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Patriotic and Sentimental, by**

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Title: Southern War Songs: Camp-Fire, Patriotic and Sentimental

Compiler: W. L. Fagan

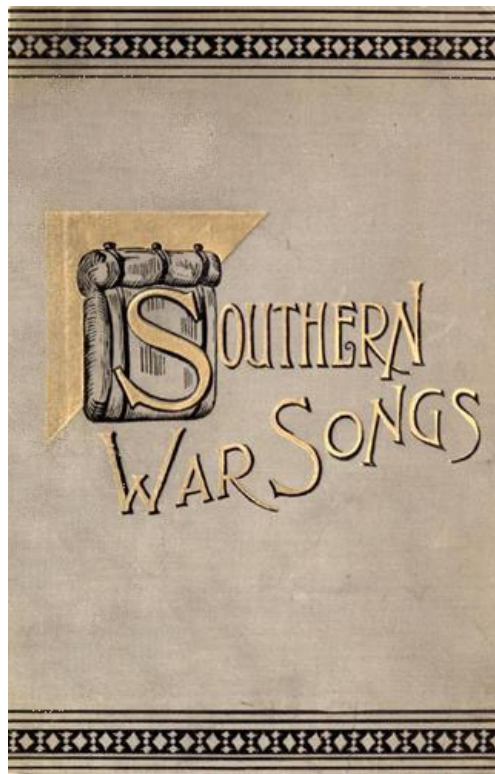
Release date: September 26, 2011 [EBook #37538]

Most recently updated: January 8, 2021

Language: English

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK SOUTHERN WAR SONGS: CAMP-FIRE,
PATRIOTIC AND SENTIMENTAL ***



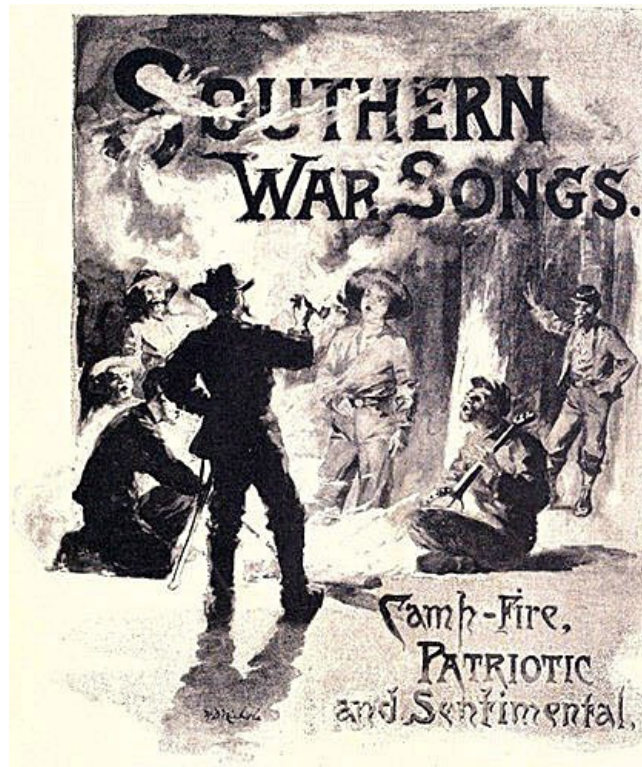


THE SOUTHERN CROSS BATTLE FLAG DESIGNED BY GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

THE STARS AND BARS.

FLAG ADOPTED BY THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS IN 1863.

BATTLE FLAG ADOPTED BY THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS IN 1863.



[Pg i]

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY
W. L. FAGAN

ILLUSTRATED.

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BY M. T. RICHARDSON.
1889.

[Pg ii]

PREFACE.

[Pg iii]

The war songs of the South are a part of the history of the Lost Cause. They are necessary to the impartial historian in forming a correct estimate of the animus of the Southern people.

Emotional literature is always a correct exponent of public sentiment, and these songs index the passionate sincerity of the South at the time they were written.

Poetic merit is not claimed for all of them; still each one embodies either a fact or a principle. Written in an era of war, when the public mind was thoroughly aroused, some may now appear harsh and vindictive. Eight millions of people read and sang them. This fact alone warrants their collection and preservation.

A greater number of the songs have been gathered from Southern newspapers. The task has been laborious, but still a labor of love, as no work of this kind has before been offered to the public.

Thanks are due Mr. Henri Wehrman, of New Orleans, for permission to use valuable copyrights, also to the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston; A. E. Blackmar, New Orleans; and J. C. Schreiner, Savannah, Ga. Mr. G. N. Galloway, Philadelphia, has given material assistance.

The work is not complete, still the compiler claims for it the largest and only collection of Confederate songs published.

W. L. FAGAN.

Havana, Ala., December 1, 1889.

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SOUTHERN WAR SONGS.

[Pg 1]

GOD SAVE THE SOUTH.[1]

National Hymn.

Words by GEORGE H. MILES; Music by C. W. A. ELLERBROCK; Permission of A. E. BLACKMAR.

[The music of this song can be procured of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass, owner of the copyright.]

God save the South,
 God save the South,
 Her altars and firesides,
 God save the South,
 Now that the war is nigh,
 Chanting our battle-cry
 Freedom or death.

CHORUS—Now that the war is nigh,
 Now that we arm to die,
 Chanting the battle cry,
 Freedom or death.

God be our shield,
 At home or afield,
 Stretch thine arm over us,
 Strengthen and save.
 What tho' they're three to one,

[Pg 2]

Forward each sire and son,
Strike till the war is won,
Strike to the grave.

CHORUS.

God made the right,
Stronger than *might*,
Millions would trample us
Down in their pride.
Lay *Thou* their legions low,
Roll back the ruthless foe,
Let the proud spoiler know
God's on our side.

CHORUS.

Hark honor's call,
Summoning all,
Summoning all of us
Unto the strife.
Sons of the South awake!
Strike till the brand shall break,
Strike for dear Honor's sake,
Freedom and Life.

CHORUS.

Rebels before,
Our fathers of yore,
Rebels the righteous name
Washington bore.
Why, then be our's the same,
The name that he snatch'd from shame,
Making it first in fame,
Foremost in war.

[Pg 3]

CHORUS.

War to the hilt,
Their's be the guilt,
Who fetter the freeman,
To ransom the slave.
Up, then, and undismayed,
Sheathe not the battle blade
Till the last foe is laid
Low in the grave!

CHORUS.

God save the South,
God save the South,
Dry the dim eyes that now
Follow our path.
Still let the light feet rove
Safe through the orange grove;
Still keep the land we love
Safe from *Thy* wrath.

CHORUS.

God save the South,
God save the South,
Her altars and firesides,
God save the South!
For the great war is nigh,
And we will win or die,
Chanting our battle cry,
Freedom or death.

CHORUS.

“ALLONS ENFANS.”

[Pg 4]

The Southern Marseillaise.

By A. E. BLACKMAR, New Orleans, 1861.

[The music of this song can be obtained of Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass.]

Sons of the South awake to glory,
A thousand voices bid you rise,
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary,
Gaze on you now with trusting eyes,
Gaze on you now with trusting eyes;
Your country ev'ry strong arm calling,
To meet the hireling Northern band
That comes to desolate the land
With fire and blood and scenes appalling,
To arms, to arms, ye brave;
Th' avenging sword unsheath!

March on! March on! All hearts resolved on victory or death.
March on! March on! All hearts resolved on victory or death.

Now, now, the dang'rous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous brothers madly raise,
The dogs of war let loose, are howling
And soon our peaceful towns may blaze,
And soon our peaceful towns may blaze.
Shall fiends who basely plot our ruin,
Unchecked, advance with guilty stride
To spread destruction far and wide,
With Southrons' blood their hands embruing?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!

[Pg 5]

March on! March on! All hearts resolved on victory or death,
March on! March on! All hearts resolved on victory or death.

With needy, starving mobs surrounded,
The jealous, blind fanatics dare
To offer, in their zeal unbounded,
Our happy slaves their tender care,
Our happy slaves their tender care.
The South, though deepest wrongs bewailing,
Long yielded all to Union name;
But *Independence* now we claim,
And all their threats are unavailing.
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!

March on! March on! All hearts resolved on victory or death,
March on! March on! All hearts resolved on victory or death.

This may be called the rallying song of the Confederacy. Composed early in 1861, it was sung throughout the South while the soldiers were hurried to Virginia with this, the grandest of martial airs, as a benediction.

"THE SOUTHERN CROSS."

[Pg 6]

By ST. GEO. TUCKER, of Virginia.

Published in 1860, a few months before the author's death.

Oh! say can you see, through the gloom and the storms,
More bright for the darkness, that pure constellation?
Like the symbol of love and redemption its form,
As it points to the haven of hope for the nation.
How radiant each star, as the beacon afar,
Giving promise of peace, or assurance in war!

CHORUS—'Tis the Cross of the South, which shall ever remain

To light us to freedom and glory again!

How peaceful and blest was America's soil,
'Til betrayed by the guile of the Puritan demon,
Which lurks under virtue, and springs from its coil
To fasten its fangs in the life-blood of freemen.
Then boldly appeal to each heart that can feel,
And crush the fowl viper 'neath Liberty's heel!

CHORUS.

'Tis the emblem of peace, 'tis the day-star of hope,
Like the sacred *Labarum* that guided the Roman;
From the shores of the Gulf to the Delaware's slope,
'Tis the trust of the free and the terror of foeman.
Fling its folds to the air, while we boldly declare
The rights we demand or the deeds that we dare!

CHORUS.

[Pg 7]

And if peace should be hopeless and justice denied,
And war's bloody vulture should flap its black pinions,
Then gladly "To arms," while we hurl, in our pride,
Defiance to tyrants and death to their minions!
With our front to the field, swearing never to yield,
Or return, like the Spartan, in death on our shield!

CHORUS—And the Cross of the South shall triumphantly wave
As the flag of the free or the pall of the brave.

THE STAR OF THE WEST.

Charleston Mercury.

"Dixie."

I wish I was in de land o' cotton,
Old times dair ain't not forgotten—
Look away, etc.
In Dixie land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin'—
Look away, etc.

CHORUS—Den I wish I was in Dixie.

In Dixie land dat frosty mornin',
Jis 'bout de time de day was dawnin'—
Look away, etc.
De signal fire from de East bin roarin',
Rouse up, Dixie, no more snorin'—
Look away, etc.

CHORUS.

[Pg 8]

Dat rocket high a-blazing in de sky,
'Tis de sign dat de snobbies am comin' up nigh—
Look away, etc.
Dey bin braggin' long, if we dare to shoot a shot,
Dey comin' up strong and dey'll send us all to pot,
Fire away, fire away, lads in gray.

CHORUS.

THE SOUTHRON'S CHANT OF DEFIANCE.

By C. A. WARFIELD, Kentucky. Music by A. E. BLACKMAR.

You can never win us back
Never! never!
Though we perish on the track
Of your endeavor;
Though our corsers strew the earth,
That smiled upon their birth,
And blood pollutes each hearth
Stone forever!

We have risen to a man,
Stern and fearless;
Of your curses and your ban
We are careless.
Every hand is on its knife,
Every gun is pruned for strife,
Every *palm* contains a life,
High and peerless!

[Pg 9]

You have no such blood as ours
For the shedding:
In the veins of cavaliers
Was its heading!
You have no such stately men
In your "abolition den,"
To march through foe and fen,
Nothing dreading!

We may fall before the fire
Of your legions,
Paid with gold for murderous hire—
Bought allegiance;
But for every drop you shed,
You shall have a mound of dead,
And the vultures shall be fed
In your regions.

But the battle to the strong
Is not given,
While the judge of right and wrong
Sits in Heaven!
And the God of David still
Guides the pebble with his will.
There are giants yet to kill—
Wrongs unshriven.

THE DUTCH VOLUNTEER.

[Pg 10]

As sung by HARRY MACARTHY in his Personation Concerts, 1862.

It vas in Ni Orleans city,
I first heard der drums und fife,
Und I vas so full mit lager,
Dot I care nix for my life.

Mit a schicken tail stuck in mine hat,
I marched up midout fear,
Und joined der Southern Army,
Like a Dutche—a volunteer.

Ven ve vent apoard der steampote,
Ve told um all good-by,
Ter vimins wafed der handkerchief,
Und I pegun to gry.

Vhen we got to vere de var vas,
Dey stood us in a row,
Und learned us ven dey hollered out,
Vich vay ve have to go.

Dey loads our guns mit noding,
Und learn to shoot um right,
Und charge upon der Yankee,
Ven no Yankee vas in sight.

My name is Yacob Schneider,
Und I yust come here to-night
From Hood's Army up in Georgia,
Ver all de times dey fight.



[Pg 11]

"I marched up midout fear."

But, ven I see der Yankee coming,
So mad it makes me feel,
Dot I jumped apoard der steamer cars,
Und come down to Mopeel.

Now, all young folks vot goes out dere,
To fight your country's foes,
Take my adfice, brepere yourself
Pefore out dere you goes.

Take a couble parrels of sauer-kraut,
Und lots of schweitzer kase,
Also, some perloona sausage,
Und everyting else you please.

Und ven der pattle commence,
Kill all der Yankees you can,
Und schump perhind some pig oak-tree,
For dot ish der officer's blan.

Ven der pattle gits vide open,
Und dem palls dey comes so tick,
Oh! you tink you must go somewhere,
Pecause you vas so sick.

Yust lower your knapsack down yer back,
Und cover up your rear,
Den you von't get wounded,
Like dis Dutcher Volunteer.

[Pg 12]

A nation has sprung into life
Beneath the bright Cross of the South;
And now a loud call to the strife
Rings out from the shrill bugle's mouth.
They gather from morass and mountain,
They gather from prairie and mart,
To drink, at young Liberty's fountain,
The Nectar that kindles the heart.

CHORUS—Then, hail to the land of the pine!
The home of the noble and free;
A palmetto wreath we'll entwine
Round the altar of young Liberty!

[Pg 13]

Our flag, with its cluster of stars,
Firm fixed in a field of pure blue,
All shining through red and white bars,
Now gallantly flutters in view.
The stalwart and brave round it rally,
They press to their lips every fold,
While the hymn swells from hill and from valley,
"Be God with our Volunteers bold."

CHORUS.

Th' invaders rush down from the North,
Our borders are black with their hordes;
Like wolves for their victims they flock,
While whetting their knives and their swords.
Their watchword is "Booty and Beauty,"
Their aim is to steal as they go;
But, Southrons, act up to your duty,
And lay the foul miscreants low.

CHORUS.

The God of our fathers looks down
And blesses the cause of the just;
His smile will the patriot crown
Who tramples his chains in the dust.
March, March, Southrons! Shoulder to shoulder,
One heart-throb, one shout for the cause;
Remember—the world's a beholder,
And your bayonets are fixed at your doors!

CHORUS.

J. J. H.

"CALL ALL! CALL ALL!"

[Pg 14]

By "GEORGIA."

Whoop! the Doodles have broken loose,
Roaring round like the very deuce;
Lice of Egypt, a hungry pack,—
After 'em, boys, and drive 'em back.

Bull dog, terrier, cur, and fice,
Back to the beggarly land of ice,
Worry 'em, bite 'em, scratch and tear
Everybody and everywhere.

Old Kentucky is caved from under,
Tennessee is split asunder,
Alabama awaits attack,
And Georgia bristles up her back.

Old John Brown is dead and gone!

Still his spirit is marching on,—
Lantern-jawed, and legs, my boys,
Long as an ape's from Illinois.

Want a weapon? Gather a brick,
Club or cudgel, or stone or stick;
Anything with a blade or butt,
Anything that can cleave or cut.

Anything heavy, or hard, or keen!
Any sort of a slaying machine!
Anything with a willing mind,
And the steady arm of a man behind.

[Pg 15]

Want a weapon? Why, capture one!
Every Doodle has got a gun,
Belt, and bayonet, bright and new;
Kill a Doodle, and capture *two*!

Shoulder to shoulder, son and sire!
All, call! all to the feast of fire!
Mother and maiden, and child and slave,
A common triumph or a single grave.

Rockingham (Va.) Register.

ANOTHER YANKEE DOODLE.

Yankee Doodle had a mind
To whip the Southern traitors,
Because they didn't choose to live
On codfish and potatoes,
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
And to keep his courage up
He took a drink of brandy.

Yankee Doodle said he found
By all the census figures,
That he could starve the rebels out,
If he could steal their niggers.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
And then he took another drink
Of gunpowder and brandy.

[Pg 16]

Yankee Doodle made a speech;
'Twas very full of feeling;
"I fear," says he, "I cannot fight,
But I am good at stealing."
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Hurrah for Lincoln, he's the boy
To take a drop of brandy.

Yankee Doodle drew his sword,
And practised all the passes;
Come, boys, we'll take another drink
When we get to Manassas.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
They never reached Manassas plain,
And never got the brandy.

Yankee Doodle soon found out
That Bull Run was no trifle;
For if the North knew how to steal,
The South knew how to rifle.

Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
'Tis very clear I took too much
Of that infernal brandy.

Yankee Doodle wheeled about,
And scampered off at full run,
And such a race was never seen
As that he made at Bull Run.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
I haven't time to stop just now,
To take a drop of brandy.

[Pg 17]

Yankee Doodle, oh! for shame,
You're always intermeddling;
Let guns alone, they're dangerous things;
You'd better stick to peddling.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy.
When next I go to Bully Run
I'll throw away the brandy.

“YE MEN OF ALABAMA!”

By JOHN D. PHELAN, of Montgomery, Ala.

Air—“Ye Mariners of England.”

Ye men of Alabama,
Awake, arise, awake
And rend the coils asunder
Of this abolition snake.
If another fold he fastens—
If this final coil he plies—
In the cold clasp of hate and power,
Fair Alabama dies.

Though round your lower limbs and waist
His deadly coils I see,
Yet, yet, thank heaven! your head and arms,
And good right hand, are free;
And in that hand there glistens—
O, God! what joy to feel!
A polished blade, full sharp and keen,
Of tempered State rights' steel.

[Pg 18]

Now, by the free-born sires
From whose brave loins ye sprung,
And by the noble mothers
At whose fond breasts ye hung!
And by your wives and daughters,
And by the ills they dread
Drive deep that good secession steel
Right through the monster's head.

This serpent abolition
Has been coiling on for years.
We have reasoned, we have threatened,
We have begged almost with tears;
Now, away, away with union,
Since on our Southern soil
The only *union* left us
Is an anaconda's coil.

Brave little South Carolina
Will strike the self-same blow,
And Florida, and Georgia,

And Mississippi, too,
And Arkansas, and Texas;
And at the death, I ween,
The head will fall beneath the blows
Of all the brave fifteen.

In this, our day of trial,
Let feuds and factions cease,
Until above this howling storm
We see the sign of peace.
Let Southern men, like brothers,
In solid phalanx stand,
And poise their spears, and lock their shields
To guard their native land.

[Pg 19]

The love that for the Union
Once in our bosoms beat,
From insult and from injury
Has turned to scorn and hate;
And the banner of secession,
To-day we lift on high,
Resolved, beneath that sacred flag,
To conquer, *or to die!*

Montgomery Advertiser, October, 1860.

1776-1861.

Air—"Bruce's Address."

Sons of the South! from hill and dale,
From mountain-top, and lowly vale,
Arouse ye now! 'tis Freedom's wail—
"To arms! to arms!" she cries.
Strike! for freedom in the dust;
Strike! to crush proud Mammon's lust;
Strike! remembering *God is just!*
Thus a freeman dies.

Southrons! who with Beauregard,
Day and night, keep watch and ward—
Southrons! whom the angels guard,
Strike for Liberty!
Smite the motley hireling throng;
Smite! as Heaven smites the wrong;
Smite! they fly before the strong,
In God and Liberty!

[Pg 20]

By your hearth-stones, by your dead,
By all the fields where patriots bled,
A freeman's home or gory bed
Let the alternate be.
Weeping wives and mothers here,
Sisters, daughters, dear ones near—
Seas of blood for every tear,
God and Liberty!

Louder swells the battle-cry,
Flaming sword and flashing eye
Light the field when freemen die!
Death or Liberty!
Backward roll your poisonous waves,
Infidel and ruffian slaves!
'Tis Heaven's own wrath your blindness braves—
God and Liberty!

C.

WOULD'ST THOU HAVE ME LOVE THEE?

By ALEX. B. MEEK, Mobile, Ala.

Would'st thou have me love thee, dearest,
With a woman's proudest heart,
Which shall ever hold thee nearest
Shrined in its inmost heart?
Listen, then! My country's calling
On her sons to meet the foe!
Leave these groves of rose and myrtle;
Drop thy dreamy harp of love!
Like young Korner—scorn the turtle,
When the eagle screams above!

[Pg 21]

Dost thou pause? Let dastards dally,
Do thou for thy country fight!
'Neath her noble emblem rally—
"God, our country, and our right!"
Listen! now her trumpets calling
On her sons to meet the foe!
Woman's heart is soft and tender,
But 'tis proud and faithful too:
Shall she be her land's defender?
Lover! Soldier! up and do!

Seize thy father's ancient falchion,
Which once flashed as freedom's star!
'Til sweet peace—the bow and halcyon—
Stilled the stormy strife of war.
Listen! now thy country's calling
On her sons to meet the foe!
Sweet is love in moonlight bowers!
Sweet the altar and the flame!
Sweet the Spring-time with her flowers!
Sweeter far the patriot's name!

Should the God who smiles above thee,
Doom thee to a soldier's grave,
Hearts will break, but fame will love thee,
Canonized among the brave!
Listen, then! thy country's calling
On her sons to meet the foe!
Rather would I view thee lying
On the last red field of strife,
'Mid thy country's heroes dying,
Than become a dastard's wife!

THAT BUGLER;

[Pg 22]

OR, THE UPIDEE SONG.

Words by A. G. KNIGHT. Music by ARMAND.

[The music of this song can be procured of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., owners of the copyright.]

The shades of night were falling fast,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
The bugler blows that well-known blast
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
No matter should it rain or snow,

That bugler he is bound to blow.

CHORUS—Up—i—de—i—de—i—di,
U—pi—de, u—pi—de,
U—pi—de—i—de—i—di,
Up—i—de—i—di,
U—pi—de—i—de—i—di,
U—pi—de—u—pi—di,
U—pi—de—i—de—i—di.

He saw, as in their bunks they lay,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
How soldiers spent the dawning day,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
“There’s too much comfort there,” said he,
“And so I’ll blow the ‘Reveille.’”

CHORUS.

In nice log huts he saw the light,
Of cabin fires, warm and bright,
The sight afforded him no heat,
And so he sounded the “Retreat.”

[Pg 23]

Upon the fire he saw a pot,
Of sav’ry viands smoking hot,
Said he, “they shan’t enjoy that stew,”
Then “Boots and saddles” loudly blew.



“No matter should it rain or snow,
That bugler he is bound to blow.”

They scarce their half cooked meal begin,
Ere orderly cries out “Fall in,”
Then off they march thro’ mud and rain,
P’raps only to march back again.

[Pg 24]

But soldiers, you were made to fight,
To starve all day, and watch all night,
And should you chance get bread and meat,
That bugler will not let you eat.

Oh hasten then, that glorious day,
When buglers shall no longer play,
When we through peace shall be set free,
From “Tattoo,” “Taps,” and “Reveille.”

ADDRESS OF THE WOMEN TO THE SOUTHERN TROOPS.

By MRS. J. T. H. CROSS.

Air—"Bruce's Address."

Southern men, unsheathe the sword,
Inland and along the board;
Backward drive the Northern horde—
Rush to victory!

Let your banners kiss the sky,
Be "The right" your battle cry!
Be the God of battles nigh—
Crown you in the fight!

Pressing back the tears that start,
We behold your hosts depart:
Saying, with heroic heart,
Clothe your arms with might!

Lower the proud oppressor's crest!
Or, if he should prove the best,
Dead, not dishonored, rest
On the field of blood!

We—may God so give us grace!—
Sons will rear, to take your place;
Strong the foeman's steel to face—
Strong in heart and hand!

Death your serried ranks may sweep,
Proud shall be the tears we weep,
Sacredly our hearts shall keep
Memory of your deeds!

Though our land be left forlorn,
Spirit of the Southern-born,
Northern rage shall laugh to scorn—
Northern hosts defy.

He that last is doomed to die
Shall, with his expiring sigh,
Send aloft the battle-cry,
"God defend the right!"



RALLYING SONG OF THE VIRGINIANS.

By SUSAN A. TALLY.

Air—"Scots, Wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

Now rouse ye, gallant comrades all,
And ready stand, in war's array,—
Virginia sounds her battle call,

[Pg 25]

[Pg 26]

And gladly we obey.
Our hands upon our trusty swords,
Our hearts with courage beating high—
We'll fight as once our fathers fought,
To conquer or to die!

Adieu, awhile, to loving eyes,
And lips that breathe our names in prayer;
To them our holiest thoughts be given,
For them our swords we bare!
Yet linger not when honor calls,
Nor breathe one sad, regretful sigh,—
Defying fate, for love we'll live,
Or for our country die!

No tyrant hand shall ever dare
Our sacred Southern homes despoil,
No tyrant foot shall e'er invade
Our free Virginia soil.
Lo! from her lofty mountain peaks,
To plains that skirt the Southern seas,
We fling her banner to the winds,
Her motto on the breeze!

We hear the roll of stormy drums,
We hear the trumpet's call afar!
Now forward, gallant comrades all,
To swell the ranks of war;
Uplift on high our battle cry,
When fiercest rolls the bloody fight,
"Virginia! for the Southern cause,
And God defend the right!"

[Pg 27]

POP GOES THE WEASEL.

From "JACK MORGAN SONGSTER."

King Abraham is very sick,
Old Scott has got the measles,
Manassas we have now at last—
Pop goes the weasel!

All around the cobbler's house
The monkey chased the people,
And after them in double haste,
Pop goes the weasel!

When the night walks in, as black as a sheep,
And the hen on her eggs was fast asleep,
When into her nest with a serpent's creep,
Pop goes the weasel!

Of all the dance that ever was planned,
To galvanize the heel and the hand,
There's none that moves so gay and grand,
As—pop goes the weasel.

THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

Air—"Jeannette and Jeannot."

From "JACK MORGAN SONGSTER."

[Pg 28]

You are going to leave me, darling,
Your country's foes to fight,
And though I grieve, I murmur not,
I know we're in the right.
Here's your father's sword and rifle,
Emulate him in the fight;
Let no coward stain be on your name,
That always has shone bright.

Then farewell, my loved one,
May a widow'd mother's prayer,
Still shield thy head in battle,
And God keep thee in His care;
Then use your sword and rifle well,
Ne'er falter in the strife—
You fight for home and freedom,
For honor and for life.

And when the "Stars and Bars"
Float in triumph o'er each band
That has driven the invaders back,
Who dared pollute our land,
Then come back to me with honor,
And a mother's hand shall place
The laurel wreath your country gives
Each victor's brow to grace.

WE SWEAR.

[Pg 29]

Louisville Courier.

Kneel, ye Southrons, kneel and swear,
On your bleeding country's altar,
All the tyrants' rage to dare,
E'en the cursed tyrants' halter,
We swear, we swear, we swear!

Swear by all the shining stars,
Swear in blunt old Anglo-Saxon,
To defend the stars and bars
Hallowed by the blood of Jackson,
We swear, etc.

Swear by all the noble deeds,
By heroic valor prompted;
Swear that while our country bleeds,
Gleaming blades shall not be wanted,
We swear, etc.

Swear our country shall be free;
Submit to subjugation? Never!
Swear the stars and bars shall be
Our insignia forever,
We swear, etc.

FREEDOM'S NEW BANNER.

[Pg 30]

By DAN. E. TOWNSEND, *Richmond Dispatch*, June 30, 1862.

When clouds of oppression o'er-shaded
The banner that liberty bore,

Bright stars from the galaxy faded,
The day of its splendor was o'er;
Those stars, in a fresh constellation,
A sky in the South now adorn;
And blazon throughout all creation
That freedom's new banner is born.

For the land that's richest in beauty,
The homestead of justice and right,
Whose sons are the foremost in duty,
Whose daughters are peerless and bright:
For brave hearts in battle defending
The honor and truth of our cause;
For our trust in victorious ending,
The welkin rings out its huzzas.

Our lives and our fortunes enlisted,
Our honor, our hopes, and our prayers,
Upholding the act that resisted
The wrong of a series of years.
May the Father in Heaven approve us,
In this the most sacred of wars;
May his hand, to protect, be above us
While cheering the Stars and the Bars.

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

[Pg 31]

By HARRY MACARTHY.

[The music of this song can be procured of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., owners of the copyright.]

We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,
Fighting for our liberty, with treasure, blood and toil;
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far,
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a Single Star!

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights, Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star!

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brethren kind were we and just;
But now when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

CHORUS.

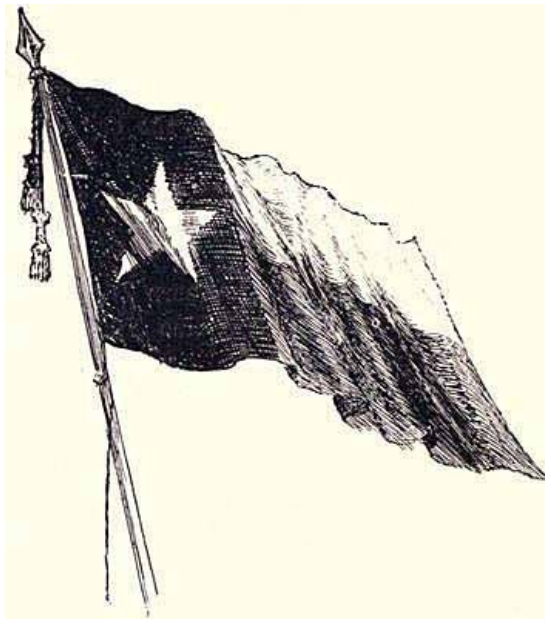
First, gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia and Florida,
All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

CHORUS.

Ye men of valor, gather round the banner of the right,
Texas and fair Louisiana, join us in the fight;
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesman rare,
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

CHORUS.

[Pg 32]



“The Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.”

And here's to brave Virginia! the Old Dominion State,
With the young Confederacy at length has link'd her fate;
Impelled by her example, now other States prepare,
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

CHORUS.

[Pg 33]

Then cheer, boys, raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given,
The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be Eleven.

CHORUS.

Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old, we'll fight our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer,
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights, Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag has gained the Eleventh Star!

“OH, HE'S NOTHING BUT A SOLDIER.”

Oh, he's nothing but a soldier; he's coming here to-night,
For I saw him pass this morning, with his uniform so bright;
He was coming in from picket, whilst he sang a sweet refrain,
And he kissed his hand at some one, peeping through the window pane.

Ah! he rode no dashing charger, with black and flowing mane,
But his bayonet glistened brightly, as the sun lit up the plain;
No waving plume or feather flashed its crimson in the light,
He belongs to the light infantry, and came to the war to fight.

[Pg 34]

Oh, he's nothing but a soldier, his trust is in his sword,
To carve his way to glory through the servile Yankee horde;
No pompous pageant heralds him, no sycophants attend;
In his belt you see his body guard, his tried and trusty friend.

Oh, he's nothing but a soldier, yet his eyes are very fine,
And I sometimes think, when passing, they're peeping into mine;
Though he's nothing but a soldier—come, let me be discreet—
Yet really for a soldier, his toilet's very neat.

He has been again to see us, the gentleman in gray,
He's called to see us often, our house is on his way;
Ofttimes he sadly seeks the shade of yonder grove of trees,
I watched him once—this soldier—I saw him on his knees.

Oh, he's nothing but a soldier, but this I know full well.
He has a heart of softness, where tender virtues dwell;
For once when we were talking, and no one else was near,
I saw him very plainly try to hide a starting tear.

Ah! he's nothing but a soldier; but then its very queer.
Whenever he is absent I'd much rather have him near;
He's gone to meet the foeman, to stay his bloody track,
O Heaven! shield the soldier; O God! let him come back.

SOUTHERN WAR-CRY.

[Pg 35]

Air—"Scots, wha hae."

Countrymen of Washington!
Countrymen of Jefferson!
By old Hick'ry oft led on
To death or victory!

Sons of men who fought and bled,
Whose blood for you was freely shed,
Where Marion charged and Sumpter led,
For freeman's rights!

From the Cowpens' glorious way,
Southron valor led the fray
To Yorktown's eventful day,
First we were free!

At New Orleans we met the foe;
Oppressors fell at every blow;
There we laid the usurper low,
For maids and wives!

Who on Palo Alto's day,
'Mid fire and hail at Monterey,
At Buena Vista, led the way?
"Rough-and-Ready."

Southrons all; at Freedom's call,
For our homes united all,
Freemen live, or freemen fall!
Death or liberty!

DIXIE'S LAND.

[Pg 36]

As sung by the Confederate Soldier.

Away down South in de fields of cotton,
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom;
Look away, look away,
Look away, look away.
Den 'way down South in de fields of cotton,
Vinegar shoes and paper stockings;
Look away, look away,
Look away, look away.

Den I wish I was in Dixie's Land,
Oh—oh! Oh—oh!
In Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixie's Land,
Away, away, away,
Away down South in Dixie.

Pork and cabbage in de pot,
It goes in cold and comes out hot;
Look away, look away,
Look away, look away.
Vinegar put right on red beet,
It makes them always fit to eat;
Look away, look away,
Look away, look away.
Den I wish I was in Dixie's Land,
Oh—oh! Oh—oh!
In Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixie's Land,
Away, away, away,
Away down South in Dixie.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF LIEUT.-COL. CH. B. DREUX.

[Pg 37]

By JAMES R. RANDALL.

Permission of HENRI WEHRMAN, *New Orleans, La.*

Weep, Louisiana, weep! thy gallant dead
Weave the green laurel o'er the undaunted head!
Fling thy bright banner o'er the breast which bled
Defending thee!
Weep, weep, Imperial City, deep and wild!
Weep for thy martyred and heroic child,
The young, the brave, the free, the undefiled,
Ah, weep for him.
Lo! lo! the wail surgeth from embattled bands,
By Yorktown's plains and Pensacola's sands,
Re-echoing to the golden sugar lands,
Adieu! Adieu!

The death of honor was the death he craved,
To die where weapons clashed and pennons waved,
To welcome Freedom o'er the opening impetuous grave,
And live for aye!
His blood had too much lightning to be still,
His spirit was the torrent, not the rill,
The gods have loved him, and the Eternal Hill
Is his at last!
He died while yet his chainless eye could roll,
Flashing the conflagrations of his soul,
The rose and mirror of the bold Creole,
He sleepeth well.

[Pg 38]

Lament, lone mother, for his early fate,
But, bear thy burden with a hope elate,
For thou hast shrined thy jewels in the state,
A priceless boon!
And thou, sad wife, thy sacred tears belong
To the untarnished and immortal throng,
For he shall fire the poet's heart and song,
In thrilling strains.
And the fair virgins of our sunny clime,
Shall wed their music to the minstrel's rhyme,
Making his fame melodious for all time;
It cannot die.

BULL RUN.

A PARODY.

At Bull Run, when the sun was low,
Each Southern face grew pale as snow,
While loud as jackdaws rose the crow
Of Yankees boasting terribly!

But Bull Run saw another sight,
When, at the deepening shades of night,
Toward Fairfax Court House rose the flight
Of Yankees running rapidly.

Then broke each corps with terror riven,
Then rushed the steeds from battle driven,
For men of battery Number Seven
Forsook their Red Artillery!

Still on McDowell's farthest left,
The roar of cannon strikes one deaf,
Where furious Abe and fiery Jeff
Contend for death or victory.

The panic thickens—off, ye brave!
Throw down your arms! your bacon save!
Waive Washington, all scruples waive,
And fly, with all your chivalry!

[Pg 39]

HURRAH!

By a MISSISSIPPIAN.—*Mobile Register.*

Hurrah! for the Southern Confederate State,
With her banner of white, red, and blue;
Hurrah! for her daughters, the fairest on earth,
And her sons, ever loyal and true!
Hurrah! and hurrah! for her brave volunteers,
Enlisted for freedom or death;
Hurrah! for Jeff. Davis, commander-in-chief,
And three cheers for the Palmetto wreath!
Hurrah! for each heart that is right in the cause;
That cause we'll protect with our lives;
Hurrah! for the first one who dies on the field,
And hurrah! for each one who survives!
Hurrah! for the South—shout hurrah! and hurrah!
O'er her soil shall no tyrant have sway,
In peace or in war we will ever be found
"Invincible," now and for aye.

