



WE'LL FIGHT FOR UNCLE SAM.

Air : Whiskey in the jar.

I am a modern hairo : my name is Paddy Kearney ;
Not long ago, I landed from the bogs of sweet Killarney ;
I used to cry out : SOAP FAT ! bekase that was my trade, sir,
Till I 'listed for a Soger-boy wid Corcoran's brigade, sir.

Chorus : For to fight for Uncle Sam ;
He'll lade us on to glory, O !
He'll lade us on to glory, O !
To save the Stripes and Stars.

Ora, once in regimentals, my mind it did bewlilder,
I bid good-bye to Biddy dear, and all the darling childher ;
Whoo ! says I, the Irish Volunteers the devil a one afraid is,
Bekase we've got the soger bould, McClellan, for to lade us.

Chorus : For to fight for Uncle Sam, &c.

We soon got into battle : we made a charge of bay'nets :
The Rebel blaggards soon gave way : they fell as

thick as paynuts.
Och hone ! the slaughter that we made, bedad, it
was delighting !

For, the Irish lads in action are the devil's boys for fighting.

Chorus : They'll fight for Uncle Sam, &c.

Jch, sure, we never will give in, in any sort of a manner,
Until the South comes back agin, beneath the Starry-Banner ;
And if John Bull should interfere, he'd suffer for it truly ;
For, soon the Irish Volunteers would give him Ballyhooly.

Chorus : Oh ! they'll fight for Uncle Sam, &c.

And now, before I ind my song, this free advice I'll tender :
We soon will use the Rebels up, and make them all surrender,
And, once again, the Stars and Stripes will to the
breeze be swelli'n',

If Uncle Abe will give us back our darling boy McClellan.

Chorus : Oh ! we'll follow Little Mac, &c.

H. DE MARSAN, Publisher,
54 Chatham Street, New-York.