

Max Blum '05

The South Secedes (to the tune of "Good King Wenceslas")

In the nineteenth century
Our great South seceded
Now it isn't hard to see
How this split proceeded
Many years back it's been traced;
Some two decades previous
Did the South run off in haste,
Or were they more devious?

Went to war with Mexico
Over territory
"Guadalupe Hidalgo"
Ended quick that story
But we weren't all satisfied
By the acquisition
And with slavery fortified
The North faced opposition

Southerners united at
The Wilmot Proviso
It would halt their slav'ry's spread-
They would harshly veto
Some suggested compromise
Over the new land
More thought bickering was wise
To gain the upper hand.

They kept on and disagreed
Tensions rising faster
"What's popular sov'reignty?"
Could be a disaster
If a slave should run away
Should the North reject him?
Uncle Tom would further sway
North folk to protect him.

Franklin Pierce beat Winfield Scott
In eighteen fifty-two
Soon the nation's bonds would rot
And violence would ensue

Compromise was tried once more
With our new-gained west;
In Kansas, on the voting floor
We put it to the test.

Dred Scott was a sour note
For our Northern section
Free states couldn't keep a slave
Under their protection
Brown, at Harper's Ferry,
Made a rash decision
Raiding, life in jeopardy,
Pushed us towards collision.

After Crittenden's last try,
S-C soon seceded
Others heard the leader's cry
And in turn succeeded
No longer a mystery;
Why we split our nation
All the rest is history-
They needed a vacation.