The last of Jeff. Davis.

COMPOSED BY
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Great God! O what a spirit has
Pervaded o'er this land;
The Southern States that sought to rule,
Have taken a bold stand.

State after State they did secede,
The North they much did blame;
And at a time their hellish plans
Did burst into a flame.

Jeff Davis he did take the lead,
And General Lee then came;
Poor Breckenridge, a man dispis'd,
Did follow in their train.

For four long years they wag'd a war,
But it was all in vain:
They found that God the North did aid,
And would their cause sustain.

What desolation they have made
In this once favor'd land;
How will they answer for their crimes,
When they at Judgment stand?

Old Jeff Davis he is the man,
The traitors game did play:
He dress'd himself in petticoats,
And strove to run away!!

As he was running at great speed,
He threw his heels so high;
They spied his boots, and spurs also:
Which did poor Jeff betray.

His wife, kind soul, she did advise,
His captors to beware:
Not to insult him, or they would
Plunge themselves in a snare.

We've often heard that he did boast,
He'd die in the last ditch;
And now I think he's found the place,
Where he in it did pitch.

Farewell Old Jeff, Farewell Farewell,
You now have run your race;
Down in your deep and loathsome pit,
I think you'll find a place.