

TO THE
CORN-FED ARMY OF TENNESSEE.
SHORT RATIONS



WORDS CONCOCTED BY

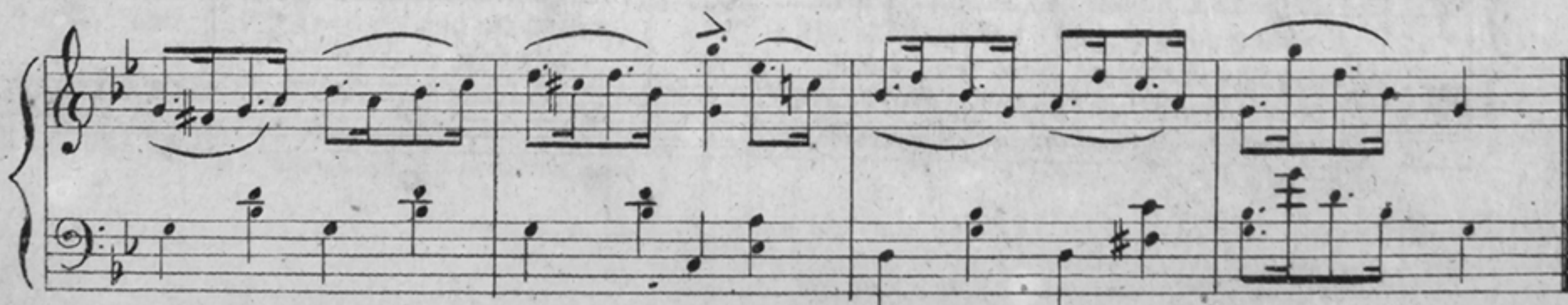
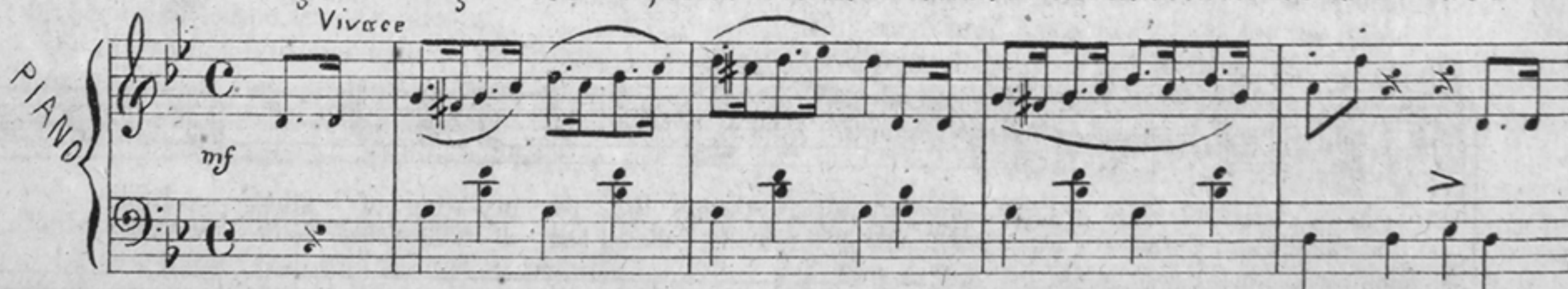
MUSIC GOTTEN UP BY

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1st. Fair la - dies and maids of all ages, Little girls and ca - dets how-e'er youthful, Home-
 2d. Our bu - gles had roused up the camp, The heav - ens look'd dis - mal and dirty, And the

mf

guards, quar - ter - mas - ters and sa - ges, Who write for the news - pa - pers so truth - ful! Clerks,
 earth look'd un - pleas - ant and damp, As a beau on the wrong side of thir - ty. We were

Sur - geons and Supes, Leg - is - la - tors, Staff Of - fi - cers (fops of the Na - tion), And
 tak - ing these trou - bles with qui - et, When we heard from the mouths of some rash ones, That the

e - ven you dear spec - u - la - tors, Come list to my song of starv - a - tion!
 ar - my was all put on di - et, And the Board had di - min - ished our ra - tions.

CHORUS.

For we sol-diers have seen some-thing rougher, Than a storm, a re-treat, or a fight, And the

bo-dy may toil on and suf-fer, With a smile, so the heart is all right!

Reduce our rations at all?
 It was difficult, yet it was done,
 We had one meal a day, it was small,
 Are we now, oh! ye gods! to have none?
 Oh! ye gentlemen issuing rations,
 Give at least half her own to the State,
 Put a curb on your maddening passions,
 And commissaries commiserate!

CHORUS—For we soldiers, etc.

Tell me not of the Lacedemonian,
 Of his black broth and savage demeanor,
 We keep up a face less Plutonian,
 Yet I'd swear our corn coffee is meaner!
 Tell me nothing of Ancients and strangers,
 For, on seeing our Southern bred Catos,
 I have laughed at old Marion's rangers,
 Who feasted on roasted potatoes!

CHORUS—For we soldiers, etc.

Erewhiles we had chickens and roasters,
 For the fowls and pigs were ferocious,
 We would send them to short Pater Nosters,
 And the deed was not stamped as atrocious;
 But since men have been shot for the same,
 We parch corn, it is healthier, but tougher—
 The chickens and pigs have got tame,
 But the horses and mules have to suffer.

CHORUS—For we soldiers, etc.

But the "Corn-fed" is proof to all evils,
 Has a joke for all hardships and troubles,
 In honor and glory he revels,
 Other fancies he looks on as bubbles!
 He is bound to be free, and he knows it,
 Then what cares he for toil and privation!
 He is brave, and in battle he shows it,
 And will conquer in spite of starvation.

CHORUS—For we soldiers, etc.