

Fireside

"The Rough-as-a-cob March"

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(source: From "Big Book of Plays", page 62-63)

Choir: We're marching, marching to Shibboleth,

With the Eagle and the Sword!

We're praising Zion 'til her death,

Until we meet our last reward!

Men: Our Lord's reward!

Women: Zion! Oh happy Zion!

O'er wrapp'd, but not detained!

Men: Lion, f'rocious Lion!

His beard our mighty mane!

Women: At First and Main!

Men: Oh, we;ll go marching, marching to Omaha,

With the Buckram and the Cord!

Women: You'll hear us "boom" our State!

Men: Ha, ha! As we cross the final ford!

Women: The flaming Ford!

Choir: Zion! Oh mighty Zion!

Your bison now are dust!

As your cornflakes rise

"Gainst the rust-red skies,

Then our blood requires us must

Go ...

Men: Marching, marching to Shibboleth,

With the Eagle and the ...

Women: The Buckram and the Cord!

Men: Sword! Praising Zion 'til her death!

Women: Ha, ha!

Men: Until we eat our last reward!

Women: The flaming Ford!

Choir: Zion! Oh righteous Zion!

There is no one to blame!

For the homespun pies

'Neath the cracking skies

Shall release the fulsome rain!

Tenor: Shall release!

Men: Shall release!

Soprano: Shall release!

Women: Shall release!

Choir: Shall release the vinyl rein!

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