The Good Old Rebel

Tune: Joe Bowers

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C                                          G7     C
O I'm a good old rebel, now that's just what I am;
                                      Am
For this "fair land of freedom" I do not care a damn.
    C                         Am
I'm glad I fit against it, I only wish we'd won,
      C                          Am   G7     C
And I don't want any pardon for anything I done.
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I hates the Constitution, this great republic, too.
I hates the Freedmen's Bureau in uniforms of blue.
I hates the nasty eagle, with all his brag and fuss,
But the lyin', thievin' 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 the striped banner and I fit it all I could.

I followed Old Marse Robert for four year, near about,
Got wounded in three places, and starved at Point Lookout.
I cotch the rheumatism a-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 befo' they conquered us;
They died of Southern fever, and Southern steel and shot,
And I wish it was three million instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket and fight 'em now no mo';
But I ain't a-goin' to love 'em, now that is sartin sho;
And I don't want no pardon for what I was and am,
And I won't be reconstructed, and I do not give a damn.