Grafted Into the Army

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(Henry Clay Work)

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
They'd train him up well in the infantry class
So they grafted him into ther army.

cho: Oh, Jimmy, farewell! Your brothers fell
Way down in Al-a-bar-my,
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 have grafted him into the army;
It seems but a day since he sot in my lap,
But they grafted him into the army.
And these are the trousies he used to wear,
Them very same buttons, the patch and the tear;
But Uncle Sam gave him a bran' new pair
When they grafted him into the army.

cho:
Now in my provisions I see him revealed,
They have grafted him into the army;
A picket beside the contented field,
They have grafted him into the army.
He looks kinder sickish --- begins to cry,
A big volunteer standing right in his eye!
Oh, what if ths ducky should up and die,
Now they've grafted him into ths army.

cho: