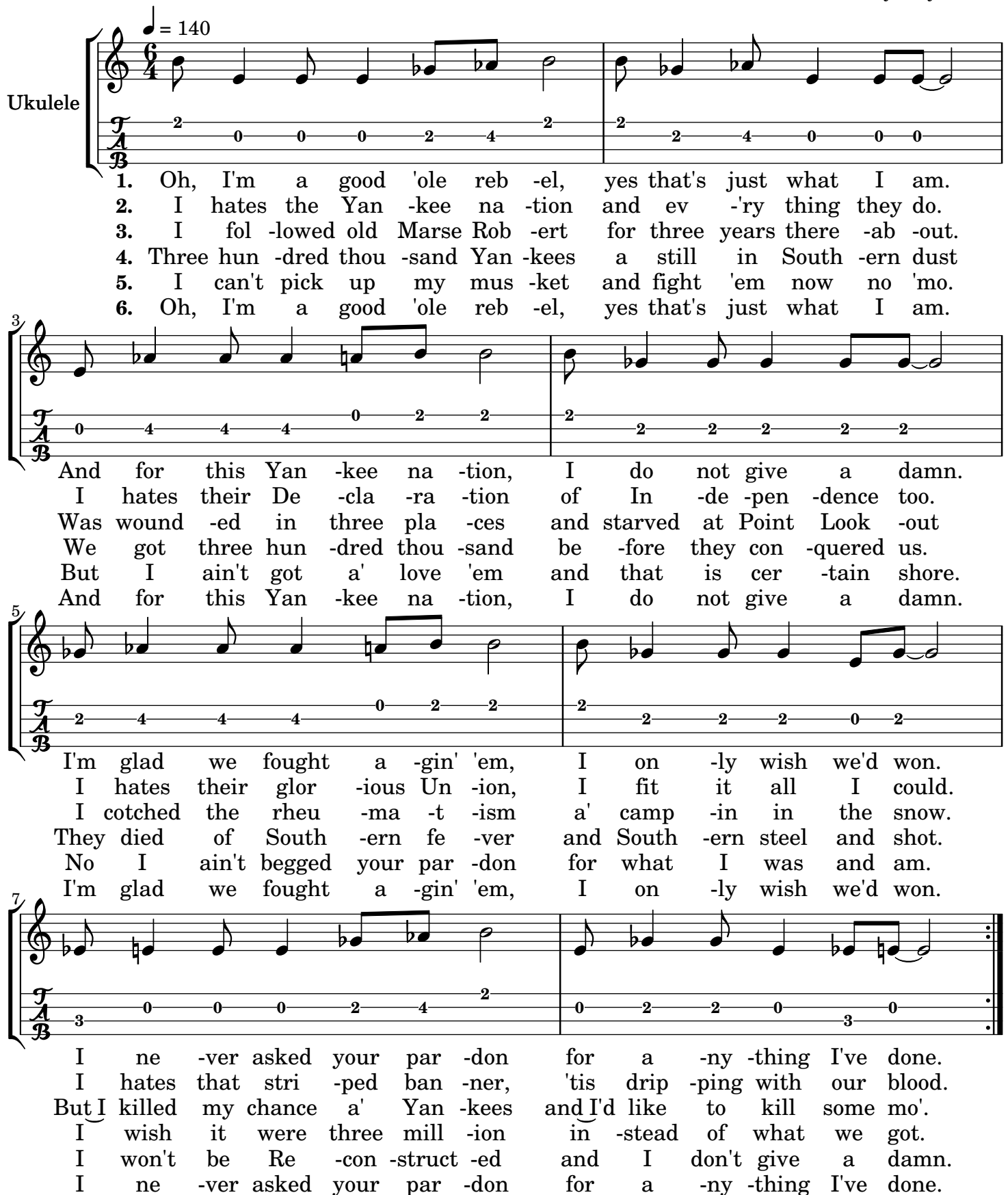


I'm a Good 'Ole Rebel

James Innes Randolph

Lyndsy Simon

Ukulele $\text{♩} = 140$



1. Oh, I'm a good 'ole reb-el, yes that's just what I am.
2. I hates the Yan-kee na-tion and ev-'ry thing they do.
3. I fol-lowed old Marse Rob-ert for three years there-ab-out.
4. Three hun-dred thou-sand Yan-kees a still in South-ern dust
5. I can't pick up my mus-ket and fight 'em now no 'mo.
6. Oh, I'm a good 'ole reb-el, yes that's just what I am.

And for this Yan-kee na-tion, I do not give a damn.
I hates their De-cla-ra-tion of In-de-pen-dence too.
Was wound-ed in three pla-ces and starved at Point Look-out
We got three hun-dred thou-sand be-fore they con-quer-ed us.
But I ain't got a' love 'em and that is cer-tain shore.
And for this Yan-kee na-tion, I do not give a damn.

I'm glad we fought a-gin' 'em, I on-ly wish we'd won.
I hates their glor-ious Un-ion, I fit it all I could.
I cotched the rheu-ma-t-ism a' camp-in in the snow.
They died of South-ern fe-ver and South-ern steel and shot.
No I ain't begged your par-don for what I was and am.
I'm glad we fought a-gin' 'em, I on-ly wish we'd won.

I ne-ver asked your par-don for a -ny -thing I've done.
I hates that stri-ped ban-ner, 'tis drip-ping with our blood.
But I killed my chance a' Yan-kees and I'd like to kill some mo'.
I wish it were three mill-ion in -stead of what we got.
I won't be Re-con-struct-ed and I don't give a damn.
I ne-ver asked your par-don for a -ny -thing I've done.