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General Beaureg
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Songs - Civil War

SONG.



GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

AIR—"Scots wha ha."

General G. T. BEAUREGARD,
Upon all Lincoln wretches hard,
He'll come and cut without regard,
 There black eyes out,
He'll teach them what it is to feel,
The temper of his Southern steel,
And to thrice wicked hearts reveal,
 His arm so stout.

These sepulchers of dead men's bones,
These abolition foggy crones,
These wicked meddling hellish drones,
 He'll smite their band.

'The Beechers, Motts, and Greelys too,
With bitter tears their course they'll rue,
And wish they'd never followed blue
 Laws of the land.

He'll come upon them at his ease,
He'll scatter them like dancing fleas,
And boil them like a mess of peas
 Into the pot.

They'll cry and weep and howl and wail,
Their noise will be of no avail,
He'll cook them well from head to tail,
 The precious lot.

So heres a health to Beauregard,
Who at Manassas fought so hard,
And whipped the Northern Yankee horde,
 Against their wishes.

He'll use them up with thundering force,
And fill their minds with deep remorse,
And cause them all to have recourse
 To metallic dishes.

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