



WORDS TO THE SONGS SUNG BY
SOLDIERS IN THE FIELD

COMPILED BY
THE 2ND FLORIDA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY
COMPANY E "THE HAMMOCK GUARDS"

Dixie

Oh, I wish I was in the land of cotton, Old times there are not forgotten,
Look away, look away, look away Dixie Land.

In Dixie Land, where I was born in, early on one frosty mornin', Look
away, look away, look away Dixie Land.

I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray! In Dixie Land I'll take my stand to
live and die in Dixie. Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Ole Missus married "Will the weaver" Will he was a gay deceiver Look
away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land

And when he put his arm around her, He smiled fierce as a forty pounder,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land

I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray! In Dixie Land I'll take my stand to
live and die in Dixie. Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver But that did not seem to grieve
'er Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land

How could she act the foolish part And die for a man that broke her heart
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land

I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray! In Dixie Land I'll take my stand to
live and die in Dixie. Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Now here's to health and the next ole Missus An' all the gals that want to
kiss us; Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land

But if you want to drive 'way sorrow Come and hear this song tomorrow
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land

I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray! In Dixie Land I'll take my stand to
live and die in Dixie. Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

My old Kentucky Home

Oh, the sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home it's summer and people are gay. The corn tops ripe and the meadows are in bloom and the birds make music all the day.

So weep no more my lady, weep no more I say. I'll sing you a song of my old Kentucky home, my old Kentucky home far away.

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor, all merry, happy and bright. Bye and bye hard times com a knockin at my door, then my old Kentucky home good night.

So weep no more my lady, weep no more I say. I'll sing you a song of my old Kentucky home, my old Kentucky home far away.

I'll hunt no more for the possum and the coon, on the hills, the valleys, and shores. And I'll sing no more by the glimmer of the moon on the bench by the old cabin door.

So weep no more my lady, weep no more I say. I'll sing you a song of my old Kentucky home, my old Kentucky home far away.

A few more days for to tote the weary load, No matter, 'twill never be light, A few more miles will we totter down the road, With sorrow where all was delight.

So weep no more my lady, weep no more I say. I'll sing you a song of my old Kentucky home, my old Kentucky home far away.

Old Folks at Home

Way down upon the Suwannee River, Far, far away. That's where my heart is turning ever. That's where the old folks stay. All up and down the whole creation, Sadly I roam, Still longing for the old plantation, And for the old folks at home.

All the world is sad and dreary, Everywhere I roam, Oh! Lordy, how my heart grows weary, Far from the old folks at home.

All 'round the little farm I wandered When I was young, Then many happy days I squandered, Many a song I sung. When I was playing with my brother Happy was I. Oh! take me to my kind old mother, There let me live and die.

All the world is sad and dreary, Everywhere I roam, Oh! Lordy, how my heart grows weary, Far from the old folks at home.

One little hut among the bushes, One that I love, Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes, No matter where I rove. When will I see the bees a-humming' All around the comb? When will I hear the banjo strummin' Down in my good old home?

All the world is sad and dreary, Everywhere I roam, Oh, Lordy, how my heart grows weary, Far from the old folks at home.

Molly Malone

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

She was a fishmonger and sure it was no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they both wheeled their barrows through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

She died of a fever and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
Now her ghost wheels her barrow through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

Swing Low Sweet Chariot

Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home

I looked over Jordan, and I what did I see Coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home

If you get there before I do Coming for to carry me home
Tell all my friends I coming too Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home

I'm sometimes up, I'm sometimes down Coming for to carry me home
But still my soul feels heavenly bound Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home

All for me Grog

And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog
All for me beer and tobacco
Well I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin
Far across the western ocean I must wander

Where are me boots, me noggin, noggin boots
they're all gone for beer and tobacco
For the heels they are worn out and the toes are kicked about
And the soles are looking out for better weather

And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog
All for me beer and tobacco
Well I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin
Far across the western ocean I must wander

Where is me shirt me noggin, noggin shirt
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
For the collar is all worn and the sleeves they are all torn
And the tail is looking out for better weather

And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog
All for me beer and tobacco
Well I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin
Far across the western ocean I must wander

I'm sick in the head and I haven't gone to bed
Since I first came ashore with me plunder
Well I spent all me dough on the lassies don't you know
And now I'm looking out for better weather

And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog
All for me beer and tobacco
Well I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin
Far across the western ocean I must wander

Goober Peas

Sitting by the roadside on a summer's day
Chatting with my mess-mates, passing time away
Lying in the shadows underneath the trees
Goodness, how delicious, eating goober peas.

Peas, peas, peas, peas Eating goober peas
Goodness, how delicious, Eating goober peas.

When a horse-man passes, the soldiers have a rule
To cry out their loudest, "Mister, here's your mule!"
But there's another pleasure, enchanting-er than these
Is wearing out your grinders, eating goober peas.

Peas, peas, peas, peas Eating goober peas
Goodness, how delicious, Eating goober peas.

Just before the battle, the General hears a row
He says "The Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles now."
He looks around in wonder, and what d'ya think he sees?
The 2nd Florida Volunteers, eating goober peas.

