

Civil War Songs
for the
2nd North Carolina Mounted Infantry

OLD DAN TUCKER

(marching version)

Come to town the other night
Heard a noise and saw a fight,
All the people were standin' around,
Sayin' Old Dan Tucker's come to town.

Chorus:

Get out the way, Old Dan Tucker,
Get out the way, Old Dan Tucker,
Get out the way, Old Dan Tucker,
You're too late to get your supper,

Old Dan Tucker's a fine old man,
Washed his face in fryin' pan.
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel,
And died with a toothache in his heel. (Chorus)

Old Dan Tucker come to town,
Ridin' a billygoat, leading' a hound.
Houndog barked and the billygoat jumped,
Threwed Old Dan right straddle of a stump. (Chorus)

Old Dan Tucker he got drunk,
Fell in the fire and kicked up a chunk.
Red-Hot coal got in his shoe,
Lord godamighty, how the ashes flew! (Chorus)

Old Dan Tucker come to town,
Swingin' the ladies 'round and 'round.
First to the right and then to the left,
And then to the one you love the best. (Chorus)

ARMY BEAN

There's a spot that the soldiers all love,
The cook tents the place that we mean,
And the dish we love best to find there,
Is the old fashioned white army bean.

Chorus:

'Tis the bean, that we mean,
And we eat as we nevr' ate before,
The army bean, nice and clean,
We will stick to our beans evermore.

Now the bean in its primitive state,
Is a plant we have all often met,
But when cooked in the old army style,
It has a charge we can never forget

Chorus:

Now the German is fond of sauerkraut,
And the potato is loved by the Mick
But the soldiers have long since found out,
That through life to our beans we must stick.

Last chorus:

'Tis the bean, that we mean,
And we eat as we nevr' ate before,
The army bean, nice and clean,
We will stick to our beans evermore.
The army bean, nice and clean,
We will stick to our beans evermore.

AURA LEA 1864

When the blackbird sings in spring, neah the willow tree,
Sat and rocked, I heard him sing, in praise of Aura Lea
Aura Lea, Aura Lea, maid of golden hair;
Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.

Aura Lea, Aura Lea, maid of golden hair;
Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.

Aura Lea! The bird may flee, the willow's golden hair
Swing through winter fitfully, upon the stormy air.
But if thy blue eyes I see, gloom will soon depart;
For to me, sweet Aura Lea is sunshine through the heart.

In thy blush the rose was born, music when you spake,
Through thine azure eyes the moon, sparkling seemed to break.
Aura Lea, Aura Lea, bird of crimson wing,
Never song have sung to me, as in that bright sweet spring.

Aura Lea, Aura Lea, maid of golden hair;
Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Chorus:

Glory, Glory Hallelujah, Glory, Glory Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory Hallelujah, His truth is marching on.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where grapes of wrath are stored;
he hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on. (Chorus)

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have built Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on. (Chorus)

He has founded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His Judgement Seat'
Oh! Be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on. (Chorus)

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on. (Chorus)

BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM, 1862

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
We will rally from the hillside,
We'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

The Union forever, Hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitors,
Up with the stars;
While we rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

We are springing to the call
Of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
And we'll fill our vacant ranks with
A million free men more,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

We will welcome to our numbers
The loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
And although they may be poor,
Not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

So we're springing to the call
From the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
And we'll hurl the rebel crew
From the land that we love best,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

UNION DIXIE

Away down south in the land of traitors, rattlesnakes, and alligators
Right away, come away, right away, come away
Where cotton's king and men are chattels, union boys will win the battles
Right away, come away, right away, come away

We'll all go down to Dixie, away, away
Each dixie boy must understand
That he must mind his Uncle Sam
Away, away, we'll all go down to dixie
Away, away, we'll all go down to dixie

I wish I was in Baltimore, I'd make secessions traitors roar
Right away, come away, right away, come away
We'll put the traitors all to rout, I'll bet my boots we'll whip 'em out
Right away, come away, right away, come away

Oh may our stars and stripes still wave forever o'er the free and brave
Right away, come away, right away, come away
And let our motto ever be, for union and for liberty
Right away, come away, right away, come away

HARD TIMES

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count our many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor.
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears,
Oh! Hard times, come again no more.

CHORUS:

**'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door.
Oh Hard times, come again no more.**

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door.
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say
Oh! hard times, come again no more.

CHORUS:

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er.
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day -
Oh! Hard times, come again no more.

CHORUS:

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave -
Oh! Hard times, come again no more.

CHORUS:

HARD TACK

Let us close our game of poker and take tin cups in hand,
As we all stand by the cook's tent door
As dried mummys of hard crackers, are handed to each man
Oh hard tack come again no more.

Chorus:

**It's the song the sigh of the hungry,
Oh hard tack, hard tack, come again no more.
Many days have you lingered upon our stomachs sore,
Oh hard tack come again no more.**

It's a hungry, thirsty soldier who wears his life away,
In torn clothes his better days are gone.
And he's sighing now for whiskey in a voice as dry as hay
Oh hard tack come again no more.

