



JEFF DAVIS,

IS GETTING TIRED OF THE WAR.

AIR—"Maryland, My Maryland."

Our flag as ever floats on high,
In Maryland, my Maryland,
We swear by it, to live or die,
In Maryland, my Maryland,
Secession scum have left our land,
They found no comfort close at hand,
Disgusted with our Maryland,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Longstreet, Jackson, Hill and Lee,
In Maryland, my Maryland,
Crossed the Potomac, pleased to see,
Maryland, my Maryland,
But how chagrined and angry they,
In vain they looked from day to day,
Expecting thy sons would say,
Come aid us in our Maryland.

Their aid and comfort we eschew,
In Maryland, my Maryland,
They are a foul and lecherous crew,
That crossed into our Maryland,
Bradley Johnson made the promise bold,
That Marylanders many fold,
Like sheep—could be bought and sold,
In Maryland, my Maryland.

The traitors Lowe and Johnson, double-
dyed,
From Maryland, my Maryland,
Our little state their schemes defied,
To barter on our Maryland,
We have anchored in the Union cause,
The Constitution and the laws,
And now defy their treacherous claws,
In Maryland, my Maryland.

Our youthful Mac had glorious fun,
In Maryland, my Maryland,
He has the rebels in full run,
From Maryland, my Maryland,
Such skedaddling they did make,
As made the earth around them shake,
The back track they did quickly take,
From Maryland, my Maryland,