

# Alan O'Bryant, O, I'm A Good Old Rebel

O, I'm a good old Rebel,  
Now that's just what I am,  
For this "Fair Land of Freedom"  
I do not care at all;

I'm glad I fit against it --  
I only wish we'd won,  
And I don't want no pardon  
For anything I done.

I hates the Constitution,  
This Great Republic too,  
I hates the Freedman's Buro,  
In uniforms of blue;

I hates the nasty eagle,  
With all his brags and fuss,  
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,  
I fit it all I could.

I followed old mass' Robert  
For four year, near about,  
Got wounded in three places  
And starved at Pint Lookout;

I cotch the rheumatism  
A campin' in the snow,  
But I killed a chance of Yankees,  
I'd like to kill some mo'.

Three hundred thousand Yankees  
Is stiff in Southern dust;  
We got three hundred thousand  
Before they conquered us;

They died of Southern fever  
And Southern steel and shot,  
I wish they was 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;

And I don't want no pardon  
For what I was and am,  
I won't be reconstructed  
And I don't care a damn.