

Bobby Horton

"We'll Fight For Uncle Abe"

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Way down in old Varginni,
I suppose you all do know,
They have tried to bust the Union
But they find it is no go,
The yankee boys are starting out
De Union for to sabe,
And we're going down to Washington,
To fight for Uncle Abe.

Chorus:

Rip, Rap, Flip, Flap
Strap your knapsacks on your back
For we're a gwine to Washington
To fight for Uncle Abe.
Rip, Rap, Flip, Flap
Strap your knapsacks on your back
For we're a gwine to Washington
To fight for Uncle Abe.

There is General Grant at Vicksburg,
Just see what he has done,
He has taken sixty cannon
And made the Rebels run,
And next he will take Richmond

I'll bet you half a dollar
And if he catches Gen'ral Johnson
Oh wont he make him holler.

The season now is coming,
When the roads begin to dry,
Soon the army of the Potomac
Will make the rebels fly,
For General McClellan he's the man
The Union for to sabe,
O! Hail Columbia's right side up,
And so's your Uncle Abe.

Chorus

You may talk of Southern Chivalry
And cotton being king,

But I guess before the war is done
You'll think another thing,
They say that recognition
Will the rebel country save,
But Johnny Bull and Mister France
Are 'fraid of Uncle Abe.

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