JOHNNY, Fill up the Bowl!



TUNE.—When Johnny Comes Marching Home.

Jeff. Davis is a stupid fool, Hurrah! Hurrah!

He thinks he can the Union rule,

Hurrah! Hurrah!

He never went a day to school,

And is as stubborn as a mule,

We'll all drink stone blind—

Johnny, fill up the bowl!

King Cotton is Jeff's darling pet, Hurrah! Hurrah!

It will deceive him, mark me, yet, Hurrah! Hurrah!

Then he'll rave and fume and fret,
Was there an ass like him e'er met,
We'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl!

John Bull and Johnny Frenchman still, Hurrah! Hurrah!

Jeff. dreams they will his coffers fill, Hurrah! Hurrah! He'll soon find out to his disgrace, And wish himself out of the place, We'll all drink stone blind— Johnny, fill up the bowl!

His blockade runners are all gone, Hurrah! Hurrah! His Cabinet are pale and wan, Hurrah! Hurrah!

Our Union still is pushing on, To hang the traitors one by one, We'll all drink stone blind— Johnny, fill up the bowl!

You'd better then give up at once, Hurrah! Hurrah!

And play no more the rebel dunce, Hurrah! Hurrah!

Then we'll extend a brother's hand, And form again a happy land, We'll all drink stone blind— Johnny, fill up the bowl!

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