

## Johnny Hates Jazz

### "Battle Of New Orleans"

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The Battle of New Orleans  
(arr. J. Driftwood)  
Johnny Horton  
Pop Chart # 1 Apr. 27, 1959  
Album: 16 Biggest Hits  
Columbia Legacy Records CK 69971

(banjo intro)

In 1814 we took a little trip  
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississip  
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans  
And we caught the bloody British in a town in New  
Orleans

We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'  
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago  
We fired once more and they begin to runnin'  
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico  
(One-two-three, with a-one-two-three)

We looked down a river  
(Hut-two)  
And we see'd the British come  
(Three-four)  
And there must have been a hundred of'em  
(Hut-two)  
Beatin' on the drums  
(Three-four)  
They stepped so high  
(Hut-two)  
And they made their bugles ring  
(Three-four)  
We stood by our cotton bales  
(Hut-two)  
And didn't say a thing  
(Two-three-four)

We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'  
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago  
We fired once more and they begin to runnin'

On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise

(One-hut, two-three-four)

If we didn't fire our muskets

(One-hut, two-three-four)

'Till we looked 'em in the eye

(One-hut, two-three-four)

We held our fire

(Hut, two-three-four)

'Till we see'd their faces well

Then we opened up our squirrel guns

And really gave 'em - well we

Fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'

There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago

We fired once more and they begin to runnin'

On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Yeah, they ran through the briars

(One-hup-two)

And they ran through the brambles

(Hup-two-three-four)

And they ran through the bushes

(Hup-two)

Where the rabbit couldn't go

(Hup-two-three-four)

They ran so fast

(Hup-two)

That the hounds couldn't catch 'em

(One-two-three-four)

On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

(One-two, hup-two-three-four)

We fired our cannon 'til the barrel melted down

So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another  
round

We filled his head with cannon balls, and powdered his  
behind

And when we touched the powder off the gator lost his  
mind

We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'

There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago

We fired once more and they begin to runnin'

On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Yeah, they ran through the briars

(Hup-one-two)

And they ran through the brambles

(One-two-three-four)

And they ran through the bushes  
(Hup-two)  
Where the rabbit couldn't go  
(Hup-two-three-four)  
They ran so fast  
(Hup-two)  
That the hounds couldn't catch 'em  
(One-two-three-four)  
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico  
(One-two, hup-two-three-four)

Hut-two-three-four  
Sound off, three-four  
Hut-two-three-four  
Sound off, three-four  
Hut-two-three-four  
Hut-two-three-four.

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