

War Song

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Come all you jolly soldiers, I will sing to you a song,
I'll try to be brief, I'll not detain you long,
Concerning all my troubles and how they did advance
And how I got around them and what a narrow chance.

With a bottle of good whisky I put the guard to sleep;
Then down upon my knees so slyly I did creep,
And when I had gone around them and found I had got through
I set down upon a little rock and there put on my shoe.

The ferriage it was guarded and I had nary horse.
I cast my eyes around a little raft I spied;
I thought by good judgment I could get to the other side.
I jumped upon my little raft, so gently sailed across.

Not thanking them for ferriage nor eitherwise a horse
I struck out up old Lickin, I set my head for home,
To see my wife and children all that was my intent,
To see my wife and children that I had left at home.

When I come to find them I found them all asleep.
I told my wife I had been a prisoner and now on my retreat;
She gave to me my supper, a blanket in my hand,
Told me to leave this country and go to Dixie's land.

From Devil's Dittys, J. Thomas