

## Laura Veirs

### "Soldier's Joy"

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Continental soldiers on a bivouac  
Were playin' stud poker in a mountain shack  
Every vigilante laid down his hand  
When the captain of the guard gave his sharp  
command

So Jimmy get your fiddle out and rosin up your bow  
Sally tune your banjo up we're gonna have a show  
Billy pass the jug around to Corporal McCoy  
We're gonna have a tune called soldier's joy

The girls in Boston are dancing tonight  
The gosh darn red-coats are holding 'em tight  
When we get there we'll show them how  
But that ain't doing us no good now

So Jimmy get your fiddle out and rosin up your bow  
Sally tune your banjo up we're gonna have a show  
Billy pass the jug around to Corporal McCoy  
We're gonna have a tune called soldier's joy

There goes general Washington  
He's got his horse in a sweeping run  
The bare-foot boys are beggin' to fight  
We're gonna cross the Delaware river tonight

So Jimmy get your fiddle out and rosin up your bow  
Sally tune your banjo up we're gonna have a show  
Billy pass the jug around to Corporal McCoy  
We're gonna have a tune called soldier's joy

Old Burgoyne in the wilderness  
Got his army in an awful mess  
Farmers got mad at the British and the Huns  
They captured ten thousand of the son-of-a-guns

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General Washington and Rose Shambeaux  
Drinking their wine in the campfire's glow  
Big Ben Morgan came galloping in  
Said we got Cornwallace in the old crow pen

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We're gonna have a tune called soldier's joy

Wake up buddy have you heard the news  
Grandma Britain's got an awful bruise  
Redcoats cried and cursed your town  
While the band's played The World's Turned Upside  
Down

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