

THE TWO PICKETS

ask me, sir, to act with men whose love for truth has sour-ed,

yeou're one of the Sothern blood that's talking 'bout se-ces-sion, Yeou
tho' for you I must con-fess, I have a hear-ty loathing. I
neow, I don't know no such thing, jest cut down them ere figures, Yeou're
yes yeou all for vit-tles wait, and so yeou've lots of waiters, But

hate the sneak who cries for peace be-cause he is a cow-ard! Y. Like a

look just like the fag end of a fu-ne-ral pro-ces-sion. S. O you
wish we had more of your guns, and more of Yankee clothing. Y. Won't you
figh-tin' that yeou're ris-to-crats may mul-ti-ply their nig-gers! S. Well its
why should yeou be proud o' that, for where's yeour bread and ta-ters! S. O my

joke of Un-cle Abe's S. We will treat 'em all as babes, Y. And we'll

weazen hatch-et face, How I hate the Yankee race! Y. Yes you'd
please to state to me, Heow's your su-gar in your tea! Y. Dont yeou
worth my weight in gold, To be standing here in cold- Y. While yeou're
gnaw-ing ap-pe-tite, Proves to me that you are right Y. Then