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Babylon is Falling

Babylon is Falling
(Henry Clay Work)

Way up in the corn field, where you hear the thunder
That is our old forty pounder gun,
When the shells are missin' them, we load with pumpkins
All the same to make the cowards run.

cho: Look out thar now!
We's a-gwine to shoot!
Look out thar now!
Don't you understand?
Babylon is fallin', Babylon is fallin'
And we's a-gwine to occupy the land.

Old Massa was a colonel in the rebel army
Jest before he come to run away,
But his darlin' darkies didn't like his doin's
So they up an' tuck him prisoner t'other day.

FRom Ozark Folksongs, Randolph
Collected from Jy.F. Gould 1926, who heard it sung by Federal
troops in 1864.