

For a boom he called for them old rebel flags—
That was a very silly plan;
He wanted them worthless traitorous rags—
He's a devil of a cheeky old man.
If they want them flags, just let them come,
As we went for them in sixty-one,
And then they'll get a regular boom—
O, keep in the middle of the road.

Cho.—Old soldiers, etc.

Now to the white house he wants to go—
That is another silly plan;
But the boys will veto that little boom—
And then they'll veto the man.
If ever the Democrats get a boom—
From soldier boys it will not come—
They kick'd up a row in sixty-one—
O, keep in the middle of the road.

Cho.—Old soldiers, etc.

I've heard of many wicked things—
Keep in the middle of the road.
But the worst of all is his secesh sin—
Keep in the middle of the road.
When copperheads lay down to die,
And see this Grand Army in the sky,
They'll have nothing to do but roast and fry—
So keep in the middle of the road.

Cho.—Old soldiers, etc.

Happy Land of Canaan.

Key of E.

If I was a hundred and ninety-nine I might tell you of the time
When our country was invaded by Great Britain, ha, ha!
How our noble, free-born sons with brave General Washington,
Made 'em git from this happy land of Canaan.

Chorus.—

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Oh, the day of our Liberty was comin';
For they never mind the weather, but got over all such trouble,
And they drove them from this happy land of Canaan

But we have come to rhyme about another time—
Our country was threatened with secession, uh, uh!
Old Jeff Davis and his clan swore they'd take Washing-tan,
And they'd bust up this happy land of Canaan.

Cho.—Uh, hu, hu, hu, hu, etc., day of trouble, etc.

Then for many, many days we hunted rebel grays
In sunshine and in days when it was raining, ha, ha!
How them Johnnies fled with skeer, when big Yankees did appear
They skedaddled from this happy land of Canaan.

Cho.—Uh, hu, hu, etc.

One big Dutch compagnee, who was fighting for the free,
When in battle ev'ry nerve they was straining, ha, ha!
If you ax 'em to run away, they just tell you nix-fur-stay—
They're an honor to this happy land of Canaan.

Cho.—Uh, hu, hu, etc.

Now before my song is done, I will tell you, every one.
Our cause it was well worth sustaining, ha, ha!
For if the rebs had gained the day, we'd have no place to stay
In this grand and glorious happy land of Canaan.

Cho.—Ha, ha, etc.

Now lift high the grand old flag, down with the secesh rag;
Let the eagle go a screaming through the Nation, ha, ha!
God bless the whole capoodle, Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle—
Ain't you glad you saved this happy land of Canaan.

Cho.—Ha, ha, etc.

Dear Old Mother.

Key of E.

I've a tender recollection that I'll cherish all my life,
And time but makes it dearer day by day;
It's the memory of a mother who in days a long ago,
Drove all my troubled childish thoughts away.
I remember in the evening, when the fire was burning bright,
She would call me to her side and say to me,
"Be brave, my boy, and truthful; and never be ashamed
Of the lessons that you learned on mother's knee."