



Abe Lincoln's Union Wagon.

By JAMES D. GAY, Army Song Dealer and Publisher, No. 300 North 20th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

All of Gay's Army songs sent by Mail.

Air: "Wait for the Wagon," or "Old Virginia low lands."

The Eagle of Columbia in majesty and pride,
Still soars aloft in glory the traitors have defied,
The flag we fondly cherish, the emblem of our will,
Baptised in blood of heroes way down on Bunker Hill.

CHORUS: Stick to the Wagon, the great Union Wagon,
The triumphant Wagon, Abe Lincoln's bound to ride.
Repeat.

The War screech of that Eagle is heard from shore to shore,
From clouds of dark rebellion our sky is covered o'er,
But freedom and its sun light shall break the gloomy pall,
And scorch the brow of traitors with powder, shell and ball.

CHORUS.

King Cotton may be Master of those who bend the knee,
But cannot rule a people, who ever shall be free,
As are the wings of heaven whose every thought and deed,
Shall emanate from Justice and not from cotton seed.

CHORUS.

Brave Hancock's in the Wagon, Meade and Warren by his side,
While Grant he drives the horses to give the boys a ride,
There Sherman is not idle and Sheridan so true,
We all go in for Lincoln, McClellan will not do.

CHORUS.

Old Jeff he built a Wagon, he did not make it strong,
For Lee has played the Devil, he has got his horses wrong,
U. S. Grant drives our Wagon, and had driven it through the storm
And he brings it up in safety on his Uncle Samuel's form.

CHORUS.

The traitors boast of treason and blow about the war,
And say if Abe's elected he fights them four years more,
But we'll show them in November, that McClellan's not our man,
So hold your horses Jersey, while we all go in for Sam.

CHORUS.

There is none can smash this wagon it's powerful and strong,
It was built by Gen. Washington and those who hated wrong,
Its wheels were made by freemen and patriots pushed it 'long,
Then we'll vote for honest Abraham, who kept free so long.

CHORUS.