

## Cracker "I'm a Good Old Rebel"

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I'm a Good Old Rebel

Oh, I'm a good old Rebel  
Now that's just what I am.  
For this Yankee nation  
I do not give a damn.  
I'm glad I fought agin her,  
I only wish we'd won.  
I ain't asked any pardon  
For anything I've done.

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 --  
I hates their striped banner,  
And I fit it all I could.

I rode with Robert E. Lee,  
For three years, thereabouts.  
Got wounded in four places  
And starved at Point Lookout.  
I caughts the rheumatism  
A-camping in the snow.  
But I killed a chance of Yankees  
And I'd like to kill some mo'.

Three hundred thousand Yankees  
Lie still in Southern dust  
We got three hundred thousand  
Before they conquered us.

They died of Southern fever  
And Southern steel and shot.  
I wish we'd killed three million  
Instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket  
And fight 'em now no more,  
But I ain't going to love 'em,  
Now that is sarten sure;  
I don't want no pardon  
For what I was and am,  
I won't be reconstructed  
And I do not give a damn.

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