Chorus:

It's the wail that is heard in the camps both night and day
Tis the murmur that's mingled with each snore
It's the sighing of the soul for spring chickens far away,
Oh hard tack come again no more.

Chorus:

But to all these cries and murmurs there comes a sudden hush,
As frail forms are fainting by the door
For they feed us now on horse feed, that the cooks call mush,
Oh hard tack come again once more.

Last chorus

It's the dying wail of the starving,
Oh hard tack, hard tack, come again once more,
You were old and wormy, but we passed your failings o'er,
Oh hard tack come again once more.

BONEY WAS A WARRIOR

Boney was a warrior Away, a-yah!
A warrior and a terrier Jean Francois!

Boney fought the Russians Away, a-yah!
The Russians and the Prussians. Jean Francois!

Moscow was a-blazing Away, a-yah!
And Boney was a-raging. Jean Francois!

Boney went to Elba Away, a-yah!
Boney he came back again. Jean Francois!

Boney went to Waterloo Away, a-yah!
There he got his overthrow. Jean Francois!

Then they took him off again Away, a-yah!
Aboard the Billy Ruffian. Jean Francois!

He went to Saint Helena, Away, a-yah!
There he was a prisoner, Jean Francois!

Boney broke his heart and died Away, a-yah!
Away in Saint Helena Jean Francois!

GOOBER PEAS by P. Nutt

Sitting by the roadside on a summer day,
Chatting with my messmates passing time away,
Lying in the shadows underneath the trees,
Goodness how delicious, eating goober peas!

Peas! Peas! Peas! Peas! Eating goober peas!
Goodness how delicious, eating goober peas!

When a horseman passes, the soldiers have a rule,
To shouting out their loudest "Mister here's your mule,"
But another pleasure enchantinger than these,
Is wearing out your grinders, eating goober peas!

Just before the battle the General hears a row,
He says "the Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles now,
He turns around in wonder, and what do you think he sees
The Georgia Militia, eating goober peas!

Peas! Peas! Peas! Peas! Eating goober peas!
Goodness how delicious, eating goober peas!

Peas! Peas! Peas! Peas! Eating goober peas!
Goodness how delicious, eating goober peas!

I think my song has lasted almost long enough,
The subject's interesting, but the rhymes are mighty rough,
I wish this war was over when free from rags and fleas,
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts and gobble goober peas!

JOLLY TINKER

As I went down a shady lane, at a door I chanced to knock

"Have you any pots or kettles, with rusty holes to block?"

"Well indeed I have, don't you know I have

To me right fol-ooral-addy, well indeed I have"

The misses came out to the door and she asked me to come in

"You're welcome jolly tinker and I hope you brought your tin"

She took me through the kitchen and she led me through the hall

And the servants cried "The devil, has he come to block us all

She took me up the stairs, me lads, to show me what to do

Then she fell on the feather bed and I fell on it too

Well, indeed I did, don't you know I did...

She then took out a frying pan and she began to knock

For to let the servants know, me lads, that I was at my work

Well, Indeed I was, don't you know I was...

She put her hand into her pocket and she pulled out twenty pounds

"Take that my jolly tinker and we'll have another round"

"Well, indeed we will, don't you know we will..."

Well, I've been a jolly tinker for these forty years or more

But such a lovely job as that, I never did before

Well, indeed I didn't, don't you know I didn't...

ROLL THE OLD CHARIOT ALONG

Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind.

chorus: So we'll roll the old chariot along
An' we'll roll the golden chariot along.
So we'll roll the old chariot along
An' we'll all hang on behind!

Oh, a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm etc.
Oh, a nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm etc.
Oh, a roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm etc.
Oh, a long spell in gaol wouldn't do us any harm etc.
Oh, a nice watch below wouldn't do us any harm etc.
Oh, a night with the gals wouldn't do us any harm etc.

HOME BOYS HOME

Oh well, who wouldn't be a sailor lad a sailin' on the main,
To gain the good will of his captain's good name?
He came ashore one evening for to be,
And that was the beginning of my own true love and me.

Chorus:

**And it's home, boys home,
Home, I'd like to be home
For a while in me own country,
Where the oak and the ash and the bonny rowan tree
Are all agrowin' green in the old country.**

Well I asked her for a candle for to light me up to bed
And likewise for a handkerchief to tie around me head.
She tended to me needs like a young maid ought to do,
So then I says to her, 'Now won't you leap in with me too?'

Chorus

Well she jumped into bed, making no alarm,
Thinking a young sailor lad could do to her no harm.
Well I hugged her and I kissed her the whole night long,
Till she wished the short night had been nine years long.

Chorus

Well early next morning the sailor lad arose
And into Mary's apron threw a handful of gold
Saying, 'Take this me dear for the mischief that I've done
For tonight I fear I've left you with a daughter or a son'.

