

# Battle Of New Orleans

Claude King

In eighteen-fourteen we took a little trip  
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississippi'  
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans  
And we caught the bloody British in the town of New Orleans  
We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'  
Wasn't night as many as there was a while ago  
We fired once more and they began to runnin'  
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

We looked down the river and we seen the British come  
And there must've been a hubdred of 'em beatin' on the drum  
They stepped so high and they began to sing  
We stood beside the cotton bails and didn't say a thing  
We fired our gun...

Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise  
If we didn't fire a musket till we looked 'em in the eyes  
We held our fire till we seen their faces well

Then we opened up our aquirrel guns and really gave 'em hell  
We fired our guns...

Yeah they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles  
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go  
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em  
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down  
Then we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round  
We filled his head with cannonballs and powdered his behind  
And when we took the powder off the 'gator lost his mind  
We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'...  
Yeah they ran through the briars...