

## **I'm A Good Old Rebel**

**Oh, I'm a good old Rebel  
Now that's just what I am  
For this fair land of freedom  
I do not care a damn.  
I'm glad I fit against it  
I only wish we'd won.  
And I don't want no pardon  
For anything I've done.**

**I hates the Constitution  
This great Republic too  
I hates the Freedmen's Buro  
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.**

**Three hundred thousand Yankees  
Lies 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 they was three million  
Instead of what we got.**

**I can't take up my musket  
And fight' em now no mo'  
But I ain't a-goin' to love' em  
Now that is sartin sho'  
And I don't want no pardon  
For what I was and am  
And I won't be reconstructed  
And I do not give a damn.**