GATHERING SONG.

Air—"Bonnie Blue Flag."

By ANNIE C. KETCHUM.

Come, brothers! rally for the right!

[Pg 40]

The bravest of the brave
Sends forth her ringing battle-cry
Beside the Atlantic wave!
She leads the way in honor's path!
Come, brothers, near and far,
Come rally 'round the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star!

We've borne the Yankee trickery,
The Yankee gibe and sneer,
Till Yankee insolence and pride
Know neither shame nor fear;
But ready now, with shot and steel,
Their brazen front to mar,
We hoist aloft the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star!

Now Georgia marches to the front,
And close beside her come
Her sisters by the Mexique Sea,
With pealing trump and drum!
Till, answering back from hill and glen,
The rallying cry afar,
A NATION hoists the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star!

[Pg 41]

By every stone in Charleston Bay,
By each beleaguered town,
We swear to rest not, night nor day,
But hunt the tyrants down!
Till, bathed in valor's holy blood,
The gazing world afar,
Shall greet with shouts the Bonnie Blue Flag,
That bears the cross and star!

A SOUTHERN SONG.

By MISS MARIA GRASON.

While crimson drops our hearthstones stain,
And Northern despots forge our chain,
O God! shall freemen strike in vain?

Shall tyrants desecrate the sod
Our fathers hallowed with their blood,
Or cowards tread where heroes trod?

The lowering tempest darkens round;
And at the bugle's silvery sound
The fiery war-horse spurns the ground.

The thunder of his iron tread
Sweeps o'er the dying and the dead;
The trembling earth is blushing red.

'Mid wreathing smoke, and flashing steel,
And blazing cannons' deafening peal
Our brave battalions charge and wheel.

[Pg 42]

The maiden sees her lover there!
Far in the battle's lurid glare
He stands, his only shield her prayer.

Oh, may that warrior in his pride
Return with honor to her side,
Or die as old Dentatus died!

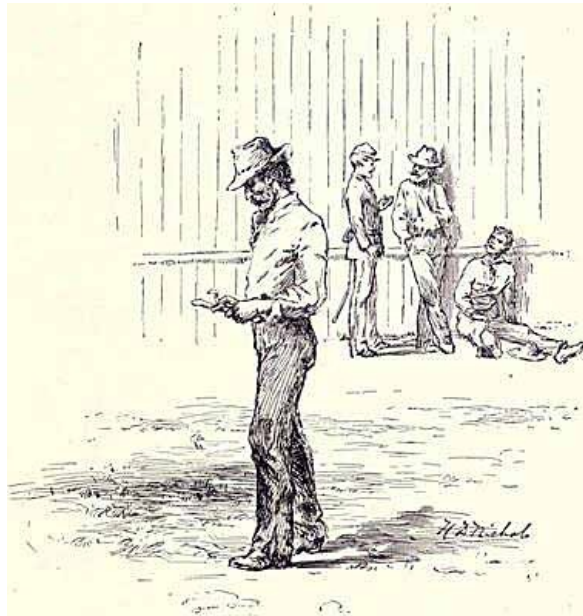
QUEEN ANNE CO., MD.

A CONFEDERATE OFFICER TO HIS LADY LOVE.

MAJ. McKNIGHT ("Asa Hartz"), A. A. G., General Loring's staff, while a prisoner of war, at Johnston's Island, wrote the following:

My love reposes on a rosewood frame—
A bunk have I;
A couch of feathery down fills up the same—
Mine's straw, but dry;
She sinks to sleep at night with scarce a sigh—
With waking eyes I watch the hours creep by.

My love her daily dinner takes in state—
And so do I(?);
The richest viands flank her silver plate—
Coarse grub have I?
Pure wines she sips at ease, her thirst to slake—
I pump my drink from Erie's limpid lake!



[Pg 43]

"Three Acres I."

My love has all the world at will to roam—
Three acres I;
She goes abroad or quiet sits at home—
So cannot I;
Bright angels watch around her couch at night—
A Yank, with loaded gun, keeps me in sight.

A thousand weary miles do stretch between
My love and I;
To her, this wintry night, cold, calm, serene,
I waft a sigh;
And hope, with all my earnestness of soul,
To-morrow's mail may bring me my parole!

[Pg 44]



"We'll one day meet again."

There's hope ahead! We'll one day meet again,
My love and I;
We'll wipe away all tears of sorrow then—
Her love-lit eye,
Will all my many troubles then beguile,
And keep this wayward reb. from Johnston's Isle.

THE SOUTHERN MARSEILLAISE.

[Pg 45]

[The music of this song can be procured of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., owners of the copyright.]

Ye men of Southern hearts and feeling,
Arm! arm! your struggling country calls!
Hear ye the guns now loudly pealing,
From Sumpter's high embattled walls!
Shall a fanatic horde in power
Send forth a base and hireling band
To desolate our happy land
And make our Southern freemen cower?

CHORUS—To arms, to arms! each one,
Th' sword unsheathe, and raise the gun,
Then on, rush on, ye brave and free,
To death and victory.

Now clouds of war begin to gather,
And black and murky is our sky—
Shall we submit—no, never, never!
Let death or freedom be our cry—
In Heaven's justice firm relying,
We'll nobly struggle to be free,
And bravely gain our liberty,
Or die our Northern foes defying.

CHORUS.

The peaceful homes of Texas burning,
And Harper's Ferry's blood-stained soil,
Proclaim how strong their hearts are yearning,
For murder, pillage, crime and spoil.
Shall we our feelings longer smother,
And bear with patience yet our wrongs,
Their jeers, their crimes, their taunts and thongs

[Pg 46]

And greet them still as friend and brother?

CHORUS.

Their tyranny we'll bear no longer,
But burst asunder every tie,
Although in number they are stronger,
We will be free, or we will die!
Too long the South has wept, bewailing,
That falsehood's dagger Yankees wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

CHORUS.

A SOUTHERN GATHERING SONG.

By L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

Air—"Hail Columbia."

Sons of the South, beware the foe!
Hark to the murmur, deep and low,
Rolling up like the coming storm,
Swelling up like the sounding storm,
Hoarse as the hurricanes that brood
In space's far infinitude!
Minute guns of omen boom
Through the future's folded gloom;
Sounds prophetic fill the air,
Heed the warning—and prepare!
 Watch! be wary—every hour
 Mark the foeman's gathering power—
 Keep watch and ward upon his track
 And crush the rash invaders back!

[Pg 47]

Sons of the brave!—a barrier staunch
Breasting the alien avalanche—
Manning the battlements of RIGHT;
Up, for your *Country*, "*God and right!*"
Form your battalions steadily,
And strike for death or victory!
Surging onward sweeps the wave,
Serried columns of the brave,
Banded 'neath the benison of
Freedom's godlike Washington!
 Stand! but should the invading foe
 Aspire to lay your altars low,
 Charge on the tyrant ere he gain
 Your iron-arteried domain!

Sons of the brave! when tumult trod
The tide of revolution—God
Looked from His throne on "the things of time,"
And two new stars in the reign of time,
He bade to burn in the azure dome—
The freeman's LOVE and the freeman's HOME!
Holy of Holies! guard them well,
Baffle the despot's secret spell,
And let the chords of life be riven,
Ere you yield those gifts of heaven!
 Io paeon! trumpet notes,
 Shake the air where our banner floats;
 Io triumphe! still we see
 The land of the South is the home of the free!

CONFEDERATE LAND.

[Pg 48]

By H. H. STRAWBRIDGE.

States of the South! Confederate Land!
Our foe has come—the hour is nigh;
His bale-fires rise on every hand—
Rise as one man, to do or die!
From mountain, vale, and prairie wide,
From forest vast, and field, and glen,
And crowded city, pour thy tide,
Oh fervid South! Oh patriot men!

CHORUS—Up! old and young; the weak, be strong!
Rise for the right,—hurl back the wrong,
And foot to foot, and hand to hand,
Strike for our own Confederate Land!

Make every house, and rock, and tree,
And hill, your forts; and fen and flood
Yield not! our soil shall rather be
One waste of flame, one sea of blood!
On! though perennial be the strife,
For honor dear, for hearthstone fires;
Give blow for blow! take life for life!
“Strike! ’till the last armed foe expires!”
CHORUS.

WE’LL BE FREE IN MARYLAND.

[Pg 49]

By R. E. HOLTZ.

Air—“Gideon’s Band.”

The boys down South in Dixie’s land,
The boys down South in Dixie’s land,
The boys down South in Dixie’s land
Will come and rescue Maryland.

CHORUS.—If you will join the Dixie band,
Here’s my heart and here’s my hand,
If you will join the Dixie band;
We’re fighting for a home.

The Northern foes have trod us down,
The Northern foes have trod us down,
The Northern foes have trod us down,
But we will rise with true renown.
CHORUS.

The tyrants they must leave our door,
The tyrants they must leave our door,
The tyrants they must leave our door,
Then we’ll be free in Baltimore.
CHORUS.

These hirelings they’ll never stand,
These hirelings they’ll never stand,
These hirelings they’ll never stand,
Whenever they see the Southern band.
CHORUS.

Old Abe has got into a trap,
Old Abe has got into a trap,
Old Abe has got into a trap,
And he can’t get out with his Scotch cap.
CHORUS.

[Pg 50]

Nobody's hurt is easy spun,
Nobody's hurt is easy spun,
Nobody's hurt is easy spun,
But the Yankees caught it at Bull Run.

CHORUS.

We'll rally to Jeff Davis true,
Beauregard and Johnston, too,
Magruder, Price, and General Bragg,
And give three cheers for the Southern Flag.

CHORUS.

We'll drink this toast to one and all,
Keep cocked and primed for the Southern call;
The day will come, we'll make a stand,
Then we'll be free in Maryland.

CHORUS.

JANUARY 30, 1862.



Artillery Button.

THE SOUTHRON'S WAR-SONG.

[Pg 51]

By J. A. WAGINER. *Charleston Courier.*

Arise! arise! with main and might,
Sons of the sunny clime!
Gird on the sword; the sacred fight
The holy hour doth chime.
Arise, the craven host draws nigh,
In thundering array;
Arise! ye braves! let cowards fly—
The hero bides the fray.

Strike hard, strike hard, thou noble band;
Strike hard with arm of fire!
Strike hard, for God and fatherland,
For mother, wife, and sire!
Let thunders roar, the lightning flash
Bold Southrons never fear
The bay'net's point, the sabre's crash—
True Southrons, do and dare!

Bright flow'rs spring from the hero's grave;
The craven knows no rest!
Thrice curs'd the traitor and the knave!
The hero thrice is bless'd.
Then let each noble Southron stand,
With bold and manly eye:
We'll do for God and fatherland;
We'll do, we'll do, or die!

By MARY J. UPSHUR.

Knitting for the soldiers.
How the needles fly!
Now with sounds of merriment—
Now with many a sigh!

Knitting for the soldiers!
Panoply for feet—
Onward, bound to victory!
Rushing in retreat!

Knitting for the soldiers!
Wrinkled—aged crone,
Plying flying needles
By the ember stone.

Crooning ancient ballads,
Rocking to and fro,
In your sage divining,
Say where these shall go?

Jaunty set of stockings,
Neat from top to toe,
March they with the victor?
Lie with vanquished low?

Knitting for the soldiers!
Matron—merry maid,
Many and many a blessing,
Many a prayer is said,

While the glittering needles
Fly “around! around!”
Like to Macbeth’s witches
On enchanted ground.

[Pg 53]



“Knitting for the soldiers
Wrinkled—aged crone.”

Knitting for the soldiers
Still another pair!
And the feet that wear them
Speed thee onward—where?

To the silent city,
On their trackless way?

[Pg 54]

Homeward—bearing garlands?
Who of us shall say?



“Knitting for the soldiers!
Matron—merry maid.”

Knitting for the soldiers!
Heaven bless them all!
Those who win the battle,
Those who fighting fall.

Might our benedictions
Speedily win reply,
Early would they crown ye
All with victory.

NORFOLK, VA., October 8, 1861.

[Pg 55]

PATRIOTIC SONG.

By DR. JOHN W. PAINE, Lexington, Va., June 30, 1862.

Air—“Gathering of the Clans.”

Rise, rise, mountain and valley men,
Bald sire and beardless son, each come in order,
True loyal patriots, muster and rally, men;
Drive the invader clear over the border;
Down from the mountain steep, up from the valley deep,
Come from the city, the town, and the village,
Let every loyal heart in the strife take a part,
Rescue our country from rapine and pillage.
Rise, rise, etc.

Men of the valley, descendants of heroes—
Heroes whom Washington honored and trusted—
Heirs of the fame and the hills of your fathers,
Men who have never been daunted or worsted;
Long, like all true men, we cherished the Union,
Long did we strive for our country's salvation;
Now when our very existence is threatened,
Rush to the rescue without hesitation.
Rise, rise, etc.

Say, shall we suffer the ruthless invader
 O'er our fair valley to marshal his legions?
 Loud calls Virginia, let every man aid her—
 Aid her, and thus show his truth and allegiance.
 Hark to the battle-cry, rush on to victory!
 Banished forever be party and faction;
 Let every loyal man rush to be in the van,
 Led by the dauntless, the conqueror, Jackson.
 Rise, rise, etc.

—*Richmond Dispatch.*

OUR BRAVES IN VIRGINIA.

Air—"Dixie Land."

We have ridden from the brave Southwest,
 On fiery steeds, with throbbing breast;
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 With sabre flash and rifle true,—
 Hurrah! hurrah!—
 The Northern ranks we will cut through,
 And charge for old Virginia, boys;
 Hurrah! hurrah!

We have come from the cloud-capp'd mountains,
 From the land of purest fountains;
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Our sweethearts and wives conjure us,—
 Hurrah! hurrah!
 Not to leave a foe before us,
 And strike for old Virginia, boys;
 Hurrah! hurrah!

Then we'll rally to the bugle call;
 For Southern rights we'll fight and fall;
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Our grey-haired sires sternly say,—
 Hurrah! hurrah!
 That we must die or win the day,
 Three cheers for old Virginia, boys,
 Hurrah! hurrah!

Then our silken banner wave on high;
 For Southern homes we'll fight and die;
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Our cause is right, our quarrel just,—
 Hurrah! hurrah!
 We'll in the God of battles trust,
 And conquer for Virginia, boys,
 Hurrah! hurrah!

[Pg 57]

BATTLE SONG OF THE INVADED.

The foe! the foe! They come! they come!
 Light up the beacon pyre;
 Light every hill and mountain home,
 Give back the signal fire;
 And wave the red cross on the night,
 The blood-red cross of war—

What though we perish in the fight!
Our fathers died before!

Hark! lo their shouts upon the breeze,
Their banners in the sun,
And like the thunder of the seas
Their deep tread thunders on.
We'll meet them here on each bold height,
In every glen make head—
And give the battle to the right;
We will be free or dead.

[Pg 58]

We stand on sacred, holy ground,
Where thousand memories meet;
Our fathers' homes are all around,
Their graves beneath our feet;
Our roofs are mouldering far and wide,
That late smiled in the sun;
Our brides are weeping at our sides;
Gods! let them then come on!

Hurrah! hurrah! he gleams in sight;
It fires the brain to see
How the proud spoiler flashes bright
In war's gay panoply;
We'll show him that our fathers' brands
Nor rust nor time can stay;
With tramp and shouts, bold hearts and hands,
Up, freemen, and away!

The work is done, the strife is o'er,
The whirlwinds thundered by,—
There's not from hill to ocean shore
A foeman left to die.
Our brides are thronging every height,
They wave us weeping home;
God gives the battle to the right—
Back to our hearth-stones, come!

THE SONG OF THE SNOW.

[Pg 59]

By MRS. M. J. PRESTON, Lexington, Va.

Halt! the march is over;
Day is almost done;
Loose the cumbrous knapsack,
Drop the heavy gun.
Chilled, and worn, and weary,
Wander to and fro,
Seeking wood to kindle
Fires amidst the snow.

Round the camp-blaze gather,
Heed not sleep nor cold;
Ye are Spartan soldiers,
Strong, and brave, and bold.
Never Xerxian army
Yet subdued a foe,
Who but asked a blanket
On a bed of snow!

Shivering 'midst the darkness,
Christian men are found
There devoutly kneeling
On the frozen ground;
Pleading for their country
In its hour of woe,
For its soldiers marching

Lost in heavy slumbers,
Free from toil and strife,
Dreaming of their dear ones—
Home, and child, and wife;
Tentless they are lying,
While the fires burn low—
Lying in their blankets,
'Midst December's snow.

A NEW RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Written for a Lady, by JEFF. THOMPSON.

[The music of this song can be procured of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., owners of the copyright.]

Missouri is the pride of the Nation,
The hope of the brave and the free;
The Confederacy will furnish the rations,
But the fighting is trusted to thee;
For, brave boys, your soil has been noted,
And your flag has been trusted to you;
For freedom you have not yet voted,
But you fight for the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS.—Three cheers, etc.

The Stars shall shine bright in the heaven,
But the Stripes should be trailed in the dust,
For they are no longer the sign of the haven
Of the brave, of the free, or the just;
The Bars now in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the faithful and true;
O'er the home of the Southern brave,
Shall float the new Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS.

WAR SONG.

Come! come! come!
Come, brothers you are called;
Come, each one unappalled;
Come and defend your home!

Come! come! come!
The cannon's belching roar,
The musket's deadly pour—
Cry, men, defend your home!

Come! come! come!
Let the invitation sound,
Through town and country round,
Come, men, defend your home!

Come! come! come!
With a prayer to Him on high;
God grant us victory,
While fighting for our home.

Come! come! come!
Wait not, lest you live to see
Your loved ones crushed by tyranny,
And desolate your home!

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT.

[Pg 62]

By LAMAR FONTAINE. Music by J. H. HEWETT.

[The music of this song can be obtained of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass.]

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night!"
Except here and there a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'Tis nothing! a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of a battle;
Not an officer lost! only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night!"
Where soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
And their tents in the rays of the clear Autumn moon,
And the light of their camp-fires are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as a gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping;
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard o'er the army while sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle bed,
Far away, in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack, his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender.
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
And their mother—"may heaven defend her!"

[Pg 63]



"There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread."

The moon seems to shine forth as brightly as then—
That night, when the love, yet unspoken,

Leaped up to his lips, and when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

[Pg 64]

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling;
And gathers his gun closer up to his breast,
As if to keep down the heart's swelling.



“And his life-blood is ebbing and splashing.”

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
And his footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Towards the shades of the forest so dreary.

[Pg 65]

Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle: “Ha, Mary, good-by!”
And his life-blood is ebbing and splashing.

“All quiet along the Potomac to-night!”
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,
And the picket's off duty forever!

“INDEPENDENCE DAY.”

Oh, Freedom is a blessed thing!
And men have marched in stricken fields,
And fought, and bled, to nobly grasp
The glorious fruit that freedom yields.
Then let the banner float the air,
The fairest ones of freedom's types—
The stars are fading one by one—
What matter? We have still the stripes!
Oh! happy men of Maryland,
Remember! we have still the stripes!

Why heed the cannon in your streets,
The bayonets that block your way?
Rejoice, for you were free men once,
And this is, “Independence Day.”
Then let the banner float the air,
The fairest one of freedom's types—
The stars are fading one by one—

What matter? we have still the stripes!
Oh! happy men of Maryland,
Remember! we have still the stripes!

FLIGHT OF DOODLES.

[Pg 66]

I come from old Manassas, with a pocket full of fun—
I killed forty Yankees with a single-barrelled gun;
It don't make a niff-a-stifference to neither you nor I,
Big Yankee, little Yankee, all run or die.

I saw all the Yankees at Bull Run,
They fought like the devil when the battle first begun,
But it don't make a niff-a-stifference to neither you or I
They took to their heels, boys, and you ought to see 'em fly.

I saw old Fuss-and-Feathers Scott, twenty miles away,
His horses stuck up their ears, and you ought to hear 'em neigh;
But it don't make niff-a-stifference to neither you nor I,
Old Scott fled like the devil, boys; root, hog, or die.

I then saw a "Tiger," from the old Crescent City,
He cut down the Yankees without any pity:
Oh! it don't make a diff-a-bitterence to neither you nor I,
We whipped the Yankee boys, and made the boobies cry.

I saw South Carolina, the first in the cause,
Shake the dirty Yankees till she broke all their jaws;
Oh! it don't make a niff-a-stifference to neither you nor I,
South Carolina give 'em—boys; root, hog, or die.

I saw old Virginia, standing firm and true,
She fought mighty hard to whip the dirty crew;
Oh! it don't make a niff-a-stifference to neither you nor I,
Old Virginia's blood and thunder, boys; root, hog, or die.

[Pg 67]

I saw old Georgia, the next in the van,
She cut down the Yankees almost to a man;
Oh! it don't make a niff-a-stifference to neither you nor I,
Georgia's some in a fight, boys; root, hog, or die.

I saw Alabama in the midst of the storm,
She stood like a giant in the contest so warm;
Oh! it don't make a niff-a-stifference to neither you nor I,
Alabama fought the Yankees, boys, till the last one did fly.

I saw Texas go in with a smile,
But I tell you what it is, she made the Yankees bile;
Oh! it don't make a niff-a-stifference to neither you nor I,
Texas is the devil, boys; root, hog, or die.

I saw North Carolina in the deepest of the battle,
She knocked down the Yankees and made their bones rattle;
Oh! it don't make a niff-a-stifference to neither you nor I,
North Carolina's got the grit, boys; root, hog, or die.

Old Florida came in with a terrible shout,
She frightened all the Yankees till their eyes stuck out;
Oh! it don't make a niff-a-stifference to neither you nor I,
Florida's death on Yankees; root, hog, or die.

[Pg 68]

LAND OF KING COTTON.

By JO. AUGUSTINE SIGNAIGO.

Air—“Red, White and Blue.”

(This was a favorite song of the Tennessee troops, but especially of the 13th and 154th Regiments. *Memphis Appeal*, Dec. 9, 1861.)

Oh! Dixie, the land of King Cotton,
“The home of the brave and the free,”
A nation by freedom begotten,
The terror of despots to be;
Wherever thy banner is streaming,
Base tyranny quails at thy feet,
And liberty’s sunlight is beaming,
In splendor of majesty sweet.

CHORUS—Three cheers for our army so true,
Three cheers for Price, Johnson, and Lee:
Beauregard, and our Davis forever,
The pride of the brave and the free!

When Liberty sounds her war-rattle,
Demanding her right and her due,
The first land that rallies to battle
Is Dixie, the shrine of the true:
Thick as leaves of the forest in Summer,
Her brave sons will rise on each plain,
And then strike, until each vandal comer
Lies dead on the soil he would stain.

CHORUS.

May the names of the dead that we cherish,
Fill memory’s cup to the brim;
May the laurels they’ve won never perish,
“Nor star of their glory grow dim;”
May the States of the South never sever,
But the champions of freedom e’er be;
May they flourish Confed’rate forever,
The boast of the brave and the free.

CHORUS.

[Pg 69]

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER BOY.

As sung by MISS SALLIE PARTINGTON, in the “Virginia Cavalier,” Richmond, Va., 1863.
Composed by Captain G. W. ALEXANDER.

Air—“The Boy with the Auburn Hair.”

The sentiments of this song pleased the Confederate Soldiers, and for more than a year, the New Richmond Theatre was nightly filled by “Blockade Rebels,” who greeted with wild hurrahs, “Miss Sallie,” the prima donna of the Confederacy.

[The music of this song can be procured of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., owners of the copyright.]

Bob Roebuck is my sweetheart’s name,
He’s off to the wars and gone,
He’s fighting for his Nannie dear,
His sword is buckled on;
He’s fighting for his own true love,
His foes he does defy;
He is the darling of my heart,
My Southern soldier boy.

CHORUS.—Yo! ho! yo! ho! yo! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

[Pg 70]

He is my only joy,
He is the darling of my heart,
My Southern soldier boy.

When Bob comes home from war's alarms,
We start anew in life,
I'll give myself right up to him,
A dutiful, loving wife.
I'll try my best to please my dear
For he is my only joy;
He is the darling of my heart
My Southern soldier boy.

CHORUS.—Yo! ho! yo! ho! yo! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!
He is my only joy,
He is the darling of my heart,
My Southern soldier boy.

Oh! if in battle he was slain,
I am sure that I should die,
But I am sure he'll come again
And cheer my weeping eye;
But should he fall in this our glorious cause,
He still would be my joy
For many a sweetheart mourns the loss,
Of a Southern soldier boy.

CHORUS.—Yo! ho! yo! ho! yo! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!
I'd grieve to lose my joy,
But many a sweetheart mourns the loss
Of a Southern soldier boy.

[Pg 71]

I hope for the best, and so do all
Whose hopes are in the field;
I know that we shall win the day,
For Southrons never yield,
And when we think of those that are away,
We'll look above for joy,
And I'm mighty glad that my Bobby is
A Southern soldier boy.

CHORUS.

REBEL IS A SACRED NAME.

Written by an inmate of the old Capitol Prison, Washington City.

Rebel is a sacred name;
Traitor, too, is glorious;
By such names our father's fought—
By them were victorious.

CHORUS—Gaily floats our rebel flag
Over hill and valley—
Broad its bars, and bright its stars,
Calling us to rally.

Washington a rebel was,
Jefferson a traitor,—
But their treason won success,
And made their glory greater.

CHORUS.

[Pg 72]

O'er our southern sunny strand
Vandal feet are treading;
And the Hessians on our land
Devastation spreading.

CHORUS.

Can you then inactive be?
Maidens fair are saying;
And their bright eyes shame us out
With this long delaying.

CHORUS.

Rouse ye, children of the free,
Rally to our streamer;
The vandal flag floats o'er our land,—
Awaken, Southern dreamer!

CHORUS.

Rebel arms shall win the fight,
Rebel prayers defend us;
Rebel maidens greet us home,
When tyrants no more rend us.

CHORUS.

THE YOUNG VOLUNTEER.

[Pg 73]

Words and Music by JOHN M. HEWETT.

Our flag is unfurl'd and our arms flash bright,
As the sun rides up the sky;
But ere I join the doubting fight,
Lovely maid, I would say, "Good by."
I'm a young volunteer, and my heart is true
To the flag that woos the wind;
Then, three cheers for that flag and our country, too,
And the girls we leave behind.

CHORUS.—Then adieu! then adieu! 'tis the last bugle's strain
That is falling on the ear;
Should it so be decreed that we ne'er meet again,
Oh! remember the young volunteer.

When over the desert, thro' burning rays,
With a heavy heart I tread;
Or when I breast the cannon's blaze,
And bemoan my comrades dead,
Then, then, I will think of my home and you,
And our flag shall kiss the wind;
With huzza for our cause and our country, too,
And the girls we leave behind.

CHORUS.

GOOBER PEAS.

[Pg 74]

Words by A. PENDER. Music by P. NUTT.

[The music of this song can be obtained of Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass.]

One of the most widely known Confederate Songs. The melody suited a soldier, and in his gayest mood he rolled out: "Peas! Peas! Peas!" with a gusto that was charming.

Sitting by the roadside on a summer day,
Chatting with my messmates, passing time away,
Lying in the shadow underneath the trees,
Goodness, how delicious, eating goober peas!

CHORUS.—Peas! Peas! Peas! Peas! eating goober peas!
Goodness, how delicious, eating goober peas!

When a horseman passes, the soldiers have a rule,
To cry out at their loudest, "Mister, here's your mule,"
But another pleasure enchantinger than these,
Is wearing out your grinders, eating goober peas!

CHORUS.

Just before the battle the General hears a row,
He says "The Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles now,"
He turns around in wonder, and what do you think he sees?
The Georgia militia eating goober peas!

CHORUS.



[Pg 75]

"Lying in the shadow underneath the trees."

I think my song has lasted almost long enough,
The subject's interesting, but the rhymes are mighty rough,
I wish this war was over, when free from rags and fleas,
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts and gobble goober peas!

CHORUS.

[Pg 76]

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

By H. WALTHER.

[Permission of Henri Wehrmann.]

To arms! Oh! men in all our Southern clime,
Do you not scent the battle from afar,
And hear the ringing clash of armor chime,
Where men have met all panoplied for war?
To arms! Let not your country call in vain
For willing hearts to shield her from the foe,
But let the ardor of a patriot's fame
Brightly within each manly bosom glow.

CHORUS.—But let the ardor of a patriot's fame
Brightly within each manly bosom glow.

To arms! in this, your country's hour of need!
Behold her beautiful and broad domain,
And say, if patriot hearts shall freely bleed
To keep it sacred from invasion's stain?
To arms! and don the panoply of war,
Stay not like cowards from the battle-field;
But with your armor on, march where the roar
Of cannon tells you that your brothers bleed!

CHORUS.

[Pg 77]

The trumpet and the clarion sound to arms,
The noisy drum in solemn echo beats,
And martial music, robed in all her charms,
The magic words, To arms! To arms! repeats.
To arms! The mortal combat has begun,
Rush on and fight amidst the deadly fray,
Nor pause until the work is nobly done,
And honor crowns us with her wreath of bay!

CANNON SONG.

Aha! a song for the trumpet's tongue!
For the bugle to sing before us,
When our gleaming guns, like clarions,
Shall thunder in battle chorus!
Where the rifles ring, where the bullets sing,
Where the black bombs whistle o'er us,
With rolling wheel and rattling peal
They'll thunder in battle chorus!

CHORUS.—With the cannon's flash, and the cannon's crash,
With the cannon's roar and rattle,
Let Freedom's sons, with their shouting guns,
Go down to their country's battle!

Their brassy throats shall learn the notes
That make old tyrants quiver;
Till the war is done, or each TYRRELL gun
Grows cold with our hearts forever!

[Pg 78]

Where the laurel waves o'er our brothers graves,
Who have gone to their rest before us
Here's a requiem shall sound for them
And thunder in battle chorus!

CHORUS.

By the light that lies in our Southern skies,
By the spirits that watch above us;
By the gentle hands in our Summer lands,
And the gentle hearts that love us!
Our father's faith let us keep till death,
Their fame in its cloudless splendor—
As men who stand for their mother land,
And die—but never surrender!

CHORUS.

CHIVALROUS C. S. A.

Air—“Vive la Compagnie.”

I'll sing you a song of the South's sunny clime,

Chivalrous C. S. A!
Which went to housekeeping once on a time;
Bully for C. S. A!
Like heroes and princes they lived for a while,
Chivalrous C. S. A!
And routed the Hessians in most gallant style;
Bully for C. S. A!

CHORUS.—Chivalrous, chivalrous people are they!
Chivalrous, chivalrous people are they!
In C. S. A! In C. S. A!
Aye, in chivalrous C. S. A!

[Pg 79]

They have a bold leader—Jeff. Davis his name—
Chivalrous C. S. A!
Good generals and soldiers, all anxious for fame;
Bully for C. S. A!
At Manassas they met the North in its pride,
Chivalrous C. S. A!
But they easily put McDowell aside;
Bully for C. S. A!

CHORUS.

Ministers to England and France, it appears,
Have gone from the C. S. A!
Who've given the North many fleas in its ears,
Bully for C. S. A!
Reminders are being to Washington sent,
By the chivalrous C. S. A!
That'll force Uncle Abe full soon to repent,
Bully for C. S. A!

CHORUS.

Oh, they have the finest of musical ears,
Chivalrous C. S. A!
Yankee Doodle's too vulgar for them, it appears;
Bully for C. S. A!
The North may sing it and whistle it still,
Miserable U. S. A!
Three cheers for the South!—now, boys, with a will!
And groans for the U. S. A!

CHORUS.

NORTH CAROLINA'S WAR SONG.

[Pg 80]

Air—"Annie Laurie."

We leave our pleasant homesteads,
We leave our smiling farms,
At the first call of duty
We rush at once to arms;
We rush at once to arms,
To guard our coasts we fly,
For the land our mothers lived, on
Bravely to bleed or die.

Up, boys, and quit your pleasure,
Up, men, and quit your toil!
The invader's foot must never
Be pressed upon our soil;
Be pressed upon our soil,
In which our fathers sleep;
Their blessed graves our care, boys,
Most sacredly must keep.

'Twas in our brave old State, men,
That first of all was sung,
The thrilling song of freedom

That through the land hath rung;
That through the land hath rung,
And we'll sound its notes once more,
Till our men and children shout
From the mountain to the shore.

[Pg 81]

Sweet eyes are filled with tears, men,
Sweet tears of love and pride,
As our wives and sweethearts bid us
Go meet whate'er betide,
Go meet whate'er betide,
And God our guide shall be,
As we drive the foe before us,
And rush to victory.

THE HOMESPUN DRESS.

By CARRIE BELL SINCLAIR.

Air—"Bonnie Blue Flag."

Oh, yes, I am a Southern girl,
And glory in the name,
And boast it with far greater pride
Than glittering wealth or fame.
We envy not the Northern girl,
Her robes of beauty rare,
Though diamonds grace her snowy neck,
And pearls bedeck her hair.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the sunny South so dear,
Three cheers for the homespun dress
The Southern ladies wear!

[Pg 82]

The homespun dress is plain, I know,
My hat's palmetto, too;
But then it shows what Southern girls
For Southern rights will do.
We send the bravest of our land,
To battle with the foe,
And we will lend a helping hand—
We love the South, you know.

CHORUS.

Now Northern goods are out of date;
And since old Abe's blockade,
We Southern girls can be content
With goods that's Southern made.
We send our sweethearts to the war;
But, dear girls; never mind—
Your soldier-love will ne'er forget
The girl he left behind.

CHORUS.

The soldier is the lad for me—
A brave heart I adore;
And when the sunny South is free,
And when fighting is no more,
I'll choose me then a lover brave,
From out that gallant band.
The soldier lad I love the best
Shall have my heart and hand.

CHORUS.

The Southern land's a glorious land,
And has a glorious cause;
Then cheer, three cheers for Southern rights,

And for the Southern boys!
We scorn to wear a bit of silk,
A bit of Northern lace,
But make our homespun dresses up,
And wear them with a grace.

CHORUS.

And now, young man, a word to you:
If you would win the fair,
Go to the field where honor calls,
And win your lady there.
Remember that our brightest smiles
Are for the true and brave,
And that our tears are all for those
Who fill a soldier's grave.

CHORUS.

[Pg 83]

THE BANNER SONG.

By JAMES B. MARSHALL.

Up, up with the banner, the foe is before us,
His bayonets bristle, his sword is unsheathed,
Charge, charge on his line with harmonious chorus,
For the prayers go with us that beauty has breathed.

He fights for the power of despot and plunder,
While we are defending our altars and homes;
He has riven the firmly knit Union asunder,
And to bind it with tyranny's fetters he comes,
Like the prophet Mokanna, whose veil so resplendent,
His monstrous deformity closely concealed;
Duplicity marks Lincoln's course, and dependent
On falsehood is every fair promise revealed.

When that veil shall be raised, Freedom's last feast be taken,
A banquet to which all his followers will crowd;
Oh, horror of horrors! who can view it unshaken?
Without sense they will sit all in suppliance bowed!
We do not forget that they once were our brothers,
That we sat in our boyhood around the same board,
That our heart's best idolatry blest the same mothers,
And to the same fathers libations we poured.

We rallied around the same star-spangled standard,
When called to the field by the tocsin of war,
But they from our side have unfeelingly wandered,
And we strip from our flag every recusant star.
They have forced us to stand by our own constitution,
To defend our lov'd homesteads, our altars and fires,
While they tamely submit to a tyrant's pollution,
Beneath whose foul tread their own freedom expires.

Then up with the banner, its broad stripes wide flowing,
'Tis the emblem of Liberty—flag of the free;
Let it wave us to triumph, and every heart glowing,
Nerve each arm's bravest blows for its lov'd Tennessee.

[Pg 84]

THE VOLUNTEER.

Permission of H. WEHRMAN. Arranged by J. C. VIERECK.

[Pg 85]

The hour was sad, I left the maid,
A lingering farewell taking;
Her sighs and tears my steps delayed,
I thought her heart was breaking.
In hurried words her name I blessed,
I breathed the vows that bind me,
And to my heart in anguish pressed
The girl I left behind me.

