

GRAFTED INTO THE ARMY

(Henry Clay Work - 1862)

Poignant as a mother thinks of her only surviving and recently drafted son, yet funny with all the malapropisms.

Our Jimmy has gone for to live in a tent,
They have grafted him into the Army,
He finally puckered up courage and went,
When they grafted him into the Army.
I told them the child was too young, alas!
At the captain's forequarters, they said he would pass,
But they'll train him up well in the infantry class,
Now they grafted him into the Army.

*Oh, Jimmy, farewell! Your brothers fell
Way down in Alabarmy;
I thought they would spare a lone widder's heir,
But they grafted him into the Army.*

Dressed up in his unicorn, dear little chap,
They grafted him into the Army;
It seems but a day since he sat in my lap,
And they grafted him into the Army.
And these are the trousies he used to wear,
The very same buttons, the patch and the tear;
But Uncle Sam gave him a brand new pair
When he grafted him into the Army.

Oh, Jimmy ...

Now in my provisions I see him revealed,
They have grafted him into the Army;
A picket beside the contented field,
And they grafted him into the Army.
He looks sorta sickish -- begins to cry,
A big volunteer standing right in his eye!
Oh, supposing my ducky should just up and die,
Now they've grafted him into the Army.

Oh, Jimmy ...

As Sung on Judy Cook's CD "Lincoln's America"

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