

Flying saucers

"The ballad of Johnny Reb"

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This is a tale about ol' Johnny Reb
He said he'd fill blue coats full of southern lead
His mockery uniform, his musket by his side
He marched into battle, while his ma sat and cried

One day Johnny sat by a creek
Upon him a yankee boy did creep
With a big loud shot, a bullet hit his knee
Said give me a medal from Robert E. Lee
Johnny Reb, Johnny Reb
Should be on the farm, his folks all said
Down in the green woods of ol' Tennessee
How happy ol' Johnny Reb could be

Now the battle's over, Johnny got sick
Couldn't find a doctor to get to him real quick
They buried him 'neath a mighty firm tree
Just like the ones in the woods of Tennessee
Johnny Reb, Johnny Reb
Should be on the farm, his folks all said
Down in the green woods of ol' Tennessee
How happy ol' Johnny Reb would be

That was the tale 'bout ol' Johnny Reb
Said he'd fill blue coats full of southern lead
In his mockery uniform, Johnny went and died
'Neath that mighty firm tree his ma sat and cried
Johnny Reb, Johnny Reb
Should be on the farm, his folks all said
Down in the green woods of ol' Tennessee
How happy ol' Johnny Reb could be
How happy ol' Johnny Reb could be
How happy ol' Johnny Reb could be

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