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E. Ferrett
1864

THE GURRILLERO,

A SONG OF THE WAR.

COMPOSED BY AN AMERICAN OFFICER IN CAMP.



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*Allegretto.
Moderato.*

With Yankees to tussle, Why make this great bustle? Will

drilling as-sist us while fate is our foe? I wish Santa Anna Had kept at Ha - vanna, For what can he do for dis-

tress'd Mexico ! A sham of a he-ro is each Gu-e-ril-le-ro ! O'er

valley and mount we are driven like chaff ! When closing in battle, We're slaughter'd like cattle, And over our ru-in, our

Countrymen laugh, And over our ru-in our Countrymen laugh.

What serves all this drilling
By night dew so chilling?
Oh Padre Jaranta, let's sue for a peace !
For old Santa Anna
Isn't worth a bannana,
Though sworn to eclipse all the heroes of Greece !
Our States wont assist us !
All nations have hissed us,
And though we should conquer, 'twould yield us no fame !
These Yankees so clever
Would know the fact never,
But drive us to chaparals, covered with shame !