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The Brass-Mounted Army

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Oh, whiskey is the monster
That ruins great an' small,
But in old Kerby's army
Headquarters gets it all.

Oh, how do you like the army,
The brass-mounted army,
The high-fallutin' army,
Where eagle buttons rule?

They drink it when it's plenty,
Although they drink it hard,
But if a private touches it
They put him under guard.

Our army is more richer
Than when the war begun,
Furnishes three tables,
An' then they set but one.

The first is richly laden
Of chicken, goose, an' duck,
The next is pork an' mutton,
The third is pore old buck.

Our generals eat the poultry,
They git it very cheap;
Our colonels an' our captains
Devours the hogs an' sheep.

Our soldiers git so hungry
They're bound to press a pig;
The biggest stump in Dixie
They're sure to have to dig.

But when we are a-marchin',
The order number blank,
It makes the private soldier
Forever stay in rank .

On every big plantation

Or a nigger-holder's yard,
Just to save his property,
Our generals place a guard .

An' now my song is ended,
It's beautiful an' true;
The pore men an' the widders
Must have a line or two.

But there no guard is stationed,
Their fence is often burned;
Their property's molested,
As long ago we learned .

tune: variant on Wait for the Wagon
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