

Conf  
Pam  
#679

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Run Yank or die  
Conf Pam #679  
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# RUN YANK OR DIE.

TUNE—Root Hog or Die!

Now if you will listen while I relate,  
About the cause of freedom I come here to  
calculate;

Old Abe he tried to enslave us and soon it  
was the cry,

Oh! Liberty for Southern boys: run Yank  
or die!

Chorus—Hurrah for slavery, the Souther-  
ners are the Boys,

For singing and fighting and stopping Yan-  
kee noise;

The whole Confederacy is getting up the  
cry,

Ho! Big Yank, Little Yank! Run Yank or  
die?

The finest looking mortal that ever I did see  
He tied John Brown to a white oak tree;

To see him tie the rope you ought to stand  
by,

'Twas done with South Carolina cotton, run  
Yank or die. Chorus.

There's old Andy Johnson of East Tennessee  
He's gone and joined Lincoln to set the nig-  
gers free;

But when he undertakes it, he's sure for to  
sigh—

He'll back from the Southern Boys—Run  
Yank, or die! Chorus.

The Little Northern Yankees are getting  
very sick,

They don't like our medicine, because it is  
so thick;

And when they go to take it its sure to hurt  
their eye,

They don't like Southern pills! Run Yank  
or die. Chorus.

We are going out to Richmond to get all  
the news,

We are coming back by Washington to get  
Old Lincoln's shoes;

And as we walk the streets the Yankees  
they will shy—

They will shout it is Southern boys—Run  
Yank, or die Chorus.

Old General Scott is a mighty great sinner,  
He never comes to fight but he's sure to bring  
his dinner;

When he saw the boys coming, it was  
time for him to fly,

For Jeff Davis was after him—Run Yank  
or die. Chorus

The little Northern Yankees are getting very  
grand,

They brought down their dinner and sat it  
on our land;

They had all kinds of spices mixed up in a  
pic—

But the Southern chaps eat it up—Run  
Yank or die. Chorus.

There were Northern ladies—no doubt they  
looked fine,

Standing round the tables with demijohns  
of wine,

But when they saw us coming they made  
their hoops fly,

'Twas no place for women folks, run Yank  
or die. Chorus.

Old Abe's head is now a getting gray,

He asks Gen. Davis for a forty days stay:

He had to have noey, he wanted time to try

But Jeff would not grant to let him run Yank  
or die.

CHORUS.



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