

Andrew Johnson 1865-1869

Andrew Johnson, the Tennessee tailor,
Awaited the word as Lincoln grew paler.
When Lincoln died, Johnson read in his will:
“Here are my shoes, they are yours to fill.”

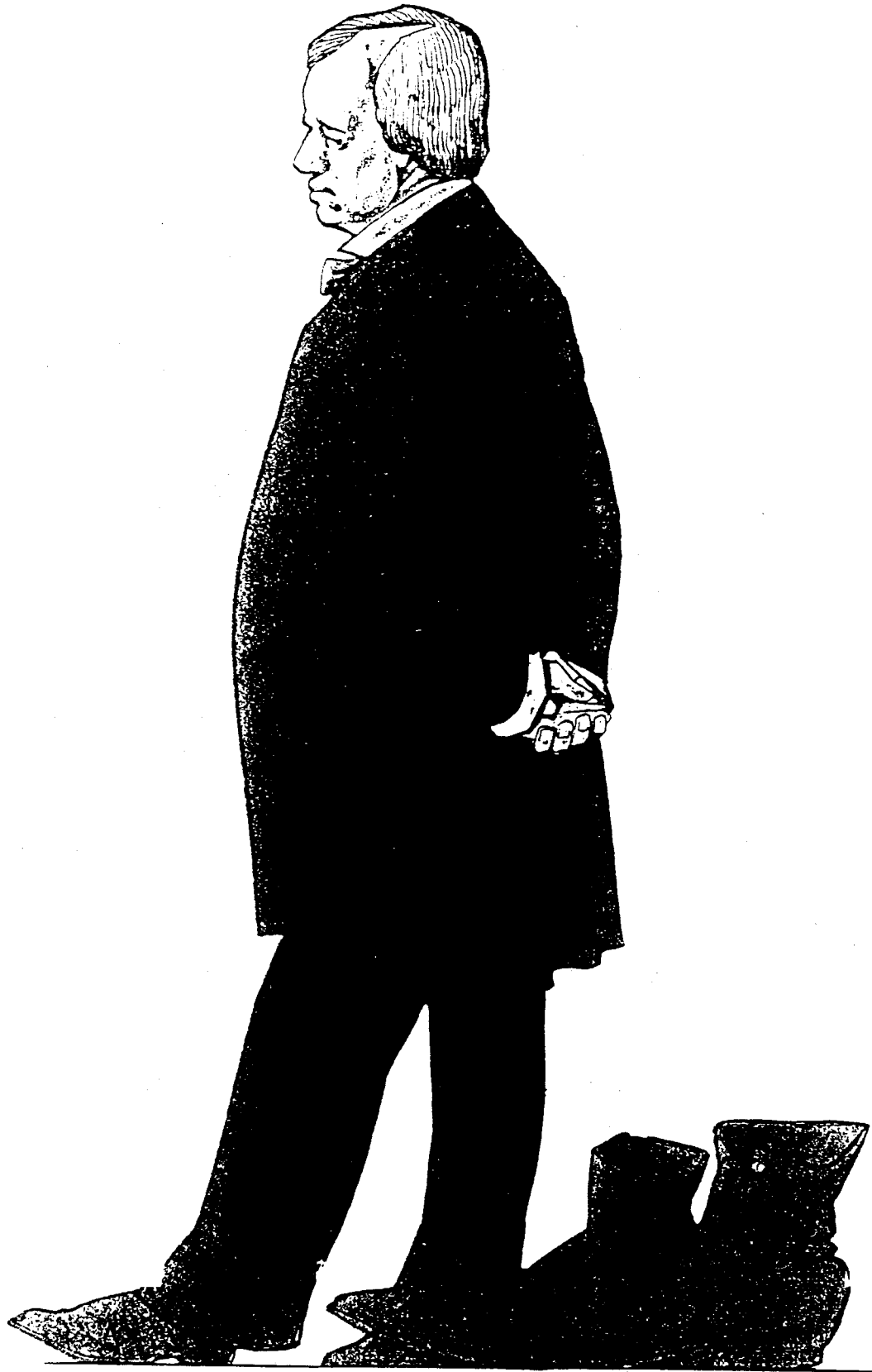
Poor Andy, inheriting riot and ruction,
Was faced with the problems of reconstruction.
The Civil War was over and won,
But his war with Congress was barely begun.

A hot-tempered fellow and stubborn was he.
The slaves had been freed, and no slave he'd be.
The reason his struggle with Congress was grim
Was that Congress, in turn, wouldn't bow to him.

Many a slanderous slogan was coined,
And gavels were banged, as the battle was joined.
Vetoes and votes clashed like swords in the night
As Johnson and Congress fought their fight.

It was nip and tuck, it was tup and nick.
If Congress was nimble, Johnson was quick.
Each had a grip on the other's throat,
And Johnson was saved by A SINGLE VOTE.

Only one more vote would have played real hob
And have cost Old Andy his White House job.
Republican, Whig, or Democrat,
No President's ever come closer than that!



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