how can we do,
For times they sure grow worse and worse,
I'm sure it sinks our scanty purse.

Had we a purse to reach the sky,
It would be all just vanity,
If we had that and ten times more,
'Twould be like sand upon the shore.

For money is not worth a pin,
Had we but felt we've any thing,
For salt is all the Farmer's cry,
If we've no salt we sure must die.

We can't get fire nor yet food,
Takes 20 weight of sugar for two foot of wood,
We cannot get bread nor yet meat,
We see the world is naught but cheat.

We cannot now get meat nor bread
By means of which we *
All we can get it is but *
And that is of a wretched *

And as we go up and down,
We see the doings of this town.
Some say they an't victuals nor drink,
Others say they are ready to sink.

Our lives they all are tired here,
We see all things so cruel dear,

Nothing now a-days to be got,
To put in kettle nor in pot.

These times will learn us to be wise,
We now do eat what we despised:
I now having something more to say,
We must go up and down the Bay.

To get a fish a-days to fry,
We can't get fat were we to die,
Were we to try all through the town,
The world is now turned upside down.

But there's a gracious GOD above,
That deals with us in tender love,
If we be kind and just and true,
He'll set and turn the world anew.

If we'll repent of all our crimes,
He'll set us now new heavenly times,
Times that will make us all to ring,
If we forsake our heinous sins.

For sin is all the cause of this,
We must not take it then amiss,
Wasn't it for our polluted tongues
This cruel war would never begun.

We should hear no fife nor drum,
Nor training bands would never come:
Should we go on our sinful course,
Times will grow on us worse and worse.

Then gracious GOD now cause to cease,
This bloody war and give us peace!
And down our streets send plenty then
With hearts as one we'll say Amen!

If we expect to be forgiven,
Let's tread the road that leads to Heaven,
In these times we can't rub along.
I now have ended this my song.

*words that are illegible

Credit: Molly Gutridge, *A new touch on the times: Well adapted to the distressing situation of every sea-port town*. (Danvers, MA: Ezekiel Russell, 1779). An original copy is owned by the New-York Historical Society Library.