Then to the East we bore away
To win a name in story,
And, there, where dawns the sun of day,
There dawned our sun of glory.
Both blazed in noon on Manassas' plain,
Where, in the post assigned me,
I shared the glory of that fight—
Sweet girl I left behind me!

Full many a name our banners bore
Of former deeds of daring—
But they were of the days of yore,
In which we had no sharing;
But now, our laurels freshly won,
With the old ones shall entwin'd be,
Still worthy of our sires, each son,
Sweet girl I left behind me!

The hope of final victory
Within my bosom burning,
Is mingling with sweet thoughts of thee,
And of my fond returning.
But should I ne'er return again,
Still worth thy love thou'lt find me,
Dishonor's breath shall never stain
The name I leave behind me.

[Pg 86]

READING THE LIST.

"Is there any news of the war?" she said;
"Only a list of the wounded and dead,"
Was the man's reply,
Without lifting his eye
To the face of the woman standing by.
"Tis the very thing I want," she said;
"Read me a list of the wounded and dead."

He read the list—'twas a sad array
Of the wounded and killed in the fatal fray;
In the very midst was a pause, to tell
That his comrades asked, "Who is he, pray?"
"The only son of the widow Gray,"
Was the proud reply
Of his Captain nigh.
What ails the woman standing near?
Her face has the ashen hue of fear!

"Well, well, read on; is he wounded? quick!
Oh, God! but my heart is sorrow sick!
Is he wounded?" "No! he fell," they say,
"Killed outright on that fatal day!"
But see, the woman has swooned away!

[Pg 87]



“Only a list of the wounded and dead.”

Sadly she opened her eyes to the light,
 Slowly recalled the events of the fight;
 Faintly she murmured, “Killed outright!
 It has cost me the life of my only son,
 But the battle is fought and the victory won;
 The will of the Lord, let it be done!”

[Pg 88]

God pity the cheerless widow Gray,
 And send from the halls of Eternal Day
 The light of His peace to illumine her way!

THE BARS AND STARS.

By W. A. HAYNES.

Air—“Star Spangled Banner.”

Oh, the tocsin of war still resounds o’er the land,
 And legions of braves are now rushing to battle,
 Our lint-stocks are lighted, our guns are all manned,
 Loud thunders the cannon, and musketry rattle,
 Our hosts there are led
 By the blue, white and red,
 While the battle fiend flaps his pale wing o’er the dead.

CHORUS.—Let the bars and stars of our banner ever wave
 O’er the land of the South, the home of the brave.

[Pg 89]

O, say, can you see through the mist and the gloom,
 Through the clouds of the battle our stars brightly shining,
 ’Tis a beacon of hope, ’tis a signal of doom
 To the hordes of the vandals our borders now lining;
 Proud defiance we hurl
 And our flag we unfurl,
 Let it float, proudly float, in the gaze of the world.
 CHORUS.

For thirty years or more, we have waited and prayed
 That the chains of oppression and wrongs might be sundered,
 But the black fiends of the North, with their plans foully laid,
 Have raised up a whirlwind and the old ship’s now foundered.
 We shouted the alarm,
 We spoke of our wrongs,
 Now the argument’s exhausted, we’ll stand by our arms.

Oh! Manassas has been fought, and the field has been won,
 And the brag guns of Sherman our brave boys have taken;
 Our foes have retreated back to old Washington,
 But the ranks of our Dixie still remain there unshaken;
 And over the graves
 Of the New York Zouaves
 The bars and the stars now triumphantly waves.
 CHORUS.

WAR SONG.

[Pg 90]

Charleston Mercury.

Respectfully inscribed to the companies mentioned.

Air—“March, march, Ettrick and Toviotlande.”

March, march on, brave “Palmetto” boys,
 “Sumpter” and “Lafayettes” forward in order;
 March, march “Calhoun” and “Rifle” boys,
 All the base Yankees are crossing the border,
 Banners are round ye spread,
 Floating above your head,
 Soon shall the Lone Star be famous in story,
 On, on, my gallant men,
 Vict’ry be thine again;
 Fight for your rights till the green sod is gory.

Young wives and sisters have buckled your armor on;
 Maidens ye love bid ye go to the battle-field;
 Strong arms and stout hearts have many a vict’ry won,
 Courage shall strengthen the weapons ye wield;
 Wild passions are storming,
 Dark schemes are forming,
 Deep snares are laid, but they shall not enthrall ye;
 Justice your cause shall greet,
 Laurels lay at your feet,
 If each brave band be but watchful and wary.

[Pg 91]

Let fear and unmanliness vanish before ye;
 Trust in the Rock who will shelter the righteous;
 Plant firmly each step on the soil of the free,—
 A heritage left by the sires who bled for us,
 May each heart be bounding,
 When trumpets are sounding,
 And the dark traitors shall strive to surround ye;
 The great God of battle
 Can still the war-rattle,
 And brighten the land with a sunset of glory.

THE SOUTHERN FLAG.

Tune—“A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.”

Three cheers for the Southern flag,
 That floats upon the gale,
 Once more fling out its flapping folds,
 And make its foeman quail.
 And make each foeman quail, my boys,
 While, like an earthquake roar,

Goes forth our war cry through the land,
For liberty once more.

CHORUS.—Three cheers for the Southern flag,
That floats above the gale,
Once more fling out its flapping folds,
And make its foeman quail.

[Pg 92]

Oh, for an Abolition crowd,
I hear old Abe cry out,
Affrighted by the march of foes,
The freeman's mighty shout.
That shouting welcomes to our heart,
The freeman's chosen man—
Jeff Davis—who now heads our hosts,
And leads the glorious van.

CHORUS.

Full brightly waves our flag in air,
O'er Sumpter's fort just won.
And soon o'er Pickens' towering heights
It will glitter in the sun.
It will glitter in the sun, my boys,
And fan the battle cloud,
The struggling freeman's sigh of hope,
The fallen heroes' shroud.

CHORUS.

And now three cheers for the glorious flag,
That victory has won,
And may it soon be towering o'er
The Dome at Washington.
The Dome at Washington, my boys,
While Abolition hosts
Shall quail and shake before the flag—
The freeman's glorious boast.

CHORUS.

THE STARS AND THE BARS.

[Pg 93]

O, the South is the queen of all nations,
The home of the brave and the true—
She makes no vain demonstration;
But shows what her brave sons can do;
Her freedom and advancement they cherish—
"Our rights, our liberties," they cry,
"To the rescue, we'll win the fight or perish,
For the Southern boys never fear to die."

CHORUS.—Then hurrah for the "Stars and Bars,"
No stain on its folds ever be—
Its glory dishonor never mars,
And 'twill yet grace the land of the free.

Bring forward the tankard and fill it,
Ye sons that are loyal and brave,
Our blood—O, how freely we'll spill it,
We are fighting for freedom or the grave;
Our armies may be scattered and disbanded,
Yet the wild-woods we still will infest—
Yet shall fear the brave foe tho' single-handed,
When the death rattle burst from his breast.

CHORUS.

Though black clouds sometimes may darken,
And shadow the bright sunny sky;
To the rumbling of cannon we'll hearken,
Which tells of the foe as they fly.

Tho' thousands may fall stark and gory,
Their requiem from gun and cannon mouth,
They'll win fame, freedom and glory;
And all for the loved "Sunny South."

CHORUS.

[Pg 94]

CONFEDERATE SONG.

Air—"Bruce's Address."

Written for and dedicated to the Kirk's Ferry Rangers, by their Captain, E. LLOYD WAILES. Sung by the Glee Club on 4th July, 1861, at the Kirk's Ferry Barbecue (Catahoula, La.), after the presentation of a flag, by the ladies, to the Kirk's Ferry Rangers.

Rally round our country's flag!
Rally, boys, nor do not lag;
Come from every vale and crag,
Sons of Liberty!
Northern Vandals tread our soil,
Forth they come for blood and spoil,
To the homes we've gained with toil,
Shouting, "Slavery."

Traitorous Lincoln's bloody band
Now invades the freeman's land,
Arm'd with sword and firebrand,
'Gainst the brave and free.
Arm ye, then, for fray and fight,
March ye forth both day and night,
Stop not till the foe's in sight,
Sons of chivalry.

In your veins the blood still flows
Of brave men who once arose—
Burst the shackles of their foes;
Honest men and free
Rise, then, in your power and might,
Seek the spoiler, brave the fight;
Strike for God, for Truth, for Right:
Strike for Liberty!

[Pg 95]

LEE AT THE WILDERNESS.

By MISS MOLLIE E. MOORE.

'Twas a terrible moment!
The blood and the rout!
His great bosom shook
With an awful doubt.
Confusion in front,
And a pause in the cries:
And a darkness like night
Passed over our skies:
There were tears in the eyes
Of General Lee.

As the blue-clad lines
Swept fearfully near,
There was wavering yonder,
And a break in the cheer

Of our columns unsteady:
But "WE ARE HERE! *We* are ready
With rifle and blade!"
Cried the Texas Brigade
To General Lee.

[Pg 96]

He smiled—it meant death,
That wonderful smile;
It leaped like a flame
Down each close set file;
And we stormed to the front
With a long, loud cry—
We had long ago learned
How to charge and to die:
There was faith in the eye
Of General Lee.

But a sudden pause came,
As we dashed on the foe,
And our scathing columns
Swayed to and fro;
Cold grew our blood,
Glowing like wine,
And a quick, sharp whisper
Shot over our line,
As our ranks opened wide—
And there by our side
Rode General Lee.

How grandly he rode!
With his eyes on fire,
And his great bosom shook
With an awful desire!
But, "Back to the rear!
"Till you ride to the rear
We will not do battle
With gun or with blade!"
Cried the Texas Brigade
To General Lee.



[Pg 97]

Gen. Robert E. Lee.

And so he rode back;
And our terrible yell
Stormed up to the front;
And the fierce, wild swell,
And the roar and the rattle,
Swept into the battle
From General Lee.

[Pg 98]

I felt my foot slip
In the gathering fray—
I looked, and my brother
Lay dead in my way.
I paused but one moment
To draw him aside;
Ah! the gash in his bosom
Was bloody and wide!
But he smiled, for he died
For General Lee.

Christ! 'twas maddening work;
But the work was done,
And a few came back
When the hour was won.
Let it glow in the peerless
Records of the fearless—
The charge that was made
By the Texas Brigade
For General Lee.

A SOUTHERN SONG.

[Pg 99]

By "L. M.," in *Louisville Courier*.

If ever I consent to be married,
And who would refuse a good mate?
The man whom I give my hand to,
Must believe in the rights of the State.

To a husband who quietly submits
To negro-equality sway,
The true Southern girl will not barter
Her heart and affections away.

The heart I may choose to preside o'er,
True, warm, and devoted must be,
And have true love for a Union
Under the Southern Liberty Tree.

Should Lincoln attempt to coerce him
To share with the negro his right,
Then, smiling, I'd gird on his armor,
And bid him God-speed in the fight.

And if he should fall in the conflict,
His memory with tears I will grace;
Better weep o'er a patriot fallen,
Than blush in a Tory embrace.

[Pg 100]

We girls are all for a Union,
Where a marked distinction is laid
Between the rights of the mistress
And those of the kinky-haired maid.

THE TEXAN MARSEILLAISE.

By JAMES HAINES, of Texas.

Sons of the South, arouse to battle!
Gird on your armor for the fight!

The Northern Thugs, with dread "war's rattle,"
Pour on each vale, and glen, and height;
Meet them as ocean meets in madness
The frail bark on the rocky shore,
When crested billows roam and roar,
And the wrecked crew go down in sadness:

CHORUS.—Arm! Arm! ye Southern braves!
Scatter yon vandal hordes!
Despots and bandits, fitting food
For vultures and your swords.

Shall dastard tyrants march their legions
To crush the land of Jackson—Lee?
Shall freedom fly to other regions,
And sons of Yorktown bend the knee?
Or shall their "footprints' base pollution"
Of Southern soil in blood be purged,
And every flying slave be scourged
Back to his snows in wild confusion.

CHORUS.

Vile despots, with their minions knavish,
Would drag us back to their embrace;
Will freemen brook a chain so slavish?
Will brave men take so low a place?
O, Heaven! for words—the loathing, scorning
We feel for such a Union's bands:
To paint with more than mortal hands,
And sound our loudest notes of warning.

CHORUS.

What! Union with a race ignoring
The charter of our Nation's birth?
Union with bastard slaves adoring
The fiend that chains them to the earth?
No! we reply in tones of thunder,
No! our staunch hills fling back the sound—
No! our hoarse cannon echo round—
No! evermore remain asunder!

CHORUS.



Jackson's Cadet Button.

THE BATTLE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

[Pg 102]

The tyrant's broad pennant is floating
In the South, o'er our waters so blue:
On our homes now his foul eye is gloating;
The homes of the brave and the true.

CHORUS.—But our flag at the "head of the Passes,"
Is borne by men brave and true;
We will teach them to fear our "Manassas;"^[2]
Three cheers for *our* Red, White, and Blue.

We will give his proud fleet such a greeting
As the storm-cloud's shaft to the tree;

As the rock to the wave in their meeting—
Is the stroke of the brave and the free.

CHORUS.

Though his minions may come as the locust,
And outnumber the sands of the sea,
Their numbers will serve to provoke us,
To dare, to die, or live free.

CHORUS.

Every breeze from the "Crescent" is laden
With defiance to the despot on our shore;
Strong men, the child, and each maiden,
Join in chorus with the cannon's loud roar.

CHORUS.

SONG FOR THE SOUTH.

[Pg 103]

Of all the mighty nations, in the East or in the West,
Our glorious Southern nation is the greatest and the best;
We have room for all true Southrons, with our Stars and Bars unfurled,
And a general invitation to the people of the world.

CHORUS.—Then, to arms, boys! to arms, boys! make no delay,
Come from every Southern State, come from every way,
Our army isn't large enough, Jeff Davis calls for more,
To hurl the vile invader from off our Southern shore.

Ohio is our northern line, far as her waters flow,
And on the south is the Rio Grande and the Gulf of Mexico;
While between the Atlantic Ocean, where the sun begins to rise,
Westward to Arizona, the land of promise lies.

CHORUS.

While the Gulf States raise the cotton, the others grain and pork,
North and South Carolina's factories will do the finer work;
For the deep and flowing waterfalls that course along our hills,
Are "just the things" for washing sheep and driving cotton mills.

CHORUS.

[Pg 104]

Our Southern boys are brave and true, and joining heart and hand
And are flocking to the "Stars and Bars" as they are floating o'er the land.
And all are standing ready, with their rifles in their hands,
And invite the North to open graves down South in Dixie's land.

CHORUS.

SONG OF THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER.

By "P. E. C.," in *Richmond Examiner*.

Tune—"Barclay and Perkins' Drayman."

These lines were written Jan. 8, 1861, for a friend, who expected to sing them in the theatre, but thought at the time to be too much in the secession spirit.

I'm a soldier, you see, that oppression has made!
I don't fight for pay or for booty;
But I wear in my hat a blue cockade,
Placed there by the fingers of Beauty.
The South is my home, where a black man is black,
And a white man there is a white man;

Now I am tired of listening to Northern clack,—
Let us see what they will do in a fight, man.

The Yankees are cute; they have managed, somehow,
Their business and ours to settle;
They make all we want, from a pin to a plough,
Now we'll show them some Southern mettle.
We have had just enough of their Northern law,
That robbed us so long of our right, man,
And too much of their cursed abolition jaw,—
Now we'll see what they'll do in a fight, man!

[Pg 105]

Their parsons will open their sanctified jaws,
And cant of our slave-growing sin, sir;
They pocket the *profits*, while preaching the laws,
And manage our cotton to spin, sir.
Their incomes are nice, on our sugar and rice,
Though against it the hypocrites write, sir;
Now our dander is up, and they'll soon smell a mice,
If we once get them into a fight, sir.

Our cotton bales once made a good barricade,
And can still do the State a good service;
With them and the boys of the blue cockade,
There is power enough to preserve us.
So shoulder your rifles, my boys, for defense,
In the cause of our freedom and right, man;
If there's no other way for to learn them sense,
We may teach them a lesson in fight, man.

The stars that are growing so fast on our flags,
We treasure as Liberty's pearls,
And stainless we'll bear them, though shot into rags;
They were fixed by the hands of our girls,
And fixed stars they shall be in our national sky,
To guide through the future aright, man,
And your Cousin Sam, with their gleam in his eye,
May dare the whole world to fight, man.

THE DYING SOLDIER BOY.

[Pg 106]

By A. B. CUNNINGHAM, of Louisiana.

Air—"Maid of Monterey."

Upon Manassas' bloody plain a soldier boy lay dying!
The gentle winds above his form in softest tones were sighing;
The god of day had slowly sank beneath the verge of day,
And the silver moon was gliding above the milky way.

The stars were shining brightly, and the sky was calm and blue,
Oh, what a beautiful scene was this for human eyes to view!
The river roll'd in splendor, and the wavelets danc'd around,
But the banks were strew'd with dead men, and gory was the ground.

But the hero-boy lay dying, and his thoughts were very deep,
For the death-wound in his young side was wafting him to sleep;
The thought of home and kindred away on a distant shore,
All of whom he must relinquish, and never see them more.

And as the night-breeze passed by, in whispers o'er the dead,
Sweet memories of olden days came rushing to his head;
But his mind was weak and deaden'd, so he turned from where he lay,
As the Death-angel flitted by, and call'd his soul away!

[Pg 107]



“The hero-boy lay dying.”

THE SOUTHERN BANNER.

[Pg 108]

By COL. W. S. HAWKINS, C. S. A., Camp Chase, Ohio.

Sing-ho! for the Southerner's meteor flag
As 'tis flung in its pride to the breeze,
From the happy glen and the beetling crag,
'Tis the pride of the land and the seas.

Hurrah! for the scintillant Cross of Red,
As it waves and glances in light,
Beneath it our brothers grandly tread,
To battle for God and right.

The flag for which Southrons had gladly died
Is the badge of the tyrant now,
And for it no blush of joy or pride
Suffuseth the cheek or brow.

* * * *

Sing ho! for the Southerner's flag for aye,
And ho! for its beautiful Cross;
It shall be the signal of bold array
Where the windy surges toss.

On a traitor's heart be the curses of night,
And palsied the craven hand
That fails in the hazard of furious fight
For God and our Native Land.

Hurrah! as over the hills it waves,
Or is borne on the ocean's breast,
Hurrah! as it leads our valorous braves,
Or is drooped o'er the hero's rest.

Whether it greets the uprising sun
Or is bathed in the western light,
Beneath it shall all our hopes be won
For "God will defend the right."

[Pg 109]

O, JOHNNY BULL, MY JO JOHN.

Air—“John Anderson, my Jo.”

In December, 1861, eighty-seven British ships-of-war were lying in the waters of the West Indies. This fact gave rise to the following imitation of an old song.

O, Johnny Bull, my Jo John! I wonder what you mean,
By sending all these frigates out, commissioned by the Queen;
You'll frighten off the Yankees, John, and why should you do so?
But catch and sink, or burn them all, O, Johnny Bull, my Jo!

O, Johnny Bull, my Jo John! when Yankee hands profane,
Were laid in wanton insult upon the lion's mane,
He roared so loud and long, John, they quickly let him go,
And sank upon their trembling knees, O, Johnny Bull, my Jo!

O, Johnny Bull, my Jo John! when Lincoln first began
To try his hand at war, John, you were a peaceful man;
But now your blood is up, John, and well the Yankees know,
You play the —— when you start, O, Johnny Bull, my Jo!

[Pg 110]

O, Johnny Bull, my Jo John! let's take the field together,
And hunt the Yankee Doodles home, in spite of wind and weather,
And ere a twelve-month roll around, to Boston we will go,
And eat our Christmas dinner there, O, Johnny Bull, my Jo!

MORGAN'S WAR-SONG.

By GEN. BASIL DUKE, of Kentucky.

Air—A combination of the “Marseillaise” and the “Old Granite State.”

Ye sons of the South, take your weapons in hand,
For the foot of the foe hath insulted your land:
Sound! sound the loud alarm!
Arise! arise and arm!
Let the hand of each foeman grasp the sword to maintain
Those rights which, once lost, he can never regain.

CHORUS.—Gather fast 'neath our flag,
For 'tis God's own decree,
That its folds shall still float
O'er a land that is free!

See ye not those dark clouds which now threaten the sky?
Hear ye not that stern thunder now bursting so nigh?
Shout! shout your battle-cry!
Win! win this fight or die!

What our fathers achieved our own valor can keep,
And we'll save our fair land or we'll sleep our last sleep!

CHORUS.

[Pg 111]

On our hearts and our arms and our God we rely,
And a nation shall rise, or a people shall die.
Form! form the serried line!

Advance! advance our proud ensign:
To your country devote every life that she gave,
Let the land they invade give their army its grave.

CHORUS.

Though their plunder-paid hordes come to ravage our land,
Give our fields to the spoiler, our homes to the brand,
Our souls are all aglow,
To face the hireling foe.

Give the robbers to know that we *never* will yield,
While the arm of one Southron a weapon can wield.

CHORUS.

From our far Southern shore now arises a prayer,
While the cry of our women fills with anguish the air.
O! list that pleading voice,
Each youth now make his choice;
Now tamely submit like a coward or slave,
Or rise and resist like the free and the brave.

CHORUS.

Kentucky! Kentucky! can you suffer the sight
Of your sisters insulted, your friends in the fight?
Awake! be free again!
O! break the tyrant's chain:
Let each hand seize the sword it drew for the right,
From the homes of your fathers drive the dastard in flight.

CHORUS.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., July 4, 1862.

FOR BALES.

[Pg 112]

Air—"Johnny, fill up the bowl."

[The music of this song can be procured of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., owners of the copyright.]

We all went down to New Orleans,
For Bales, for Bales;
We all went down to New Orleans,
For Bales, says I;
We all went down to New Orleans
To get a peep behind the scenes,
"And we'll all drink stone blind,
Johnny, fill up the bowl."

We thought when we got in the "ring,"
For Bales, for Bales;
We thought when we got in the "ring,"
For Bales, says I;
We thought when we got in the "ring,"
Greenbacks would be a dead sure thing,
"And we'll all drink stone blind,
Johnny, fill up the bowl."

The "ring" went up with bagging and rope,
For Bales, for Bales;
Upon the "Black Hawk" with bagging and rope,
For Bales, says I;
Went up "Red River" with bagging and rope,
Expecting to make a pile of "soap,"
"And we'll all drink stone blind,
Johnny, fill up the bowl."

[Pg 113]

But Taylor and Smith, with ragged ranks,
For Bales, for Bales;
But Taylor and Smith, with ragged ranks,
For Bales, says I;
But Taylor and Smith, with ragged ranks,
Burned up the cotton and whipped old Banks,
"And we'll all drink stone blind,
Johnny, fill up the bowl."

Our "ring" came back and cursed and swore,
For Bales, for Bales;
Our "ring" came back and cursed and swore,
For Bales, says I;
Our "ring" came back and cursed and swore,

For we got no cotton at Grand Ecore,
"And we'll all drink stone blind,
Johnny, fill up the bowl."

Now let us all give praise and thanks,
For Bales, for Bales;
Now let us all give praise and thanks,
For Bales, says I;
Now let us all give praise and thanks
For the victory (?) gained by General Banks,
"And we'll all drink stone blind,
Johnny, fill up the bowl."

THE SONG OF THE SOUTH.

[Pg 114]

Hurrah for the South, the glorious South! the land of song and story—
Her name shall ring, and the world shall sing her honor, fame, and glory;
For the skies above, which smiled in love, are dark with hearth-fires burning;
She rises in might to defend the right, on her treacherous brethren turning.

CHORUS.—Sons of the South, arise! arise!
For never shall fall upon her—
The land we love all the earth above,
One stain of dark dishonor.

Hurrah for the South, the gallant South, with her great heart proudly beating;
She takes her stand at Freedom's hand, and dreams not of retreating;
Oh! Southern boys, for fireside joys, with their hearts so brave and tender,
Will relentlessly fight, and to death's dark night alone will they surrender.

CHORUS.

No Northern band shall rule this land—to the breeze give Freedom's banner,
As its glowing folds o'er our land unroll, from mountain and savannah;
O'er river and lake the sound shall break, and swell with thundering glory;
Hurrah for the South! the noble South! the land of war and story!

CHORUS.

[Pg 115]

LAND OF THE SOUTH.

By A. F. LEONARD.

Air—"Friend of My Soul."

Land of the South! the fairest land
Beneath Columbia's sky!
Proudly her hills of freedom stand,
Her plains in beauty lie.
Her dotted fields, her traversed streams
Their annual wealth renew;
Land of the South! in brightest dreams
No dearer spot we view.

* * * *

Flag of the South! aye, fling its folds
Upon the kindred breeze;
Emblem of dread to tyrant holds—
Of freedom on the seas,
Forever may its stars and stripes
In cloudless glory wave;
Red, white, and blue—eternal types
Of nations free and brave!

[Pg 116]

States of the South! the patriot's boast!
Here equal laws have sway;
Nor tyrant lord, nor despot host,
Upon the weak may prey.
Then let them rule from sea to sea,
And crown the queenly isle—
Union of love and liberty,
'Neath heaven's approving smile.

LADIES, TO THE HOSPITAL!

By "PERSONNE," Correspondent of the *Charleston Courier*.

Fold away all your bright-tinted dresses,
Turn the key on your jewels to-day,
And the wreath of your tendril-like tresses,
Braid back in a serious way:
No more delicate gloves, no more laces;
No more trifling in boudoir or bower;
But come with your souls in your faces,
To meet the stern wants of the hour.

Look around! By the torch-light unsteady,
The dead and the dying seem one;
What? trembling and paling already,
Before your mission's begun?
These wounds are more precious than ghastly;
Time presses her lips to each scar,
While she chants of that glory which vastly
Transcends all the horrors of war.



[Pg 117]

"... How mellow
The light showers down on that brow."

Pause here by this bedside. How mellow
The light showers down on that brow;
Such a brave, brawny visage! Poor fellow!
Some homestead is missing him now;
Some wife shaded her eyes in the clearing;
Some mother sits moaning, distressed;
While the lov'd one lies faint but unfearing,
With the enemy's ball in his breast.

[Pg 118]

Here's another; a lad—a mere stripling—
Picked up on the fields almost dead,
With the blood through the sunny hair rippling,
From a horrible gash in the head!
They say he was first in the action,
Gay-hearted, quick-handed and witty;
He fought till he dropped with exhaustion,
In front of our fair Southern city.

Fought and fell 'neath the guns of that city,
With a spirit transcending his years;
Lift him up in your large-hearted pity,
And wet his pale lips with your tears:
Touch him gently; most sacred that duty
Of dressing that poor shatter'd hand;
God spare him to rise in his beauty,
And battle once more for his land!

Who groan'd? What a passionate murmur:
"In Thy mercy, oh God! let me die!
Ha! surgeon, your hand must be firmer,"
That musket ball's entered his thigh:
Turn the light on those poor furrow'd features,
Gray-haired and unknown, bless thee, brother!
Oh Heaven! that one of Thy creatures
Should e'er work such woe on another.

[Pg 119]

Wipe the sweat from his brow with your 'kerchief
Let the tatter'd old collar go wide!
See! he stretches out blindly to see if
The surgeon still stands by his side:
"My son's over yonder—he's wounded—
O this ball has entered my thigh!"
And again he burst out all a tremble,
"In Thy mercy, O God, let me die!"

Pass on: It is useless to linger
While other are claiming your care;
There is need for your delicate finger,
For your womanly sympathy there:
There are sick ones athirst for caressing;
There are dying ones raving of home
There are wounds to be bound with a blessing
And shrouds to make ready for some.

They have gathered about you the harvest
Of death in its ghastliest view;
The nearest as well as the farthest
Is here with the traitor and true;
And crown'd with your beautiful patience,
Made sunny with love at the heart;
You must balsam the wounds of a nation,
Nor falter nor shrink from your part.

Up and down through the wards where the fever
Stalks noisome and gaunt and impure,
You must go with your steadfast endeavor
To comfort, to counsel, to cure!
I grant you the task is superhuman,
But strength will be given to you
To do for those lov'd ones, what woman
Alone in her pity can do.

[Pg 120]

And the lips of the mothers will bless you,
As angels sweet visaged and pale;
And the little ones run to caress you,
And the wives and the sisters cry Hail!
But e'en if you drop down unheeded,
What matter? God's ways are the best!
You have pour'd out your life where 'twas needed,
And He will take care of the rest.

TO THE DAVIS GUARD.

By LIEUT. W. P. CUNNINGHAM.

Soldiers! raise your banner proudly,
Let it pierce our Texan sky—
Hurrah! it was shouted loudly—
“We will do it or we’ll die!”

Thus spoke the heroic Dowling!
To his Irish gallant band:
“Let us send the foes a howling,
From our lovely Texas land!”

Nobly answer’d those brave men all,
To his soul-stirring appeal;
“Aye, we’ll drive them away or fall;
We’ll fight them with lead and steel.”

[Pg 121]

The Irishmen desert never
The people that treat them well;
Their friends they love forever;
Their foes may “go to —!”

“Steady, steady, keep cool, my boys,
Now they are near—ready—fire!”
Thus their noble chieftain cries,
And they fire and never tire.

Hear the heavy, thundering sound,
The men of war they cry;
The dull earth itself resounds
As the foemen fight and die.

But hurrah! the white flag’s flying—
See, they spare the fallen foe!
They attend the wounded—dying—
The brave will have it so.

O, Davis Guards! ye men of war,
You’ve made a glorious name!
Thus always guard our Texas Star,
And preserve, for aye, your fame.

And when around the social glass
In years to come, you meet,
O ne’er forget the Sabine Pass!
But its mem’ries fondly greet.

WAR SONG.

[Pg 122]

By J. H. WOODCOCK.

Tune—“Bonnie Blue Flag.”

Huzza! huzza! let’s raise the battle cry,
And whip the Yankees from our land,
Or with them fall and die;
Rush on our Southern columns,
And make the brigands feel
That all the booty they will get,
Will be our Southern steel.

CHORUS.—Huzza! huzza! let’s raise our banner high,
And nobly drive the Yankees out,
Or with them fall and die.

We are fighting for our mothers, our sisters and our wives;
For these, and our country's rights,
We'll sacrifice our lives.
Then trusting still to Heaven,
We'll charge th' invading host,
Till liberty and independence
Shall be the Nation's boast.

CHORUS.

Then on with our columns—slay the vandal foe—
Beat them from our sunny soil,
And lay their colors low.
To the great God of Nations
Our sacred cause confide,
For we are fighting for our liberty
And He is on our side.

[Pg 123]

CHORUS.

THE SOUTH FOR ME.

The South for me! The sunny clime,
Where earth is clothed in beauty's hue,
And Nature vies in scenes sublime,
With all the old world ever knew;
I love thy soil where'er I roam,
Sweet land! and when afar from thee,
My fond heart throbs with thoughts of home,
And echoes back "The South for me."

CHORUS.—The South for me, the South for me,
The golden clime, the heart's desires,
The only land where men are free,
And worthy of their free-born sires.

The South for me! the patriot's heart
Beats ever to that slogan cry;
And heroes, armed and ready, start
For their loved land to do or die;
But leave the Southron's valor free,
Let Southern heroes meet the foe,
And when rings out "the South for me,"
Their strong right arms will deal the blow.

CHORUS.

[Pg 124]

The South for me! its bright-eyed maids,
Its clime, its stars, its silvery skies,
Its streamlets, with their lovely naiads,
Its vales, where varying beauties rise,
Its cotton fields, where dusky slaves,
Are happy in protection kind,
The stranger's home, though Yankee knaves
May never there a welcome find.

CHORUS.

CAROLINA.

By MRS. C. A. B. Music by A. E. B.

[The music of this song can be procured of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., owners of the copyright.]

'Mid her ruins proudly stands,
Our Carolina!
Fetters are upon her hands,
Dear Carolina!
Yet she feels no sense of shame,
For upon the scroll of Fame,
She hath writ a deathless name,
Brave Carolina!

She was first our wrongs to feel,
Our Carolina!
First to draw the glittering steel,
Dear Carolina!
Ready first to strike the blow,
At th' oppressor and the foe,
And to lay their standard low,
Brave Carolina!

[Pg 125]

Nobly now she bears her wrongs,
Our Carolina!
In her might she still hath songs,
Dear Carolina!
In the dust her sons lie low,
Yet though stricken by the foe,
Pride is mingled with her woe—
Brave Carolina!

On her brow there is no stain,
Our Carolina!
She hath poured out blood like rain,
Dear Carolina!
Vain her sufferings and her pains,
On her limbs are clanking chains,
But her glory yet remains,
Brave Carolina!

Bitterly we mourn her fate,
Our Carolina!
Cherished old Palmetto State;
Dear Carolina!
Yet while man's brave soul is free,
Honored proudly she shall be,
Mother of true chivalry!
Brave Carolina!

VICKSBURG SONG. [3]

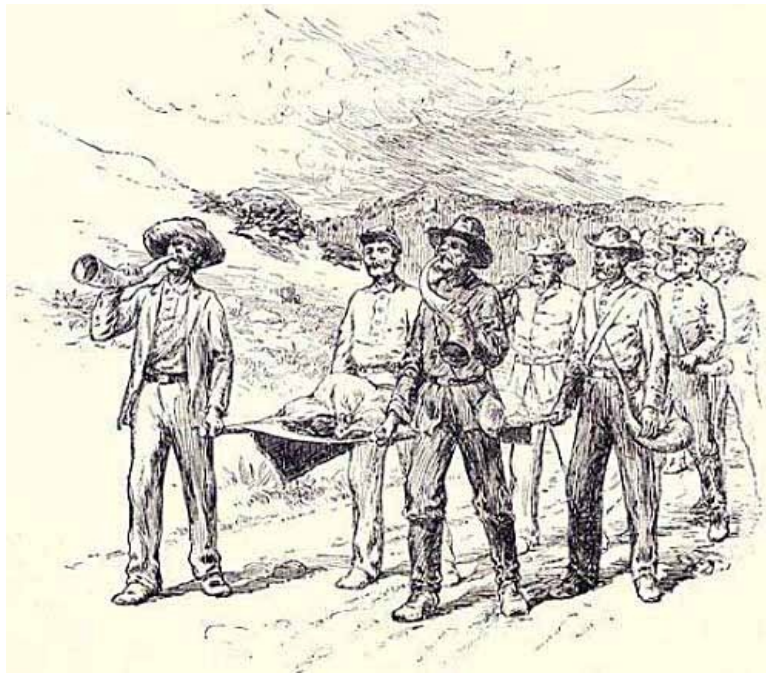
[Pg 126]

By CAPT. J. W. A. WRIGHT.

Air—“A Life on the Ocean Wave.”

A life on the Vicksburg bluff,
A home in the trenches deep,
Where we dodge “Yank” shells enough—
And our old “pea-bread” won't keep.
On “Old Logan's” beef I pine,
For there's fat on his bones no more;
Oh! give me some pork in brine,
And “truck” from a sutler's store.

CHORUS.—A life on the Vicksburg bluff,
A home in the trenches deep,
Where we dodge “Yank” shells enough—
And our old “pea-bread” won't keep,
Pea-bread, pea-bread, pea-bread;
Our old pea-bread won't keep.



“So we’ll bury ‘Old Logan’ to-night.”

Old Grant is starving us out,
 Our grub is fast wasting away,
 Pemb don’t know what he’s about,
 And he hasn’t for many a day.
 So we’ll bury “Old Logan” to-night,
 From tough beef we’ll be set free;
 We’ll put him far out of sight—
 No more of his meat for me.

CHORUS.

Texas “steers” are no longer in view,
 Mule steaks are now “done up brown,”
 While “pea-bread,” mule roast, and mule stew,
 Are our fare in old Vicksburg town.
 And the song of our hearts shall be,
 While the “Yanks” and their gunboats rave,
 A life in “bomb-proofs” for me,
 And a tear o’er “Old Logan’s” grave.

CHORUS.



A VICKSBURG SONG.

Air—“Do They Miss Me At Home?”

Do they miss me in the trenches, do they miss me,
When the shells fly so thickly around?
Do they know that I've run down the hillside
To hunt for my hole in the ground?
The shell exploded so near me,
It seemed best for me to run;
And altho' some laugh'd as I crawfished,
I could not discover the fun.

I often get up in the trenches,
When some Yank is near out of sight,
And fire a round or two at him,
To make the boys think I will fight;
But when the Feds commence shelling,
I run to my hole down the hill—
I'll swear my legs never would stay there,
Altho' all may stay there that will.

I'll save myself thro' the dread struggle,
And when the great battle is o'er,
I'll claim my full rations of laurels,
As always I've done heretofore.
I'll swear that I fought them as bravely
As the best of my comrades who fell—
And swear to all others around me,
That I never had fears of a shell.

BOYS! KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY.

[Pg 130]

Can't tell who lose the battle, oft in the council-field?
Not they who struggle bravely, not they who never yield.

CHORUS.—Not they who are determined to conquer or to die,
And hearken to this caution: Boys, keep your powder dry!

The foe awaits you yonder! he may await you here,
Have brave hearts, stand with courage; be strangers all to fear!
And when the charge is given, be ready at the cry:
Look well each to his priming—Boys, keep your powder dry!

CHORUS.

Does a lov'd one home await you, who wept to see you go,
When with a kiss imprinted, you left with sacred vow—
You'd come again when warfare and arms are all laid by,
To take her to your bosom?—Boys, keep your powder dry!

CHORUS.

Does a father home await you? a sister whom you love?
A mother who has reared you, and pray'd to Him above—
“Protect my boy, preserve him, and when the battle's done,
Send to his weeping mother, bereft, her darling son!”

CHORUS.

The name of Freedom calls you, the names of martyr'd sires,
And Liberty's imploring, from all her hallow'd fires!
Can you withstand their calling? You cannot pass them by—
You cannot! now charge fiercely!—Boys, keep your powder dry.

CHORUS.

[Pg 131]

BAYOU CITY GUARDS' SONG.

IN THE CHICKAHOMINY SWAMP.

Fighting for our rights now, feasting when they're won,
By that Cross and Stars, boys, fluttering in the sun—
The girls at home will hear, boys, of our banquet of hard corn,
And they'll think and pray for us, boys, at night and dewy morn,
Then hand around the corn, boys, and pass the full canteen;
Corn and water, and a fight, boys, are enough for us, I ween.

Sleeping in the swamps now, without shelter or a bed;
The heaven's green sky above us, green turf beneath our head;
But at home when we arrive, boys, tender arms shall us enfold;
Our pillows shall be the hearts, boys, that now our image hold.

Shells are flying over us, the bullets 'round us fly;
But we'll lie upon the grass, boys, and munch our corn away!
We're driven to their gunboats the base, invading foe;
In quick time, such as Texans can, we'll make the Federals go.

[Pg 132]

Our mothers are praying for us, our darling sisters too;
Our sweethearts—ah! God bless them! what can't we dare or do?
With our country's rights and darling ones emblazon'd on our shields,
We'll fight with God's protection, till each base invader yields.

In thinking of our cause, boys, and all we love at home,
These hard grains to heavenly manna have miraculously turn'd;
And from this battered old canteen I've drained a nectar sweet;
'Tis the heart that makes the banquet, and not what we have to eat.

Soon will we hail brave "Stonewall!" in Maryland set free!
And our "Old Line" Chief^[4] with his Texas boys shall shout for his victory.
With the Cross and Stars then wreathed in flowers, we'll turn our steps again,
To the hearts and homes that sigh for us, on our proud prairie plain;
Then with gentle hands to tend us, and the chalice for canteen,
With our rights all won, we'll rest us, boys, in peace and joy serene.

THE COUNTERSIGN.

[Pg 133]

Alas! the rolling hours pass slow—
The night is very dark and still—
And in the marshes, far below,
Is heard the lonely whippoorwill:
I scarce can see a foot ahead—
My ears are strained to catch each sound—
I feel the leaves beneath me spread—
And the springs bubbling thro' the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white rays mark my sentry's track;
In formless things I seem to trace
The foeman's form, with bended back—
I think I see him crouching low!
I stop and list—I stop and peer—
Until the neighb'ring hillocks grow
To groups of soldiers, far and near.

With ready piece I wait, and watch,
Until my eyes—familiar grown—
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
And turn "Guerrillas" into stone;
And then amid the lonely gloom,
Beneath the tall magnolia trees,
My silent marches I resume,
And think of other times than these.

[Pg 134]

"Halt! who goes there?" my challenge cry—
It rings along the watchful line—
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply—
"Advance and give the countersign!"
With bayonet at the charge, I wait—
The corporal gives the mystic word—
With "arms apart" I change my mate,
Then onward pass, and all is well!

But in my tent, that night, awake,
I ask, "If in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make,
When the angelic sentries call?"
And pray that Heaven so ordain,
Where'er I go, what fate be mine,
Whether in pleasure or in pain
I still may have the "Countersign!"

THE DARLINGS AT HOME.

By COL. C. G. FORSHEY.

The sentinel treads his martial round,
Afar from his humble home—
The soldier he tramps till his thoughts are found
On missions of love and tenderness bound,
Away among his darlings to roam.

What tender emotions now over him rush!
And the tears down his bearded cheeks steal,
As he sees his darlings from their sportings rush,
And bound to meet him with a joyful gush,
"Papa's come!" from their happy lips peal.

[Pg 135]

Bright Mary! as fleet as a bounding gazelle,
Is into his arms with a spring;
And Cabie, with voice clear as a bell,
"There's papa, dear papa!" his joyous notes swell
Yet choking with tears as they ring.

And next, little Nubbie comes toddling along,
Bright curls streaming out to the wind—
With hands reaching up, and infantile tongue—
He's lifted the welcoming group among—
As tears the stern sentinel blind.

And then, with the darling bright babe, mamma comes,
To welcome him home to their cot—
What sobs and caresses,
That happy group blesses;
Is the sentinel dreaming or not?

The stern sergeant of guard, calls out from his tent,
"Number Four has deserted his post!"
The sentinel nearest saw whither he went,
And found him, o'er musket, in reverie bent,
At home—with his little ones—lost!

* * * *

The sentinel treads his lonely round—
As dawn in the East is breaking
A cannon's deep thundering shakes the ground!
Another! an army springs up at the sound—
To thousands Death's *reveille* waking!

[Pg 136]

What a thrilling pang traverses his soul!
And a tear down his cheek is stealing,
For a thought of home, with the drum's deep roll,
Spite a soldier's manliness, over him stole,

As the trumpet of battle was pealing.

A moment he saw his darlings and wife;
To Heaven he breath'd a short prayer!
To his country then consecrated his life,
Rush'd in where the clamor of battle was rife—
When a tempest of ball filled the air.

* * * *

A wounded soldier, who fell by the Run,
Lies panting for breath and for water—
His hand still grasping his trusty gun—
Expires 'mid the glad notes of "victory won!"
On Manassas' red field of slaughter.

* * * *

In a far away cabin, a wailing is heard,
When the lists of the fallen have come;
A mother, long sicken'd by hope deferr'd,
A widow with orphans is made at a word,
And she weeps o'er the "darlings at home."

AT FORT PILLOW.

[Pg 137]

You shudder as you think upon th' carnage of the grim report,
The desolation when we won the inner trenches of the fort;
But there are deeds ye may not know, that scourge the pulses into strife;
Dark memories of deathless woe pointing the bayonet and knife.

The house is ashes where I dwelt, beyond the mighty inland sea,
The tombstones shattered where I knelt by that old church at Pointe Coupee;
The Yankee fiends that came with fire, camped on the consecrated sod,
And trampled in the dust and mire the holy Eucharist of God!

The spot where darling mother sleeps, beneath the glimpse of yon sad moon,
Is crushed with splintered marble heaps, to stall the horse of some dragoon;
God! when I ponder that black day it makes my frantic spirit wince;
I marched—with Longstreet—far away, but have beheld the ravage since.

[Pg 138]

The tears are hot upon my face, when thinking what black fate befell
The only sister of our race—a thing too horrible to tell!
They say that ere her senses fled, she rescue of her brothers cried;
Then freely bowed her stricken head, too poor to live thus—so she died.

Two of those brothers heard no plea; with their proud hearts forever still—
John shrouded by the Tennessee, and Arthur there at Malvern Hill;
But I have heard it everywhere, vibrating like a passing knell;
'Tis as perpetual as the air, and solemn as a funeral bell.

By scorched lagoon and murky swamp, my wrath was never in the lurch;
I've killed the picket in his camp, and many a pilot on his perch;
With steady rifle, sharpen'd brand, a week ago upon my steed,
With Forrest and his warrior band, I made the hell-hounds writhe and bleed.

You should have seen our leader go upon the battle's burning marge,
Sweeping like falcon on the foe, heading the Gray line's iron charge!
All outcasts from our ruined marts, we heard th' undying serpent hiss,
And in the desert of our hearts the fatal spell of Nemesis.

[Pg 139]



“My right arm bared for fiercer play.”

The Southern yell rang loud and high the moment that we thundered in,
Smiting the demons hip and thigh, cleaving them to the very chin;
My right arm bared for fiercer play, the left one held the rein in slack;
In all the fury of the fray I sought the white man, not the black.

[Pg 140]

The dabbled clots of brain and gore across the swirling sabres ran;
To me each brutal visage bore the front of one accurs'd man!
Throbbing along the frenzied vein, my blood seem'd kindled into song—
The death-dirge of the sacred slain, the slogan of immortal wrong.

It glared athwart the dripping gloves, it blazed in each avenging eye—
The thought of desecrated graves and some lone sister's desperate cry.



Virginia Sword-Belt Clasp.

DUTY AND DEFIANCE.

[Pg 141]

By COLONEL HAMILTON WASHINGTON.

Raise the thrilling cry, to arms!
Texas needs us all, Texans!
Home and love and pleasure's charms,
Yield to duty's call, Texans!
Now the stream of battle lowers—
Who before the tempest cowers?
Who could hide in woman's bowers?
Show him to the field, Texans!
Twice our sires for freedom fought—
Twice with blood the treasure bought—
By the lessons they have taught
We'll die, but never yield, Texans!

Long we've heard the storm afar;

Now 'tis coming near, Texans!
Onward rolls the din of war,
Let us meet it here, Texans!
All we have and love's in danger,
Forward, then, each Texan Ranger!
Let us meet the daring stranger,
That brings us war at home, Texans!—
Never shall our happy land
Be ravaged by a robber band—
We will meet them hand to hand,
And fight each step they come, Texans.

THE CONFEDERATE OATH.[5]

[Pg 142]

Air—“My Maryland.”

By the Cross upon our banner—glory of our Southern sky—
Swear we now, a band of brothers, free to live, or free to die!
Northrons! by the rights denied, listen to our solemn vow—
Here we swear, as freemen, never to your galling yoke to bow!

By our brave ones lost in battle, best and noblest of our land,
Fighting with your Northern hirelings, face to face and hand to hand;
By a sacrifice so priceless, by the spirits of the slain—
Swear we now, our Southern heroes shall not thus have died in vain.

Wide and deep the breach between us—rent by hatred's poisoned darts,
And ye cannot now cement it with the blood of Southern hearts!
Streams of gore that gulf shall widen, running strong and deep and red,
Severing you from us forever, while there is a drop to shed.

[Pg 143]

Think you we will brook the insults of your fierce and ruffian chief,
Heaped upon our dark-eyed daughters stricken down and pale with grief!
Think you while astounded nations curse your malice, we will bear
Foulest wrong? with God to call on—arms to do—and hearts to dare!

When we prayed in peace to leave you, answering came a battle cry;
Then we swore that oath which freemen never swear who fear to die!
Northrons, come! and you shall find us heart to heart and hand to hand,
Shouting to the God of Battles, Freedom and our native land!

BAYOU CITY GUARDS' DIXIE.

By the Company's Own Poet.

From Houston city and Brazos bottom,
From selling goods and making cotton,
Away, away, away, away!
We go to meet our country's foes,
To win or die in freedom's cause;
Away, away, away, away!

CHORUS.—We're going to old Virginia, hooray, hooray!
To join the fight for Southern rights—
We'll live or die for Davis, hooray, hooray!
We'll live or die for Davis.

[Pg 144]

You've heard of Abe, the gay deceiver,
Who sent to Sumter to relieve her;
Away, away, away, away!
But Beauregard said “save your bacon!

Sumter's ours and must be taken!"
Away, away, away, away!

With a floating battery and a few hot shot,
He sent them back to General Scott—
Old Abe he swore and cuss'd like fun
When he found the rebels wouldn't run.

Scott with his army started South!
You've heard how our armies cleaned them out—
On Manassas' plains for miles around,
Their dead and wounded fill'd the ground.

Senator Wilson, the ugly sinner,
Went over to Centreville to eat a big dinner—
The M. C.'s and ministers of State,
Left their champagne behind and dinners on the plate.

They had to leave on an empty stomach,
And "git up and git" on t'other side of the Potomac—
But some of the invaders are with us still—
We'll send them back again if the Lord will.

Our country calls for volunteers,
And Texas boys reply with cheers—
The Henderson Guards and Leon Hunters,
Friends in peace—in war like panthers.

The Tom Green Rifles and Lone Star Guards,
In a cause that is just, nothing retards;
The Echo Company, and the brave Five Shooters,
Will deal out death to all freebooters.

The Northern vandals will learn to their sorrow,
Of the Porter Guards, and Rifles of Navarro—
The Mustang Greys, O, they never fight for bounty,
Nor do the other Greys—those from Navarro county.

The Liberty Invincibles and Hardeman Texans
Can wallop ten to one, whether Yanks or Mexicans;
From the Waverly Confederates and the Dixie Blues,
And the Bayou City Guards you may expect good news.

[Pg 145]

DE COTTON DOWN IN DIXIE.

These capital verses were found [written?] on board of
the English barque *Premier*, in January, 1863, bound
from Liverpool to Havana, sixty miles west of Madeira,
by *Lone Star*, of Galveston, Texas.

I'm gwine back to de land of cotton,
Wid de "English Flag" in an "English bottom,"
Far away, far away, far away;
Kase dere I'm safe from Uncle Sam,
And he can't make me contraban',
In de land, in de land, in de land,
Away down South in Dixie.

CHORUS.—O, in Dixie land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixie land;
Hoe away, hoe away, hoe away,
De cotton down in Dixie.

Nor confiscate me for his use,
To black and clean his sojers' shoes,
Far away, etc.,
To "dig his trenches" and save his health,
For a picayune a day and find myself,

[Pg 146]

Far away, far away, far away,
From de cotton land of Dixie.

CHORUS.

O, I'm gwine back to de old plantations,
To tell de boys ob my observations,
Far away, etc.,
Made by myself in de British nation—
I'll tell de trufe widout "sensation,"
Far away, etc.

CHORUS.

I've been across de Atlantic Ocean,
Where dey all do make so great commotion,
Far away, etc.,
About de war and cotton "famine,"
Dey talk a heap of "twaddle and gammon,"
Far away, etc.

CHORUS.

For in dis English land I've bin in,
Dey've got no cotton for de spinnin',
Hard times, etc.,
For de warehousemen of Manchester,
De spinners, too, of Lancashire,
Far away, etc.

CHORUS.

Some say, "Make muslin widout cotton,"
Others, "O no, 'twill be too rotten;"
Talk away, etc.,
Some say, "From India we'll get plenty,
From Egypt, Greenland and Ashantee,"
Far away, etc.

CHORUS.

Dey'se holdin' meetin's night and day,
To find out soon some oder way,
Some way, etc.,
To git dere cotton widout you,
But dat's a fac' dey'll nebber do,
Far away, etc.

CHORUS.

For it will take six million bales
For de mills ob England, Scotland, Wales,
Spin away, etc.,
To feed de spinnin' mules and jennies,
Dere boys and gals and pickaninnies,
Far away, etc.

CHORUS.

Now dis will take a time so long,
'Twill be like de horse in de ole man's song',
Sing away, etc.,
Dat he learned to lib widout corn or hay,
But he *went dead* dat berry same day,
Right away, etc.

CHORUS.

O gemmen ob de "Supply Association,"^[6]
I'll tell you ob de "New-born Nation,"
Far away, etc.,
De Confederate States of America,
Where cotton grows both night and day,
Far away, etc.

CHORUS.

For we can grow de cotton-wool,
For John Crapeau and Johnny Bull,
"Parley voo," etc.,
An' dey will feed and keep de workies,
"White weaver folk," and "hoe in darkies,"
Quite right, etc.

CHORUS.

[Pg 147]

[Pg 148]

O I'se gwine back to de land ob cotton,
Sea Island seed and sandy bottom,
Far away, etc.,
To de bressed land whar I was born,
De land of sugar, cotton and corn,
Far away, etc.

CHORUS.

THE SOLDIER'S MISSION.

[Pg 149]

By A. W. MORSE.

Haste thee, falter not, noble patriot band,
Bravely meet thy lot, firm maintain thy stand,
God, the God of War, who defends the just,
Give thine arm the power to defend thy trust.

Thy country called thine aid, prompt thine answer came:
"We'll draw our battle blade, and shield our country's name,
'Till our firm demand shall have been proclaimed,
Justice through the land—equal rights maintained."

Welcome, welcome, then, to thy happy home,
Warm hearts wait thee, when thou mayst thus return
But shouldst thou fall in defense of right
With grateful hearts we'll all cherish thy memory bright.



Infantry Button.

SOLDIER, I STAY TO PRAY FOR THEE. [7]

[Pg 150]

Words by J. S. THOVINGTON. Music by J. W. GROSCHEL.

Vocal Duett.

SOLDIER.

Lady, I go to fight for thee,
Where gory banners wave,
To fight for thee, and, oh, perchance
To find a soldier's grave.

LADY.

Soldier, I stay to pray for thee,
A harder task is mine;
To which, and long in lonely grief,
That victory may be thine.

SOLDIER.

Lady, I go and fight for thee.

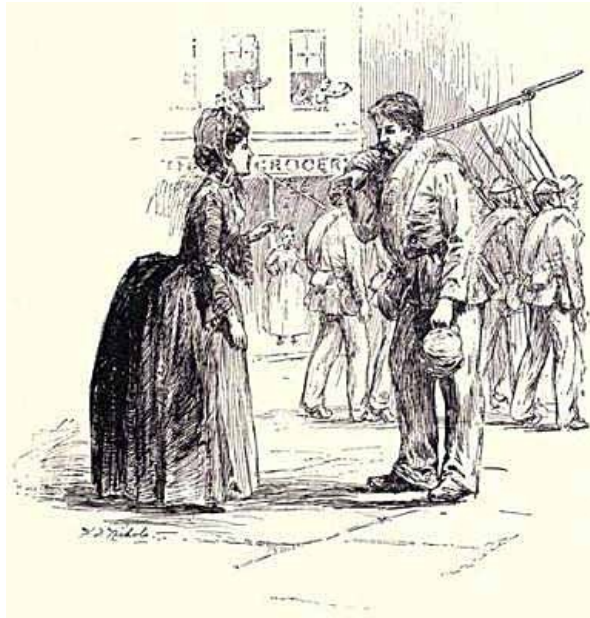
LADY.

Soldier, I stay and pray for thee.

[Pg 151]

BOTH.

And strength and faith combined,
Still form the magic sword,
Wherewith the Southrons victory find,
The Southrons victory find.



“Lady, I go to fight for thee!”

SOLDIER.

Fare thee well!

LADY.

Fare thee well!

THE SOUTH OUR COUNTRY.

[Pg 152]

Words by E. M. THOMPSON. Music by J. A. BUTTERFIELD.

Our country, our country, oh, where may we find,
Amid all the proud relics of legend or story,
A holier charm for the patriot mind
Than that soul-stirring topic—our native land's glory.
That land on whose standard the eagle's proud pinions
Flutter lordly defiance to tyranny's minions,
And whose soil all untarnished by sceptre or throne,
Is a home for the brave, and the free heart alone.

And we care not to honor the bleak shores of Maine,
With her ship-peopled strand in proud grandeur careering,
Nor the West, with her wide prairies waving in grain,
The gainers of plenty by name so endearing.
But the South is our home the land of bright flowers,
Where the softest of suns, and the gentlest of showers
Distill a sweet balm from the blossoming earth,

And make life a bright vision of pleasure and mirth.

Though dreams of the past cling around the heart still,
And a thousand proud memories will ever be cherished
Of Princeton and Monmouth and brave Bunker Hill
The spots where our country's defenders have perished;
The union they bled for is now rudely severed,
The idols are broken we once fondly revered,
And discord has scattered its pestilent bane
From Florida's reefs to the snow peaks of Maine.

[Pg 153]

But union still gladdens our own sunny home,
Whose bright blades and brave hearts will ever defend her,
And though wreck and disaster and ruin may come,
While the bright sun shines o'er them they never will surrender.
Let the foeman come on in his daring effrontery,
Let him trample the loved soil we call our dear country,
And for every fair flower that fades in his path,
A proud heart shall bleed 'neath the sword of our wrath.

I WISH I WAS IN DIXIE'S LAND.

By DAN D. EMMETT.

[The music of this song can be obtained of Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass.]

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land!
In Dixie land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

CHORUS.—Den I wish I was in Dixie—
Hooray, hooray!
In Dixie land I'll took my stan'!
To lib an' die in Dixie
Away, away,
Away down south in Dixie
Away, away,
Away down south in Dixie.

[Pg 154]

Ole Missus marry "Will-de-Weaber,"
William was gay deceber
Look away, etc.
But when he put his arm around 'er
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder
Look away, etc.

CHORUS.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to grieb 'er,
Look away, etc.
Ole Missus acted de foolish part,
An' died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away, etc.

CHORUS.

Now, here's a health to de next ole Missus,
Ah! all de gals dat want to kiss us,
Look away, etc.
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come an' hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away, etc.

CHORUS.

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Injun batter,
Makes you fat, or a little fatter,

Look away, etc.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away, etc.

CHORUS.

CAMPAIGN BALLAD.

[Pg 155]

By REV. J. E. CARNES.

Young Florida sends forth her clan—the old Dominion's brave,
With sons of Texas, lead the van to glory or the grave;
Now, by the fame of Yorktown's name, and by the Alamo,
The sons will not the fathers shame, though mightier be the foe.

From desecrated Maryland come out a faithful few,
And old Kentucky sends a band to God and Freedom true;
There comes a thrill from Sharpsburg's rill—and from the "bloody ground,"
Heap'd with the mounds of Perryville, the spectral slogans sound!

And Alabama's well-tried host into the Grey line wheels,
From wasted farms, beleaguered coast, from Florence to Mobile;
The torch-lit home, whence kindred roam, has lent its wings their fire;
And wrongs, tear-writ in mem'ry's tome, to deeds of blood inspire.

Ho, Louisiana! vengeance fraught by rapine's hellish scenes,
Comes vanward with the blended thought of Mansfield—New Orleans;
By spicy groves, where beauty roves, and where the Yankees swarm,
With vandal feet, in hireling droves, she swears her vengeance warm.

[Pg 156]

Arkansas strikes Missouri's hand—they cross the bayonet,
Each thinking of a glorious band with blood of kindred met;
They bless the Post, whose little host fought all but treason well;
And Elkhorn's grief and Springfield's boast their patriot bosoms swell.

From where the cypress droppeth down tear-dews on Jackson's tomb;
From where the darkest mountains frown, and brightest valleys bloom,
All broad of breast, with lance in rest, and in their swift-streams free,
Pour down the bravest and the best of sinewy Tennessee.

With Vicksburg boiling in their veins, the Mississippians cheer,
With wildest joy, the trumpet-strains that speak the battle near;
O hear! O hark! the name of Stark is passed along the line—
A thousand eyes more keenly mark where gathering foes combine.

From Chickamauga to the flames that o'er Savannah glare,
Inspired by Bee and Barton's names the Georgians, too are there;
By the sad path of Sherman's wrath all thro' their staid old state,
They swear themselves to deeds of scath, and righteous love of hate!

[Pg 157]

The Carolinas seek the fray—the scarr'd of every fight,
From far Manassas' glorious day to Fisher's bloody night;
Grand deeds of old their hearts unfold, and later memories clasp,
While rifle stock and hilt of gold are griped with fiercer grasp.

Now make one more immortal plain, ye men of battle skill,
Ye of the comprehensive brain and the undaunted will;
Now, Robert Lee! there comes to thee the all-decisive hour!
God make thy flashing blade to be the lightning of his power!

Now, Beauregard and Johnston, now as in your other fight,
With mutual heart and answering brow inspire the hosts of right!
Now, Bragg and Hood, who oft withstood, and oft have charged the foe,
Come with a hand and will as good to lay the vandal low.

Rise, Longstreet, with a face that shines as bright as battle's flash,
Where'er along the closing lines the burnish'd bayonets crash;
Now, Forrest, aid with such a blade as made Fort Pillow quail;

Now, Hill and Hardee, undismay'd, direct the iron hail.

[Pg 158]

Ho! Smith, Magruder, Taylor, Price and Walker in your spheres,
Warm with your zeal the hearts of ice, and charm the coward's fears!
For by the tree of Liberty God planted on this shore,
This fight should be a victory or ye should breathe no more.

Now, Davis! on the mount of State, discern the Lord's command,
While faith and courage on thee wait, and lift each cheering hand,
To beckon all, from farm and street, and make the laggard feel
A wish to meet the first that greets the carnival of steel!

Let Honor beat the rataplan and Duty quick obey—
Make "yea" an instant Tagerman, and "no" at once a Ney!
Upon the blood our best have spilled, pledge me with common breaths
War to the hilt with Yankee guilty, for "Liberty or Death!"



Louisiana.

OUR GLORIOUS FLAG.

[Pg 159]

A VICKSBURG SONG.

Air—"Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still."

There is freedom on each fold, and each star is freedom's throne,
And the free, the brave, the bold, guard thine honor as their own;
Ev'ry danger hast thou known that the battle's storm can fill,
Thy glory hath not flown—we proudly wave thee still.
Ev'ry danger, etc.

Floating in the morning light, Freedom's sun! thou shinest far,
Floating thro' the murky night, all shall see thee, Freedom's star!
For *sic semper* thy refrain, and thy motto e'er shall be,
Let tyrants wear the chain—I am—I will be free!

O'er the land or the sea where the hurling waves are torn,
In the calm, the storm, the breeze, be thy standard proudly borne;
For there's freedom on each fold, and each star's freedom's throne—
The free, the brave, the bold, thy glory is their own.

THE HOUR BEFORE EXECUTION.

[Pg 160]

By MISS MARIA E. JONES.

Hark! the clock strikes! All, all that now remains,
Is one short hour of this fast fleeting life,
And then farewell the terrors and the strife,
The heavenly joys, the sorrows of long years,
It's holy rapture, the corroding pains—
That fill the heart with rapture or with tears.

Farewell, old world! I never knew 'till now
How well I lov'd thee; and my wayward heart
Still fondly clings to thee—but we must part!
Let not my proud heart in that parting fail!
How can I weep to leave thee? I whose brow
Hath oft been bared to battle's iron hail!

My heart beats proudly, yet the coward tears
Steal from my eyes and bathe my pallid cheek;
God! what womanly weakness do they speak
And would half say, that the brave Southern spy
Who had scorned death and mock'd his idle fears,
Had, at last, forgotten how to die.

O beauteous earth! each well remember'd place—
All that I lov'd comes up before my mind—
The lov'd and cherished I must leave behind—
Stand out before me! every verdant spot
In my life's desert I can clearly trace,
E'en to those pictures I had deemed forgot.

[Pg 161]

I see my mother standing in the door
Of my lov'd home, as in the evening breeze
The curtains wave, and the gigantic trees,
Stretching their arms to welcome me again,
Cast dark'ning shadows on the bare bright floor—
Mother, dear mother! you will watch in vain.



“Farewell to earth and all its beauteous bloom.”

Watch for the coming of my eager feet,
My warm embraces and tender, loving kisses—
They will not come! dear mother, you will miss
Your boy's lov'd presence, and in vain will seek,
The well known form that you were wont to greet
With tender kisses upon brow and cheek.

[Pg 162]

The tall, green trees will cast their lengthen'd shade
Across the prairie, and the shadows pale
Will fill your home, and the wild winds will wail
With frantic madness, as they swiftly sweep
Thro' the dark forests where your children play'd—
Where all save one in death's embraces sleep.

And he will fill an unhonor'd far-off grave,
Unmark'd and lone! The hated foeman's scorn,
Will soon be o'er. This glorious, golden morn
I leave my life, my honor and my fame,
To nobly die as fits a soldier brave—
Who asks of Southrons but an honor'd name?

The hour is gone! and I must meet my doom,
And die, as should a soldier always die,
With unblanch'd cheek, and proudly scornful eye,
While stern defiance doth my bosom swell—
Farewell to earth and all its beauteous bloom—
My country! mother! one long, last farewell!

THE BLACK FLAG.

[Pg 163]

By PAUL H. HAYNE.

Like the roar of the wintry surges on a wild tempestuous strand,
The voice of the madden'd millions comes up from an outraged land;
For the cup of our woe runs over, and the day of our grace is past,
And Mercy has fled to the Angels, and Hatred is King at last!

CHORUS.—Then up with the Sable Banner!
Let it thrill to the War God's breath,
For we march to the watchword—Vengeance!
And we follow the Captain—Death!

In the gloom of the gory breaches, on the ramparts wrapt in flame,
'Mid the ruin'd homesteads, blacken'd by a hundred deeds of shame;
Wheresoever the vandals rally, and the bands of the alien meet,
We will crush the heads of the hydra with the stamp of our armed feet.

They have taught us a fearful lesson! 'tis burn'd on our hearts in fire,
And the souls of a host of heroes leap with a fierce desire;
And we swear by all that is sacred, and we swear by all that is pure,
That the crafty and cruel dastards shall ravage our homes no more.

[Pg 164]

We will roll the billows of battle back, back on the braggart foe,
'Till his leaguer'd and stricken cities shall quake with a coward's throe;
They shall compass the awful meaning of the conflict their lust begun,
When the Northland rings with wailing, and the grand old cause hath won.[8]

BANKS' SKEDADDLE.

You know the Federal General Banks,
Who came through Louisiana with his forty thousand Yanks;
His object was to execute the Abolition law,
With as mongrel a horde of soldiers as creation ever saw;
There were Irish and English, and Spanish and Dutch,
And negroes and Yankees, and many more such,
All dress'd out in blue coats and fine filagree—
But such a skedaddle you never did see!

CHORUS.—Doodle, doodle, Yankee doodle, doodle, dee,
O such a skedaddle you never did see!

[Pg 165]

They came prepared to shear our sheep and gather in our crops,
And thus destroy the government by knocking down its props;
They'd rob us of our wheat and wool, our poultry and such things,
And steal the ladies' jewelry, their dresses and their rings;
They had scythe-blades and whiskey, and sheep shears and hams,
And threshes and jack-knives, and jellies and jams,
O glorious their object—a nation to free!
But such a skedaddle you never did see!

The veterans of Vicksburg, who never had been whipped,

All swore that not a leaflet of their laurels should be clipped;
They wanted to see Texas, and the famous Texas boys,
Who thro' the whole Confederacy were making such a noise;
They had banners and mottoes, and trumpets and drums,
And small arms and cannon, and round shot and bombs,
Their most famous column, the "Feds" did agree—
But such a skedaddle you never did see!

How first they saw the Texans and heard the Texan yell—
But whether men or devils they declare they could not tell,
They faced about, at "double quick," and run with all their might,
For they had seen the "elephant," and did not like the sight;
They left baggage and Enfields, and knapsacks and shoes,
And pickles and blankets, and negroes and stews,
And broke for the river as fast as might be—
But such a skedaddle you never did see!

Helter, skelter, neck or nothing, driven by their fears,
From ev'ry side the Texan yell was ringing in their ears!
Still on they rush'd, like quarter-horses, shouting as they ran,
"The Rebels take the hindmost—now save himself who can!"
They had gunboats and transports, and all sorts of crafts,
They were all clad in iron, with guns fore and aft,
In these they expected in safety to flee—
But such a skedaddle you never did see!

[Pg 166]

AWAKE! TO ARMS IN TEXAS!

Air—"Dixie."

Hear ye not the sound of battle,
Sabre clash and musket rattle?
Awake, awake, awake in Texas!
Hostile footsteps on your border;
Hostile columns tread in order;
Awake, awake, awake in Texas!

CHORUS.—O, fly to arms in Texas! to arms! to arms!
From Texas land we'll rout the band
That comes to conquer Texas—
Awake, awake, and rout the foe from Texas.

See the red smoke hanging o'er us;
Hear the cannon's booming chorus;
Awake, awake, awake in Texas!
See our steady columns forming;
Hear the shouting—hear the storming,
Awake, awake, awake in Texas!

CHORUS.

[Pg 167]

All the Northmen's forces coming;
Hark! the distant rapid drumming:
Awake, awake, awake in Texas!
Prouder ranks than theirs were driven,
When our Mexic ties were riven;
Awake, awake, awake in Texas.

CHORUS.

Gird your loins, with sword and sabre;
Give your lives to freedom's labor;
Awake, awake, awake in Texas!
What though ev'ry heart be sadden'd—
What though all the land be reddened—
Awake, awake, awake in Texas!

CHORUS.

Shall this boasting, mad invader,
Trample Texas and degrade her?

Awake, awake, awake in Texas!
By our fathers' proud example,
Texas soil they shall not trample;
Awake, awake, awake in Texas!
CHORUS.

Texans! meet them on the border;
Charge them into wild disorder;
Awake, awake, awake in Texas!
Hew the vandals down before you,
Till the last inch they restore you;
Awake, awake, awake in Texas!
CHORUS.

Through the echoing hills resounding,
Hear the Texan bugles sounding;
Awake, awake, awake in Texas!
Arouse from ev'ry hill and valley;
List the bugle! Rally! rally!
Awake, awake, awake in Texas!
CHORUS.

[Pg 168]

THE CAPTURE OF SEVENTEEN OF COMPANY H, FOURTH TEXAS CAVALRY.

Air—"Wake Snakes and Bite a Biskit."

'Twas early in the morning of eighteen sixty-three,
We started out on picket, not knowing what we'd see;
The bridge we knew was floating. If the Yankees should pursue,
We knew we should be captured if running we'd not do.

To stop and give them battle, we never tho't of it—
The shot at us did rattle, so we tho't we'd better "git,"
The captain tried to rally us, and so did brave young Linn;
And Rader, too, with pistol drawn—Fenly next "put in."

Rainbolt, too, with angry words attempts to stop our flight,
They tell us yet to stop with them, and give the Yankees fight:
They saw they could not stop us—to try it would be vain—
So their only chance of safety was to give their steeds the rein.

[Pg 169]

Now this portion of my story will cause your hearts to bleed,
It tells of those who halted while going at full speed.
First came Billy Eddins, with musket shot in thigh,
He was told by the Yankees, "surrender now or die!"

Then came poor Johnny Burns, with sabre cut in head,
And near by him, and wounded, stood the still unconquer'd Red;
Then Oscar, and June Harris stood near in sore affright—
Then came the young De Marcus, in none the better plight.

Yarborough, too, with chalky cheek, was walking down the road—
The Yankees had to some extent relieved him of his load;
His overcoat he had pulled off, and in his shirt he stood,
In woeful plight, he was a sight,—his face contain'd no blood.

Then came the lively Lilly, with teeth hard set in wrath,
To think that some had pass'd him by, but pick'd him up at last!
Then Burnes came, and Maynard, then Graham and Jim Baugh—
The gallant Bone was found alone, and bro't back from afar.

But of the handsome Parton I must not fail to tell;
His graceful way of riding you all remember well;
But to-day the fates concluded to stop his wild career,
So from his horse was jolted by a musket from the rear.

The gallant Hill, and dashing Dees, were spurring for dear life,
When a Yankee rode with perfect ease upon them with a knife;
“Surrender, now, my pretty pair; and do it quickly too,
Stop at once and turn your mare, or I will run you through.”

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They stopp'd at once, and faced about and to the rear did start;
And back they came, with legs quite lame, with faint and sinking heart:
And there they saw a crowd who were gobbled up that day—
They were the twain that made seventeen, and we were marched away.

ALABAMA.

Words by LAURA LORRIMER. Music by J. W. GROSCHEL.

Over vale and over mountain
Pealing forth in triumph strong,
Comes a lofty swell of music,
Alabama's greeting song.
In the new-born arch of glory,
So, she burns, the central star,
Never shame shall blight its grandeur,
Never cloud its radiance mar.

