

Our Jimmy has gone for to live in a tent
[Grafted Into The Army]
Melody: Henry Clay Work, 1862

Our Jimmy has gone for to live in a tent,
They have grafted him into the Army,
He finally pucker'd up courage and went,
When they grafted him into the Army.
I told them the child was too young, alas!
At the captains forequarters, they said he would pass,
They'd train him up well in the Infantry class,
So they grafted him into the Army.

Chorus:

Oh, Jimmy, farewell!
Your brothers fell
Way down in Alabammy,
I though they would spare
A lone widder's heir,
But they grafted him into the Army.

2. Dressed up in his unicorn, dear little chap,
They have grafted him into the Army,
It seems but a day since he sot in my lap,
But they grafted him into the Army.
And these are the trousies he used to wear,
Them very same buttons, the patch and the tear,
But Uncle Sam gave him a bran' new pair
When they grafted him into the Army.

Chorus:

3. Now in my provisions I see him revealed,
They have grafted him into the Army;
A picket beside the contented field,
They have grafted him into the Army.
He looks kinder sickish -- begins to cry,
A big volunteer standing right in his eye!
Oh, what if the ducky should up and die,
Now they've grafted him into the Army.

Chorus: