

"Hunkey Dorey"  
Tune "Limerick Races"

Now kind friends, one and all, pray listen to my story  
Its about this cruel war, and the battle field so gory  
We have had four years of strife, long be it told in story,  
But we hope soon to have peace and then be Hunkey Dorey.

Ri tu ral lu ral la,  
Ri tu ral lu ral lido  
Ri tu ral lu ral la  
Ri tu ral lu ral lido

In Eighteen Sixty-one the Rebs they fired on Sumter  
And the battle of Bull Run it was an awful blunder  
We'd been fighting all the day and then were in our glory,  
But Patterson failed to come, and the Rebs were Hunkey Dorey.

Then McClellan took command to make the Rebs knuck under  
But after Yorktown seige still blunder followed blunder  
When Pope relieved him, still it was the same old story  
For he was not the man to make us Hunkey Dorey,

Then Grant assumed command and placed Sheridan in the valley,  
For he knew Phil was the man, round whom the boys would rally  
When the battle of Fishers Hill and Winchester so gory  
Paved the way for other chiefs who have made us Hunkey Dorey.

The Shenandoah Raid proved Little Phil a man of mettle  
For Earlys bills at sight he was always bound to settle  
And at the Battle of Cedar Creek when the Rebs were in their glory  
He came up at a double quick and made us Hunkey Dorey.

Then three cheers For "Little Phil" the hero of the valley  
Have patience for a while and round his standard rally  
For this war will soon end and we'll return in glory  
And I know kind friends at home will make us Hunkey Dorey.

As Grant still kept command the rebs thought it was angor  
But in sending Sherman he filled their hearts with terror  
From Atlanta he cut loose and his boys were in their glory  
And Savannah went up the spout, and they were Hunkey Dorey.

Now there's the fight at Wilmington and Charleston gone in thunder  
Showing to the world at large, we have left off making blunders  
And the battles we have fought will long be told in story  
With Sherman, Sheridan, Ord and Grant, to make us Hunkey Dorey.

There is Richmond gone to pot and peace is once more geaming  
With old Jeff and General Lee through the country streaming,  
But our generals, they will trap them, and thus will end the story  
Of all their boasts and brags that they'd be Hunkey Dorey.

Now Jeff has left his home and gone from Richmond City,  
While Abe sits in his chair and gets off jokes quite witty  
He writes his proclamations, and tells the same old story  
That he told four years ago, that we'd come out Hunkey Dorey.

The end is allmost nigh since Gen'l Lee's surrendered  
To Grant our hope and pride, our country's brave defender  
Libby Prison which once had told so many frightful story  
Even there the scenes are changed and the Rebs not Hunkey Dorey.

I will now conclude my song so please excuse all blunders  
And mind the good old saying that time it will work wonders  
We will soon be going home to our Kates, our Janes and Coras  
And then brave friends in arms, won't we be Hunkey Doreys.

Capt. J.S. Pearce  
Candg, Co. B  
128 New York Vols.