CHORUS.—Alabama, Alabama,
Listen, Southrons, to the strain,
Alabama, Alabama,
Shout the rallying cry again.

[Pg 171]

As the gulf waves rushing shoreward,
Break in music echoes grand,
Alabama sends this greeting,
Proudly to her sister band.
This her ultimatum, burning,
In each heart of Southern flame,
Peace, if gained not by dishonor,
But far better war than shame.

CHORUS.

Let the “Northern Lion” couchant,
On his bleak and froze plain,
Lift his shaggy front in wonder,
And defiant shake his mane.
Sunward soars the mighty eagle,
And where blossom brighter bowers,
Than amid the green savannahs
Of this sunny land of ours.

CHORUS.

And her sons will rise in legions,
Bleed and die at her behest,
Ere a hostile Northern footstep
Trample, conqueror, on her breast.
This the faith she plights her sisters,
In this glorious Southern band,
Side by side she will be with them,
Heart with heart, and hand to hand.

CHORUS.

IMOGEN.

[Pg 172]

By MAJ.-GEN. J. B. MAGRUDER.

Wake! dearest, wake! 'tis thy lover who calls, Imogen;
List! dearest, list! the dew gently falls, Imogen;
Arise to thy lattice, the moon is asleep,
The bright stars above us their bright vigils keep.



“Thy steed is impatient his mistress to bear.”

CHORUS.—Then fear not, my Imogen,
Thou’rt dearer than life!
The heart of the soldier is the home of the wife, Imogen,
The heart of the soldier is the home of the wife.



“Arise to thy lattice, the moon is asleep.”

Thy steed is impatient his mistress to bear, Imogen,
Home to her lover, on the prairie afar, Imogen,
Belov’d as a maiden, adored as a wife,
Thou shalt be forever the star of my life.

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[Pg 174]

AN OLD TEXAN'S APPEAL.

By REUBEN E. BROWN.

Come all ye temper'd hearts of steel—come, quit your flocks and farms,
Your sports, your plays, your holidays, and hark! away to arms!
And hark! away to arms!
Your sports, your plays, your holidays,
And hark! away to arms!

For a soldier is a gentleman—his honor is his life—
And he that won't fight at his post shall ne'er stay with his wife!
Shall ne'er stay with his wife!
And he that won't fight at his post,
Shall ne'er stay with his wife!

For love and honor are the same, they are so near alike,
They neither can exist alone, but flourish side by side.

Our country calls us to the field—let's not a moment stay;
Gird on your arms with cheerfulness, and fearless march away.

No foreign power shall us enslave—no Northern tyrant reign;
'Twas independence made us free, and freedom we'll maintain.

The rising world shall sing of us a thousand years to come,
And children to their children tell what glories we have won.

Farewell, sweethearts! 'tis for awhile; my dear, sweet girls, adieu;
Let's drive these Northern dogs away, we'll come and stay with you.

And when the war is over, boys, we'll then sit down at ease—
We'll plow and sow, and reap and mow, and do just as we please.

[Pg 175]

ARISE! YE SONS OF FREE-BORN SIRE!

(Lines prompted by the spirit that pervaded the
soldiers of Galveston on receiving the news of our
disaster.)

By A. E. MORRIS, Company C, Twentieth Infantry.

Arise! ye sons of free-born sires; arise! your country save;
Kindle again the wonted fires that animate the brave:
Your heritage your foes menace—secure it from their foul embrace—
Your chains asunder burst!
What tho' they count as harvest-seed—as fathers bled, their sons must bleed,
Or be forever accursed!

The boasted chivalry of yore you can, you must, maintain;
Let not the scars our fathers bore for us, be borne in vain!
Degenerate sons of noble sires, by baleful, wild, fanatic fires,
And madden'd folly mov'd,
Profaned their Hero's sacred dust—betrayed their country's sacred trust,
And double traitors proved.

They've rais'd the fratricidal hand—they've shed their brother's blood—
Spread desolation thro' your land with sword and fire and blood,
Your desecrated altars lie ensanguin'd in the deepest dye
Of holy thing's profaned
Your homes and towns in ruins piled—your matrons, maids—your very child
With foul pollution stained.

Then rise, ye sons of free-born sires, *once* more! and freedom's won,
Kindle again the fervid fires that glow'd in sixty-one!
Your heritage your foes menace—secure it from their foul embrace—
Your chains asunder burst!
What tho' they count as harvest-seed—as fathers bled, their sons must bleed,

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GAY AND HAPPY.

[Pg 177]

We're the boys so gay and happy,
Wheresoever we chance to be—
If at home, or on camp duty,
'Tis the same, we're always free!

CHORUS.—Then let the Yanks say what they will,
We'll be gay and happy still;
Gay and happy, gay and happy,
We'll be gay and happy still.
CHORUS.

We've left our homes, and those we cherish
In our own dear Texas land!
We would rather fight and perish
Side by side, and hand in hand.
CHORUS.

Old Virginia needs assistance—
Northern hosts invade her soil—
We'll present a firm resistance,
Courting danger, fire and toil.
CHORUS.

Then let drums and muskets rattle—
Fearless as the name we bore,
We'll not leave the field of battle
While a Yank is on our shore.
CHORUS.

BAYLOR'S PARTISAN RANGERS.

[Pg 178]

By MARY L. WILSON, of San Antonio, Texas.

Air—"Dixie."

Hear the summons, sons of Texas!
Now the fierce invaders vex us,
Come on, come on, come on for Texas!
Daring, dauntless, reckless Ranger!
First in glory, first in danger—
Come on, come on for Texas.

CHORUS.—Exalt the fame of Texas, strike home, strike home!
Where Baylor leads the foeman bleeds!
Then strike with him for Texas—
Come on, come on, ye gallant sons of Texas!

Awhile ago they dared defy us—
Now they meet us but to fly us;
Bright the stars and bars are gleaming!
Bright our future star is beaming!
CHORUS.

By base Butler's proclamation,
By our sister's defamation,—
By the sword of justice sheathless,
Be the fires of vengeance quenchless.

CHORUS.

* * * *

Honor, safety, vengeance call you,
Ere the tyrant's chains enthrall you—
Cities burning, women wailing!
Shall their tears be unavailing?

CHORUS.

Fiercely now the vandal's smiting,
Southern homes his torch is blighting—
Well he knows he'll conquer never,
So would ruin us forever.

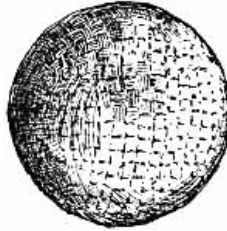
CHORUS.

A Texan's name, who would not wear it?
Well the foe has learned to fear it!
Green the laurels for you springing,
Bright the halo 'round you clinging.

CHORUS.

Chosen by the gallant Morgan!
The North has heard the Texan slogan;
Rangers, ask not, give not quarter!
Be your pathway marked with slaughter!

CHORUS.



Volunteer Confederate Button.

THE HORSE MARINES AT GALVESTON.

[Pg 180]

Air—"Barring of the Door."

It was on a New Year's morn so soon,
Before the break of day, Oh!
General Magruder had laid his plan
To catch the Yankees in the Bay, Oh!

CHORUS.—Skedaddle, skedaddle, leave horse, spur and saddle,
Charge! Horse Marines, with a hoo-way!
Skedaddle, skedaddle, the Yankees will toddle;
Rush on them with pistol and bowie—
O, skedaddle!

Magruder march'd down through Galveston town,
And placed his men on the shore, Oh!
And the fight then began when he fired the first gun,
And the fleet replied with a roar, Oh!

CHORUS.

The Yankees' big shot flew fast, thick and hot,
They thought they'd gain'd the day, Oh!
When Bagby and Green, with the new Horse Marine,
Came rushing down the Bay, Oh!

CHORUS.

The two bayou boats went to butting like goats,
The big steamer's deck to gain, Oh!
Then L'on Smith, that trump, he made the first jump,

[Pg 181]

Right abroad of the Harriet Lane, Oh!

CHORUS.

Let it not be forgotten, that Jim Dowlan, the Briton,
Pitch'd in through flood and through flame, Oh!
From the sinking boat swam to the Bayou City ram,
And boarded the Harriet Lane, Oh!

CHORUS.

Then flew the white flag o'er the Federal rag;
The Yankees cried stop! just at light, Oh!
By cunning and lies, to get off with the prize
We had fairly won in the fight, Oh!

CHORUS.

But General Bill Scurry, was in too great a hurry,
To wait for a three hours' truce, Oh!
He bagged all ashore, and would have bagged more,
Had any been lying around loose, Oh!

CHORUS.

Old General Magruder will let no intruder
Our soil with his footsteps pollute, Oh!
The Arizona Brigade, with L'on Smith as aid,
Will send them to—Butler, the brute, Oh!

CHORUS.

Then rejoice, O rejoice, ye Texans, rejoice;
Charge! Horse Marines, with a hoo-way!
The invaders are dead, ta'en pris'ner, or fled—
They can't stand the pistol and bowie.

CHORUS.

I'M THINKING OF THE SOLDIER.

[Pg 182]

By MARY E. SMITH, of Austin, Texas.

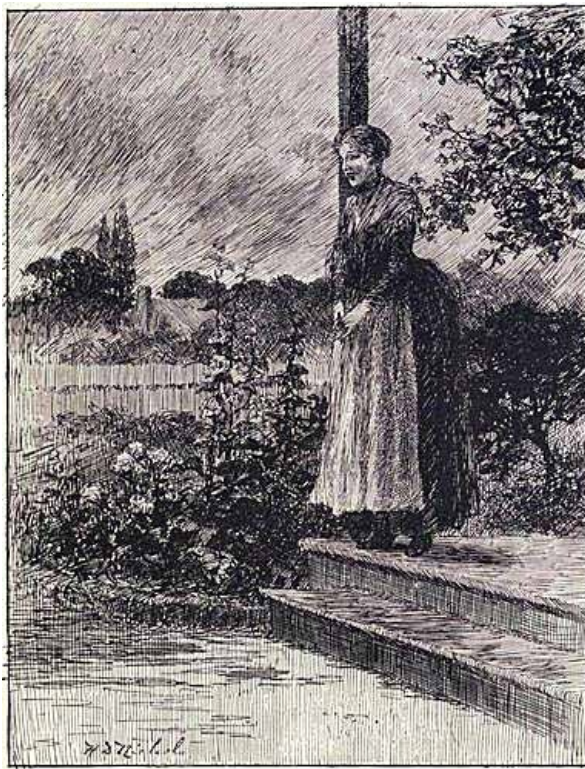
O, I'm thinking of the soldier as the evening shadows fall,
As the twilight fairy sketches her sad picture on the wall;
As the trees are resting sadly on the waveless silence deep,
Like the barks upon the ocean when the winds are hush'd to sleep.

All my soul is with the absent, as the evening shadows fall;
While the ghosts of night are spreading o'er the dying light a pall;
As the robes of day are trailing in the halls of eventide,
And yon radiant star is wooing blushing eve to be his bride.

I have shunn'd the cosy parlor—for a silence lingers there,
Since our lov'd one went to battle, and we find a vacant chair;
And a sigh is stealing upward, as the evening spirits come,
With the zephyrs, to the bowers of this sadly deserted home.

For when soft "good nights" are ended there's a room not like the rest,
Since a soldier left that chamber and that pillow is unprest;
O, my soul is in a shadow, and my heart cannot be gay,
As the eve with low refraining comes to shroud the dying day.

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"I'm thinking of the soldier as the evening shadows fall."

For I'm dreaming of the soldier, on his pallet bed of straw;
As the leaves are growing yellow and November winds are raw—
And a vision comes before me of aching, fever'd brow;
And a proud form blighted, blasted, strangely, strangely alter'd now.

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And I feel that strong heart beating fainter, fainter with each breath,
Fluttering softly in its prison, fluttering thro' the gate of death;
And a voice of sad despairing stirs my heart's deep fountain now,—
As my hand is slowly wandering o'er that strangely altered brow.

And a sigh, soul full of longing, fills the chambers of my soul—
While the quivering heart-strings whisper "Life's a tale that soon is told;"
God of Love, receive the soldier on that dim mysterious shore,
Where the weary are at rest and souls are sad, ah! nevermore.

Still the dusky sybil, "Future," on her dim, prophetic leaves,
Writes that death will claim the soldier, when he gathers up his sheaves;
This is why I'm ever sighing, and my heart cannot be gay,
As the eve with low refraining comes to shroud the dying day.

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That is why I still am sighing as the deep gray shadows fall,
As the twilight spirit settles down her shadows in the hall,
And I'm praying for the soldier from a soul with sorrow sore,
For our soldier boys have left us—gone, perchance, to come no more.

THE BATTLE OF GALVESTON.

By MRS. L. E. CAPLEN, Galveston.

Air—"The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls."

'Twas on that dark and fearful morn,
That anxious hearts beat high!
And many from their friends were torn
Beneath the wintry sky.

But hark! what cannon roar is that?
Terrific—but sublime—

Wafting some mortals to their graves,
Far from their Northern clime.

As the battle rag'd, voices high
Echoed along the shore,
For death or victory was nigh
Amid the battle's roar.

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The Yanks appeared to gain the ground,
Their hopes were sure and high,
Our little boats then hove in sight,
Which caused their men to cry.

Magruder, for example sake,
The cannon first did fire,
When soon their boats were made to quake—
When one embrac'd his sire.

But death hath taken for his own
Their Captain, Lee, Monroe—
And many more they lost that day,
Whose death they'll long deplore.

But were we favored? Sure we were,
For victory was ours!
But death had stolen our gallant Wier;
Our tears did fall in showers.

Another one, deserving most,
The brave and noble son!
Sherman! thy country's pride! is lost—
A death most nobly won.

Come, all ye people, far and near,
Example you must take,
For Texas men and women are
Heroes for country's sake!

DEATH OF GEN. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

[Pg 187]

By GEORGE B. MILROR, of Harrisburg.

The sun was sinking o'er the battle plain,
Where the night winds were already sighing,
While, with smiling lips, near his war-horse slain,
Lay a valiant chieftain dying!

And as he sank to his long, last rest,
The banner—once o'er him streaming—
He folded 'round his most gallant breast,
On the couch that knows no dreaming.

Proudly he lay on the battle-field,
On the banks of the noble river;
And the crimson stream from his veins did yield,
Without a pang or quiver!

There were hands that came to bind his wounds,
There were eyes o'er the warrior streaming,
As he rais'd his head from the bloody ground,
Where many a brave was sleeping.

"Now, away," he cried—"your aid is vain!
My soul will not brook recalling!
I have seen the tyrant enemy slain,
And like Autumn vine-leaves falling!

"I have seen our glorious banner wave

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O'er the tents of the enemy vanquish'd—
I have drawn a sword for my country brave,
And in her cause now perish!

“Leave me to die with the free and the brave,
On the banks of my own noble river—
Ye can give me naught but a soldier's grave,
And a place in your hearts forever!”

GOD BLESS OUR SOUTHERN LAND.

Respectfully inscribed to Major-General J. B. Magruder, and sung on the occasion of his public reception in the city of Houston, Texas, Jan. 20, 1863.

God bless our Southern land,
God save our sea-girt land,
 And make us free;
With justice for our shield,
May we on battle field
Never to foemen yield
 Our liberty.

O Lord! protect the Chief
Who to our prompt relief
 From threaten'd woe,
Hasten'd to lead the way;
Nor faltered in the fray,
When from our beauteous Bay
 He drove the foe.

And may the gallant band
Worthy in his command
 Ever to be,
Have of Thy watchful care
Ever a plenteous share,
Inspiring each to dare
 For home and thee.

“O Lord our God! arise,
Scatter our enemies,
 And make them fall!”
And when, with peace restored,
Each man lays by the sword,
May he with joy record
 Thy mercies all.

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SOUTHERN BATTLE SONG.

Air—“Bruce's Address.”

Raise the Southern flag on high!
Shout aloud the battle cry!
Let its echoes reach the sky—
 “God and Southern Rights.”

Sons of wealth, and sons of toil,
Will ye yield your land for spoil,
Drive the foe from Southern soil!
 Glory now invites.

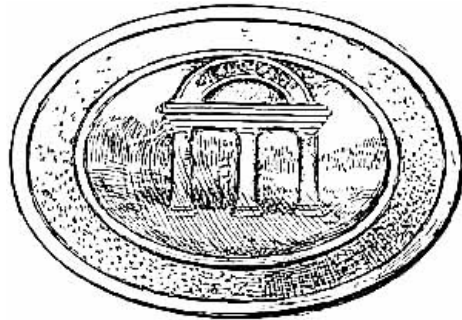
[Pg 190]

Rally round our banner bright
Let its stars of quenchless light
Dim the base invader's sight,
On the battle field.

When the death clouds darkly lower,
When the cannons blaze and roar,
Though its folds be drenched in gore,
We will never yield.

By our sires who fought and bled!
By Virginia's honored dead!
By the blood so lately shed!
We will make them know—

Southern hearts are true as steel,
Wrongs like ours are slow to heal,
Sooner will we die than kneel
To a Northern foe.



Georgia Belt-buckle.

BOMBARDMENT AND BATTLES OF GALVESTON.

[Pg 191]

FROM JUNE 1, 1862, TO JANUARY 1, 1863.

By S. R. EZZELL, of Capt. Daly's Company.

Air—"Auld Lang Syne."

The Yankees hate the Lone Star State, because she did secede;
At Galveston they've now begun to make her soldiers bleed.
The "Old Blockade" her threats have made, that she will burn our town;
But Col. Cook, with piercing look, declares he'll stand his ground.

High in the breeze he soon did raise the flag with single star,
Saying, "Let them come, we'll give them some, before they are aware."
Along the coast he soon did post his batteries, well mann'd
By men of might, prepared to fight, behind breast-works of sand.

Like lions brave, their land to save, the cavalry do stand
Ready to charge the Yankee barge that first attempts to land;
Infantry, too, like soldiers true, who never yet did fail,
They long to greet the Yankee fleet with musketry like hail.

We wait to see the "Old Santee" come sailing into shore;
And then we'll fight for Southern rights, and make the cannon roar;
But if a fleet we have to meet, of gunboats large and strong,
We'll cross the bridge without a siege, and think it nothing wrong.

When on mainland, we'll take our stand, and all their hosts defy;
There we will fight for Southern rights—we'll fight them till we die.

* * * * *

Two months passed by, they came not nigh, but only cruis'd around,
As if to find the channel's wind, for which they oft did sound;
But this was all, the Eagle bald, did not attempt to land;

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His courage fail'd, away he sailed, and made no more demand.

But Harriet Lane, she did remain, with quite a heavy fleet,
She came up nigher and open'd fire in order quite complete;
'Twas at Fort Point she did dismount our best and largest gun;
'Twas now in vain here to remain, so we for life did run.

'Mid bomb and grape we did escape, and not a life was lost;
Fearing the town they would burn down over the bridge we crossed;
Then on mainland we took our stand, determined not to yield,
Tho' bomb and ball should thickly fall, and we die on the field.

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Gen. Herbert he came not near, but strangely stood aloof;
From San Antone he did look on, where was good old "4th proof."

* * * * *

Magruder came, a man of fame, the Texas boys to lead;
From Rio Grande he did command, to come with rapid speed;
"My plan is laid," he quickly said, "Galveston to retake;
Brave boys!" said he, "come, follow me; we'll make the Yankees quake."

Three bayou crafts, of shallow draught, with cotton breastworks neat;
Three hundred men, and three small guns, composed our Texas fleet;
Now ready quite, the Feds to fight, our land force did repair,
Along Strand Street, the Yanks to greet, just as our boats came near.

The Lone Star State must seal her fate, in ruin, shame and woe,
Or bravely fight for Southern rights, and triumph o'er the foe;
On New Year's morn, before day dawn, the year of sixty-three,
The New Year's gifts came flying swift, both from the land and sea.

The lightning glare, both far and near, the darkness did dispel;
Grape, bomb and ball did thickly fall, our forces to repel;
Magruder then said to his men, "Your country you must save,
And still maintain your glorious name, *the bravest of the brave.*"

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We fear'd them not, but bravely fought, our homesteads to maintain;
By break of day we had the Bay at our command again;
The Yankee fleet we did defeat, and captur'd all their crews,
Except a few who were untrue, and sail'd off under truce.

GENERAL TOM GREEN.

By MRS. WM. BARNES, of Galveston.

A warrior has fallen! a chieftain has gone!
A hero of heroes has sunk to his rest!
Those hands that wielded the sword and the sabre,
Now lie pulseless and cold o'er his motionless breast;
That voice that has gladden'd valiant comrades in arms,
And driven away their deep shadows of gloom,
Is seemingly hush'd to those seared-stricken hearts,
But loudly will speak from its still, hollow tomb!

Aye, seemingly hush'd, like the black, death-like waters,
As they mirror the face of the threatening sky;
But see ye the ripple that waves in the distance,
Warning the mariner that danger is nigh?
Aye, seemingly hush'd, like the dead, sullen calm,
As it heralds Vesuvius' virulent ire,
Ere she, out of her bosom, malignantly pours
Her dull molten lava, her columns of fire.

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Aye, seemingly hush'd, but the words he has spoken
Lie deeply incased in the breasts of his men,
And tho' to the "echoless shore" he is wafted,
His voice will be heard yet again and again;
How oft-seated by the bivouac's bright fires,
While his men have stood 'round, wrapt in wondrous delight,

Has he spurred them to noble and chivalric deeds,
As he vividly pictured a forthcoming fight.

Full many a time has the rough, sunburnt hand
Dash'd the unbidden tear from the veteran's cheek,
As of home—that lov'd spot to each memory so dear—
With heartfelt emotion his chieftain would speak;
Aye, seemingly hush'd is the tongue of the warrior,
In their bosom its echo is lingering still;
Long as their pulse beats, its prompting they yield to—
Yes, long as their noble hearts have power to feel.

The hero of Valverde—the hero of Mansfield,—
Now sleeps the calm sleep of the happy and blest;
Those eyes once so lustrous are now sightless and dim,
Those limbs once so active have sunk to their rest;
O there let him lie where the first beams of morning
Shall shed o'er his tomb a soft halo of light,
And the moon's gentle rays that dear spot shall enliven,
As she glides on her course through the still, solemn night.

Plant the wild-tendriled vine and flowers of the prairie
O'er the grave of the chieftain that slumbereth there—
How sweetly they'll mingle their gentle perfumes with
The orphans' and widows' sweet incense of prayer;
Let the song of the whippoorwill, pensive and sad,
As he flits on the sprays of the green willow tree,
And the deep azure waves of the fair Colorado,
By day and by night his mournful requiems be!

HARD TIMES!

[Pg 196]

By M. B. SMITH, Co. C, Second Texas Volunteer Infantry.

Just listen awhile, and give ear to my song
Concerning this war, which will not take me long;
Old Lincoln, the blower, swore the Rebels he'd whip,
But thanks to my stars, he has not done it yet,
For it's hard times.

Manassa's the spot, if I recollect right,
Where Yankees and Southerners had their first fight;
We whipped them so badly, our boys thought it fun,
And ever since then they have called it Bull Run,
Those were grand times.

Old Lincoln had put in his very best man—
It was old General Scott who led in his clan—
But in facing Jeff Davis he couldn't shine,
For we captured his cakes, his brandies and wine,
Then we'd fine times.

Old Abe and the "Gen'ral" soon got at "out,"
Which caused the "Old Gen'ral" to complain of gout;
So he told Marse Abe that he would resign,
And he laid all the blame to the very hard times,
O, it was hard times.

McClellan was the next man put in the field,
With brass-hilted sword and a sole-leather shield;
He boasted quite loudly the Rebels he'd whip—
But you see, my dear friends, he's not done it yet,
For it's hard times.

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Yet there was another, Gen. Buell, the great,
That followed our Beauregard clean thro' one State,
But at Tennessee River he got all his fill—
I'm certain he remembered the Shiloh Hill!

There were Banks, Shields and Fremont, big generals all,
While skirmishing 'round ran afoul of "Stonewall!"
With Longstreet and Hill, very near by his side,
Who said: "Wo-ee, Yankees, let's all have a ride!"

Old Jackson he then got around to their rear,
So the day was ours you can see very clear;
Then he sent a dispatch to brave General Lee,
"Drive all the Yankees into eternity?"

But at Gainesville station they made a bold stand,
Where they collected a formidable band,
And swore to their fill that the Rebels they'd whip,
But the Texans made them everlastingly "git!"

Now the last I've heard of McClellan, the third;
He was down on James River bogg'd up in the mud,
In a bend of the river, near a big pond,
The want of more news puts an end to my song.

AUGUST 13, 1862.

THE FLAG OF THE SOUTHLAND

[Pg 198]

By MAJOR E. W. CAVE, of Houston.

Air—"I'm Afloat."

Flag of the Southland! Flag of the free!
'Ere thy sons will be slaves, they will perish with thee!
Thy new-risen star shall light Liberty on,
'Till the hosts of the tyrant are scatter'd and gone!
Whether victory sits on the Southern plumes,
Or disaster doth come in some hour of gloom,
Freedom's hosts will still rally where'er thou shalt be,
O flag of the Southland! flag of the free!

Flag of the Southland! thy glory has been
To be baptized in blood 'midst the great battle's din,
From Manassas' red plains, o'er the mountains steep,
Thy stars kept their vigils, where Washington sleeps,
And the breezes of Vernon have borne on the shout
Of thy triumphant sons as the foes took the rout;
Valor's trio of genius—Beauregard, Johnston and Lee!
Guards the flag of the Southland—flag of the free!

The foe is upon us, but our flag it is there!
We have borne it in triumph—its defeat we can share;
Tho' our cities be burned, tho' our thousands be slain,
'Mid the flames of our altars we'll fight him again;
And while there's a spot where a patriot band
May show to the foe a desperate stand,
Southern hearts will defy him, their flag will still be
The flag of the Southland—the flag of the free!

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In the hour of gloom now thy valorous sons show,
That freemen can die, but ne'er yield to the foe!
But our Shiloh has come—see the enemy flee!
His sceptre has sunk 'neath the swift Tennessee—
And the Southern heart and the Southern hand,
From classic Potomac to bold Rio Grande,
Still push on to battle, when floating they see
The flag of the Southland—the flag of the free!

ON TO GLORY.

Sons of freedom, on to glory,
Go where brave men do or die;
Let your names in future story
Gladden every patriot's eye;
'Tis your country calls you hasten,
Backward hurl the invading foe;
Freemen, never think of danger,
To the glorious battle go.

Oh, remember gallant Jackson,
Single-handed in the fight,
Death blows dealt the fierce marauder,
For his liberty and right;
Tho' he fell beneath their thousands,
Who that covets not his fame?
Grand and glorious, brave and noble,
Henceforth shall be Jackson's name.

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Sons of freedom, can you linger,
When you hear the battle roar,
Fondly dallying with your pleasures
When the foe is at your door?
Never, no, we fear no idlers,
Death or Freedom's now the cry,
'Till the "Stars and Bars" triumphant
Spread their folds to every eye.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

Found on the body of a sergeant of the Old Stonewall Brigade, Winchester, Va.

[The music of this song can be procured of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., owners of the copyright.]

Come, stack arms, men! pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night;
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
To swell the Brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now!—the old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye, askew—
The shrewd, dry smile—the speech as pat—
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue Light Elder" knows o'er well—
Says he, "That's Banks—he's fond of shell—
Lord save his soul!—we'll give him"—well,
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

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"He's in the saddle now."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Blue Light's going to pray;
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! 'tis his way!
Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God—
"Lay bare thine arm; stretch forth thy rod;
Amen!" That's "Stonewall's way."

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He's in the saddle now! Fall in!
Steady—the whole Brigade!
Hill's at the ford cut off! He'll win
His way out, ball and blade;
What matter if our shoes are worn!
What matter if our feet are torn!
"Quick step—we're with him before dawn!"
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning, and, by George,
There's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge—
Pope and his Yankees whipped before—
"Bayonet and grape!" hear Stonewall roar,
"Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score
In Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah, maiden! wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band;
Ah, widow! read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand;
Ah, wife! sew on, pray on, hope on,
Thy life shall not be all forlorn—
The foe had better ne'er been born,
Than get in "Stonewall's way."

TO THE BELOVED MEMORY OF MAJ.-GEN. TOM GREEN.

[Pg 203]

By CAPTAIN EDWIN HOBBY.

In the land of the orange-groves, sunshine and flowers,
Is heard the funeral tread,
And darkly above it, the war-cloud lowers,

And a requiem swells thro' its orange bowers,
For the brave and noble dead;
Then trail'd be the banners in dust,
And muffled the martial drum,
His sword in its scabbard shall rust;
With their coming no more will he come—
The earth has received to her bosom its trust—
Ashes to ashes—and dust unto dust.

In the sunniest realm of that beautiful land,
Where spring-time her festival's keeping,
Where the blossoms of summer in splendor expand,
By the camp-fire light there's a sorrow bow'd band—
Their leader forever is sleeping:
Then plumed be their banners in black,
And softly the bugle be blown.
No more shall he be welcomed back
By hearts that were twined to his own,
'Till the voice from the King on his throne
To the earth goeth forth, to give up his trust—
Ashes to ashes, and dust unto dust.

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A sun has been lost from that bright constellation,
Whose splendor illumines the sky;
It sank as we gazed in lov'd admiration;
Its leaves were the glory and pride of the nation,
'Twas Liberty's symbol on high,
And darkness now hangs on the face of the day;
The illustrious hero's at rest;
But the fruit of his genius is left us to say
How sublime was the Chief that is taken away;
How much of all hearts he possessed.

On New Mexico's mountains, his banners waved
In the face of the haughtiest foe—
All dangers he scorned, and all odds had he brav'd,
And victory seem'd on his banners engrav'd
When his genius directed the blow:
Val Verde! a name that in song and story
Shall brighten our history's pages,
'Till crumbled in dust, is the record of glory,
'Till valor's forgotten, and nation's grow hoary,
Undimmed by the shadows of ages.

Massachusetts' black banner wav'd on Galveston's Strand,
The roll of her drums echoed nightly,
(Sad sound to the freemen who dwelt on the land),
It was heard by his ear, it was caught by his band,
A stain on our 'scutcheon unsightly:
Night closed and morn came, what a change had been wrought!
What proud banner floateth there now!
Ah! the victory's won—Green the battle has fought!
And the cross of the South, morning's golden beam caught;
Fresh laurels encircle his brow.

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At Bisland he stood, like a rock in the ocean
That stems the strong waves on the shore,
Calm and unmoved, in the midst of commotion,
Our army he saved by his dauntless devotion—
What chieftain has ever done more?
Brashear, and Fordoche, Pleasant Hill and Mansfield,
All breathe of his glory and fame—
There his genius burst forth like the lightning conceal'd,
And destiny seem'd to his glance reveal'd—
Fate crowning in triumph his name.

O we weep for the veteran hearts that are gone—
Scurry, Randall, Riley, Buchel,
Shepherd, Chalmers, Ragsdale, Raines, McNeal and Mouton,
Their glorious names and deeds shall live on—
Peace to the heroes that fell.
And O, for the soldiers that bled with them there,
Their country's strong bulwark and trust,
United to do, and the courage to dare.
In life they had borne all privation and care,

In dust, undivided's their dust.

And Liberty's tree, from the blood of the brave,
In strength and in grandeur shall rise;
Its branches extend to each ocean's blue wave,
And sacred its fruit o'er each patriot's grave:
How dearly that fruit shall we prize!
Is the hero, O say, in that mystical world,
Surrounded on Time's silent shore
By the veteran dead, with their banners now furl'd—
War's trumpet unblown, and his lances unhurl'd—
Are they still with the chief they adore?

[Pg 206]

Tom Green is no more! lov'd and honor'd he lies,
Near his home by the murmuring river—
In the soil he sav'd, 'neath his own Southern skies,
Where praises from lips yet unborn shall arise,
And bless him forever and ever.
There let him sleep on, undisturb'd in repose,
And cease for the hero to sigh—
Life's morning was honor—in greatness it rose,
'Twas a sunset of splendor, that life at its close,
He died as a soldier should die.

O'er his hallow'd remains let no monument shine,
To tell of the chieftain beneath it,
His requiem hymn'd by the sorrow-toned pine,
And wildly around it the jessamine twine,
And flowers, bright flowers enwreath it;
Then silently night-skies their soft dews will shed
On the spring-flowers that garland his grave—
One generous sigh for the bosom that bled,
One generous tear for the fate of the dead,
The noble, the true and the brave.

His laurels were pure, and his honor unstained,
He lov'd not war's crimson-dyed pall,
His nature was peace while the olive remained—
Refus'd then the long-baited lion unchain'd—
Tom Green was then greater than all.
Affection and love was the pulse of his breast,
Ever quick at humanity's call—
The widow and orphan his charities bless'd,
The friend of the homeless, the poor and distress'd,
Tom Green was the idol of all.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, May 28, 1864.

HOOD'S OLD BRIGADE.

[Pg 207]

"On the March."

By MISS MOLLIE E. MOORE.

'Twas midnight when we built our fires—
We march'd at half-past three!
We know not when our march shall end,
Nor care—we follow Lee!
The starlight gleams on many a crest,
And many a well-tried blade—
This handful marching on the left—
This line is our Brigade!

Our line is short because its veins
So lavishly have bled;
The missing! Search the countless plains
Whose battles it has led;
There are those Georgians on our right,

Their ranks are thinning, too—
How in one company, they say,
They now can count but two!

There's not much talking down the lines,
Nor shouting down the gloam;
For when the night is 'round us, then
We're thinking most of home!

[Pg 208]

I saw yon soldier startle, when
We passed an open glade,
Where the low starlight, leaf and bough
A fairy picture made;
Nor has he uttered word since then—
My heart can whisper why—
'Twas like the spot in Texas where
He bade his love good-by!

And when, beyond us, carelessly,
Some soldier sang adieu!
My comrade here across his eyes
His coarse sleeve roughly drew;
So, scarcely sound, save trampling feet,
Is echoed through the gloom—
Because when stars are brightest, then
We're thinking most of home!

Hush! what an echo startles up
Around this rocky hill!
Was't shell, half-buried, struck my foot?
Or, stay—'tis a human skull!
This ridge I surely seem to know
By light of yon rising moon;
Ha! we battled here three mortal hours
One Sunday afternoon.

Last spring! See where our Captain stands,
His head drooped on his breast—
At his feet that heap of bones and earth—
You know *now* why his rest
Is broke off, and why his sword was
So bitter in the fray!
'Tis the grave of his only brother, who
Was killed that awful day!

[Pg 209]

Hush! for in front I heard a shot,
And then a well-known cry—
"It is the foe!" See where the flames
Mount upward to the sky!
It is the foe! Halt! Rest we here!
We wait the coming sun,
And ere these stars may shine again
A field is *lost or won!*

Is *won!* It is the "Old Brigade,"
This line of stalwart men!
The "long roll!" how it thrills my heart
To hear that sound again!
God shield us, boys! here breaks the day,
The stars begin to fade!
"Now steady here! fall in! fall in!
Forward! the 'Old Brigade!'"



Georgia Button.

THE BATTLE SONG OF THE SOUTH.

[Pg 210]

Words by P. E. COLLINS. Music by WM. HERZ.

Land of our birth, thee, thee I sing,
Proud heritage is thine,
Wide to the breeze thy banner fling,
Thy freedom ne'er resign.
Land of the South, the foe defies
Thy valor! lo, he comes,
To prove thy strength, awake, arise!
To arms! protect thy homes.

Bright Southern land, the time has come,
Thy bright historic day,
Sons of the South, the time has come,
Drive back the tyrants' sway!
Strike, Southrons, strike! the foe shall flee,
Nor e'er again invade;
The sons of free men shall be free,
They cannot slaves be made.

Land of the South, by right maintained,
The day of trial past,
The prize of victory will be gained;
Thou'lt triumph at the last,
And future bards your deeds shall tell
Of valor and renown;
What tyranny and hate befell,
By Southern might cast down.

MY HEART'S IN MISSISSIPPI.

[Pg 211]

My heart's in Mississippi,
'Tis de place whar I was born;
'Tis dar I planted sugar cane,
'Tis dar I hoed de corn,
Dey have taken me to Texas,
A thousand miles below;
Yet my heart's in Mississippi
Wherever I go.

