

Oh, I'm a good old rebel
Now that's just what I am
And for this Yankee nation
I do no give a damn

I'm glad I fought against her
I only wish we'd won
I ain't asked any pardon
For anything I've done

I hates the Constitution
This great 'Republic' too
I hates the Freedman's bureau
And Uniforms in Blue.

I hates the nasty eagle
With all his brags and fuss.
The lying, thieving Yankees.
I hates them worse and worse.

I hates the Yankee nation
And everything they do
I hates the declaration
Of independence too

I hates the glorious union
'Tis dripping with our blood
I hates the striped banner
And fought it all I could

I rode with Robert E. Lee
For three years there about
Got wounded in four places
And I starved at Point Lookout
I caught the rheumatism
Campin' in the snow
But I killed a chance of Yankees
And I'd like to kill some more
Three hundred thousand Yankees
Is stiff in southern dust
We got three hundred thousand
Before they conquered us
They died of southern fever
And southern steel and shot
I wish they was three million
Instead of what we got
I can't take up my musket
And fight 'em down no more
But I ain't a-goin' to love them
Now that is certain sure
And I don't want no pardon
For what I was and am
I won't be reconstructed
And I do not give a damn
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“I’m a Good Ol’ Rebel”, also called “The Good Old Rebel”, is a pro-Confederate folk song and rebel song commonly attributed to Major James Innes Randolph. It was initially created by Randolph in the 1860s following the defeat of the Confederate States of America, as a poem before evolving into an oral folk song and was only published in definitive written form in 1914