

I followed old mas' Robert  
For four year near about,  
Got wounded in three places  
And starved at Pint Lookout.  
I cotch the roomatism  
A campin' in the snow,  
But I killed a chance o' Yankees,  
I'd like to kill some mo'.

Three hundred thousand Yankees  
Is still in Southern dust;  
We got three hundred thousand  
Before they conquered us;  
They died of Southern fever  
And Southern steel and shot,  
I wish they was three million  
Instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket  
And fight 'em now no more,  
But I ain't going to love 'em,  
Now that is sarten sure;  
And I don't want no pardon  
For what I was and am,  
I won't be reconstructed  
And I don't care a dam.

For this "Fair Land of Freedom  
I do not care AT ALL;  
I'm glad I fit against it,  
I only wish we'd won,  
And I don't want no pardon  
For anything I done.

I hates the Constitution,  
This great Republic too,  
I hates the Freedman's Buro,  
In uniforms of blue;  
I hates the nasty Eagle,  
With all his braggs and fuss,  
The lyin', thievin' Yankees,  
I hates 'em wuss and wuss.

I hates the Yankee nation  
And everything they do,  
I hates the Declaration  
Of Independence, too;  
I hates the glorious Union —  
'Tis dripping with our blood —  
I hates their striped banner,  
I fit it all I could.