Chorus

'Well, if it be a girl child, send her out to nurse,
With gold in her pocket and with silver in her purse,
And if it be a boy child he'll wear the jacket blue
And go climbing up the rigging like his daddy used to do.'

Chorus

Oh come all of you fair maidens, a warning take by me,
And never let a sailor lad an inch above your knee,
For I trusted one and he beguiled me,
He left me with a pair of twins to dangle on me knee.

LINCOLN AND LIBERTY

(Jesse Hutchinson)

Hurrah for the choice of the nation,
Our chieftain so brave and so true,
We'll go for the great reformation,
For Lincoln and Liberty, too!

We'll go for the son of Kentucky
The hero of Hoosierdom through,
The pride of the "Suckers" so lucky,
For Lincoln and Liberty, too!

They'll find what by felling and mauling,
Our railmaker statesman can do;
For the people are everywhere calling
For Lincoln and Liberty too.

Then up with the banner so glorious,
The star-spangled red, white, and blue,
We'll fight till our banner's victorious,
For Lincoln and Liberty, too.

Our David's good sling is unerring,
The Slavocrat's giant he slew,
Then shout for the freedom preferring,
For Lincoln and Liberty, too.

We'll go for the son of Kentucky,
The hero of Hoosierdom through,
The pride of the "Suckers" so lucky,
For Lincoln and Liberty, too.

LORENA - J.P. Webster

The years grow slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again,
The sun's way down the sky, Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flow'rs have been.

But the heart beats on as warmly now,
As when our summer days were nigh;
Oh! The sun can never dip so low,
Adown affection's cloudless sky.

A hundred months have pass'd Lorena,
Since last I held that hand in mine,
And felt the pulse beat fast, Lorena,
Tho' mine beat faster far than thine.

A hundred months, 'twas flow'ry May,
When up the sunny slope we climbed,
To watch the dying of the evening,
And hear the distant church bells chimed.

We loved each other then Lorena,
More than we ever dared to tell;
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Had but our lovings prosper'd well
Alas those days are gone,
I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
I'll say to them, "lost years, sleep on!
Sleep on! Nor heed, life's pelting storm."

The years grow slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again.

MARCHING INLAND

Lord Nelson knew the perfect way to cure your 'mal-de-mer',
So if you pay attention, his secret I will share,
To any sea-sick sailor he'd give this advice for free:
"If you're feeling sea-sick, sit underneath a tree!"

Chorus:

***I'm marching inland from the shore,
over m' shoulder I'm carrying an oar,
When someone asks me: "What - is that funny thing you've got?"
Then I know I'll never go to sea no more, no more,
Then I know I'll never go to sea no more!***

Columbus he set-sail to find out if the world was round,
He kept on sailing to the West until he ran aground,
He thought he'd found The Indies but he'd found the U.S.A.,
I know some navigators who can still do that today.

Chorus:

Drake he's in his hammock and a thousand miles away,
Grenville's REVENGE is at the bottom of the bay,
Many's the famous sailor never came home from the sea,
Just take my advice, Jack, come and follow me.

Chorus:

Sailors take a warning from these men of high renown,
When you leave the ocean and it's time to settle down,
Never cast your anchor less than ninety miles from shore,
There'd always be temptation to be off to sea once more.

Chorus:

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Bring the good ol' Bugle boys! We'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it like we used to sing it fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia

Chorus

*Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the Jubilee.
Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that makes you free,
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.*

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound,
How the turkeys gobbled at our commissary found,
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus

Yes and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen in years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her train,
Sixty miles of latitude, three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus

Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the Jubilee.
Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that makes you free,
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia,
While we were marching through Georgia

MINSTREL BOY

Thomas Moore, 1779-1852

The minstrel boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he hath girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him;

"Land of Song!" cried the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy right shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's steel
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er sang again,
For he tore its chords asunder;

Chains said he shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and brav'ry!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free
They shall never sound in slavery!

The minstrel boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he hath girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him;

"Land of Song!" cried the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy right shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

SARA JANE

I've got a wife and five little children
I'm gonna take a trip on the big McMillan
With Sarah Jane (Sarah Jane)
Sarah Jane (Sarah Jane)
Ain't nothin' to do
But to set down and sing
And rock about my Sarah Jane

Whistle done blows and the fiddler squalls
Captain gone through hole-in-the-wall
Oh Sarah Jane (Sarah Jane)
Sarah Jane (Sarah Jane)
Ain't nothin' to do
But to set down and sing
And rock about my Sarah Jane

Yankee built boats to shoot them Rebels
My gun's steady gonna hold it level
Sarah Jane (Sarah Jane)
Sarah Jane (Sarah Jane)
Ain't nothin' to do
But to set down and sing
And rock about my Sarah Jane

I've got a wife and five little children
I'm gonna take a trip on the big McMillan
Sarah Jane (Sarah Jane)
Sarah Jane (Sarah Jane)
Ain't nothin' to do
But to set down and sing
And rock about my Sarah Jane