CHORUS.—Yet my heart's in Mississippi,
'Tis de place whar I was born;
'Tis dar I planted sugar cane,
'Tis dar I hoed de corn.

Mobile may boast of beauties,
Dat lemonade de street;
But dey neber hab a sixpence,
To ax you to a treat;
De Mississippi yellow gals,
Dey always treat dar beaux,
Den my heart's in Mississippi
Wherever I go.

CHORUS.

Way down in Mississippi,
De fields am always green;
And orange trees in blossom,
De whole year may be seen,

Dar darkies live like princes,
 And dar do heel and toe;
 Den my heart's in Mississippi,
 Wherever I go.

CHORUS.

Den fill to Mississippi,
 And let de toast go 'round,
 Rosin up de fiddle-sticks,
 And let de banjo sound;
 O fotch along de whiskey,
 And let de fluid flow:
 For my heart's in Mississippi, boys,
 Wherever I go.

CHORUS.

THE FUNERAL OF ALBERT SYDNEY JOHNSTON.

He fell and they cried, bring us home our dead!
 We'll bury him here where the prairies spread,
 And the gulf waves beat on our Southern shores;
 He will hear them not when he comes once more—
 Our Albert Sydney Johnston!

When he went, how the flushed hope beat high
 On the brows of The Rangers standing nigh!
 And the champing steeds of the Texas plain—
 For his voice was that to their bridle rein
 That the air's to the Persian monsoon.

[Pg 213]

But they bore him now to the crash of wheels;
 No sound of their sorrow the hero feels,
 Tho' many are come that are sad and fair,
 With flowers and stars for his bloody bier,
 And weeping they lay them down.

And the Crescent shone with a wreathing grace
 Around that Star on the covered face;
 No sound but of sobs and a parting look,
 And the forest sighed and the aspen shook
 As the train went rumbling on.

And down to the feet of the moaning sea,
 Where the waves made the only melody,
 No band or bell was played or tolled—
 But the Hero cared not—hate fell cold
 On the heart of him who slept.

Where the church was closed by the mandate given,
 And he lay on the wharf under night and heaven,
 Fair friend and slave with uncovered head,
 Gazed alike on the face of the sleeping dead,
 And alike in silence wept.

So the vigil held, 'till the chastened cloud,
 For the shame of men, hid its face and bowed;
 And thousands came when the moon was high,
 And they bore their burden sadly by,
 To its rest on the prairie plain.

As the prairie flowers that now grow o'er him,
 Where the white-maned steeds that walked before him
 Proud and stepped and slow—and the mourners said,
 Let a stately place for his couch be made—
 Houston must have its fane.

[Pg 214]

There they lay him out in a proud old hall,
 With the floor's edge kissing the sacred pall;

And thousands came to the hallowed room,
'Till the day went down to the night of gloom,
For his land did honor him.

And when to the bannered march's swell,
They bore him out with a lingering knell,
Sad tears flowed out from a thousand eyes,
And a thousand voices were choked with sighs,
And the sun in the West was dim.

THE COTTON-BURNER'S SONG. [9]

Lo! when Mississippi rolls
Oceanward its stream,
Upward mounting, folds on folds
Flaming fire-tongues gleam;
'Tis the planter's grand oblation
On the altar of the nation;
'Tis a willing sacrifice—
Let the golden incense rise—
Pile the cotton to the skies!

CHORUS.—Lo! the sacrificial flame
Gilds the starry dome of night!
Nations! read the mute acclaim—
'Tis for liberty we fight!
Homes! Religion! Right!

[Pg 215]

Never such a golden light
Lit the vaulted sky;
Never sacrifice as bright
Rose to God on high;
Thousands oxen, what were they
To the offering we pay?
And the brilliant holocaust—
When the revolution's past—
In the nation's songs will last!

CHORUS.

Though the night be dark above,
Broken though the shield—
Those who love us, those we love,
Bid us never yield;
Never! though our bravest bleed,
And the vultures on them feed;
Never! though the serpent's race—
Hissing hate and vile disgrace—
By the million should menace!

CHORUS.

Pile the cotton to the skies;
Lo! the Northmen gaze;
England! see our sacrifice—
See the cotton blaze!
God of nations! now to Thee,
Southrons bend th' imploring knee;
'Tis our country's hour of need—
Hear the mothers intercede—
Hear the little children plead!

CHORUS.

[Pg 216]



Massa.

THE CONTRABAND.

A song of Mississippi negroes in the Vicksburg Campaign.

Darkies has you seed my massa
Wid de mustache on his face?
He came along dis morning
As dough he'd leave de place.
He saw de smoke way up de river,
Where de Lincum gunboats lay:
He took his hat and he left mighty sudden,
I speck he's runned away.

CHORUS.—Massa run, aha!
Darkey stay, aho!
It must be now dat de kingdom's comin',
In the year of Jubilo.

He's six feet one way, four feet t'other,
And weighs three hundred pounds;
His coat's so big he can't pay de tailor—
Den it don't go half around.



"Massa run, aha."

He drills so much dey call him cap'n;
And he am so very tan,
Speck he'll try to fool dem Yankees
And say he's contraban'.

CHORUS.

Dis darkey gets so very lonesome,
In de cabin on de lawn;
He moves his things to massa's parlor,
To keep 'em, while he's gone.

[Pg 218]

There's wine and cider in de cellar,
And de darkies dey'll have some;
I speck it will be confiscated,
When de Lincum soldiers come.

CHORUS.

De overseer will give us trouble,
And run us round a spell;
We'll lock him up in smoke-house cellar,
Wid de key thrown in de well.
De whip is lost, and de handcuffs broken,
And massa'll lose his pay;
He's big enough and old enough,
Dan to gone and runned away.

CHORUS.

SONG OF HOOKER'S PICKET.

Southern Illustrated News, Feb. 21st, 1863.

I'm 'nation tired of being hired
To fight for a shillin' a day;
Richmond to gain I'll hev to strain,
And travel some other way.

Darn Ole Abe and Ole Jeff Dave!
Darn the day I 'listed!
When I came down to this 'ere town,
Jerushy! how I missed it.

All day I've stud in rebel mud
A watchin' North Calinians.
I might a bin safe up to Lynn,
A eatin' clams and inions.

All night I sit in straw that's wet,
Ketchen fleas and other critters;
The boys down East are at a feast
With gals, doughnuts and fritters.

I hain't no pay for many a day;—
Nigh unto a year I guess,
Since a new Greenback hev crosst my track—
That's so with all my mess.

To pull my trigger for a big buck nigger
That lives on hog and hominy,
While on hard tack my jaws I crack,
Ain't war "accordin' to Jomini."

It's monsus fine for the Bobolition line,
With mouths full o' pumpkin pie,
To preach in meetin' agin' retreatin'—
Why don't they come theirselves and try?

They'd find the Confed's hev mighty hard heads,
And are pow'ful smart at shootin';
Their love for the old flag would very soon drag—
Lord! how you'd see them scootin'.

That fool Burnside deserves a cowhide,
Coz he's got neither pluck nor sense;
He shook like souse at the Phillip's house,

[Pg 219]

While we was murder'd at Marye's fence.

[Pg 220]

But it is all one to me who our Gen'ral may be,
If I've got to die for the nigger,
While Greeley steps on feathers, and Beecher's patent leathers,
Sets Plymouth Church in a snigger.

War is mighty fine to them that's drinking wine
At the big hotels in York;
But as for *lousy* me, that's lost his liberty,
Peace is the right sort o' talk.

I calk'late to stay, until next May,
A shiv'rin' in all this slush;
But when I git paid, I'm a leetle kinder 'fraid
I'll back out hum with a rush.

I'll pitch this gun into old Bull Run,
Like I did when I follered McDowell;
Secesh may go his ways, and I'll spend my days
With my gal, my gin and my trowel.

Oh! I'm sick as a dog, or a mangy hog,
Of this 'tarnal nasty fightin',
That's all gone wrong, and lasts too long
For a man that's thinkin' o' kitin'.

I'll tell you, Mississip, you're an ugly looking rip,
And if you'll keep your side o' the water,
You may save your powder, and I'll take to chowder,
And come no more where I hadn't oughter.

NO SURRENDER.

[Pg 221]

Ever constant, ever true,
Let the word be, no surrender,
Boldly dare and greatly do!
They shall bring us safely through,
No surrender, no surrender!
And though fortune's smiles be few,
Hope is always springing new,
Still inspiring me and you
With a magic, no surrender.

Nail the colors to the mast
Shouting gladly, no surrender;
Troubles near, are all but past,
Serve them as you did the last,
No surrender, no surrender!
Though the skies be overcast,
And upon the sleety blast
Disappointment gathers fast,
Beat them off with no surrender.

Constant and courageous still,
Mind the word is, no surrender!
Battle tho' it be up hill,
Stagger not at seeming ill,
No surrender, no surrender!
Hope, and thus your hope fulfill,
There's a way where there's a will,
And the way all cares to kill,
Is to give them no surrender.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S SONG.

[Pg 222]

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Little needle, swiftly fly,
Brightly glittering as you go;
Every time that you pass by
Warms my heart with pity's glow.
Dreams of comfort that will cheer,
Through winter's cold, the volunteer,
Dreams of courage you will bring,
Smile on me like flowers in Spring.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Swiftly, little needle, fly,
Through this flannel, soft and warm;
Though with cold the soldiers sigh,
This will sure keep out the storm.
Set the buttons close and tight
Out to shut the winter's damp;
There'll be none to fix them right
In the soldier's tented camp.

Stitch, stitch, stitch;
Ah! needle, do not linger;
Close the thread, make firm the knot;
There'll be no dainty finger
To arrange a seam forgot.
Though small and tiny you may be,
Do all that you are able;
A *mouse* a lion once set free,—
As says the pretty fable.

[Pg 223]

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Swiftly, little needle, glide,
Thine's a pleasant labor;
To clothe the soldier be thy pride,
While he wields the sabre.
Ours are tireless hearts and hands;
To Southern wives and mothers,
All who join our warlike bands
Are our friends and brothers.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Little needle, swiftly fly,
From the morning until eve,
As the moments pass thee by,
These substantial comforts weave.
Busy thoughts are at our hearts—
Thoughts of hopeful cheer,
As we toil till day departs
For the noble volunteer.

Quick, quick, quick,
Swifter, little needle, go;
From our homes most pleasant fires
Let a loving greeting flow
To our brothers and our sires;
We have tears for those who fall,—
Smiles for those who laugh at fear,—
Hope and sympathy for all,—
Every noble volunteer.

GENERAL LEE AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

[Pg 224]

By TENELLA.

There he stood, the grand old hero, great Virginia's god-like son,
Second unto none in glory—equal of her Washington;
Gazing on his line of battle, as it wavered to and fro
'Neath the front and flank advances of the almost conquering foe;
Calm as was that clear May morning, ere the furious death-roar broke

From the iron-throated war lions crouching 'neath the cloudy smoke;
Cool, as tho' the battle raging was but mimicry of fight,
Each brigade an ivory castle, and each regiment a knight;
Chafing in reserve beside him, two brigades of Texans lay,
All impatient for their portion in the fortune of the day.

Shot and shell are 'mong them falling, yet unmov'd they silent stand,
Longing, eager for the battle, but awaiting his command:
Suddenly he rode before them, as the forward line gave way,
Rais'd his hat with courtly gesture, "Follow me and save the day!"

[Pg 225]

But, as tho' by terror stricken, still and silent stood that troop,
Who were wont to rush to battle with a fierce avenging whoop.
It was but a single moment, then a murmur thro' them ran,
Heard above the cannon's roaring, as it passed from man to man,

"You go back and we'll go forward!" now the waiting leader hears,
Mixed with deep impatient sobbing, as of strong men moved to tears,
Once again he gives the order, "I'll lead you on the foe!"
Then, thro' all the line of battle rang a loud determined "No!"

Quick as thought a gallant Major, with a firm and vice-like grasp,
Seized the General's bridle, shouting, "Forward, boys! I'll hold him fast!"
Then again the hat was lifted, "Sir, I am the older man:
Loose my bridle, I will lead them!" in a measured tone and calm.

Trembling with suppressed emotion, with intense excitement hot,
In a quivering voice, the Texan, "No, by God, sir, you shall not!"
By them swept the charging squadron, with a loud exultant cheer,
"We'll retake the salient, General, if you'll watch us from the rear!"

[Pg 226]

And they kept their word right nobly, sweeping every foe away,
With that grand grey head uncovered, watching how they saved the day—
But the god-like calm was shaken, which no battle shock could move,
By this true, spontaneous token of his soldiers' child-like love!

MY NOBLE WARRIOR, COME!

By MRS. COL. C. G. F—Y.

Air—"The Rock Beside the Sea."

O, tell me not that earth is fair, that spring is in its bloom,
While young hearts, hourly, everywhere meet such untimely doom;
That sweet on wind, of morn or eve, the violet's breath may be,
Let me but know thy banner waves, and leads to victory!
Let me but know, etc.

The thundering battle's distant roar, the host's victorious cry,
Unto my trembling heart is more than all earth's melody;
Come back, my noble warrior, come! there's but one prayer for me,
'Till I can greet thy banner home, proud banner of the free!
Till I can greet, etc.

SONG OF THE PRIVATEER

[Pg 227]

Fearlessly the seas we roam,
Tossed by each briny wave;
Its boundless surface is our home,
Its bosom deep our graves.
No foreign mandate fills with awe
Our gallant hearted band;
We know no home, we know no law,
But that of Dixie's land.

The bright star is our compass true,
Our chart the ocean wide;
Our only hope the noble few
That's standing side by side;
We do not fear the stormy gale
That sweeps old ocean's strand;
We scorn our enemy's clumsy sail,
And all for Dixie's land.

We love to hoist to the topmost peak,
Our Southern Stars and Stripes;
And woe to him who dares to seek
To trample on their rights!
It is the ægis of the free,
And by it we will stand,
And watch it waving o'er the sea,
And over Dixie's land.

[Pg 228]

We love to roam the deep, deep sea,
And hear the cannon's boom,
And give the war-cry, wild and free,
Amid the battle's gloom,
We do not fight alone for gain,
So far from native strand;
But our country's freedom and its fame,
And the fair of Dixie's land.

HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

Down by the valley, 'mid thunder and lightning,
Down by the valley, 'mid shadows of night,
Down by the deep crimson'd valley of Richmond,
Twenty-five hundred mov'd on to the fight;
Onward, still onward, to the portals of glory,
To the sepulchral chambers, yet never dismayed;
Down by the deep crimson'd valley of Richmond,
March'd the bold warriors of Hood's Texas Brigade!

See ye the fires and flashes still leaping?
See ye the tempest and jettings of storm?
See ye the banners of proud Texan heroes,
In front of her column, move steadily on?
Hear ye the music that gladdens each comrade,
Riding on wings through torrents of sounds?
Hear ye the booming adown the red valley?
Riley unbuckles his swarthy old hounds!^[10]

[Pg 229]

Valiant Fifth Texas! I saw your brave column
Rush through the channels of living and dead;
Sturdy Fourth Texas! Why weep, your old warhorse?
He died as he wish'd, in the gear, at your head:
West Point! ye will tell, on the pages of glory,
How the blood of the South ebb'd away near your shade,
And how sons of Texas fought in the red valley,
And fell in the columns of Hood's Texas Brigade.

Fathers and mothers, ye weep for your jewels;

Sisters, ye weep for your brothers in vain;
Maidens, ye weep for your sunny-eyed lovers—
Weep, for you'll never behold them again!
But know ye that vict'ry, the shrine of the noble,
Encircles the house of death newly made!
And know ye that Freedom, the shrine of the mighty,
Shines forth on the banners of Hood's Texas Brigade!

Daughters of Southland, come bring ye bright flowers,
Weave ye a chaplet for the brow of the brave;
Bring ye the emblems of freedom and victory;
Bring ye the emblems of death and the grave;
Bring ye some motto befitting a hero;
Bring ye exotics that never will fade;
Come to the deep crimson'd valley of Richmond,
And crown our young Chief of the Texas Brigade!

SWEETHEARTS AND THE WAR.

[Pg 230]

Oh, dear! its shameful, I declare,
To make the men all go
And leave so many sweethearts here
Without a single beau.
We like to see them brave, 'tis true,
And would not urge them stay;
But what are we, poor girls, to do
When they are all away?

We told them we could spare them there,
Before they had to go;
But, bless their hearts, we weren't aware
That we should miss them so.
We miss them all in many ways,
But truth will ever out,
The greatest thing we miss them for
Is seeing us about.

On Sunday, when we go to church,
We look in vain for some
To meet us, smiling, on the porch,
And ask to see us home.
And then we can't enjoy a walk
Since all the beaux have gone;
For what's the good (to use plain talk),
If we must trudge alone?

But what's the use of talking thus?
We'll try to be content;
And if they cannot come to us
A message may be sent.
And that's one comfort, anyway;
For though we are apart,
There is no reason why we may
Not open heart to heart.

We trust it may soon come
To a final test;
We want to see our Southern homes
Secured in peaceful rest.
But if the blood of those we love
In freedom's cause must flow,
With fervent trust in God above,
We bid them onward go.

And we will watch them as they go,
And cheer them on their way:
Our arms shall be their resting-place
When wounded sore they lay.

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Oh! if the sons of Southern soil
For freedom's cause must die,
Her daughters ask no dearer boon
Than by their side to lie.

JACKSON'S RESIGNATION.

[Pg 232]

A Yankee Soliloquy before the Battle of Fredericksburg.

By TENELLA.

Well, we can whip them now I guess,
If Jackson has resigned,
General Lee in "fighting Burnside,"
More than his match will find:
We're done with slow McClellan,
Who kept us "digging dirt,"
And now are "on to Richmond,"
Where some one "will be hurt."

Again around the Rebels
The anaconda coils,
For East and West, and North and South,
We have them in our toils;
We'd have beat them at Manassas
If McDowell had not slipped,
When he tried to leap this Stonewall,
Who don't know when he's whipped.

We'd have laid them in the Valley
So low they could not rise,
But Banks must run against it,
And spill all his supplies.
Now if that fool Jeff Davis
Has let Stonewall resign,
We can go "on to Richmond"
By the Rappahannock line.

[Pg 233]

But they say he's a shrewd fellow
Who knows a soldier well,
And stood by Sidney Johnston
Until in death he fell;
"If Johnston is no general,
Then, gentlemen, I've none,"
He said to those who grumbled,
When Donelson we won.

And I don't believe that Jackson's
Resignation he'll accept—
Hallo!!!—A rebel picket—
How close the rascal crept!
"Say, stranger, is it true
That Jackson has resigned?"
"Well, yes—I reckon so—
Heard somethin' of the kind."

"What for? Did old Jeff Davis
Put a sub. above his head?"
"No—they took away his commissary,
So I've heard it said."
"Well, *we* are glad to hear it,
And will tender them our thanks,
But who was Jackson's commissary?"
"*Your Major-General Banks.*"

"Confound your rebel impudence!
He'd be very smart indeed,
If from supplies for *one* intended,

Two armies he could feed."

Southern Illustrated News, April, 1863.

WE LEFT HIM ON THE FIELD.

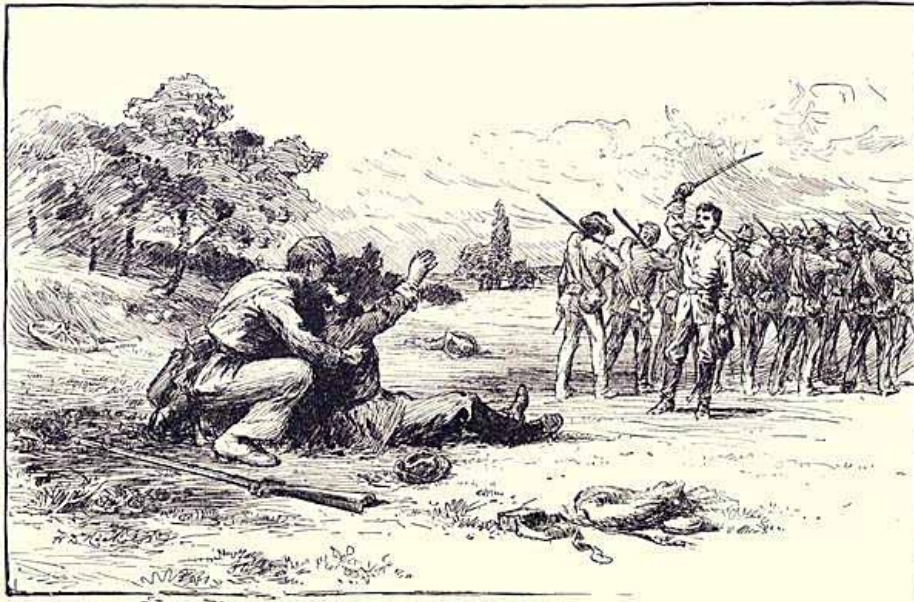
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By MISS MARIA E. JONES, of Galveston, Tex.

We left him on the crimson'd field,
Where battle storms had swept,
We know the soldier's fate was seal'd—
No wonder that we wept.
Some have, perhaps, as nobly fought,
And some as bravely fell,
Where the red sword its work hath wrought,
But none we lov'd so well.

O deem us not a faithless band,
Who left him to the foe;
His latest accent of command,
Was when he bade us go!
Yet one still linger'd near his side,
To watch his fleeting breath,
To mark the ebbing of life's tide
And pale approach of death.

But ere we left our Captain there,
He gave us each a word,
Some thought of kind, remembering care—
"Here, Warren, take my sword—
You'll be their captain now, you know;
But, friend, remember then,"
Said he, "how well I loved them;
Be faithful to my men!



[Pg 235]

"He faintly smiled and waved his hand."

"Wear the sword well. The gift is small,
But with it goes my love,
Good-bye, boys! Heaven bless you all;
I'm ordered up above,
And there can be no countermand—
I know my fate is seal'd!"
He faintly smiled, and wav'd his hand—
We left him on the field.

[Pg 236]

MOTHER! IS THE BATTLE OVER?

Mother! is the battle over? thousands have been killed they say—
Is my father coming?—tell me, have the Southrons gain'd the day?
Is he well, or is he wounded? Mother, do you think he's slain?
If you know, I pray you tell me—will my father come again?

Mother, dear, you're always sighing since you last the paper read—
Tell me why you now are crying—why that cap is on your head?
Ah! I see you cannot tell me—father's one among the slain!
Altho' he lov'd us very dearly, he will never come again!

A NORTH CAROLINA CALL TO ARMS.

[Pg 237]

By LUOLA.

Air—"The Old North State."

Ye sons of Carolina! awake from your dreaming!
The minions of Lincoln upon us are streaming!
Oh! wait not for argument, call, or persuasion
To meet at the onset this treach'rous invasion!

CHORUS.—Defend, defend the old North State forever;
Defend, defend the good old North State.

Oh! think of the maidens, the wives, and the mothers;
Fly ye to the rescue, sons, husbands, and brothers,
And sink in oblivion all party and section;
Your hearth-stones are looking to you for protection!

CHORUS.

The babe in its sweetness, the child in its beauty,
Unconsciously urge you to action and duty!
By all that is sacred, by all to you tender,
Your country adjures, arise and defend her!

CHORUS.

The Star-Spangled Banner, dishonored, is streaming
O'er lands of fanatics; their swords are now gleaming;
They thirst for the life-blood of those you most cherish;
With brave hearts and true, then, arouse, or they perish.

CHORUS.

Round the flag of the South, oh! in thousands now rally,
For the hour's departed when freemen may sally;
Your all is at stake; then go forth and God speed you,
And onward to glory and victory lead you!

CHORUS.—Hurrah! hurrah! the old North State forever!
Hurrah! hurrah! the good old North State.

[Pg 238]

DIXIE.

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up! lest worse than death befall you!
 To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Lo! all the beacon-fires are lighted,
Let all hearts be now united!
 To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
 Hurrah! hurrah!

CHORUS.—For Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
 To live or die for Dixie!
 To arms! to arms!
 And conquer peace for Dixie!
 To arms! to arms!
 And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!
Northern flags in South winds flutter!
Send them back your fierce defiance,
Stamp upon the accurs'd alliance!

[Pg 239]

Fear no danger! shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike and sabre!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder!

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannon's ringing voices;
For faith betrayed and pledges broken,
Wrong inflicted, insults spoken.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles!
Cut the unequal bonds asunder!
Let them hence each other plunder.

Swear upon your country's altar,
Never to submit or falter,
'Till the spoilers are defeated,
'Till the Lord's work is completed.

Halt not till our federation,
Secures among earth's powers its station!
Then at peace, and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story.

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness;
Exultant pride soon banish sorrow,
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.

BATTLE SONG.

[Pg 240]

Have you counted up the cost?
What is gained and what is lost—
When the foe your lines have crossed?

Gained—the infamy of fame?
Gained—a dastard's spotted name;
Gained—eternity of shame.

Lost—desert of manly Worth;
Lost—the right you had by birth;
Lost—lost! Freedom from the earth!

Freemen, up! the foe is nearing!

Haughty banners high uprearing—
Lo! their serried ranks appearing!

Freemen, on! the drums are beating!
Will you shrink from such a meeting?
Forward! give them hero greeting!

From your hearts, and homes, and altars,
Backward hurl your proud assaulters—
He is not a man that falters!

OVER THE RIVER.

[Pg 241]

By VIRGINIA NORFOLK.

“Let us cross the river, and rest under the shade of the trees.”—*Last words of Stonewall Jackson.*

Bravely ye've fought, my gallant, gallant men!
Bravely ye've fought and well!
Yon blood-stained field, where your banner floats,
Tells how your foemen fell!
Ye are recreant none to your knightly vows,
And none to your high behest;
But the noon sun shines on your burning brows—
So, over the river and rest!

CHORUS.—Over the river the shade trees grow—
Over the river we'll rest!
Ye have fought the fight—won the praise that brings
Peace to the soldier's breast!

Bravely ye've conquered, my gallant Southern men!
Ye have won your rights anew!
Ye have washed out the stain of traitor blood,
With the baptism of the true!
Your clanging armor and flashing steel
Have told of a deadly fray;
But foemen are flying right and left!
Ye have had a glorious day!

CHORUS.

[Pg 242]

Foemen are flying! aye, madly they've fled,
And Peace waves her snow-white wing!
But we mourn the loss of our gallant dead,
While the hills with victory ring!
One warrior wears his laurel crown,—
One sleeps on his plumed crest!
While the palm tree waves by the river side,
There, soldiers, will we rest!

CHORUS.

THE MAN OF THE TWELFTH OF MAY. [11]

By ROBERT FALLIGANT, Savannah, Ga.

When history tells her story,
Of the noble hero band,
Who have made the green fields gory,
For the life of their native land,
How grand will be the picture,
Of Georgia's proud array,

As they drove the boasting foeman back,
On that glorious twelfth of May, boys,
That glorious twelfth of May.

CHORUS.—Then hurrah! while we rally around
The hero of that day!
And a nation's grateful praises crown,
The man of the twelfth of May, boys,
The man of the twelfth of May.

[Pg 243]

Whose mien is ever proudest,
When we hold the foe at bay?
Whose war-cry cheers us loudest,
As we rush to the bloody fray?
'Tis Gordon's! Our reliance!
Fearless as on the day,
When he hurled his grand defiance,
In that charge of the twelfth of May, boys,
In that charge of the twelfth of May!
CHORUS.

Who can be a coward!
What freeman fears to die,
When Gordon orders, "Forward!"
And the red cross floats on high?
Follow his tones inspiring!
On! on to the field away!
And we'll see the foe retiring,
As they did on the twelfth of May, boys,
As they did on the twelfth of May!
CHORUS.

This is no time for sighing!
Whate'er our fate may be,
'Tis sweet to think that, dying,
We will leave our country free!
When the storms of battle pelt her,
She'll defy the tyrants' sway,
And our breasts shall be her shelter,
As they were on the twelfth of May, boys,
As they were on the twelfth of May!
CHORUS.

MORGAN'S WAR SONG.

[Pg 244]

Cheer, boys, cheer! we'll march away to battle!
Cheer, boys, cheer! for our sweethearts and our wives!
Cheer, boys, cheer! we'll nobly do our duty,
And give to the South our hearts, our arms, our lives.

Bring forth the flag—our country's noble standard;
Wave it on high 'till the wind shakes each fold out:
Proudly it floats, nobly waving in the vanguard;
Then cheer, boys, cheer! with a lusty, long, bold shout,
Cheer, boys, cheer! etc.

But as we march, with heads all lowly bending,
Let us implore a blessing from on high;
Our cause is just—the right from wrong defending;
And the God of battle will listen to our cry.
Cheer, boys, cheer! etc.

Tho' to our homes we never may return,
Ne'er press again our lov'd ones in our arms,
O'er our lone graves their faithful hearts will mourn,
Then cheer up, boys, cheer! such death hath no alarms.
Cheer, boys, cheer! etc.

THE SONG OF THE EXILE.

[Pg 245]

Air—"Dixie."

Oh! here I am in the land of cotton,
The flag once honor'd is now forgotten;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's land.
But here I stand for Dixie dear,
To fight for freedom, without fear;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's land.

CHORUS.—For Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
To live or die for Dixie's land,
Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's land.

Abe Lincoln tore through Baltimore,
In a baggage car with fastened door;
Fight away, etc.
And left his wife, alas! alack!
To perish on the railroad track!
Fight away, etc.

CHORUS.

We have no ships, we have no navies,
But mighty faith in the great Jeff Davis;
Fight away, etc.
Brave old Missouri shall be ours,
Despite Abe Lincoln's Northern powers,
Fight away, etc.

CHORUS.

Abe's proclamation in a twinkle,
Stirred up the blood of Rip Van Winkle;
Fight away, etc.
Jeff Davis's answer was short and curt:
"Fort Sumpter's taken, and nobody's hurt!"
Fight away, etc.

CHORUS.

We hear the words of this same ditty,
To the right and left of the Mississippi;
Fight away, etc.
In the land of flowers, hot and sandy,
From Delaware Bay to Rio Grande!
Fight away, etc.

CHORUS.

The ladies cheer with heart and hand,
The men who fight for Dixie land;
Fight away, etc.
The "Stars and Bars" are waving o'er us,
And Independence is before us;
Fight away, etc.

CHORUS.

MARTINSBURG, VA.



Cavalry Button.

[Pg 246]

NATIONAL HYMN.

[Pg 247]

Words by CAPT. E. GRISWOLD. Music by J. W. GROSCHEL.

Now let the thrilling anthem rise,
O'er all the glorious land,
Where tow'ring hills usurp the skies,
And valleys broad expand.
Where each majestic river rolls,
Where wave the fields of grain,
Let Southern hearts and Southern souls
Repeat the exulting strain.

CHORUS.—The cross and bars, its gleaming stars,
Shall float o'er land and main;
The cross and bars, its gleaming stars,
Shall float o'er land and main;
Confederate Sov'reign State we stand,
God save our land, God save our land;
Confederate Sov'reign State we stand,
God save our land, God save our land,
God save our land, God save our land.

Where golden fruited orange blossoms,
Green lemon grove and bower,
And where the tall magnolia looms,
With proud imperial flower,
Where bursting from their ripened bolls,
The cotton spreads the plain.
Let Southern hearts and Southern souls
Repeat the exulting strain.

CHORUS.

[Pg 248]

Where happy vassals chant their song,
In fields and homes and boats,
Where mocking birds the chords prolong,
Swelling their mottled throats,
Where law's broad ægis still upholds
Enlightened freedom's claim.

CHORUS.

Where in the Southern zenith glows
The warmth the sun imparts,
Afar from frigid Northern snows,
And bustling Northern Marts,
Where generous impulse still controls,
And scorns polluting stain,
Let Southern hearts and Southern souls,
Repeat th' exulting strain.

CHORUS.

And still from age to age repeat
The tale of battles won,
When bigot Northmen found defeat
Before each Southern son.
Proudly recount the muster rolls
Of living braves and slain,
Let Southern hearts and Southern souls
Repeat th' exulting strain.

CHORUS.

Where Chesapeake's broad waters glow
Round Maryland's green lands,
To where the gulf and ocean bow
By Florida's white sands;
From where the mad Atlantic rolls
To Rio Grande's plain,
Let Southern hearts and Southern souls

OVER THE RIVER.

[Pg 249]

(MISSISSIPPI).

By MISS MARIA E. JONES.

Over the river there are fierce, stern meetings,
No kindly clasp of hand, no welcome call;
But hatred swells the chorus of the greetings,
Of foes who meet at Death's high carnival;
No flash of wine-cups, but the red blood streaming
From ragged wounds, upon the thirsty sand,
And fierce, wild music of bright sabre gleaming,
Where eager foemen grapple hand to hand.

Over the river are our lov'd ones lying,
Alone and wounded on the couch of pain;
Consum'd by wasting fevers—even dying—
Sighing for those they ne'er may see again;
There are untended graves where grass is growing
Rankly and tall o'er each lone sleeper's head;
There are long trenches, where bright flowers blowing,
Mark the common grave of thousands dead.

Over the river victory shouts of gladness,
Great waves of joy rise above seas of woe;
Over the river comes a wail of sadness,
A city's fallen, or a chief laid low;
Alas! for us! we must sit still and ponder
Upon the woes of battle all the day,
And dream, and sew, and weep, while our thoughts wander
Over the river! Let us watch and pray.

PRIVATE MAGUIRE.

[Pg 250]

"Och, it's nate to be captain or colonel,
Divil a bit would I want to be higher;
But to rust as a private, I think's an infernal
Predicament, surely," says Private Maguire.

"They can go sparkin' and playin' at billiards,
With money to spend for their slightest desire,
Loafin' and atin' and drinkin' at Ballard's,
While we're on the pickets," says Private Maguire.

"Livin' in clover, they think it's a trifle
To stand out all night in the rain and the mire,
And a Yankee hard by, with a villainous rifle,
Just riddy to pop ye," says Private Maguire.

"Faith, now, it's not that I'm afther complainin',
I'm spilin' to meet ye, Abe Lincoln, Esquire!
Ye blaggard! it's only I'm weary of thrainin',
And thrainin', and thrainin'," says Private Maguire.

"O Lord, for a row! but Maguire, boy, be aisy,
Kape yourself swate for the inimy's fire;
General Lee is the chap that shortly will plaze ye,

"And, lad, if ye're hit (O, bedad, that infernal
Jimmy O'Dowd would make love to Maria!)
Whether ye're captain, or major, or colonel,
Ye'll die with the best then," says Private Maguire.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

By a lady formerly of Richmond.

Tune—"The Coronack."

Unmoved in the battle,
Whilst friends and foes swerved,
Midst roaring and rattle,
His heroes were nerved.
On Manassas' red plain,
Their unyielding front,
Gave their chieftain that name,
So strong in war's brunt.

He swoops from the mountain,
Like our own regal bird;
O'er Potomac's blue fountain,
His war scream is heard.
Though his foeman be brave,
They shrink from his sword,
Who its mighty power gave,
Is the triumphant Lord!

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Again from the mountain,
Through forest and valley,
Once more near that fountain,
His invincibles rally.
Like our own mountain eagle,
He swoops on the foemen,
And the cohorts of Lincoln
Fly and cower before him!
* * * *

SOUTHERN SONG.

Tune—"Wait for the Wagon."

Come, all ye sons of freedom,
And join our Southern band,
We are going to fight the Yankees,
And drive them from our land.
Justice is our motto,
And Providence our guide;
So jump into the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.

CHORUS.—So wait for the wagon! the dissolution wagon;
The South is the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

Secession is our watchword;
Our rights we all demand;
To defend our homes and firesides
We pledge our hearts and hands.
Jeff Davis is our President,

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With Stephens by his side;
Great Beauregard, our General,
He joins us in our ride.

CHORUS.

Our wagon is the very best;
The running gear is good;
Stuffed round the sides with cotton,
And made of Southern wood.
Carolina is the driver,
With Georgia by her side,
Virginia holds the flag up
While we all take a ride.

CHORUS.

Old Lincoln and his Congressmen,
With Seward by his side,
Put old Scott in the wagon,
Just for to take a ride.
McDowell was the driver,
To cross Bull Run he tried,
But there he left the wagon
For Beauregard to ride.

CHORUS.

The invading tribe, called Yankees,
With Lincoln for their guide,
Tried to keep good old Kentucky,
From joining in the ride;
But she heeded not their entreaties,—
She has come into the ring;
She wouldn't fight for a government,
Where cotton wasn't king.

