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Battle at Bulls

Conf Pam #768

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Song - B. D. 1862

# BATTLE AT BULLS RUN.

Oh be easy, don't you teaze me,  
While I sing a bit of fun ;  
Soldiers flying, niggers crying,  
See them push to Washington.

Off they scamper! Oh what a damper  
To their tender, humane hearts ;  
Muskets dropping, hearts a throbbing,  
Bodies left behind in carts.

LEE's a coming! Hark, the drumming!  
Fly you hireling Hessian knaves ;  
He will scourge you, he will purge you,  
Run you dirty Lincoln slaves.

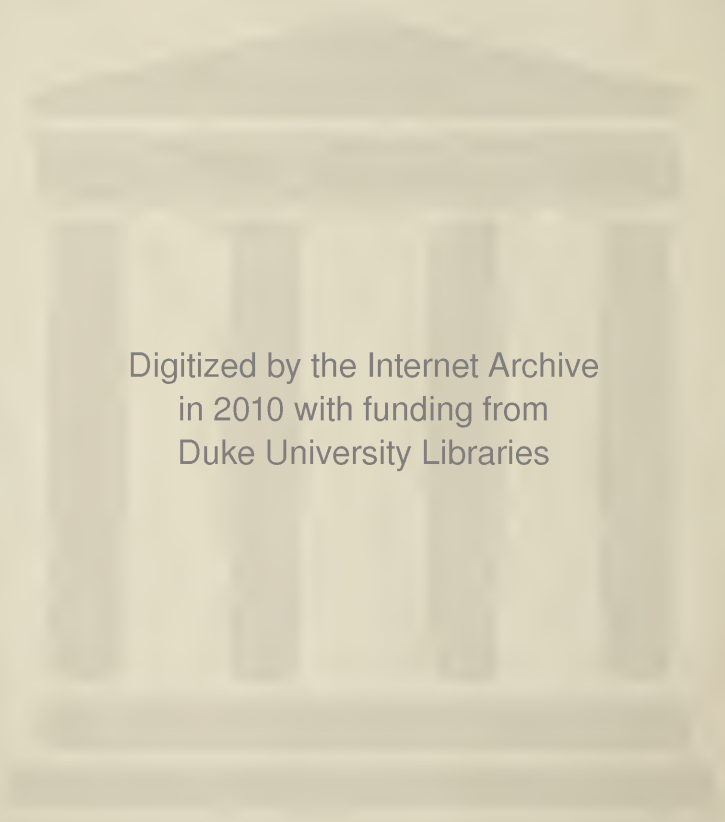
JOHNSTON's mettle will make you settle  
Down in just and upright men,  
If you promise for the future,  
Not to take up arms again

Oh, what sorrow, on to-morrow.  
When you find your knapsacks gone ;  
Bread and water—what you fought for—  
You'll not find in Washington.

Despised as traitors, brother-haters,  
You shall bear the mark of Cain ;  
Foolish gunners, first-rate runners,  
Shed your brothers' blood for gain.

Shame will crown you, tears will drown you,  
Of the misery you have made ;  
Peace will leave you, Conscience grieve you,  
Dupes of Abram Lincoln's raid.

Oh ! be easy, dont you teaze me,  
I have sung you all the joke ;  
See them coming, see them running,  
Heavens ! see the awful smoke.



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