

Conf Pam

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Song.
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SONG.

AIR—"HAPPY LAND OF CANAAN."

You Rebels come along and listen to my song,
The subject of the same is not worth naming—
It is about the man, who did adopt a plan,
To send you to the Happy Land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Oh, oh, oh! Ah, ah, ah!
Our day of recompense is coming,
If the Yankees go down South,
They will see the cannon's mouth,
That will send them to the Happy Land of Canaan.

Old Uncle Abe, he ordered a blockade,
He thought that his vessels would sustain him,
But the old Merrimac, she gave them such a crack,
That she sent them to the Happy Land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Oh, oh, oh, &c.

We had a little fun, at the battle of Bull Run,
Where the Yankees left the battle-field a sailing,
Where acres of them fell, for we gave them merry —
And sent them to the Happy Land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Oh, oh, oh, &c.

And next to prove our stuff, we met them at Ball's Bluff,
And gave old Abe's Hessians quite a taming.
Indeed it was a sin, for to see the Yankees swim,
As we sent them to the happy Land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Oh, oh, oh, &c.

The gallant "Old Stonewall," gave Gen. Banks a call—
Banks the Abolitionist—the same one.
Brave Jackson with his files drove him fully ninety miles,
And sent him to the Happy Land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Oh, oh, oh, &c.

The Young Napoleon, he led his forces on,
The Peninsula, the route he was claiming—
He marshalled them in pomp, in the Chickahominy Swamp,
Which sent them to the Happy Land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Oh, oh, oh, &c.

McClellan he did blow, that to Richmond he would go,
To take that doated city he was aiming—
But his forces they did fall, before the brave Stonewall.
Who sent them to the Happy Land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Oh, oh, oh, &c.

"Mac" thought he'd make a break, and try to raise a stake,
After nine months his forces were a training,
To give "old JEFF" a call, and "drive him to the wall,"
And land him in the Happy Land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Oh, oh, oh, &c.

But I'd have you all to see, that there was GEN. LEE,
Who knew the plan to operate agin' him,
And to perpetrate a prank, by turning his right flank,
Which sent him to the Happy Land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Oh, oh, oh, &c.

Old Abe must plainly see, we're determined to be free,
Liberty and Independence we are gaining,
The North no doubt is strong, but just let them come along.
And we'll send them to the Happy Land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Oh, oh, oh, &c.



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