CHORUS.

Manassas was the battle-ground;
The field was fair and wide;
The Yankees thought they'd wipe us out,
And on to Richmond ride.
But when they met our "Dixie" boys,
Their danger they espied,
They wheeled about for Washington
And didn't wait to ride.

CHORUS.

Brave Beauregard, God bless him!
Led legions in his stead,
While Johnson seized the colors,
And waved them o'er his head.
So rising generations,
With pleasure we will tell,
How bravely our Fisher,
And gallant Johnson fell.

CHORUS.

Raleigh Register.

THE BAND IN THE PINES.

By JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

O band in the pine wood, cease!
Cease with your splendid call!
The living are brave and noble,
But the dead were bravest of all!

They throng in the martial summons,
The loud, triumphant strain;

And the dear, bright eyes of long-dead friends,
Come to the heart again.

They come with the ringing bugle
And the deep drum's mellow roar—
And the soul is faint with longing
For the hands we clasp no more!

O band in the pine wood, cease!
Or the heart will melt in tears,
For the gallant eyes and the smiling lips,
And the voices of old years!

Southern Illustrated News.



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“Though fifteen summers scarce have shed
Their blossoms on thy brow.”

MY WARRIOR BOY.

Metropolitan Record. Music by A. E. A. MUSE.

[The music of this song can be procured of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., owners of the copyright.]

Thou hast gone forth, my darling one,
To battle with the brave,
To strike in Freedom's sacred cause,
Or win an early grave;
With vet'rans grim, and stalwart men,
Thy pathway lieth now,
Though fifteen summers scarce have shed
Their blossoms on thy brow.

My babe in years, my warrior boy!
O! if a mother's tears
Could call thee back to be my joy,
And still these anxious fears,
I'd dash the traitor drops away,
That would unnerve thy hand,
Now raised to strike in Freedom's cause,
For thy dear native land.

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“Come back to me my darling son,
And light my life again.”

God speed thee on thy course, my boy,
Where'er thy pathway lie,
And guard thee when the leaden hail,
Shall thick around thee fly;
But when our sacred cause is won,
And peace again shall reign,
Come back to me, my darling son,
And light my life again.

[Pg 258]

THE REBEL BAND.

Old Eve she did the apple eat,
Old Eve she did the apple eat,
Old Eve she did the apple eat,
And smacked her lips and called it sweet.

CHORUS.—Do you belong to the rebel band,
Fighting for your home.

There was a time, the poets say,
There was a time, the poets say,
There was a time, the poets say,
When this world was washed away.

CHORUS.

How old Noah built him an ark,
How old Noah built him an ark,
How old Noah built him an ark,
Of gopher wood and hickory bark.

CHORUS.

The ark rested on Mount Ararat,
The ark rested on Mount Ararat,
The ark rested on Mount Ararat,
A mile and a half from Manassas' Gap.

CHORUS.

The animals came in two by two,
The animals came in two by two,
The animals came in two by two,
The camamile and the kangaroo.

CHORUS.

Now old Noah got very drunk,

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Now old Noah got very drunk,
Now old Noah got very drunk,
And old Ham pulled him out of his bunk.

CHORUS.

Old Noah got mad as he could be,
Old Noah got mad as he could be,
Old Noah got mad as he could be,
And sent old Ham to Afrikee.

CHORUS.

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER BOY.

[Pg 260]

Words by FATHER RYAN. Music by W. LUDDEN.

Young as the youngest who donned the gray,
True as the truest who wore it,
Brave as the bravest he marched away,
(Hot tears on the cheeks of his mother lay);
Triumphant waved our flag one day,
He fell in the front before it.

CHORUS.—A grave in the wood with the grass o'ergrown,
A grave in the heart of his mother,
His clay in the one, lifeless and lone,
But his memory lives in the other.

Firm as the firmest where duty led,
He hurried without a falter;
Bold as the boldest he fought and bled,
And the day was won—but the field was red;
And the blood of his fresh young heart was shed,
On his country's hallowed altar.

CHORUS.

On the trampled breast of the battle plain,
Where the foremost ranks had wrestled,
The fairest form 'mid all the slain,
Like a child asleep he nestled.

[Pg 261]

In the solemn of the woods that swept
The field where his comrades found him,
They buried him there—and strong men wept,
As in silence they gathered 'round him.

CHORUS.

THE CAVALIER'S GLEE.

By CAPT. BLACKFORD, of General Stuart's Staff.

Air—"The Pirate's Glee."

Spur on! spur on! we love the bounding
Of barbs that bear us to the fray;
"The charge" our bugles now are sounding,
And our bold Stuart leads the way.

CHORUS.—The path to honor lies before us
Our hated foeman gather fast;
At home bright eyes are sparkling for us,
And we'll defend them to the last.

Spur on! spur on! we love the rushing
Of steeds that spurn the turf they tread;
We'll through the Northern ranks go crushing,
With our proud battle-flag o'erhead.

CHORUS.

Spur on! spur on! we love the flashing
Of blades that battle to be free;
'Tis for our sunny South they're clashing,
For household gods and liberty.

CHORUS.

SONG.

[Pg 262]

Air—"Faintly Flows the Falling River."

Here we bring a fragrant tribute,
To the bed where valor sleeps,
Though they missed the victor's triumph,
O'er their tomb a nation weeps,
Honor through all time be rendered,
To their proud, heroic names,
Fondly be their mem'ry cherished,
Bright their never-dying fame.

Glowing in young manhood's beauty,
Sprang they at their country's call,
Made before the foeman's legions
'Round our homes a living wall.
By disease's foul breath withered,
Ere had dawned the battle-day,
On the fever couch of anguish,
Thousands passed from earth away.

Thousands, after deeds whose daring,
With their glory filled the land,
Fell before the flying foeman,
On the fields won by their hand.
Mourning o'er the fruitless struggle,
Bowed beneath the hand of God,
Come we weeping and yet proudly,
Now to deck this sacred sod.

WE CONQUER OR DIE.

[Pg 263]

By JAMES PIERPONT, 1861. Permission of HENRI WEHRMAN.

The war drum is beating; prepare for the fight,
The stern bigot Northman exults in his might,
Gird on your bright weapons, your foeman is nigh,
And this be your watchword, "We conquer or die."

The trumpet is sounding from mountain to shore,
Your swords and your lances must slumber no more.
Fling forth to the sunlight your banner on high,
Inscribed with the watchword, "We conquer or die."

March on to the battlefield, there do or dare,
With shoulder to shoulder, all danger to share,
And let your proud watchword ring up to the sky,
Till the blue arch re-echoes, "We conquer or die."

Press forward undaunted, no thought of retreat,
The enemy's host on the threshold to meet,
Strike firm, 'til the foemen before you shall fly,
Appalled by the watchword, "We conquer or die."

Go forth in the pathway our forefathers trod;
We too fight for freedom, our Captain is God,
Their blood in our veins, with their honor we vie;
Their's too was the watchword, "We conquer or die."

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We strike for the South: mountains, valley and plain,
For the South we will conquer, again and again,
Her day of salvation and triumph is nigh,
Our's then be the watchword, "We conquer or die."

GOD WILL DEFEND THE RIGHT.

Words and Music by a Lady of Richmond.

[The music of this song can be obtained of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass.]

Sons of the South arise,
Rise in your matchless might,
Your war-cry echo to the skies,
"God will defend the right."
Let-haughty tyrants know,
Our sunny land shall be
In spite of every foe,
Home of the brave and free.

CHORUS.—Sons of the South arise,
Rise in your matchless might,
Your war-cry echo to the skies,
"God will defend the right."

Our flag shall proudly stream,
Defiant of assault,
Bars of rainbows brightest beam,
And stars from Heaven's blue vault.
Thousands of true and brave,
Their hero lives may end,
O'er thousands that flag shall wave,
Thousands its folds defend.

[Pg 265]

CHORUS.

No wrongs our breasts alarm,
No fears our hearts appal,
Unswerving justice nerves our arm,
We cannot conquered fall.
Think on our noble sires,
Immortal in renown,
Think on our altar-fires,
And strike the oppressor down!

CHORUS.

With threats of horror dire,
The fierce invader comes;
We scorn his boasts, we scorn his ire,
Striking for hearths and homes.
Strike for our mothers now,
For daughters, sisters, wives,
Truly would each bestow,
Were it ten thousand lives.

CHORUS.

RICHMOND ON THE JAMES;

[Pg 266]

OR, THE DYING TEXAS SOLDIER BOY.

A Parody by ANNIE MARIE NEEBY.

A soldier boy from Texas lay gasping on the field,
When the battle's shock was over, and the foe was forced to yield;
He fell, a youthful hero, before the foeman's aims,
On a blood-red field near Richmond—near Richmond on the James.

But one still stood beside him—his comrade in the fray—
They had been friends together in boyhood's happy day;
And side by side had struggled on fields of blood and flames,
To part that eve at Richmond—near Richmond on the James.

He said, "I charge thee, comrade, of the friends in days of yore,
Of the far, far distant dear ones that I shall see no more—
Tho' scarce my lips can whisper their dear and well-known names,
To bear to them my blessing from Richmond on the James.

"Bear to my brother this sword, and the badge upon my breast
To the young and gentle sister that I used to love the best;
But one lock from my forehead give the mother still that dreams
Of her soldier boy near Richmond—near Richmond on the James.

[Pg 267]

"I wish that mother's arms were folded round me now,
That her gentle hand could linger, one moment on my brow,
But I know that she is praying where our blessed hearthlight gleams,
For her soldier boy's safe return from Richmond on the James.

"And on my heart, dear comrade, lay close these auburn braids,
Of one that is the fairest of all our village maids;
We were to have been wedded, but death the bridegroom claims,
And she is far that loves me, from Richmond on the James.

"O, does the pale face haunt her, dear friend, that looks on thee,
Or is she laughing, singing, in careless, girlish glee?
It may be she is joyous, and loves but joyous themes,
Nor dreams her love lies bleeding near Richmond on the James.

"And tho' I know, dear comrade, thou'lt miss me for a while,
When their faces—all left to love thee—again on thee shall smile,
Again thou'lt be the foremost in all their youthful games,
But I shall lie near Richmond—near Richmond on the James."

The land is fill'd with mourning from hall and cot left lone,
We miss the well-known faces that used to greet our own,
And long shall weep poor wives, mothers, and titled dames,
To hear the name of Richmond—of Richmond on the James.

RICHMOND IS A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.

[Pg 268]

Dedicated to GEN'L A. E. BURNSIDE.

[The music of this song can be procured of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., owners of the copyright.]

Would you like to hear my song, I'm afraid it's rather long,
Of the famous "on to Richmond" double trouble;
Of the half a dozen trips, and half a dozen slips,
And the very latest bursting of the bubble?
'Tis pretty hard to sing, and like a round, round ring,
'Tis a dreadful knotty puzzle to unravel,
Though all the papers swore, when we touched Virginia's shore,
That Richmond was a hard road to travel.

CHORUS.—Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel;
Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe!

First, McDowell, bold and gay, set forth the shortest way,
By Manassas, in the pleasant Summer weather,
But unfortunately ran on a Stonewall, foolish man,
And had a “rocky journey” altogether;
And he found it rather hard to ride o’er Beauregard,
And Johnston proved a deuce of a bother,
And ’twas clear, beyond a doubt, that he didn’t like the route,
And a second time would have to try another.

[Pg 269]

CHORUS.—Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Manassas is a hard road to travel,
Manassas gave us fits, and Bull Run made us grieve,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe!

Next came the Woolly-Horse,^[12] with an overwhelming force,
To march down to Richmond by the Valley,
But he couldn’t find the road, and his “onward movement” showed
His campaigning was a mere shilly-shally.
Then Commissary Banks, with his motley, foreign ranks,
Kicking up a great noise, fuss and flurry,
Lost the whole of his supplies, and with tears in his eyes,
From the Stonewall ran away in a hurry.

CHORUS.—Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For the Valley is a hard road to travel,
The Valley wouldn’t do, and we had all to leave,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe!

Then the great Galena came, with her port-holes all aflame,
And the Monitor, that famous naval wonder,
But the guns at Drury’s Bluff gave them speedily enough,
The loudest sort of reg’lar Rebel thunder.
The Galena was astonished and the Monitor admonished,
Our patent shot and shell were mocked at,
While the dreadful Naugatuck, by the hardest kind of luck,
Was knocked into an ugly cocked hat.

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CHORUS.—Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For James River is a hard road to travel,
The gun-boats gave it up in terror and despair,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I declare!

Then McClellan followed soon, both with spade and balloon,
To try the Peninsular approaches,
But one and all agreed that his best rate of speed,
Was no faster than the slowest of “slow coaches.”
Instead of easy ground, at Williamsburg he found
A Longstreet indeed, and nothing shorter,
And it put him in the dumps, that spades wasn’t trumps,
And the Hills he couldn’t level “as he orter.”

CHORUS.—Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Longstreet is a hard road to travel,
Lay down the shovel and throw away the spade,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I’m afraid.

Then said Lincoln unto Pope, “You can make the trip, I hope;”
“I will save the universal Yankee nation,
To make sure of no defeat, I’ll leave no lines of retreat,
And issue a famous proclamation.”
But that same dreaded Jackson, this fellow laid his whacks on,
And made him by compulsion, a seceder.^[13]
And Pope took rapid flight from Manassas’ second fight,
’Twas his very last appearance as a leader.

[Pg 271]

CHORUS.—Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Stonewall is a hard road to travel,
Pope did his very best, but was evidently sold,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I’m told!

Last of all the *brave* Burnside, with his pontoon bridge, tried
A road no one had thought of before him,
With two hundred thousand men for the Rebel slaughter pen,
And the blessed Union flag waving o'er him,
But he met a fire like hell, of canister and shell,
That mowed his men down with great slaughter,
'Twas a shocking sight to view, that second Waterloo,
And the river ran with more blood than water.

CHORUS.—Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
Rappahannock is a hard road to travel,
Burnside got in a trap, which caused him for to grieve,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe!

We are very much perplexed to know who is the next
To command the new Richmond expedition,
For the Capital *must blaze*, and that in ninety days,
And Jeff and his men be sent to perdition.
We'll take the cursed town, and then we'll burn it down,
And plunder and hang each cursed rebel;
Yet the contraband was right when he told us they would fight,
"Oh! yes, massa, they fight like the devil."

CHORUS.—Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel;
Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe!

[Pg 272]

THE SOUTHRON'S WATCHWORD.

In Imitation of an English Song of the Crimean War.

By M. F. BIGNEY, 1861. Music from S. GLOVER.

What shall the Southron's watchword be,
Fighting for us on land and sea?
Bearing our flag o'er the billow's foam,
Shedding his blood for his Southern home?
To bleed and conquer he's bravely gone;
Freedom and glory still urge him on.
Then shall the Southron's watchword be,
"The grave of the hero or victory!"

What shall the Southron's watchword be,
Bearing the banner that proves him free?
Bravely he dashes amid the strife,
For home and country, for child and wife;
His aims are bright and his hopes are high;
His brave resolve is to do or die;
Then shall the Southron's watchword be,
"The grave of the hero or victory!"

What shall the Southron's watchword be,
Fighting the battles of liberty?
Holy the light on his manly brow,
The victor's wreath or the cypress bough!
Such are the thoughts which the brave inspire,
Filling their souls with the soldier's fire;
Then shall the Southron's watchword be,
"The grave of the hero or victory!"

[Pg 273]

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET.

Words by JAMES B. RANDALL. Music by EDWARD O. EATON.

[The music of this song can be procured of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., owners of the copyright.]

By blue Patapsco's billowy dash,
The tyrant's war-shout comes,
Along with the cymbal's fitful clash,
And the roll of his sullen drums.
We hear it! we heed it, with vengeful thrills,
And we shall not forgive or forget—
There's faith in the streams, there's hope in the hills,
"There's life in the Old Land yet!"

Minions! we sleep, but we are not dead;
We are crushed, we are scourged, we are scarred—
We crouch—'tis to welcome the triumph-tread
Of the peerless Beauregard.
Then woe to your vile, polluting horde,
When the Southern braves are met;
There's faith in the victor's stainless sword,—
"There's life in the Old Land yet!"

[Pg 274]

Bigots! ye quell not the valiant mind
With the clank of an iron chain;
The spirit of Freedom sings in the wind,
O'er Merryman, Thomas, and Kane;
And we—though we smite not—are not thralls,
We are piling a gory debt;
While down by McHenry's dungeon walls,
"There's life in the Old Land yet!"

Our women have hung their harps away,
And they scowl on your brutal hands,
While the nimble poignard dares the day,
In their dear, defiant hands;
They will strip their tresses to string our bows,
Ere the Northern sun is set—
There's faith in their unrelenting woes,
"There's life in the Old Land yet!"

There's life, though it throbbeth in silent veins,
'Tis vocal without noise;
It gushed o'er Manassas' solemn plains,
From the blood of the Maryland boys.
That blood shall cry aloud and rise
With an everlasting threat—
By the death of the brave, by the God in the skies,
"There's life in the Old Land yet!"

New Orleans Delta, Sept., 1861.

YOU ARE GOING TO THE WARS, WILLIE BOY!

[Pg 275]

Words and Music by JOHN H. HEWITT.

You are going to the wars, Willie boy, Willie boy,
You are going to the wars far away,
To protect our rights and laws, Willie boy, Willie boy,
And the banner in the sun's golden ray;
With your uniform all new,
And your shining buttons, too,
You'll win the hearts of pretty girls,
But none like me so true.
Oh, won't you think of me, Willie boy, Willie boy;
Oh, won't you think of me when far away?

I'll often think of ye, Willie boy, Willie boy,
And ever for your life and glory pray.

You'll be fighting for the right, Willie boy, Willie boy,
You'll be fighting for the right, and your home;
And you'll strike the blow with might, Willie boy, Willie boy,
'Mid the thundering of cannon and of drum;
With an arm as true as steel,
You'll make the foeman feel,
The vengeance of a Southerner,
Too proud to cringe or kneel;
Oh, should you fall in strife, Willie boy, Willie boy,
Oh, should you fall in strife on the plain,
I'll pine away my life, Willie boy, Willie boy,
And never, never smile again.

MY MARYLAND.

[Pg 276]

Written at Pointe Coupee, La., April 26, 1861. First published in the *New Orleans Delta*.

By JAMES R. RANDALL.

[The music of this song can be obtained of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass.]

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother-State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life or death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

[Pg 277]

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come! with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe, and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come! to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain—
"Sic semper," 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise, in majesty again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

[Pg 278]

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzzah! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes—she burns! she'll come! she'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

REBEL TOASTS; OR, DRINK IT DOWN!

[Pg 279]

Oh, here's to South Carolina! drink it down,
Here's to South Carolina, drink it down,
Here's to South Carolina, the first to open up the fray.

CHORUS.—Drink it down, drink it down,
Drink it down, down, down.

Oh, here's to Mississippi! drink it down,
Here's to Mississippi, drink it down,
Here's to Mississippi, for she gave old Abe the slip.

Oh, here's to Alabama! drink it down,
Here's to Alabama—we'll fight for her banner.

Oh, here's to Florida State, drink it down,
Here's to Florida—to Southern rights she'll ne'er say nay.

Oh, here's to Georgia State—drink it down,
Here's to Georgia State—altho' she *is* rather late.

Oh, here's to Louisiana! drink it down,
Here's to Louisiana—how glorious is her banner.

Oh, here's to gallant Texas! drink it down,
Here's to gallant Texas—the Yankees say "she vexes us."

[Pg 280]

Oh, here's to brave Virginia! drink it down,
Here's to brave Virginia—she'll hold up the Confederacy.

Oh, here's to Arkansas! drink it down,
Here's to Arkansas—for she'll break old Abram's jaw.

Oh, here's to North Carolina! drink it down,
Here's to North Carolina—with a whoop and a hurrah.

Oh, here's to Tennessee! drink it down,
Here's to Tennessee—for she's bound to be free.

Oh, here's to brave Missouri! drink it down,
Here's to brave Missouri—whose sons will ne'er say die!

Oh, here's to old Kentuck! drink it down,
Here's to old Kentuck—she yet may have the pluck.

Oh, here's to Maryland! drink it down,
Here's to Maryland—bleeding beneath a tyrant's hand.

Oh, here's to General Lee! drink it down,
Here's to General Lee—for he'll set the Rebels free!

Oh, here's to Magruder! drink it down—
Here's to our Magruder—the Yankees' great deluder.

THE GALLANT GIRL THAT SMOTE THE DASTARD TORY, OH!

[Pg 281]

Dedicated to MISS SLIDELL.

Words by KLUBS. Music by DUCIE DIAMONDS.

[The music of this song can be procured of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., owners of
the copyright.]

Ho, gallants, brim the beaker bowl,
And click the festal glasses, oh!
The grape shall shed its sapphire soul,
To eulogize the lasses, oh!
And when ye pledge the lip and curl
Of loveliness and glory, oh!
Here's a bumper to the gallant girl
That smote the dastard Tory, oh!

CHORUS.—A bumper, a thumper,
To loveliness and glory, oh!
A bumper to the gallant girl
That smote the dastard Tory, oh!

Our boys are fighting East and West,
Our women do not linger, oh!
They take their diamonds from the breast,
Their rubies from the finger, oh!
They send their darlings to the war
Of honor and of glory, oh!
They've all the spirit of a man,
To smite a dastard Tory, oh!

CHORUS.

[Pg 282]



Jack Morgan.

THREE CHEERS FOR OUR JACK MORGAN.

By EUGENE RAYMOND.

The snow is in the cloud, and night is gathering o'er us.
The winds are piping loud and fan the blaze before us;
Then join the jovial band, and tune the vocal organ;
And with a will we'll all join in—three cheers for our Jack Morgan!

CHORUS.—Gather round the camp-fire, our duty has been done,
Let's gather round the camp-fire, and have a little fun.
Let's gather round the camp-fire, our duty has been done,
'Twas done upon the battle-field, three cheers for our Jack Morgan!

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Jack Morgan is his name—the fearless and the lucky;
No dastard foe can tame the son of old Kentucky.
His heart is with his State, he fights for Southern freedom,
His men their General's word await—they'll go where he will lead 'em.

CHORUS.

He swore to free his home—to burst her chains asunder,
With sound of trump and drum, and loud Confederate thunder;
And in the darksome night, by light of homesteads burning,
He'll put the skulking foe to flight, their hearts to wailings turning.

CHORUS.

The dungeon dark and cold could not his body prison,
Nor tame a spirit bold that o'er reverse had risen.
Then sing the song of joy—our toast be lovely woman;
And Morgan, he's the gallant boy to plague the hated foeman!



Mississippi Button.

PRAY, MAIDEN, PRAY!

[Pg 284]

A. W. KERCHEVAL. A. J. TURNER.

To the patriotic women of the South.

Maiden, pray for thy lover now,
Thro' all this starry night,
Heaven prove auspicious to thy vow,
For with to-morrow's dawning light,
We meet the foe in deadly fight!
Pray, maiden, pray!

Maiden, pray that the banner high
Advanced, our cross may wave;
And foeman's shot and steel defy!
In triumph floating o'er the brave,
Who strike for freedom or the grave;
Pray, maiden, pray!

Maiden, pray for thy Southern land
Of streams and sunlit skies;
See thou her living greatness stand!
While in her hero-dust there lies,
Whatever glory verifies!
Pray, maiden, pray!

[Pg 285]

Maiden, pray that your trumpet blast
And rocket's signal light,
But summon squadrons, thick and fast!
To win in our glorious fight
For Home, for Freedom, and the Right;
Pray, maiden, pray!

1863.

THE SOLDIER'S SUIT OF GRAY.

By MISS CARRIE BELL SINCLAIR.

I've seen some handsome uniforms deck'd off with buttons bright,
And some that are so very gay they almost blind the sight;
But of these handsome uniforms I will not sing to-day,
My song is to each soldier lad who wears a suit of gray!

CHORUS.—Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! for Southern boys we say,
And God bless every soldier lad who wears a suit of gray!

Brass buttons and gold lace I know are beautiful to view,
And then, to tell the honest truth, I own I like them, too;
Yet should a thousand officers come crowding round to-day,
I'd scorn them for a lad who wears a simple suit of gray.

CHORUS.

God bless our Southern soldiers! for ev'ry one is dear,
And God defend each gallant form, no matter what they wear;
For each has acted well his part, yet still, in truth, I say,
The bravest of the brave are those who wear a suit of gray.

CHORUS.

[Pg 286]

Tho' torn and faded be each coat, their buttons tarnish'd too,
I know beneath each soldier's dress a Southern heart beats true;
We honor ev'ry gallant son who fights for us to-day,
And heav'n protect the noble boys who wear the suit of gray.

CHORUS.

They bravely strike for freedom, and on the battle-field,
They're the first to strike a blow, they are the last to yield;

At Richmond and Manassas who was it won the day?
It was our noble Southern boys, all clad in suits of gray.

CHORUS.

God bless our Southern soldiers! for each we breathe a prayer,
And over ev'ry fallen son we shed a mourner's tear!
Oh, sacred be the grave of those who died so far away,
And honor'd be each one who sleeps clad in a suit of gray.
(Omit chorus.)

'Round ev'ry patriot soldier's brow the laurel wreath entwines,
And 'round the battle-flag they bear a ray of glory shines,
And when the foe is conquer'd, with pride we then will say,
"All honor to the noble boys who wore the suit of gray."

CHORUS.

(A CHORUS, AFTER THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN)—

You may talk about your Beauregard, and sing of General Lee,
But General Hood, of Texas, played hell in Tennessee.

[Pg 287]

SONG OF THE TEXAS RANGERS.

By MRS. J. D. YOUNG.

Air—"The Yellow Rose of Texas."

The morning star is paling, the camp-fires flicker low,
Our steeds are madly neighing, for the bugle bids us go:
So put the foot in stirrup, and shake the bridle free,
For to-day the Texas Rangers must cross the Tennessee.
With Wharton for our leader, we'll chase the dastard foe,
'Till our horses bathe their fetlocks in the deep blue Ohio.

Our men come from the prairies rolling broad, proud and free,
From the high and craggy mountains to the murmuring Mexic' sea;
And their hearts are open as their plains; their tho'ts as proudly brave
As the bold cliffs of the San Bernard, or the Gulf's resistless wave.
Then, quick! into the saddle, and shake the bridle free,
To-day with gallant Wharton we cross the Tennessee.

'Tis joy to be a Ranger! to fight for dear Southland!
'Tis joy to follow Wharton, with his gallant, trusty band!
'Tis joy to see our Harrison plunge, like a meteor bright,
Into the thickest of the fray, and deal his deadly might,
Oh! who'd not be a Ranger, and follow Wharton's cry!
And battle for their country, and, if needs be, die?

By the Colorado's waters, on the Gulf's deep murmuring shore,
On our soft, green, peaceful prairies, our home we may see no more,
But in those homes our gentle wives, and mothers with silvery hairs,
Are loving us with tender hearts, and shielding us with prayers.
So trusting in our country's God, we draw our stout good brand,
For those we love at home, our altars and our land.

Up! up! with the crimson battle flag, let the blue pennon fly;
Our steeds are stamping proudly, they hear the battle cry!
The thundering bomb, the bugle's call, proclaim the foe is near:
We strike for God and native land, and all we hold most dear.
Then spring into the saddle, and shake the bridle free,
For Wharton leads, thro' fire and blood, for Home and Victory.

[Pg 288]

Hark! 'tis the shrill trumpet calling,
It pierceth the soft summer air!
Tears from each comrade are falling,
For the widow and orphan are there:
Our bayonets earthward are turning,
And the drum's muffled breath rolls around,
But he hears not the voice of their mourning,
Nor awakes to the bugle's shrill sound.

Sleep, soldier! tho' many regret thee,
Who stand by thy cold bier to-day,
Soon, soon shall the kindest forget thee,
And thy name from the earth pass away;
The man thou did'st love as a brother,
A friend in thy place will have gained;
Thy dog will keep watch for another,
And thy steed by a stranger be reined.

But tho' many now weep for thee sadly,
Soon joyous as ever shall be;
Tho' thy bright orphan boy may laugh gladly
As he sits on some kind comrade's knee,
There is one who will still do her duty
Of tears for the true and the brave,
As when first in the bloom of her beauty,
She weeps o'er her brave soldier's grave!

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH.

By A. B. CUNNINGHAM.

The night-cloud had lowered o'er Shiloh's red plain,
And the blast howled sadly o'er wounded and slain;
The lightning flashed vividly, fiercely and proud,
And glared thro' the mist of the smoke and the cloud;
The thunder pealed loudly from heaven's black sky,
Where litlely the cannon had pealed the war-cry;
The last gun had been fired, and its moaning sound
Had died 'way in the distance, and echoed around.

Where the fight had raged fiercest, near a deep ravine,
At the foot of a crag (a wild, thrilling scene),
A soldier lay there all ghastly and gory,
Who'd fall'n in the strife for freedom and glory!
His life-blood was pouring from out a deep gash
He'd received 'mid the battle's loud roar and fierce crash;
"O mother! O mother! I never thought this,
When but a mere child I received thy sweet kiss—

"That I'd die on a field all gory and red
With the blood of the wounded, the dying and dead,
With no friend or relation to cheer my dark way,
But the forms of dear comrades all lifeless as clay,
None to watch o'er me but the ghosts of the dead,
None to smooth down the death-pillow 'neath my poor head;
And sadly I think of my home in the South,
Where I roam'd a mere boy in the pride of my youth.

"When I scaled the steep crag o'er the river's wild roar,
Or chased the fleet stag 'long the bright, sunny shore—
When I bounded in pride o'er valley and hill—
O memories, how sweet! ye haunt me now still.
But away with the thoughts of my joyous boyhood,
I'll face the grim monster death with calm fortitude:
Then, mother, farewell! farewell, dearest mother;

Farewell to my father, sisters and brother!

“And when I am gone never utter a sigh,
But remember your Charlie reigns proudly on high!”
Then death flapp’d wildly his wings on the moor,
As his soul took its flight to a heavenly shore—
The lightning flash’d fiercely, the howling winds surge,
The thunder pealed loudly the hero’s wild dirge!

I REMEMBER THE HOUR WHEN SADLY WE PARTED.

Companion Song to “When this Cruel War is Over.”

I remember the hour when sadly we parted,
The tears on your pale cheek glist’ning like dew,
When clasped in your arms almost broken-hearted,
I swore by the bright sky I’d ever be true,
True to the love that nothing could sever,
And true to the flag of my country forever.

CHORUS.—Then weep not, love, oh! weep not,
Think not our hopes are vain,
For when this fatal war is over,
We will surely meet again.

[Pg 292]

Oh, let not, my own love, the summer winds winging
Their sweet-laden zephyrs o’er land and o’er sea,
Bring aught to your heart with the autumn birds singing,
But hopes for the future and bright dreams of me;
For while in your pure heart my mem’ry you’re keeping,
I ne’er can be lonely while waking or sleeping.

CHORUS.

But if, while the loud shouts of vict’ry are ringing,
O’er the land that foul traitors have caught to betray,
You hear o’er the voices so joyfully singing,
That he who so loved you has fallen in the fray,
Oh think that he’s gone where there’s dark treason never,
Where tears and sad partings are banished forever.

CHORUS.

OUR FLAG; OR, THE ORIGIN OF THE STARS AND BARS. [14]

Words and Music by HARRY McCARTHY.

[The music of this song can be procured of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., owners of the copyright.]

Young stranger, what land claims thy birth?
For thy flag is but new to the sea,
And where is the nation on earth,
That the right of this flag gives to thee;
Thy banner reminds us of one
By the Champions of Freedom unfurled,
And the proudest of nations have owned,
’Twas a glory and pride to the world;
That flag was the “Stripes and Stars,”
And the colors of thine are the same,
But thou hast the “Stars and the Bars,”
Oh, stranger, pray tell us thy name.

[Pg 293]

That flag, with its garland of fame,
Proudly waved o'er my father and me,
And my grandsires died to proclaim
It the flag of the brave and the free;
But alas! for the flag of my youth;
I have sighed and dropped my last tear,
For the North has forgotten her truth,
And would tread on the rights we hold dear;
They envied the South her bright Stars,
Her glory, her honor, her fame,
So we unfurled the "Stars and the Bars"
And the Confederate Flag is its name.

And her bright colors shone forth,
All glorious in fair Freedom's light,
We swore to remember their birth,
And in her honor forever to fight;
So woe to the foeman who'll dare,
Our Southern soil to invade,
For bless'd by the smiles of the fair,
And in right's powerful armor arrayed;
We'll strike for our Southern stars,
Our honor, our glory, our fame,
We'll strike for the "Stars and the Bars,"
For the Confederate Flag is its name.

THE NAVASOTA VOLUNTEERS.

[Pg 294]

By WM. NEELY, of Durant's Cavalry.

Air— "Susanna, Don't you Cry."

We're the Navasota volunteers, our county is named Grimes;
Oh, come along, my conscript boys, we can't leave you behind;
Jeff Davis is our President, and Stephens is the Vice—
At the head of our armies are Lee, Beauregard and Price.

We have other officers and generals in command,
To lead our gallant forces on, and give the right command;
Good old Magruder's our choice, and will help the Yankees roast;
So come and go along with us, and help defend the coast.

O come along, my jolly boys, and help us all to fight—
To go against old Uncle Abe I know that we are right;
So come along, my countrymen, and with us take your stand;
With help of God, we'll whip old Abe, and all his Yankee band.

Come volunteer, my brave, brave boys, and help to fight it out;
We can whip the Abolitionists, without a single doubt;
We are volunteers of Texas—we are the very chaps,
To whip the Abolitionists, and stop their "nutmeg" traps.

[Pg 295]

Come volunteer, my Texas boys, altho' you are forty-six—
We'll whip old Abe and Buell, with all their Yankee tricks;
Their armies are invading us, and this we cannot stand,
We must whip them back to Yankeedom, O come and take a hand.

Come, all of you brave Southerners, and join our common cause,
To go against old Lincoln and all his Yankee boys;
If we find them on the hills, or find them in their ditches,
If you go along with us we'll whip them out their "britches."

Now, there is our good doctor, with his powder and his pills,
Who is willing to go with us and cure us of our ills;
There are some of our countrymen, whose names I will not tell,
Who say they cannot volunteer, "for they are not very well!"

There is the officeseeker! altho' not very noted,
He would go along with us if he could only be promoted!
There is the little lawyer! who is of no great note,
He will not go along with us unless we will promote!

Now, there is the merchant! with his all in his hand,
Who'll sell unto his customers at the highest price he can;
If you say to the merchant, when you go in to trade,
"I cannot stand your price," he'll holler out "Blockade!"

And then there's the yearling thief, that ought to go to battle;
The country would be better off rid of all such cattle;
And there's the rich planters, with their negroes and their lands,
They will not go along with us to fight old Lincoln's bands.

[Pg 296]

They remind me of a tale, perhaps you've heard yourself:
While a woman fought a bear her husband hid himself;
The battle was fought, and the good old lady won it—
Old man then came crawling out—"Old woman, hain't we done it!"

There are speculating parsons, who wish their country well—
And they will warn poor sinners of going down to hell;
They cannot go along with us, they do not wish to fight,
They'll stay at home to prey on us, that all may come out right.

Now unto all such fellows be everlasting shame;
And all our honest countrymen will surely them disdain;
Come, all ye Texas ladies, now listen to my song,
And do not marry any man that will not go along.

To defend the coast of Texas we all feel now inclined;
To leave our wives and little ones in the care of those behind;
We hope that they'll prove faithful, and to their wants attend,
And see that they're provided for while we the land defend.

Farewell! my friends and neighbors, we bid you all adieu.
Farewell to wife and children! we now must part with you!
O God! in mercy bless us! sustain us by Thy grace!
And grant we all may meet again our lov'd ones to embrace!



[Pg 297]

"For I know there is no other,
E'er can be so dear to me."

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

I am dreaming of thee,
Dearest, I am dreaming still of thee,
For thy spirit haunts me ever,
Like some fairy melody;
When in loneliness I wander,
Or in haunts of mirth and glee,
Still my heart to thine is turning,
I am dreaming still of thee.

[Pg 298]

When the stars are softly smiling,
Thro' the lone and silent night,
Then I think of thee and heaven,
With a holy, calm delight;
For thy spirit is so radiant
In its love and purity,
That whene'er I dream of angels,
I am dreaming still of thee.

