



C. Magnus 12 Frankfort St. N.Y.



INDIANA

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

Written and Sung by TONY PASTOR, with great applause at the American Theatre,
444 Broadway, N. Y.

We meet through this world with men of all kinds,
Of opposite fancies and different minds ; —
There are some men of merit, some men of pretence,
But they'll all be forgotten a hundred years hence.

Now there's Wendell Phillips, who crows it so loud,
He's head Abolitionist boss of the crowd,
And though for the nigger his love is intense,
Why, he'll be forgotten a hundred years hence,

There's Chase has been filling the land with greenbacks
Besides on the people they've placed a big tax ;
The expences of war you all know are immense,
But he'll be forgotten a hundred years hence.

Gideon Welles, of the Navy, no effort does make
The Southern pirates to conquer or take,
While our merchants are calling for means of defence
But he'll be forgotten a hundred years hence,

Abe Lincoln is going it with a strong hand,
But still he's our ruler, and by him we'll stand ;
Let us hope in the end he may prove he has sense,
For he'll be forgotten a hundred years hence.

The rebel Jeff Davis, with arrogance swelled,
Now strikes 'gainst the flag that our fathers upheld,
But a swing from a rope may atone his defence,
And he'll be forgotten a hundred years hence.

There's little McClellan, of our Army the boast,
He never complained when removed from his post —
The brave deeds he done bring their own recompense,
He won't be forgotten a hundred years hence.

There's one whose bright fame shall forever live on ;
He made us a nation — our own WASHINGTON,
For the Union and Freedom his heart beat intense,
And he'll be remembered a thousand years hence.

500 Illustrated Ballads lithographed and printed by
CHARLES MAGNUS, No. 12 Frankfort Street, New York.
Branch Office : No. 520 7th St., Washington, D. C.