

Barbara Fritchie - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

BARBARA FRITCHIE.

Up from te valleys green mit yellow corn
What stoodt up sraighdt in te early morn,
Vben te repels stretchedt dtheir draitor necks.
Do see vhat they soomtimes soon expects
Mit dot Frederick blace what sthand so sthill
Und quiedt do see vliat vas dtheir royal vill.
Roandt dot nice leedle town was pig apple drees,
Vhat schmell mighty sweett do te honey pees,
Und make dot blare von garten of te Lord
Do dot grazzy and hungry repel horde.
Vell so, on dot nice day vben all vas so fine,
Vhen Lee marched along his repel line

Ofer dot roadt vinding te mountain down
Mit foot und horseback indo Frederick town
Dere vas seen 40 Johnny pattleflags
Flapping in te vind like crimson rags,

Und shining in te sun of dot early morn-
But dthey vas all nix py te hour of noon.

Pefore dot, some repel soldiers hauled down
A Yankee flag from a roof of Frederick, town,

Und not anypody in all dot blace
Dare shook" his nose in te repels' face;

But Barbara Fritchie of Frederick town
Took up dot flag vat de repels hauled down,

Und stuck it fast do her vindow-sill.
Do show dem scamps dot she loved it sthill.
Py dot dime, up te streedt vas hearddt to trcadt
Of repels, mit Stonevall Shackson in te lead.

Stonevall be saw dot flag py dot vindow-sill,
Und stopped righdt oft und gave a repel yell.
"Halt!" he cried oudt mit voice loudt und clear;
"Halt! Doud't you see dot flag flapping dere?"

All vas sthill at vonce like mice. "Fire!" he said,
"At dot Yankee flag shust righdt on aheadt!"

Dot leedle flag vas shoot through und through
Py dot Stonevall Shackson's repel crew,

Und it fell from its broken stick do te floor;
But Barbara Fritchie held it oudt vouce more
In te vind righdt ofer dot vindow-sill
Und waved it so-dot way-mit all her vill.

"Dond't shoot your country's leedle flag," she said,
"But shoot, if you must, my gray oldt bead,
Vor it vas mime, and te flag vas your own!"
But Shackson he shust looked, und said, "March on;
Dot voomans vas doo tough do kill dot way;
March on! Let her die some oder day."

All dot day te tramp of marching repel feedt
Vas heardt along dot Frederick streedt,

Und all dot day dot leedle Yankee flag
Floutedt ofer every 40 repel rag.
Und always ofer Barbara Fritchie's gTav®
Dot flag of freedom vill always wave;

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Und ever she vill from stars look down
On te Stars und Stribes in Frederick town.