

WANTED

# RAW RECRUITS.



OR  
**ABRAHAM'S DAUGHTER,**

As sung with great applause by  
**Bryants Minstrels**  
OF NEW YORK.

1 1/2

LITH. BY S. J. S. MAJOR & H. K. APP. 49 BROADWAY, N.Y.

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# ABRAHAM'S DAUGHTER.

OR

RAW RECRUITS.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1<sup>st</sup> VER. Oh !  
2<sup>nd</sup> .. Oh !

kind folks list.en to my song It is no i..dle sto...ry, It's  
should you ask me who she am Co . lum . bia is her name , sir. She

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Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1861 by SEP. WINNER in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Penna.

all a - bout a vol - un - teer, Who's goin' to fight for glor - y; Now  
is the child of A - bra - ham, Or Un - cle Sam, the same, sir. Now

3

CHORUS

dont you think that I am right, For I am noth - in' short - er, And  
if I fight, why aint I right, And dont you think I ought er, The

I be - long to the Fire Zou, Zous, And dont you think I ought ter, We're  
vol - un - teers are a pour - ing in, From ev - ry loy - al quar - ter, And

go - in' down to Wash - ing - ton To fight for A - bra - ham's daught - er.  
I'm goin' long to Wash - ing - ton To fight for A - bra - ham's daught - er.



3d.

They say we have no officers,  
 But ah! they are mistaken;  
 And soon you'll see the rebels run  
 With all the fuss they're makin'  
 For there is one who just sprung up,  
 He'll show the foe no quarter,  
 (McClellan is the man I mean)  
 You know he had'nt ought-er,  
 For he's gone down to Washington  
 To fight for Abraham's daughter.

4th.

We'll have a spree with Johnny Bull,  
 Perhaps, some day or other,  
 And wont he have his fingers full,  
 If not a deal of bother;  
 For Yankee boys are just the lads  
 Upon the land or water,  
 And wont we have a "bully" fight  
 And dont you think we ought er,  
 If he is caught at any time  
 Insulting Abraham's daughter.

5th

But let us lay all jokes aside,  
 It is a sorry question,  
 The man who would these States divide,  
 Should hang for his suggestion.  
 One Country and one Flag, I say.  
 Who e'er the war may slaughter;  
 So I'm goin' as a Fire Zou-za  
 And dont you think I ought er  
 Im going down to Washington  
 To fight for Abrahams daughter.

# ABRAHAM'S DAUGHTER

5

AS SUNG BY

BRYANTS MINSTRELS.

*Moderato.*



Some years a . go, I sup . pose you know, John . ny Bull sent  
Now there's Na . po . leon right from France, Who swears he'll be re .  
Now John . ny Bull has gone to grass, To fat . ten up his  
Now John . ny Bull may put on airs, But what care we for



mis . sion . . ers To the North and South of A . mer . i . ca, To  
ven . ged, oh, If John . ny Bull sends his farm . yard To the  
calves, sir; He talks of send . ing a shil . ling a day  
that sir; He's been itch . . ing now for some time To



sep . er . ate the U . . nion; But he tried it quite, with  
South . . . ern ports, oh! He'll jump right in and  
Sol . diers to the South, sir, But we licked him well in  
have a lit . . tle spat, sir, But if he will but



all his might, But we will give him a warm . er, oh, oh, oh!  
tan his skin, Kil . . ken . ny is be . . . hind him, oh, oh, oh!  
Eight . een . twelve, And we can lick him wel . ler, oh, oh, oh!  
just keep cool Till we've set . tled our fam . 'ly quar . rel, oh, oh, oh!

**CHORUS** *in unison.*



And when he comes here to in . ter . fere, Wont we give him a



warm . er; Then march right down to Wash . ing . ton To fight for A . bra . ham's daugh . ter.