Peas, peas, peas, peas Eating goober peas
Goodness, how delicious, Eating goober peas.

I think my song has lasted almost enough.
The subject is interesting, but the rhymes are mighty rough.
I wish the war was over, so free from rags and fleas
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts, and gobble goober peas.

Peas, peas, peas, peas Eating goober peas
Goodness, how delicious, Eating goober peas.

Bonnie Blue Flag

We are a band of brothers and native to the soil, Fighting for our Liberty with treasure, blood and toil: And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far, "Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star!"

Hurrah! Hurrah! For Southern rights hurrah! Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust, Like friends and like brothers both kind were we and just; But now, when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar, We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Hurrah! Hurrah! For Southern rights hurrah! Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

First gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand, Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand; Next quickly Mississippi, Georgia and Florida, All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Hurrah! Hurrah! For Southern rights hurrah! Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Ye men of valor, gather round the banner of the right, Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight; Davis, our loved president, and Stephens statesman are, Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Hurrah! Hurrah! For Southern rights hurrah! Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

And here's to old Virginia, the Old Dominion State, Who with the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate; Impelled by her example, now other states prepare, To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Hurrah! Hurrah! For Southern rights hurrah! Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise the joyous shout, For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out; And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given, The single star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be eleven.

Hurrah! Hurrah! For Southern rights hurrah! Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Then here's to our Confederacy, strong are we and brave, Like patriots of old we'll fight our heritage to save; And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer, So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Hurrah! Hurrah! For Southern rights hurrah! Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Aura Lee

As the blackbird in the spring 'neath the willow tree
sat and piped I heard him sing praising Aura Lee.

Aura Lee! Aura Lee! Maid of golden hair
sunshine came along with thee and swallows in the air.

Take my heart and take my ring I give my all to thee
take me for eternity dearest Aura Lee!

Aura Lee! Aura Lee! Maid of golden hair
sunshine came along with thee and swallows in the air.

In her blush the rose was born 'twas music when she spoke
in her eyes the light of morn sparkling seemed to break.

Aura Lee! Aura Lee! Maid of golden hair
sunshine came along with thee and swallows in the air.

Aura Lee the bird may flee the willow' golden hair
then the wintry winds may be blowing ev'rywhere.

Aura Lee! Aura Lee! Maid of golden hair
sunshine came along with thee and swallows in the air.

Yet if thy blue eyes I see gloom will soon depart
for to me sweet Aura Lee is sunshine to the heart.

Aura Lee! Aura Lee! Maid of golden hair
sunshine came along with thee and swallows in the air.

Danny Boy

O Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.
The summer's gone and all the roses falling;
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow.
Yes, I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow;
Oh Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so!

But when ye come, and all the flow'rs are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be.
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.

And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me;
And oh my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
For you will bend and tell me that you love me;
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer and the boys will shout
The ladies they will all turn out
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah, hurrah!
Their choicest pleasures then display,
Hurrah, hurrah!
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home

Whiskey In The Jar

As I was a goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier
Saying "Stand and deliver" for he were a bold deceiver

Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da
Wack fall the daddy-o, wack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy

Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da
Wack fall the daddy-o, wack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

I went up to my chamber, all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure 't was no wonder
But Jenny blew me charges and she filled them up with water
Then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da
Wack fall the daddy-o, wack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

't was early in the morning, just before I rose to travel
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise captain Farrell
I first produced me pistol for she stole away me rapier
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da
Wack fall the daddy-o, wack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

Now there's some take delight in the carriages a rolling
and others take delight in the hurling and the bowling
but I take delight in the juice of the barley
and courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da
Wack fall the daddy-o, wack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

If anyone can aid me 't is my brother in the army
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney
And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' through Killkenny
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my own a-sporting Jenny

Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da
Wack fall the daddy-o, wack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

Cumberland Gap

Lay down boys gonna take a little nap
Lay down boys gonna take a little nap
Lay down boys gonna take a little nap
14 miles to the Cumberland Gap

Cumberland Gap is a place of rocks
Home of the panther and the bear and the fox
First white man in the cumber land gap
Was Dr Walker an English Chap

Lay down boys gonna take a little nap
Lay down boys gonna take a little nap
Lay down boys gonna take a little nap
10 more miles to the Cumberland Gap

Daniel Boone on the pinnacle rock
He killed a bear with an old flintlock
Cumberland gap is a fearsome place
The shells go off right in your face

Lay down boys gonna take a little nap
Lay down boys gonna take a little nap
Lay down boys gonna take a little nap
8 more miles to the Cumberland Gap

In September of 62
Morgan's Yankee's all went through
Kirby smith and his rebel band
They run George Walker back to Yankee land

Lay down boys gonna take a little nap
Lay down boys gonna take a little nap
Lay down boys gonna take a little nap
4 more miles to the Cumberland Gap

They spiked their guns and let them drop

Over the hills from the mountain top
They burned the hay and the meal and the meat
And left us rebels with nothing to eat.

