

**GOOD OL' REBEL SOLDIER**

by **Major Innes Randolph, C.S.A.**

Oh, I'm a good old Rebel soldier, now that's just what I am;  
For this "Fair Land of Freedom" I do not give a damn!  
I'm glad I fit against it, I only wish we'd won,  
And I don't want no pardon for anything I done.

I hates the Constitution, this "Great Republic," too!  
I hates the Freedman's Bureau and uniforms of blue!  
I hates the nasty eagle with all its brags and fuss,  
And the lying, thieving Yankees, I hates 'em wuss and wuss!

I hates the Yankee nation and everything they do,  
I hates the Declaration of Independence, too!  
I hates the "Glorious Union" -- 'tis dripping with our blood,  
And I hates their striped banner, and I fit it all I could.

I followed old Marse Robert for four years, near about,  
Got wounded in three places, and starved at Point Lookout.  
I cotched the "roomatism" a'campin' in the snow,  
But I killed a chance o' 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,  
But I wish we'd got three million instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket and fight 'em now no more,  
But I ain't a'gonna love 'em, now that's for sartain sure!  
I do not want no pardon for what I was and am,  
And I won't be reconstructed, and I do not care a damn!

Oh, I'm a good old Rebel soldier, now that's just what I am;  
For this "Fair Land of Freedom" I do not give a damn!  
I'm glad I fit against it, I only wish we'd won,  
And I don't want no pardon for anything I done.