

We'll Fight for Uncle Sam

Well, I am a modern hero
me name is Paddy Kearny,
Not long ago, I landed from
the bogs of sweet Killarney
I used to cry out "Soap fat,"
because that was my trade sir,
'till I 'listed for a soldier boy
with Corcoran's brigade, sir.

Refrain:

For to fight for Uncle Sam,
He'll lead us on to glory, O!
He'll lead us on to glory, O!
To save the stripes and stars.

Ora, once in regimentals,
me mind it did bewilder,
I bid goodbye to Biddy dear,
and all the darling childher,
Oh, says I, the Irish volunteers,
the devil a-one afraid is,
Because we've got the soldier bold
McClellan for to lead us. **Refrain**

We soon got into battle,
we made a charge of bay'nets,
The rebel blaggards soon gave way,
they fell as thick as paynuts,
Och, hone, the slaughter that we made,
be dad, it was delighting,
For the Irish lads in action
are the devil's boys for fighting.

They'll fight for Uncle Sam,
He'll lead us on to glory, O!
He'll lead us on to glory, O!
To save the stripes and stars. **Refrain**

Och, sure, we never will give in,
in any sort of manner,
Until the South comes back again,
beneath the starry banner,
And if John Bull should interfere,
he'd suffer for it truly,
For soon the Irish Volunteers
would give him ballyhooly. **Refrain**

And now, before I end my song,
this free advice, I'll tender,
We soon will use the rebels up,
and make them all surrender,
And once again, the stars and stripes,
will to the breeze be swellin',
If Uncle Abe will give us back
our darlin' boy McClellan.

We'll follow little Mac
He'll lead us on to glory, O!
He'll lead us on to glory, O!
To save the stripes and stars.

He'll lead us on to glory, O!
He'll lead us on to glory, O!
To save the stripes and stars.