So come on boys no time to nap
Come on boys and lift your cap
Come on boys give a rebel yell
And send those Yankees straight to hell

So come on boys no time to nap
come on boys no time to nap
come on boys no time to nap
Cause we're gonna raise hell at the Cumberland Gap

The Yellow Rose of Texas

There's a yellow rose in Texas, that I am going to see,
No other soldier knows her, no soldier only me
She cried so when I left her it like to broke my heart,
And if I ever find her, we nevermore will part.

She's the sweetest rose of color this soldier ever knew,
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew;
You may talk about your Dearest May, and sing of Rosa Lee,
But the Yellow Rose of Texas beats the belle of Tennessee.

When the Rio Grande is flowing, the starry skies are bright,
She walks along the river in the quiet summer night:
She thinks if I remember, when we parted long ago,
I promised to come back again, and not to leave her so.

She's the sweetest rose of color this soldier ever knew,
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew;
You may talk about your Dearest May, and sing of Rosa Lee,
But the Yellow Rose of Texas beats the belle of Tennessee.

Oh now I'm going to find her, for my heart is full of woe,
And we'll sing the songs together [*sic*], that we sung so long ago
We'll play the banjo gaily, and we'll sing the songs of yore,
And the Yellow Rose of Texas shall be mine forevermore.

She's the sweetest rose of color this soldier ever knew,
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew;
You may talk about your Dearest May, and sing of Rosa Lee,
But the Yellow Rose of Texas beats the belle of Tennessee.

Now I'm going southward, for my heart is full of woe,
I'm going back to Georgia, to find my Uncle Joe.
You may talk about your Beauregard, and sing of General Lee,
But the gallant Hood of Texas played hell in Tennessee.
Yes the gallant Hood of Texas played hell in Tennessee.

Rose of Alabama

Away from Mississippi's vale, With my ol' hat there for a sail,
I crossed upon a cotton bale To Rose of Alabama.

Oh brown Rosie, Rose of Alabama!
A sweet tobacco posey Is my Rose of Alabama.

I landed on the far sand bank, I sat upon the hollow plank,
And there I made the banjo twank For Rose of Alabama.

Oh brown Rosie, Rose of Alabama!
A sweet tobacco posey Is my Rose of Alabama.

And then directly bye and bye, The moon rose white as Rosie's eye;
Then like a young coon out so sly Stole Rose of Alabama.

Oh brown Rosie, Rose of Alabama!
A sweet tobacco posey Is my Rose of Alabama.

I said "Sit down just where you please." Upon my lap she took her ease.
"It's good to go upon the knees," Said Rose of Alabama.

Oh brown Rosie, Rose of Alabama!
A sweet tobacco posey Is my Rose of Alabama.

The river rose; the cricket sang, The lightnin' bug did flash his wang;
Then like a rope my arms I flang, 'Round Rose of Alabama.

Oh brown Rosie, Rose of Alabama!
A sweet tobacco posey Is my Rose of Alabama.

We hugged how long I cannot tell. My Rosie seemed to like it well.
My banjo in the river fell. Oh, Rose of Alabama.

Oh brown Rosie, Rose of Alabama!
A sweet tobacco posey Is my Rose of Alabama.

Like alligator after prey, I dives in, but it floats away,
And all the while it seemed to say, "Oh, Rose of Alabamy."

Oh brown Rosie, Rose of Alabamy!
A sweet tobacco posey Is my Rose of Alabamy.

Now every night come rain or shower, I hunt that banjo for an hour;
And see my sweet tobacco flower, Oh, Rose of Alabamy.

Oh brown Rosie, Rose of Alabamy!
A sweet tobacco posey Is my Rose of Alabamy.

Oh fare thee well, you belles of Spain, And fare thee well to Liza Jane!
Your charms will all be put to shame, By Rose of Alabamy.

Oh brown Rosie, Rose of Alabamy!
A sweet tobacco posey Is my Rose of Alabamy.

Oh brown Rosie, Rose of Alabamy!
A sweet tobacco posey Is my Rose of Alabamy.

I'm A Good 'Ol Rebel

Oh, I'm a good old rebel
Now that's just what I am
And for this yankee nation
I do no give a damn.

I'm glad I fit (fought) against 'er
I only wish we'd won
I ain't asked any pardon
For anything I've done.

I hates the Yankee nation
And eveything they do
I hates the declaration
Of independence too.

I hates the glorious union
'Tis dripping with our blood
I hates the striped banner
And fought it all I could.

I rode with Robert E. Lee
For three years there about
Got wounded in four places
And I starved at Point Lookout.

I caught the rheumatism
Campin' in the snow
But I killed a chance of Yankees
And I'd like to kill some mo'.

Three hundred thousand Yankees
Is stiff in southern dust
We got three hundred thousand
Before they conquered us.

They died of southern fever

And southern steel and shot
I wish they was three million
Instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket
And fight 'em down no mo'
But I ain't a-goin' to love 'em
Now that is certain sure.

And I don't want no pardon
For what I was and am
I won't be reconstructed
And I do not give a damn.

Oh, I'm a good old rebel
Now that's just what I am
And for this Yankee nation
I do no give a damn.

I'm glad I fought against 'er
I only wish we'd won
I ain't asked any pardon
For anything I've done.

I ain't asked any pardon
For anything I've done...