

DAN BRYANT'S

popular comic Song

HOW ARE YOU GREEN-BACKS!

AS SUNG BY HIM
with immense Success
AT



BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.

ALSO BY

MRS JOHN WOOD.

in the grand Fairy Extravaganza
"FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS."

WORDS BY

ARRANGED BY

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HOW ARE YOU GREEN-BACKS.

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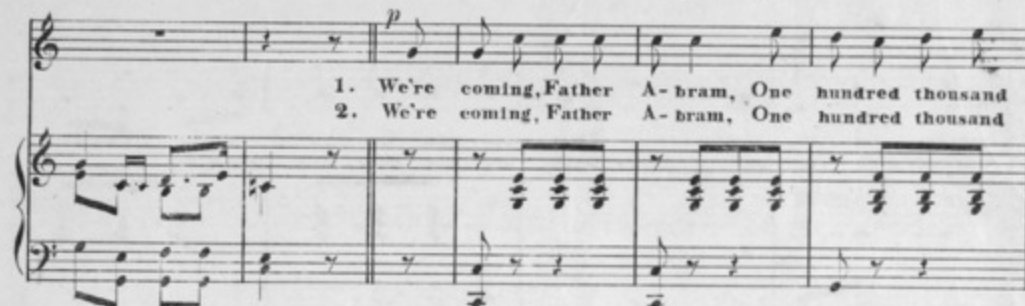
Words by E. BOWERS.

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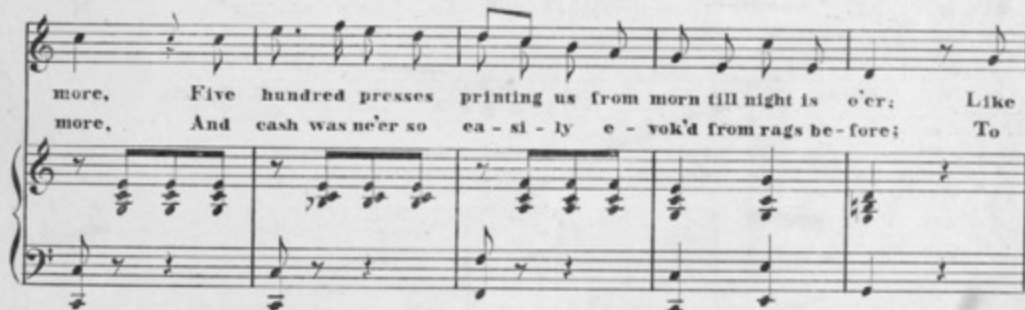
Animato.



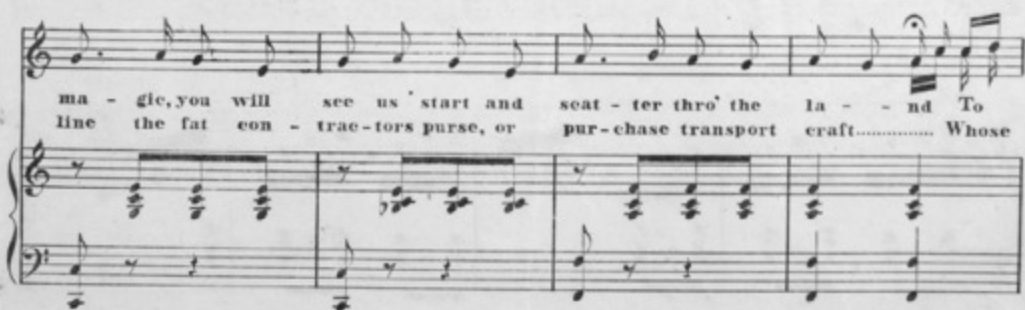
1. We're coming, Father A-bram, One hundred thousand
2. We're coming, Father A-bram, One hundred thousand



more, Five hundred presses printing us from morn till night is o'er; Like
more, And cash was ne'er so ea-si-ly e-vok'd from rags be-fore; To



ma-gic, you will see us 'start and scat-ter thro' the la-nd To
line the fat eon-trac-tors purse, or pur-chase transport craft..... Whose



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Chorus.

pay the sol-diers or re-lease the bor-der con-tra-band, With our
rot-ten hulks shall sink be-fore the winds be-gin to waft, With our

prom-ise to pay, "How are you See-re-ta-ry Chase?"
promis-es to pay, "How are you Gid-eon Welles, Es-quire?"

Prom-ise to pay, Oh! dat's what's de matter.
Prom-ise to pay, Oh! can't you fix the date?

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3. We're coming, Father Abram, one hundred thousand more,
I hope a present blessing, though perhaps a future foe;
The simple terms on which we come, are hardly worth a fuss,
Now, Abe, as we may *father* you, I hope you'll *Father* us,

Chorus. With your promise to pay, How are you "Cousin Postage Stamps"
Promise to pay— No more Rappahannock's.

4. We're willing, Father Abram, one hundred thousand more
Should help our Uncle Samuel to prosecute the war,
But then we want a chieftain true, one who can lead the van,
Geo. B. McClellan, you all know, he is the very man.

Chorus. With his Potomac Army Grand, Peace once more will smile on us,
His Potomac Army Grand, Three cheers for little Mac.

"ADDITIONAL VERSES BY G.W.H. GRIFFIN"

5. We're coming, Father Abram, one hundred thousand more,
To march with gleaming bayonets upon the traitor's shore,
But you must give us Generals on whom we can depend,
And not let paper Generals, drive off our faithful men,

Chorus. With our promise to pay, How are you "Bull Run Russell"
Promise to pay—"Pop goes the weasel."

6. We're coming, Father Abram, nine hundred thousand strong,
With nine hundred thousand darkies, sure the traitors can't last long
With Corporal Cuff, and Sergeant Pomp, to lead us in the melee,
And at their head, without a red, Our Brigadier General Greely,

Chorus. With our promise to pay, How are you "Greely's subscription list"
Promise to pay—"Nip up de dooden doo."

7. We're coming, Father Abram, nine hundred thousand more,
With the greatest fighting hero, that lives upon our shore;
He fought in all the battles won, and shed his blood most freely,
But he's fought them with the *Tribune*, and his name is Gen'l Greely.

Chorus. With our promise to pay, How are you "Black Brigade"
Promise to pay— Three cheers for Father Abe!