

Bon - net Gown and Hoop have sure - ly taught you, Jeff. How re -  
 fur - ther from it... now than e - ven then, friend Jeff. And your  
 Yan - kees "re - con - noi - ter" like the mis - chief, Jeff. And ap -  
 sol - diers are de - sert - ing, and it seems, dear Jeff. That we'd

dic - u - lous you look in all our eyes. But the  
 face it is n't look - ing towrds the door. You re -  
 pro - pri - ate our cat - tle and our corn, They have  
 bet - ter pack our bag - gage, and "se - cede." For our

soul of fa - mous Old John Brown has not stop'd marching, Jeff. And the  
 mem - ber what I told you down in Geor - gia, don't you Jeff. When you  
 ta - ken half our nig - gers, and are bound to free the rest, And I  
 pa - per is pro - test - ed, and our cred - it "gone to smash." And I