

The Battle of New Orleans (Jimmy Driftwood, ca. 1959) (C)

The Battle of New Orleans by Johnny Horton (1959) (A @ 177)

Strum in on C

C **F**
In 1814 we took a little trip

G7
A-long with Col. Jackson

C
Down the mighty Mississip'

F
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans

G7
And we caught the bloody British

C
In a town in New Orleans.

Chorus

C
We fired our guns and
the British kept a comin'
There wasn't nigh as many as there

G7 **C**
was a while a-go
We fired once more

F
and they began to runnin'
On down the Mississippi

G7 **C**
to the Gulf of Mex-i-co.

C
We looked down the river

F
and we see'd the British come

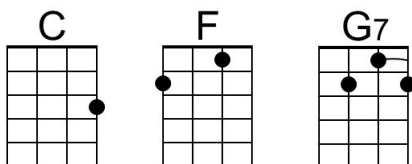
G7
And there musta been a hund'erd of 'em

C
beatin' on the drum. They stepped so high

F
and they made their bugles ring

G7
We stood beside our cotton bales

C
and didn't say a thing. **Chorus**



C **F**
Old Hick'ry said we could take 'em by su'prise

G7
If we didn't fire our musket

C
till we looked 'em in the eyes

F
We held our fire till we see'd their faces well

G7
Then we opened up with squirrel guns

C
and really gave 'em . . . well . . . **Chorus**

Bridge

C
Yeah! they ran through the briars
and they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes

G7 **C**
Where a rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast that the
hounds couldn't catch 'em
On down the Mississippi

G7 **C**
to the Gulf of Mex-i-co.

C **F**
We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down

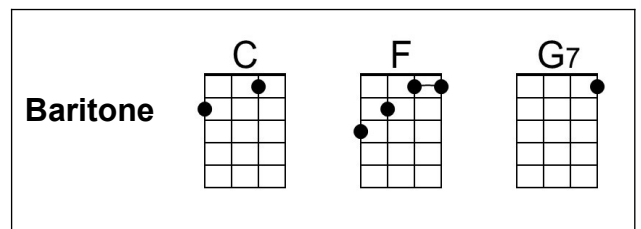
G7
So we grabbed an alligator

C
and we fought another round.
We filled his head with cannonballs

F
and powdered his behind

G7
And when we touched the powder off,

C
the 'gator lost his mind. **Chorus** **Bridge**



The Battle of New Orleans (Jimmy Driftwood, ca. 1959) (G)

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Strum in on G

G C
In 1814 we took a little trip
D7

A-long with Col. Jackson
G
Down the mighty Mississipp'

C
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
D7

And we caught the bloody British
G

In a town in New Orleans.

Chorus

G
We fired our guns and
The British kept a comin'
There wasn't nigh as many
D7 G
as there was a while a-go.

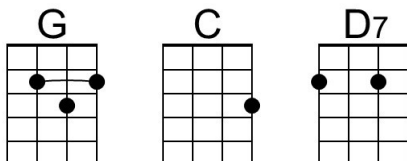
We fired once more
C
And they began to runnin'
On down the Mississippi
D7 G
To the Gulf of Mex-i-co.

G
We looked down the river
C
and we see'd the British come.
D7

And there musta been a hund'erd of 'em
G
beatin' on the drum. They stepped so high

C
and they made their bugles ring.
D7

We stood beside our cotton bales
G
and didn't say a thing. **Chorus**



G C
Old Hick'ry said we could take 'em by su'prise
D7

If we didn't fire our musket
G
till we looked 'em in the eyes

C
We held our fire till we see'd their faces well
D7

Then we opened up with squirrel guns
G

and really gave 'em . . . well . . . **Chorus**

Bridge

G
Yeah! they ran through the briars
and they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes

D7 G
Where a rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast that the
Hounds couldn't catch 'em
On down the Mississippi

D7 G
To the Gulf of Mex-i-co.

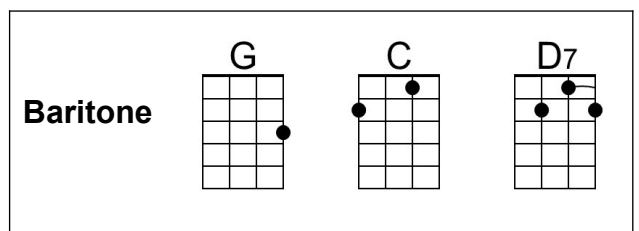
G C
We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down
D7

So we grabbed an alligator
G
and we fought another round
We filled his head with cannonballs

C
and powdered his behind.

D7
And when we touched the powder off,

G
The 'gator lost his mind. **Chorus Bridge**



The Battle of New Orleans (Jimmy Driftwood, ca. 1959) (NN)

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Strum in on 1

1 4
In 1814 we took a little trip
5(7)
A-long with Col. Jackson
1
Down the mighty Mississip'.
We took a little bacon
4
And we took a little beans
5(7)
And we caught the bloody British
1
in a town in New Orleans.

Chorus

1
We fired our guns and
The British kept a comin'
There wasn't nigh as many
5(7) 1
as there was a while a-go.
We fired once more and
4
they began to runnin'
on down the Mississippi
5(7) 1
To the Gulf of Mex-i-co.

1
We looked down the river
4
and we see'd the British come
5(7)
And there musta been a hund'erd of 'em
1
beatin' on the drum
They stepped so high
4
and they made their bugles ring
5(7)
We stood beside our cotton bales
1
and didn't say a thing. **Chorus**

1 4
Old Hick'ry said we could take 'em by su'prise
5(7)
If we didn't fire our musket
1
till we looked 'em in the eyes.
4
We held our fire till we see'd their faces well
5(7)
Then we opened up with squirrel guns
1
and really gave 'em . . . well . . . **Chorus**

Bridge

1
Yeah! they ran through the briars
and they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes
5(7) 1
Where a rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast that the
hounds couldn't catch 'em
On down the Mississippi
5(7) 1
To the Gulf of Mex-i-co.

1
We fired our cannon
4
Till the barrel melted down
5(7)
So we grabbed an alligator
1
and we fought another round
We filled his head with cannonballs
4
and powdered his behind
5(7)
And when we touched the powder off,
1
the 'gator lost his mind. **Chorus Bridge**

1	A	C	D	F	G
4	D	F	G	Bb	C
5(7)	E7	G7	A7	C7	D7