

I'm A Good Old Rebel

Cracker

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.