

Sambo's Right to Be Kilt

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("Private" Miles O'Reilly and S. Lover)

Some tell me 'tis a burnin' shame
To make the naygers fight;
And that the trade of bein' kilt
Belongs but to the white,
But as for me, upon my soul!
So lib'ral are we here
I'll let Sambo be shot instead of myself
On ev'ry day in the year.

On ev'ry day of the year, boys,
And in ev'ry hour in the day;
The right to be kilt I'll divide wid him
And divil a word I'll say.

In battles wild commotion,
I shouldn't at all object,
If Sambo's body should stop a ball
That's comin' for me direct;
And the prod of a Southern bagnet*
So ginerous are we here,
I'll resign and let Sambo take it
On every day in the year.

On ev'ry day in the year, boys,
And wid none 'iv your nasty pride,
All my rights in a Southern bagnet prod,
Wid Sambo I'll divide.

* bayonet

The men who object to Sambo
Should take his place and fight;
And it's better to have a nayger's hue
Than a liver that's wake and white.
Though Sambo's black as the ace of spades,
His fingers a trigger can pull,
And his eye runs straight on the barrel sight,
From under the thatch of wool.

On ev'ry day in the year, boys,
Don't think that I'm tippin' you chaff,
The right to be kilt we'll divide with him, boys
And give him the largest half.

