

## "OUR HAPPY LAND OF CANAAN."

*A new Song for Confederate Soldiers and Patriots.*

BY LEANDER KER.

—:O:—

Oh! the Yankees in their pride,  
(Whom no one can abide),  
Came down to the South a prominading;  
They came to take our soil,  
With the fruits of all our toil,  
And to rob us of our happy land of Canaan;  
But oh! ho! ho!—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!  
They found it a bloody prominading,  
For they more than met their match,  
When the Southrons d'd them catch,  
And flogged them in the happy land of Canaan.

With all their pride and scorn,  
They are vile and base, low born;  
No honor do they have, or ever showing,  
But to lie, and cheat, and steal,  
They can do with fiendish zeal;  
Oh! shall *they* have our happy land of Canaan?  
Oh! no! no! no!—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!  
To them a day of trouble is a coming:  
We will never mind the weather; no,  
For let it rain or snow,  
We will fight for our happy land of Canaan.

They may roam round the land,  
And try on every hand  
To injure or destroy us as a nation;  
They may plunder, rob and burn,  
And cause our land to mourn,  
But they *shall* have our happy land of Canaan:  
Oh! no! no! no!—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!  
To them the day of Vengeance is a coming,  
We will never mind the weather—no,  
For let it rain, or snow,  
We will die for our happy land of Canaan.

With our Johnstons and McGruders,  
Of the Ship of State the rudders;  
And with Beauregard to drive them to perdition,  
With our Longstreets and our Lees,  
We can flog them at our ease,  
And will drive them from our happy land of Canaan.

And oh! ho! ho!—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!  
Look out, Yankees, Stonewall is a coming;  
Oh! won't he wind them up,  
And make each Lincoln *pup*  
Skedaddle from our happy land of Canaan.  
But tis time to end my song,  
Before it gets too long;  
One thing more I would add while I'm singing—  
To the Ladies I would say,  
Heaven bless you every day,  
For 'tis *you* make this happy land of Canaan;  
Then oh! ho! ho!—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!  
Cheer up, Girls, a good time is coming;  
Oh! won't we happy be,  
When from the Yankees free,  
And not a Yankee in our happy land of Canaan!

*Camp Winder, December 1862.*