

Old Hickory's Days - song lyrics

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OLD HICKORY'S DAYS.

Tune-" Our Grandfathers' Days."

By Eug. T. Johnston.

A song I'll now sing of the happy days gone by,
When peace and prosperity reigned in the land;
Then the North and the South were together united.
And ere dastard traitors had kindled the brand.
When old Andrew Jackson was head of our nation,
A soldier and statesman who made no delay,
But quickly put down the bold nullification,
And saved our dear land in old Hickory's days.

In old Hickory's days we'd no shoddy contractors
That swindled the nation they pretended to love;
Our merchants were honest, and their manufactures
We're free from all shoddy, as history will prove.
In old Hickory's days boys wore no false mustachios,
And girls of fourteen didn't have their own way;
The people were honest, and no bounty jumpers
Were ever heard of in old Hickory's days.

In old hickory's days we had no provost-marshals
Drawing a large salary and nothing to do;
Or good loyal men forged no proclamations.
Oh, no! we'd a man that would put them through.
In old Hickory's days mighty scarce were pawnbrokers.
For people lived within their means and their ways,
And our bar-rooms were not so infested with soakers,
For they, too, were scarce in old Hickory's days.

In old Hickory's days flunkeys and counter-jumpers
Didn't wear broadcloth and cut a big dash;
Oh, no! they were saving and laid by their money.
Well knowing their best friend in need was their cash.
Our ladies spent part of their time in the kitchen.
Could cook their own dinners and make their own stays.
Knit stockings, make shirts and other such fixin's;
And such were the gals in old Hickory's days.