

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Zack's Bayonet Boys

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Come, fill up your glasses, the night hurries on;
And I'll give you a song ere this bottle is gone;
And the chorus shall be, when the cork has been drawn,
Huzza for brave Zack, and his Bayonet Boys!

By the green Palo Alto we first' met the foe,
Where we taught him the trick of fight hard and lie low
And convinced him that there was more metal than show
In General Zack, and his Bayonet Boys.

The noon it was sultry---the balls flew so hot,
They made dodging a science in that busy spot;
And the copper they threw will not soon be forgot
By General Zack, and his Bayonet Boys.

Sublime to all gazers their show and their art;
But sublime and ridiculous aren't far apart;
Soon the joke grew so fat that we took it to heart
And they heard from brave Zack, and his Bayonet Boys.

A voice from our Ringgold, whose body lies low,
Where the prairie grass waves, and the wild flowers grow,
Was a prelude of death to full many a foe,
Who fell before Zack, and his Bayonet Boys.

Oh! long may the wild flower grow on the grave
Of the hero who falls 'midst the tug of the brave;
And long may remembrance his valor engrave
On the hearts of Old Zack, and his Bayonet Boys.

But pass round the bowl, and let Mexico sweat
O'er the rout and defeat she will not soon forget:
If she does there's more food for remembrance "to let"
By inquiring of Zack, and his Bayonet Boys.

Note: In "Army Ballads and Other Poems", pub. 1871, Arthur T. Lee says that this song was "written impromptu and sung at a collation given to the Louisiana Delegation at Matamoras, Mexico, appointed to present the thanks of Louisiana to General Taylor and his Army". Tune is not known; sings OK to "St. Patrick's Day"

RG

