

YANKEE STAMPEDE.

AIR—"Root Hog or Die."

By J. S. PREVATT, COMPANY E, 6TH GA. REGIMENT.

Now listen to a story that I'm going to relate,
It happened near by Richmond in the Old Dominion State;
'Twas a stampede of the Yankees down the Chickahominy,
Big Yank, little Yank, root Yank or die.

CHORUS.

McClellan, Seward and Greeley with all their Yankee cunning,
Will never live to wipe us out, we're not the stock for running,
And I'll tell you the reason why,
Dixie will be Dixie, root hog or die.

To Richmond, on to Richmond 's been the Yankees' constant cry,
They said that they would have it by the middle of July—
But you see that their predictions all turned out to be a lie,
For Lee and Stonewall Jackson made them root hog or die.

CHORUS.

Lee and Stonewall Jackson together put their wits,
And very shortly after threw the Yankees into fits;
Lee pitched in the centre and Stonewall on the sly,
And down the river went the Yanks, root hog or die.

CHORUS.

Quite early in the morning, the thirty-first of May,
I guess you all remember that memorable day,
When Hill of Carolina thought the Yankees rather nigh,
He soon made them mark time, root hog or die.

CHORUS.

McClellan wrote to Lincoln not far from our lines,
That he fought the rebel devils at a place called Seven Pines.
He fixed it all up nicely, but wound up with a lie,
For every body knows we made him root hog or die.

CHORUS.

McClellan he was bothered in regard to our course,
He was also quite uneasy for fear we'd reinforce;
Oh, how little was he thinking that Lee's chicane-ry,
Would soon make him double quick root hog or die.

CHORUS.

From before the city the Yankees broke pell mell,
And flew down the river at two forty on a shell;
When they got the sight of rebels 'twould done you good to see them
fly,

It was quick, quick, double quick, root hog or die.

CHORUS.

Lower down the river Mack thought he'd make a stand,
But after some hard fighting found he couldnt stand his hand,
So onward went McClellan down the Chickahominy,
Crying to his hirelings, root hog or die.

CHORUS.

General Stonewall Jackson is a terror to the Yanks,
He regularly used up Fremont, Shields and also Banks.
Go it Stonewall Jackson and make the feathers fly,
Make Yankee doodle, doodle-dom, root hog or die.

CHORUS.

Now I'll tell you Uncle Samuel we'll have you understand,
To get back Cousin Sallie, you never, never can,
For she's opposed to Union, so Uncle Sam good bye,
Dixie will be Dixie, root hog or die.

CHORUS.

Bought on Sunday
The Remnant of
Bro. Eldon's
Sermons