

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Abraham's Daughter

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Oh! Kind folks listen to my song.
It is no idle story,
It's all about a volunteer
Who's goin' to fight for glory!
Now don't you think that I am right?
For I am nothing shorter,
And I belong to the fire Zou-Zous,
And don't you think I oughter,
I'm goin' down to Washington
To fight for Abraham's daughter.

Oh! Should you ask me who she am,
Columbia is her name, sir;
She is the child of Abraham,
Or Uncle Sam, the same, sir.
Now if I fight, why ain't I right?
And don't you think I oughter.
The volunteers are a-pouring in
From every loyal quarter,
And I'm goin' down to Washington
To fight for Abraham's daughter.

They say we have no officers,
But, ah! They are mistaken;
And soon you'll see the Rebels run,
With all the fuss they're makin';
For there is one who just sprung up,
He'll show the foe no quarter,
(McClellan is the man I mean)
You know he hadn't oughter,
For he's gone down to Washington
To fight for Abraham's daughter.

We'll have a spree with Johnny Bull,
Perhaps some day or other,
And won't he have his fingers full,
If not a deal of bother;
For Yankee boys are just the lads
Upon the land or water;
And won't we have a "bully" fight,
And don't you think we oughter,
If he is caught at any time

Insulting Abraham's daughter.

But let us lay all jokes aside,
It is a sorry question;
The man who would these states divide
Should hang for his suggestion.
One country and one flag, I say,
Whoe're the war may slaughter;
So I'm goin' as a fire Zou-Zou,
And don't you think I oughter,
I'm going down to Washington
To fight for Abraham's daughter.

Oh! The soldiers here both far and near,
They did get quite excited,
When from their brethren of the south,
To war they were invited.
But it was to be, it is to be,
It can't be nothing shorter,
Oh! And if they call upon this child,
I'ze bound to die a martyr.
For I belong to the fire Zou-Zous,
And don't you think I oughter?
I'm goin' down to Washington
To fight for Abraham's daughter.

I am tired of a city life,
And I will join the Zou-Zous;
I'm going to try and make a hit
Down among the southern foo-foos;
But if perchance I should get hit,
I'll show them I'm a tartar;
We are bound to save our Union yet,
'tis all that we are arter.

There is one thing more that I would state,
Before I close my ditty,
'tis all about the volunteers
That's left our good old city.
They have gone to fight for the Stars and Stripes --
Our Union now or never!
We will give three cheers for the volunteers,
And Washington forever.

Oh! Johnny Bull is gone to grass,
To fatten up his calves, oh!
He's talking of sending shilling-a-day
Soldiers to the South, oh!
But we licked them well, in 1812,

And we can whip them weller: oh, oh, oh!
Whilst we're here, if they interfere,
Won't we give them a warmer!
Oh! I'm a-going down to Washington,
To fight for Abraham's daughter.

How are you and all my friends?
I've just come from the wars, sirs!
For I've been at Bull Run, you know,
And fought for the Stars and Stripes, sirs,
It's true enough we were repulsed,
But the Rebels' loss was great, sirs;
And if you don't believe it's true;
Why read the Richmond papers!

BB

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