



IT REMINDS HIM of a story.

Air : Limerick Races.

We're in Rebellion now the greatest one in history ;
And why it isn't settled, remains to us a mystery :
Five hundred thousand slain and the battle-fields all gory..
But Abe Lincoln takes it cool, it reminds him of a story.

Chorus : Musha ring a ding a da,
Ri too ral laddy, oh !
Musha ring a ding a da,
Ri too ral laddy, oh !

The Rebels they are weak, according to our papers :
And still we find that they are always up to capers ;
They invade the Key-stone State, and appear in all their glory,
But Abe Lincoln says to Stanton : it reminds me of a story.

The Union's our condition, in McClellan's letter,
Of peace to our bleeding Country, and who can do it better ?
We'll soon set the Ball in motion with a Democratic Polka,
When our foes will dance the break-down of their
favorite " Little Joker "

Abe Lincoln is always joking, and widows are all weeping
Of husbands lost in battle, and under Southern soil now sleeping ;
Our Nation also weeps, and a sea of tears is swelling,
That beats 'gainst the Ship of State whose to save ?—
but brave McClellan !

McClellan is our choice, the favorite of the nation,
One whom we choose to lead us to our former glorious station ;
Our enemies they curse him : for they know he's hunkydory ;
It's about time to tell Abe Lincoln : this reminds me
of a story !



H. DE MARSAN
DEALER IN SONGS, TOY BOOKS &c.
No 54 CHATHAM, N.Y.