

That's what's the matter by Stephen C. Foster. New York Charles Magnus [186-].

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THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER.

By STEPHEN C. FOSTER—The music of this celebrated Song is published by Firth, Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New York.

We live in hard and stirring times, Too sad for mirth, too rough for rhymes: For, songs of peace have lost their chimes: And that's what's the matter!

The men we held as brothers true Have turn'd into a Rebel crew: So, now we have to put them thro'; And that's what' the matter

Chorus —That's what's the matter The Rebels have to scatter; We'll make them flee By land and sea; And that's what's the matter.

Oh! yes, we thought our neighbors true, Indulg'd them, as their mothers do: They storm'd our Red, White and Blue; And that's what's the matter!

We'll never give up what we gain: For, now, we know we must maintain Our Laws and Rights with might and main; And that's what's the matter.

Chorus.

The Rebels thought we would divide, And Democrats would take their side; They, then, would let the Union slide— And that's what's the matter. But, when the war had once begun, All party feeling soon was gone; We join'd as brothers, ev'ry one! And that's what's the matter!

Chorus.

The Merrimac, with heavy sway, Had made our Fleet an easy prey: The Monitor got in the way; And that's what's the matter! So health to Captain Ericsson, I cannot tell all he has done: I'd never stop when once begun: And that's what's the matter!

Chorus.



We've heard of Gen'ral Beauregard, And thought he'd fight us long and hard: But he has played out his last card: And that's what's the matter! So what's the use to fret and pout? We, soon, will hear the people shout: Secession Dodge is ALL play'd out; And that's what's the matter!

Chorus.