

## Unknown

### "Down In Charleston Jail"

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Down in Charleston Jail  
(Sergeant Johnson)  
When I enlisted in the army,  
Then I thought 't was grand,  
Marching through the streets of Boston  
Behind a regimental band.  
When at Wagner I was captured,  
Then my courage failed;  
Now I'm dirty, hungry, naked,  
Here in Charleston jail.

cho: Weeping, sad and lonely,  
Oh, how bad I feel!  
Down in Charleston, South Carolina,  
Praying for a good square meal.

If Jeff Davis will release me,  
Oh, how glad I'll be!  
When I get to Morris Island,  
Then I shall be free.  
Then I'll tell those conscript soldiers  
How they use us here :  
Giving us an old corn-dodger,  
They call it prisoners' fare.

cho:

We are longing, watching, praying,  
But will not repine,  
Till Jeff Davis does release us,  
And send us in our lines.  
Then with words of kind affection  
How they'll greet us there !  
Wondering how we could live so long  
Upon the dodger fare.

final chorus:

Then we will laugh, long and loudly.  
Oh, how glad we'll feel  
When we arrive on Morris Island

And eat a good square meal!

Note: Composed by Sergeant Johnson of the 54  
Massachussetts  
(colored) Infantry while prisoners in a Charleston  
military  
prison. Parody of When this Cruel War is Over.  
@war @America @Civil @prisoner @food @bitching  
@army  
filename[WHENOVR2  
play.exe WHENOVER  
RG  
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