

# **BATTLE BALLADS**

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Battle Ballads by Fred Emerson Brooks

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**FRED EMERSON BROOKS**

# **BATTLE BALLADS**



BATTLE  
BALLADS .



BY

Fred Emerson Brooks.

SAN FRANCISCO:  
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.  
1886.

LIEBOWITZ'S FARM  
*novel*

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PAT'S CONFEDERATE PIG.

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When the war broke out Pat was first to enlist;  
He'd fight wid shillaly or fight wid his fist.

Now Patrick was fresh from the ould, ould sod,  
And carried a gun as he'd carry a hod.

He'd soon learn to shoot it, he said, without doubt,  
If they'd put in the load while he'd watch it come out;

But when he had shot it he said he had ruther  
Be pricked wid the one end than kicked wid the other.

His rations of whiskey he'd drink at one swig;  
And never mark time but he'd end with a jig.

They went to the front: Pat thought it was hard,  
The very first night to be put upon guard,

Yet he paced back and forth, out in the night air,  
Rehearsing his "halt" and his "Who goes there."

"I'm to shoot at the Rebs, and aim at the heart—  
But how is a stranger to tell 'em apart?"



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"I'll know Mr. Rebel, the officers say,  
By the clothes he has on, supposed to be gray.

Is a gentleman judged by the cut of his clothes,  
As a toper is told by the tint of his nose?

"But how can I tell if he come in the dark?  
Must I judge of the tree by feelin' the the bark?

I'll be sure of his wardrobe, bedad, ere I shoot!  
To be the *right* man he must wear the *wrong* suit!

I think I'll surround, him the first thing I say,  
Then axe him this question: Your coat, is it gray?

But I swear by the whiskey that's in my canteen  
I'll not trouble him if he's wearing the *green*."

'Tis late in the night—all the camp is asleep—  
When Pat hears a noise that makes his flesh creep!

Something crawls through the brush! Pat holloes out "halt!"  
And "Who goes there? If you're deaf, it's your fault!"

All he hears is r-r-ruff! r-r-ruff! That sounds like a grunt—  
"He's a rough sure," said Pat, "for his language is blunt—

March here and surrender me, Reb, or you die!  
Come! out wid yer business! I'll bet you're a spy!"

U-g-h-w-e-e! U-g-h-w-e-e! "Holy murther! What language  
is that?

"Tis some foreign tongue, I'll be blowed!" muttered Pat.

"An officer sure—but betwixt you and me,  
Is the whole army wid ye?" *U-g-h-w-e-e! U-g-h-w-e-e!*  
*U-g-h-w-e-e! U-g-h-w-e-e!*

"We! we!" muttered Pat; "surely that's French for yet  
I'll capture an army! Hold, aisy—I guess

I'd better have help—so I'll call up the crowd,—  
The Rebels are on us!" he cries out aloud.

"The Rebels are on us!" Out rush the whole corps,  
Surrounding the wood, which they quickly search o'er,

Then sweep through the brush at a double-quick jog;  
But all they can find is a dirty white hog.

They cursed till they laughed and laughed till they cried.  
For rousing the army, next day Pat was tried.

"Court-martialed?" said Pat—"My offense is not big,  
Why not try the army for *rousin'* the pig?"

But since I've no lawyer to fix up my case  
Wid fiction—I'll give ye the truth in its place.

He came in the night, wid a lie in his mouth,  
Just like a Confederate, straight from the South.

I axed him this question, for I couldn't see—  
Are you, sir, a spy? Then he answered: *Well well!*

As I am a soldier, I'll ne'er dance a jig—  
But he was a Rebel disguised as a pig.

I've brought into court, to confirm what I say,  
These bristles, that prove he was wearin' the "gray."

'Twas all that was left me, I'm sad to relate—  
The rest of the pig, sirs, you officers ate.

To speak out me moind, sure I'll die but it's true,  
There's many a *pig* here that's wearin' the *blue!*?"