

WANAMAKER'S SECESSION SONG.

AIR:—*Wait for the Wagon.*

Jeff. Davis built a wagon, and on it put his name,
And Beauregard was the driver of Secession's ugly
frame;
The horse he would get hungry, as most of horses do.
They had to keep the collar tight to keep from pull-
ing through.

CHORUS.—Bully for the wagon,
The new Secession wagon;
Oh! Beaury hold the nag in,
While you all take a ride.

The axles wanted greasing—the body wasn't wide,
North Carolina jumped into it, Mississippi by her side;
Virginia took a cushioned seat, and Louisiana next,
South Carolina got to "scrouging," and Florida got
vexed.

They asked Kentucky to take a ride, she said "the
horse was blind."
She shook her head at seeing Tennessee jump on be-
hind;
But Jeff. assured her "all was right," the wagon it
was new,
Missouri winked at Beauregard, and said "It wouldn't
do."

Old Scott brought out his wagon—one that had run
for years;
They caught Old Union, hitched him up, and greas-
ed the running gears.
Said Scott, "McClellan, you're the boy I want to fill
my place,
So take the reins, and get the folks, and give Secesh
a race."

New York and Pennsylvania, with a host of Yankee
boys,
Got up into the wagon, and they called for Illinois;
And old Ohio, she jumped in, Missouri tried her luck,
And Indiana threw her arms around good old Ken-
tuck.

Old Union threw his head back—he traveled rather
slow,
Until they reached Manassas, they halloosed "let him
go!"

Their cheers for Union made him put new mettle in
his heel.
He run into "Secession"—tore the spokes out of a
wheel.

They took the broken wagon back, and put in all
new spokes,
Secesh went out towards Kentuck, to tell it to the
folks,
Old Union started after, and he made the welkin
ring,
When he run into Secession at a little place—"Mill
Spring."

Secesh got scared and run away—the like was never
seen,
Old Union threw his head back and sailed through
Bowling Green;
Secesh ran to the Cumberland, and couldn't get
across,
He broke the reins that guided him, and trusted to
the boss.

Old Union got his "dauder up," and passed him "un-
der way,"
He run into Fort Donelson, but didn't go to stay.
Tennessee fell out the wagon, and the balance of
them cried,
And asked McClellan as he passed, "Say, Mister,
let us ride."

They went from there to Nashville, and there they'll
change the scenes,
They'll grease the axles, turn Old Union's head to-
ward New Orleans;
They'll stop at Memphis, feed the boss, and then
they'll let him go,
To drag Secesh's rotten frame to the Gulf of Mexico.

Now Buckner he's gone up the spout, and Floyd has
seen the sights,
And all the boys that went away with Buckner for
their "rights."

Ah! boys, you've seen the elephant—I hope it wont
be long,
Till you'll be singing out with joy, "The Union,
right or wrong."

SAMUEL R. WANAMAKER,
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