

While he be at take he look 'pon the matter,  
But Mass McComb  
Knows he lost in the battle,  
Break his heart be he be doing, says he can  
An General McComb,  
Start ole Probose home,  
Tot me soul den, I mus die a leffin.  
Probose start so, he lef all behine,  
Powder, ball, cannon, tea-pot an kittle,  
Some say he catch a cole, trouble in the mine,  
Cause he eat so much raw an cole vilin.  
Uncle Sam berry sorry,  
To be sure, for his part;  
Wish he was here self up well an head,  
For General McComb, an Mass Donough-  
home,  
When he notion for a molder see party.

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Printed by Nathan Nevils, Jan