

**North vs. South - 2016**  
**revised 12/13**

**Set in 1864**

*(Music cue: Reveille)*

**Confederate Soldier(Johnny Rebel):** *(Startled awake, enters)* Eeeeeaaaaaoooooh! Three cheers for Jefferson Davis! Hip hip HUZDAH! (3x) And I thought y'all was Yankees! *(laughs)*

Oh my...a good laugh is hard to come by heah on Johnson's Island in a Yankee prison camp. Only good thing I got to say is --- at least I get somethin' to put in my belly, a piece 'a hardtack ever' day. "Sherman's pies" *(Grimaces)*. Why, when I was in the field with the boys we'd go for days without honest victuals, 'til we finally got up such a hunger we'd take a spade or a bayonet and dig us up some goobers. Mmmmmn! Y'all know what goobers are? *(Receives an answer: "Peanuts!")*) That's right, you Yankees call them peanuts. Matter of fact, we have a song describing our everlasting affection for the consumption of goobers – would y'all care to hear it? *(Response wildly affirmative)* Gotta sing along, now! Would you be so kind as to lend me a note, sir/ma'am? *(Bb player sounds note)* I'll give it right back. *(Sings melody with soprano)* "Peas, peas, peas, eatin'...(etc.)"

*(Cue: Eating Goober Peas. Vocal, soprano vs. 2)*

**Yankee Lady:** Mr. Johnny Reb, I expect you'll be released very soon! Allow me to read you the telegram sent to President Lincoln from General Sherman last Christmas. Savannah, Georgia! *(This is the exact text of the telegram)* "To His Excellency, President Lincoln. I beg to present to you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton. Signed, W.T. Sherman, Major-General." Three cheers for William T. Sherman!!!

**Band:** Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!

**Yankee Lady:** Now sir, allow me to introduce you to a new song by Mr. Henry Work: *Marching Through* *(indicates audience to join in)* Georgia!

*(Cue: Marching Through Georgia. Band sings first verse)*

**Johnny Reb:** Waal, I don't like the sound of that telegram – or that song – one bit! Ah must demand equal time for a Southern song. Mister Dodworth, would you be so kind as to play "The Battle Cry of Freedom"?

**Yankee Lady:** I thought that was a Union song!?

**Johnny Reb:** Not the way I sing it.

***(Cue: Battle Cry of Freedom.***

*Band with tenor [southern lyrics] vocal first verse, soprano [Union lyrics] vocal second verse)*

**Johnny Reb:** I recall one evening we were camped on the Rappahannock River, after we whupped the Yankees at Fredricksburg. (Sop reacts hostel.) And right across the river from us were the Union tents. One night, to lift the boys' spirits, our band played a Southern tune...and the Union boys played one of theirs right back at us. They didn't sound too bad, either – for Yankees..

We took turns playing marches and hymns and the like until finally our boys started a song, and from across the river, over the black water, the Yanks joined right in with us. Some commanders even forbid this song to be played, because it reminded us all so much of where we really wanted to be. But all the soldiers on both sides stood up and sang together "Home, Sweet Home". (Sop melts and joins in singing:)

***(Cue: Sweet Home)***

Music selections:

Reveille

Goober Peas

Marching Through Georgia

Battle Cry of Freedom

Sweet Home

Music duration: 13 min.      Dialogue: 4 min.