There are hours when dreary shadows,
Cast their gloom upon my heart,
When I think how well I love thee,
When I feel that we must part;
For I know there is no other,
E'er can be so dear to me,
And whene'er of love I'm dreaming,
I am dreaming still of thee.

I am dreaming of thee, dearest,
Still I dream of thee alone;
We shall meet again in heaven,
There our spirits shall be one;
For the earth when thou wert near me,
Was a paradise to me,
And whene'er I dream of heaven,
I am dreaming still of thee.



[Pg 299]

“When the stars are softly smiling
* * * *
Then I think of thee and heaven.”

Oh, gone is the soul from his wondrous dark eye,
And gone is her life's dearest glory.
The tales of fond lovers unheeded pass by,
Her heart hears a single sad story,
How her gallant young hero fell asleep, and will never
Awake from his dream by the banks of Red River.

CHORUS.—How her gallant young hero fell asleep, and will never
Awake from his dream by the banks of Red River.

How oft to the window she rushes to wait,
As though she expected his coming;
She lists, ah! she hears him swing open the gate,
And the song he was wont to be humming;
But she turns, ah! she feels he's asleep and will never
Awake from his dream by the banks of Red River.

CHORUS.

Ah, many a sun will awaken the morn,
All dressed in its radiant glory,
Ere the heart of the maiden shall ever be torn
From the woe of his sorrowful story,
For it bent—it has broke. Oh! God it will never
Arise from that grave by the banks of Red River.

CHORUS.

THE OFFICERS OF DIXIE.

[Pg 301]

By A GROWLER.

Let me whisper in your ear, sir,
Something that the South should hear, sir,
Of the war, of the war, of the war in Dixie;
A growing curse—a "burning shame," sir,
In the chorus I will name, sir,
Of the war, of the war, of the war in Dixie.

CHORUS.—The officers of Dixie alone, alone!
The honors share, the honors wear
Throughout the land of Dixie!
'Tis so, 'tis so, throughout the land of Dixie.

Swelling 'round with gold lace plenty,
See the gay "brass button" gentry;
Solomon in all his splendors
Was scarce arrayed like these "defenders."

CHORUS.

In cities, sir, it is alarming
To see them 'round the hotel swarming;
And at each little "one-horse town," sir,
See the "birds" how they "fly 'round," sir.

CHORUS.

On the steamboat, in the cars, sir,
Deep respect is shown the "bars," sir.
And if a "star" or two is spotted,
See how "the elephant" is courted.

CHORUS.

Should a grand soiree be given,
The "braided lions" take the even.
No, no! the privates are not slighted!
They can't expect to be invited!

CHORUS.

[Pg 302]

The ladies! bless the darling creatures!
Quite distort their pretty features,
And say (I know you've seen it done, sir),
"They'll have an officer or none," sir.

CHORUS.

And if when death-shots round us rattle,
An officer is kill'd in battle—
How the martyr is lamented!
(This is right—we've not dissented).

CHORUS.

But only speak of it to show, sir,
Privates are not honor'd so, sir.
No muffled drum, no wreath of glory,
If one dies, proclaims the story.

CHORUS.

In Dixie's land, in every way, sir,
"Fuss and feathers" "win the day," sir,
For with all sexes, sizes, ages,
How the "gold lace fever" rages!

CHORUS.

List the moral of my song, sir;
In Dixie there is something wrong, sir.
As all that glitters is not gold, sir,
Read and ponder what I've told, sir.

CHORUS.

[Pg 303]

THE SENTINEL'S DREAM OF HOME.

By COL. A. M. HOBBY.

'Tis dead of night, nor voice, nor sound, breaks on the stillness of the air,
The waning moon goes coldly down on frozen fields and forests bare:
The solemn stars are glittering high, while here my lonely watch I keep,
To guard the brave with anxious eye, who sweetly dream and sweetly sleep.

Perchance of home these sleepers dream, of sainted ones no longer here,
Whose mystic forms low bend unseen, and breathe soft whispers in their ear:
Sleep on, sleep on, my comrades brave, quaff deep to-night of pleasure's cup,
Ere morning's crimson banners wave, and reveille shall rouse thee up.

The sporting winds and waves to-night seem tired of their boisterous play,
And armed ships, with signal lights and bristling guns before me lay:
But not of ships nor battle-fields, with clash of arms and roll of drums—
To softer scenes my spirit yields—to-night a sweeter vision comes.

[Pg 304]

It is thine own beloved one! whose kiss I feel, whose smile I see;
O God! protect that wife at home, begirt with growing infancy:
To-night, to-night I'm with you there, around my knees fond children gather!
And climb, the envied kiss to share, amidst the sounds of "Husband! Father!"

Such thoughts my eyes with moisture fill, my bosom heaves, my pulses start;
Close down I'll press my gun to still the wild emotions of my heart:
Hush! pleading one—I cannot stay! the spoiler comes with fiendish wrath—
Black ruin marks his bloody way, and blazing homes have lit his path.

"Go, husband, go! God nerve thy blows—their footsteps foul blot from our shore—
Strike! 'till our land is free from foes whose hands are stained with Southern gore;
Strike! husband, strike—I'd rather weep, the widow of a patriot brave,
Than lay my heart (I'd scorn to sleep) beside a subjugated slave."

[Pg 305]

Thy woman's soul is true and grand! the battle-field my home shall be,
Until our country'll proudly stand acknowledged as a nation free;
'Till then, oh, welcome fields of strife, the victor's shout, the vanquished cry,
Where ebbs the crimson stream of life, where quick and dead together lie.

'Mid bursting shell and squadron's dash, where broken ranks disorder'd fly,
Where angry cannon's flash on flash paints hell upon the lurid sky,
Where many a brave shall sink to rest, and fondly cherish'd hopes will set,
And blood that warms the manly heart, will dim the glittering bayonet.

When these are past, and victory's sun in undimm'd splendor lights the skies,
And peace, by dauntless valor won, and proudly free our banner flies,
Then to my Western prairie home, with eager haste, each nerve shall strain,
Nor from its hallow'd precincts roam, unless my country call again.

There unalloy'd shall be our bliss; we'll watch the sun give morning birth,
And, sinking, leave his parting kiss upon the dewy lips of earth.

* * * * *

The moon has waxed and waned away; the morning star rides pale and high—
Fond dreams of home no longer stay, but fade like stars on mornings sky.

[Pg 306]

GALVESTON, TEXAS, Feb. 1, 1864.

CAMP DOUGLAS BY THE LAKE.

A PRISON SONG.

Air—"Cottage by the Sea."

Childhood's days have long since faded,
Youth's bright dreams like lights gone out,
Distant homes and hearths are shaded,
With the future's dread and doubt.

CHORUS.—Here, old Michigan before us,
Moaning waves that ever break,
Chanting still the one sad chorus,
At Camp Douglas by the Lake. (Repeat.)

Exiles from our homes, we sorrow
O'er the present's darkening gloom;
Will we know that with the morrow,
We'll wake to feel the same hard doom.

CHORUS.

[Pg 307]

Oh, for one short hour of gladness,
One hour of hope, this pain to break,
And chase away the heavy sadness,
At Camp Douglas by the Lake.

CHORUS.

I would some Southern bird was singing,
Warbling richest, softest lays,
Back to eager memory bringing,
Sweetest thoughts of happy days.

CHORUS.

I dread the night's uneasy slumber;
Hate the day that bids me wake,
Another of that dreary number,
At Camp Douglas by the Lake.

CHORUS.

Never Sabbath bells are tolling,
Never words of cheer and love;
Wintry waves are round us rolling,
Clouds are hiding heaven above.

CHORUS.

Dixie Land! still turn toward you,
Hearts that now in bondage ache,
Hearts that once were strong to guard you,

Wasting here beside the lake.

REFRAIN.—John Morgan crossed the river,
And I went across with him.
I was captured in Ohio,
Because I could not swim.

MISSOURI.

[Pg 308]

Words and music by HARRY McCARTHY.

Sung by Harry McCarthy throughout the Confederate States in his Personation Concerts.

[The music of this song can be obtained of Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass.]

Missouri! Missouri! bright land of the West,
Where the wayworn emigrant always found rest,
Who gave to the farmer reward for the toil
Expended in breaking and turning the soil;
Awake to the notes of the bugle and drum!
Awake from your peace, for the tyrant hath come;
And swear by your honor that your chains shall be riven,
And add your bright star to our Flag of Eleven.

They'd force you to join in their unholy fight,
With fire and with sword, with power and with might,
'Gainst fathers and brothers, and kindred near,
'Gainst women and children, all you hold dear;
They've o'errun your soil, insulted your press;
Murdered your citizens, shown no redress;
So swear by your honor that your chains shall be riven,
And add your bright star to our Flag of Eleven.

Missouri! Missouri! where is thy proud fame?
Free land of the West, thy once cherished name
Trode in the dust by a tyrant's command,
Proclaiming there's martial law in the land,
Men of Missouri! strike without fear!
McCulloch, Jackson, and brave men are near;
So swear by your honor that your chains shall be riven,
And add your bright star to our Flag of Eleven.

[Pg 309]

OH, NO! HE'LL NOT NEED THEM AGAIN![15]

Oh, no! no! he'll not need them again—
No more will he wake to behold,
The splendor and fame of his men—
The tale of his victories told!
No more will he wake from that sleep,
Which he sleeps in his glory and fame,
While his comrades are left here to weep
Over Cleburne! his grave and his name.

Oh, no; he'll not meet them again,
No more will his banner be spread
O'er the field of his gallantry's fame;
The soldier's proud spirit is fled!
The soldier who rose 'mid applause,
From the humblemost place in the van—
I sing not in praise of the cause,
But rather in praise of the man.

[Pg 310]

Oh, no; he'll not need them again,
He has fought his last battle without them,
For barefoot he, too, must go in,
While barefoot stood comrades about him;
And barefoot they proudly marched on,
With blood flowing fast from their feet;
They thought of the past victories won,
And the foes that they now were to meet.

Oh, no; he'll not need them again,
He is leading his men to the charge,
Unheeding the shells or the slain,
Or the showers of the bullets at large.
On the right, on the left, on the flanks,
He dashingly pushes his way,
While with cheers, double quick and in ranks,
His soldiers all followed that day.

Oh, no; he'll not need them again,
He falls from his horse to the ground!
O anguish! O sorrow! O pain!
In the brave hearts that gathered around;
He breathes not of grief, nor a sigh
On the breast where he pillowed his head,
Ere he fix'd his last gaze upon high—
"I'm killed, boys, but fight it out!" said.

[Pg 311]

Oh, no; he'll not need them again,
But treasure them up for his sake;
And oh, should you sing a refrain,
Of the memories they still must awake,
Sing it soft as the summer-eve breeze,
Let it sound as refreshing and clear;
Tho' grief-born there's that which can please,
In thoughts that are gemmed with a tear.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lieut. Sidney A. Sherman,^[16] who fell at the Battle of Galveston, January 1, 1863.

By MISS MOLLIE E. MOORE.

Pillow his head on his flashing sword,
Who fell ere the fight was won,
The turf looks red where his life was poured—
He fell beside his gun!

He died with the gleam in his youthful eye,
The fire in his gallant breast,
The light was shadowed but could not die,
That glisten'd upon his breast!

[Pg 312]

For Liberty claimed his parting breath,
And Fame his last trumpet cry:
Yes, Freedom hath torn his young name from Death—
The brave can never die!

His young breast met, like an ocean rock,
The clash of the battle-storm;
His proud soul smiled at the tempest shock,
That thundered around his form.

But his life grew faint when the storm raged high,
And ebb'd with the dawning sun,
And there on the field of victory
He fell beside his gun!

From the gallant throng there is missed a crest,

A sword from the ranks of steel,
A hand from the gun whose mad unrest,
Hath made our foemen reel.

A blithe young voice from the mellow strain,
That floated at evenfall;
A voice from the camp-song's high refrain,
A step in his father's hall:

In his father's hall—where his mother's eye,
Late hung with a gleam of joy,
On the proud young form, as the hopes beat high
In the breast of her soldier boy.

[Pg 313]

And the dashing sound of the distant sea,
With the wail in its troubled breast,
To the hearts 'round that clouded hearth will be,
But an echo of their unrest!

But pillow his head on his flashing sword,
Whose Fame on the field was won—
The strife raged high where his blood was poured—
And—he fell beside his gun!

Oh, circle the banner around his form,
That he loved with a soldier's pride,
For it shone like a star thro' the battle storm,
O'er the field where our hero died!

He went from the red field down to the grave,
He fell where his fame was won,
And his own fair State hath a name for the brave,
And a song for her martyred son!

Yes, Liberty shrined his parting breath,
And Texas his fainting cry—
Yes, Fame hath torn his young name from death,
The brave can never die!

Then pillow his head on his flashing sword,
Who fell where the field was won;
The turf is red where his life was poured—
He fell beside his gun!

TYLER, TEXAS, 1863.

YANKEE VANDALS.

[Pg 314]

Air—"Gay and Happy."

The Northern Abolition vandals,
Who have come to free the slave,
Will meet their doom in "Old Virginny,"
Where they all will get a grave.

CHORUS—So let the Yankees say what they will,
We'll love and fight for Dixie still,
Love and fight for, love and fight for,
We'll love and fight for Dixie still.

When the Hessian horde is driven,
O'er Potomac's classic flood,
The pulse of a new-born freedom,
Then will stir old Maryland's blood.

CHORUS.

Then we'll crown our warrior chieftains
Who have led us in the fight,

And have brought the South in triumph,
Through dread danger's troubled night.

CHORUS.

And the brave who nobly perished,
Struggling in the bloody fray;
We'll wear a wreath of fadeless laurel
For their glorious memory.

CHORUS.

O'er their graves the Southern maidens,
From sea-shore to mountain grot,
We'll plant the smiling rose of beauty
And the sweet forget-me-not.

CHORUS.

[Pg 315]

RIDING A RAID.

Air—"Bonny Dundee."

'Tis old Stonewall, the rebel, that leans on his sword,
And, while we are mounting, prays low to the Lord;
Now each cavalier who loves honor and right,
Let him follow the feather of Stuart to-night.

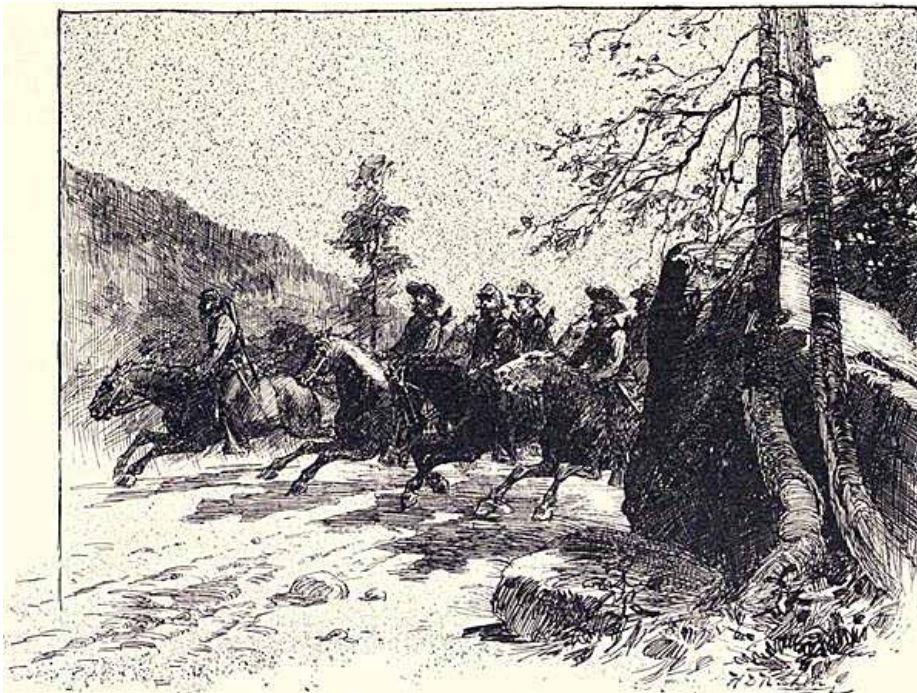
CHORUS—Come, tighten your girths and slacken your rein;
Come, buckle your blanket and holster again;
Try the click of your trigger and balance your blade,
For he must ride *sure* who goes riding a raid.

Now gallop, now gallop, to swim or to ford;
Old Stonewall, still watching, prays low to the Lord.
Good-by, dear old rebel; the river's not wide,
And Maryland's lights in the windows do shine.

CHORUS.

Then gallop, then gallop, by ravine and rocks,
Who would bar up the way takes his toll in hard knocks;
For with these points of steel up the lines of old Penn,
We have made some fine strokes and will make 'em again.

CHORUS.



[Pg 316]

"Then gallop, by ravine and rocks."

THE TOAST OF MORGAN'S MEN.

[Pg 317]

By CAPT. THORPE, Kentucky.

Unclaimed by the land that bore us,
Lost in the land we find
The brave have gone before us,
Cowards are left behind!
Then stand to your glasses, steady,
Here's a health to those we prize,
Here's a toast to the dead already,
And here's to the next who dies.

TRUE HEART SOUTHRONS.

Air—"Blue Bonnets over the Border."

For trumpet and drum, leave the soft voice of maiden;
For the tramp of armed men, leave the maze of the dance;
One kiss on the lips, with words of love laden—
One look in dimm'd eyes—then the rifle and lance.

CHORUS.—March, march, true heart Southrons,
Fall into ranks and march in good order,—
Escambia shall many a day tell of the fierce affray,
When we drove the base Northmen far over our border

Do ye weep, ye fair flowers, our hearth-stones that brighten?
For every tear shed shall fall ten foemen's lives;
Far in the cold North their hosts we will frighten,
As we strike for our "Homes, our sweethearts, and wives."

CHORUS.

THE SOLDIER'S AMEN.

[Pg 318]

As a couple of good soldiers were walking one day,
Said one to the other: "Let's kneel down and pray!
I'll pray for the war, and good of all men:
And whatever I pray for, do you say 'Amen!'"

"We'll pray for the generals and all of their crew,
Likewise for the captains and lieutenants too;
May good luck and good fortune them always attend!
And return safely home;" said the soldier, "Amen!"

"We'll pray for the privates, the noblest of all;
They do all the work and get no glory at all;
May good luck and good fortune them always attend,
And return crowned with laurels!" said the soldier, "Amen!"

"We'll pray for the pretty boys who want themselves wives,
And have not the courage to strike for themselves;
May bad luck and bad fortune them always attend!

And go down to Old Harry!" said the soldier, "Amen!"

"We'll pray for the pretty girls, who make us good wives,
And always look at a soldier with tears in their eyes;
May good luck and good fortune them always attend!
And brave gallants for sweethearts!" said the soldier, "Amen!"

[Pg 319]

"We'll pray for the conscript, with frown on his brow,
To fight for his country he won't take the vow;
May bad luck and bad fortune him always attend;
And die with dishonor!" said the soldier, "Amen!"

HERE'S YOUR MULE.

A farmer came to camp, one day, with milk and eggs to sell,
Upon a mule who oft would stray to where no one could tell,
The farmer, tired of his tramp, for hours was made a fool
By ev'ryone he met in camp, with, "Mister, here's your mule."

CHORUS.—Come on, come on, come on, old man, and don't be made a fool,
I'll tell the truth as best I can,
John Morgan's got your mule.

His eggs and chickens all were gone before the break of day,
The mule was heard of all along—that's what the soldiers say;
And still he hunted all day long—alas! the witless fool—
While ev'ry man would sing the song, "Mister, here's your mule."

CHORUS.

The soldiers now, in laughing mood, on mischief were intent,
They toted muly on their backs, around from tent to tent;
Through this hole and that they pushed his head, and made a rule
To shout with humorous voices all, "Mister, here's your mule."

CHORUS.

[Pg 320]

Alas! one day the mule was missed, ah! who could tell his fate?
The farmer, like a man bereft, searched early and searched late;
And as he passed from camp to camp, with stricken face, the fool
Cried out to ev'ryone he met, "Oh, Mister, where's my mule?"

CHORUS.

SABINE PASS.

Dedicated to the Davis Guards—(The Living and the Dead).

By MRS. M. J. YOUNG.

Sabine Pass! in letters of gold,
Seem written upon the sky to-day,
Sabine Pass! with rhythmic feet,
Comes passionately stepping down my lay.

Sabine Pass! and the white sail ships,
With their cruel cannons' grinning teeth,
Tearing in shreds the sullen smoke,
That seem'd weaving for us a winding sheet.

Sabine Pass! with its Irish hearts,
As true as the blessings the Shamrock brings,
Hearts as full of royal blood
As that which nerves the arms of kings.

[Pg 321]

Few, ah! few were the Davis band,
"We cannot conquer, but we can die!"
Said the dauntless Dowling, as up he sprang,
And nailed the starry cross on high.

Twenty-seven ships in pomp and pride,
Came sailing through the Pass that day;
Go ask of any Texan child,
How many ships survived the fray.

The God of battle, who loves the brave,
Who gave to Gideon of old the fight,
Sent victory down that "Guard" to save,
And crowned them with immortal light.

Dark storms have since o'erswept our land,
And tyrants do our souls harass,
But glory shines on Dowling's band,
The forty-two heroes of the Pass.

Come, fill your glass with Texas wine,
Wine that is generous, red and free,
And drink with me to the knightliest man,
Who conquered the foe on land and sea.

But tears, rough, manly tears, for the dead,
Like dews of night bedim the glass,
With throbbing hearts and lifted hands,
We name him—"Dowling! of the Pass."

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

SHORT RATIONS; OR, THE CORN-FED ARMY.

[Pg 322]

Fair ladies and maids of all ages,
Little girls and cadets howe'er youthful,
Home-guards, quartermasters and sages,
Who write for the newspapers so truthful!
Clerks, surgeons, and supes—legislators,
Staff officers, (fops of the Nation,)
And even you, dear speculators,
Come list to my song of starvation!

CHORUS.—For we soldiers have seen something rougher
Than a storm, a retreat, or a fight,
And the body may toil on, and suffer
With a smile, so the heart is all right!

Our bugles had roused up the camp,
The heavens looked dismal and dirty,
And the earth looked unpleasant and damp,
As a beau on the wrong side of thirty;
We were taking these troubles with quiet,
When we heard from the mouths of some rash ones,
That the army was all put on diet,
And the Board had diminish'd our rations!

CHORUS.

Reduce our rations at all?
It was difficult, yet it was done—
We had one meal a day—it was small—
Are we now, Oh, ye gods! to have none?
Oh, ye gentlemen issuing rations,
Give at least half her own to the State,
Put a curb on your maddening passions,
And, commissaries—commiserate!

CHORUS.

[Pg 323]

Tell me not of the Lacedæmonian,
Of his black broth and savage demeanor,
We keep up a fare less Plutonian,
Yet I'd swear our corn coffee is meaner!
Tell me nothing of ancients and strangers,
For, on seeing our Southern-bred Catos,
I have laugh'd at old Marion's Rangers,
Who feasted on roasted potatoes!

CHORUS.

Erewhile we had chicken and roasters,
For the fowls and pigs were ferocious,
We would send them to shoot Pater Nosters,
And the deed was not stamped as atrocious;
But since we have been shot for the same,
We parch corn—it is healthier, but tougher—
The chickens and pigs have got tame,
But the horses and mules have to suffer.

CHORUS.

But the "corn-fed" is proof to all evils,
Has a joke for all hardships and troubles,
In honor and glory he revels,
Other fancies he looks on as bubbles!
He is bound to be free, and he knows it,
Then what cares he for toil and privation!
He is brave, and in battle he shows it,
And will conquer in spite of starvation!

CHORUS.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

[Pg 324]

Air—"Rosin the Bow."

Hark! the tocsin is sounding, my comrades;
Bind your knapsacks—away let us go,
Where the flag of the freeman is waving—
March to vanquish the ruffian foe!

CHORUS.—Ho for Liberty! Freedom or death, boys,
That's the watchword, away let us go
To the sound of the drum and the bugle,
March to vanquish the ruffian foe![\[17\]](#)

Farewell to the scenes of my childhood,
To my mother, who's praying for me;
She would weep if the son of her bosom
From the face of a foeman should flee.

Farewell to the home and the hearthstone,
Where my sisters are weeping for me;
Oh; the foot of the spoilers shall never,
Stain the home of the brave and the free.

Adieu, thou beloved of my bosom!
For thy soldier-love shed not a tear;
But beseech the great Lord of the battle,
To protect him and all he holds dear.

Adieu, honored father! who taught me,
For the rights of a freeman to stand—
To resist, when his rod, the aggressor,
Shakes in wrath o'er my dear native land.

Oh, my country, thou home of my loved ones!
You, the tyrant would seek to enslave—
Sweep you off from the face of creation,

[Pg 325]

Wake, freemen, our country to save!

Hear the threats of that ruthless banditti,
Who for "booty" and "beauty" would fight;
Shall they sweep our loved South from creation?
No! her sons will arise in their might!

"Sweep the South from the face of the earth!" boys?
We can sweep, too, O land of our birth!
For our homes and our altars and dear ones,
We the ruffians can sweep from the earth.

Adieu to the church, where the Christian
For the soldier and Sabbath will pray;
But the Bible and chaplain go with us,
And Jehovah, our God, is our stay!

When the old British lion oppressed us,
He with Washington went to the field;
Unto Him we will look in the battle,
And will strike 'til the enemy yield!

[Pg 326]

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH HILL.

By M. B. SMITH, of Co. C., Second Regiment Texas Volunteers.

Air—"Wandering Sailor."

Come, all ye valiant soldiers, and a story I will tell,
It is of a noted battle you all remember well;
It was an awful strife, and will cause your blood to chill,
It was the famous battle that was fought on Shiloh Hill!

It was the sixth of April, just at the break of day,
The drums and fifes were playing for us to march away;
The feeling of that hour I do remember still,
For the wounded and the dying that lay on Shiloh Hill.

About the hour of sunrise the battle it began,
And before the day had vanished we fought them hand to hand;
The horrors of the field did my heart with anguish fill,
For the wounded and the dying that lay on Shiloh Hill.

There were men of every nation laid on those rocky plains,
Fathers, sons and brothers were numbered with the slain,
That has caused so many homes with deep mourning to be filled,
All from the bloody battle that was fought on Shiloh Hill.

The wounded men were crying for help from everywhere,
While others, who were dying, were offering God their prayer:
"Protect my wife and children, if it is Thy holy will!"
Such were the prayers I heard that night on Shiloh Hill.

And early the next morning, we were called to arms again,
Unmindful of the wounded and unmindful of the slain,
The struggle was renewed, and ten thousand men were killed;
This was the second conflict of the famous Shiloh Hill.

The battle it raged on, though dead and dying men,
Lay thick all o'er the ground, on the hill and in the glen,
And from their deadly wounds their blood ran like a rill;
Such were the mournful sights that I saw on Shiloh Hill.

Before the day was ended the battle ceased to roar,
And thousands of brave soldiers had fall'n to rise no more;
They left their vacant ranks for some other ones to fill,
And now their mouldering bodies all lie on Shiloh Hill.

[Pg 327]

And now my song is ended about those bloody plains,
I hope the sight by mortal man may ne'er be seen again;
But I pray to God, the Saviour, "if consistent with Thy will,"
To save the souls of all who fell on bloody Shiloh Hill.

STONEWALL'S REQUIEM.

[Pg 328]

Permission of the OLIVER DITSON Co. Music by M. DEEVES.

The muffled drum is beating,
There's a sad and solemn tread,
Our banner's draped in mourning,
As it shrouds the "illustrious dead,"
Proud forms are bent with sorrow,
And all Southern hearts are sore,
The hero now is sleeping—
Noble Stonewall is no more.

'Mid the rattling of the muskets,
And the cannons' thund'rous roar,
He stained the field of glory,
With his brave life's precious gore;
And though our flag waved proudly,
We were victors ere sunset—
The gallant deeds of Chancellorsville,
Will mingle with regret.

They've borne him to an honored grave,
The laurel crowns his brow,
By hallowed James' silent wave
He's sweetly sleeping now;
Virginia to the South is dear,
She holds a sacred trust,
Our fallen braves from far and near,
Are covered with her dust.

[Pg 329]

She shrines the spot where now is laid,
The bravest of them all,
The Martyr of our country's cause,
Our idolized Stonewall;
But though his spirit's wafted
To the happy realms above;
His name shall live forever linked,
With reverence and love.

LITTLE GIFFIN.

By DR. FRANCIS O. TICKNOR.

"A ballad of such unique and really transcendent merit,
that in our judgment it ought to rank with the rarest
gems of modern martial poetry."—P. H. HAYNE.

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen!)
Specter such as we seldom see,
Little Giffin of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeon said:
"Much your doctor can help the dead!"

And so we took him and brought him where,
The balm was sweet on the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

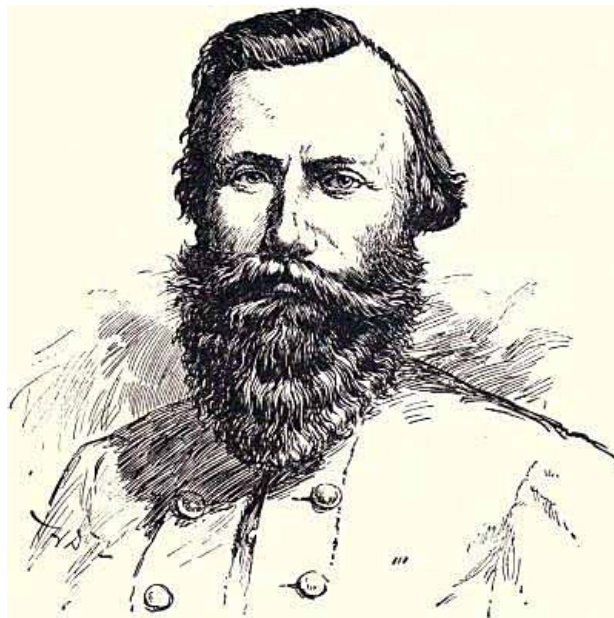
[Pg 330]

Weary War with the bated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton Death,
Months of torture, how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch!
Still a glint in the steel-blue eye,
Spoke of the spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't! nay more! in death's despite,
The crippled skeleton learned to write!
"Dear mother," at first, of course, and then,
"Dear Captain" inquiring about the "men,"
Captain's answer—"Of eighty and five,
Giffin and I are left alive!"

"Johnston's pressed at the front, they say!"
Little Giffin was up and away.
A tear, his first, as he bade good-bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye;
"I'll write, if spared." There was news of a fight,
But none of Giffin! he did not write!

I sometimes fancy that were I a king
Of the princely knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For little Giffin of Tennessee!



[Pg 331]

General J. E. B. Stuart.

STUART.

By MRS. HENRY J. VOSE. Music by A. E. BLACKMAR.

[The music of this song can be obtained of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass.]

Oh! mother of States and of men,
Bend low thy queenly head,
On his shield is borne to thy arms again,

Thy youngest, fairest dead;
Drop tears like rain for that strong heart stilled,
For that dauntless spirit fled!

[Pg 332]

Sleep well, O stainless knight,
'Neath the folds of the starry cross,
For the day now breaks o'er the long, long night
Of our anguish, peril and loss;
But alas! for the eyes that smiled on death,
And the life that held life dross.

They say thine ancestral line,
Swayed the scepter, and wore the crown;
But none girded a nobler sword than thine,
Nor more stainless life laid down;
And we ask no gleam from their grand old past,
To brighten thy young renown.

On the field thy life was giv'n,
Where our best blood has been poured;
At the feet of our country's God, in heaven,
Thou hast laid another sword,
When Jackson's head was so lately bowed,
The tried soldier of the Lord.

Oh, swords of the South! like flame,
Leap forth for this life-blood shed,
Strike the foe till he flies from the field in shame,
Sheathe not till the hilt is red!
And redeem the land that enshrines in her heart,
The graves of her glorious dead!

ONLY A SOLDIER.

[Pg 333]

By MAJOR LAMAR FONTAINE.

"Only a soldier!" I heard them say,
With a heavy heart I turned away,
And heaved a sigh.
Then watched the tramp of the horses' feet,
As the hearse moved slowly down the street,
And hot tears dimmed my eye.

"Only a soldier!" confined in there—
A father's joy and a mother's care,
Torn from his home.
Now a maiden sighs for his return,
On his sister's cheek the teardrops burn,
For her soldier-brother's gone.

"Only a soldier!" I thought anew,
As fancy came, and I quickly drew
"The parting hour,"
That hour he left at his country's call,
To place himself as a living wall,
Where sterner men might cower.

In dreams he'd seen friends kneeling down
To raise his head from the battle-ground,
And thus he'd say:
"Tell my father that fighting I fell,
'Mid hammering shot and screaming shell,
When the South had won the day."

[Pg 334]

Alas! he never had dreamed of death,
But as borne on whistling bullets' breath,
'Mid muskets flashing;
And where the war-dogs howling loud,

Breathe with sulphur-smoke a battle cloud—
The shells with thunders crashing!

But a fevered cot is his battle-ground,
And slowly, calmly in death he's bound
To the "Far-off-Land."
No gentle sister's spirit is there,
E'en in stranger's form with tender care,
To bathe his dry burning hand.

The dark sod hides the form of the dead,
Dew-drops kiss no more that pale forehead,
Nor gleam on his hair.
Life's hope is gone! Life's sorrowing o'er,
His spirit is on the "echoless shore,"
Dwelling with angels up there.

Thus unwept, unmourned, he sank to rest,
E'en by human sympathy unblest,
To an unknown grave!
God, who notes e'en the sparrow's fall,
Shall, in the dread resurrection, call
To Heaven the soldier brave!

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.

[Pg 335]

The boys are coming home again,
This war will soon be o'er,
The Southern land again will stand,
As happy as of yore;
Yes, hand in hand, and arm in arm,
Together we will roam,
Oh! won't we have a happy time,
When all the boys come home.

CHORUS.—We'll hoist the starry cross again,
On freedom's lofty dome;
And live in peace and happiness,
When all the boys come home.
We'll hoist the starry cross again,
On freedom's lofty dome;
And live in peace and happiness,
When all the boys come home.

We'll have no more false hopes and fears,
No more heartrending sighs—
The messengers of peace will dry
The weary mourner's eyes,
We'll laugh and sing, we'll dance and play,
Oh! wait until they come,
And joy will crown the happy day,
When all the boys come home.

CHORUS.

How proud our nation then will stand!
United evermore,
We'll bid defiance to the foe,
That dare approach our shore,
We'll hoist the starry cross again,
On freedom's lofty dome,
And live in peace and happiness,
When all the boys come home.

CHORUS.

[Pg 336]

THE DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH.

On Shiloh's dark and bloody ground the dead and wounded lay,
Amongst them was a drummer boy that beat the drum that day;
A wounded soldier raised him up—his drum was by his side—
He clasped his hands, and raised his eyes, and prayed before he died.

"Look down upon the battlefield, O Thou our heavenly Friend,
Have mercy on our sinful souls"—the soldiers cried, "Amen!"
For gathered 'round, a little group, each brave man knelt and cried—
They listened to the drummer boy who prayed before he died.

[Pg 337]

"Oh, Mother," said the dying boy, "Look down from Heaven on me!
Receive me to thy fond embrace! Oh, take me home to thee!
I've loved my country as my God, to serve them both I've tried,"
He smiled, shook hands, death seized the boy who prayed before he died.

Each soldier wept then like a child—stout hearts were they and brave—
The Flag his winding-sheet! God's Book the key unto his grave;
They wrote upon a simple board these words, "This is a guide,
To those who mourn the drummer boy who prayed before he died."



Alabama Volunteer Corps.

OLD STONEWALL.

[Pg 338]

By C. D. DASHER. Music by F. YOUNKER.

[The music of this Song can be obtained of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass.]

Oh, don't you remember old Stonewall, my boys,
Old Stonewall on charger so gray,
Whose memory is dear to the sons of the South,
The heroes that once wore the gray.
He was true to the cause of the men that he led,
Heroic in death as in life,
From heaven above he smiles on the brave,
Who have ceased from mad carnage and strife—
From heaven above he smiles on the brave,
Who have ceased from mad carnage and strife.

The harvest waves over the battlefield, boys,
And where bullets once pattered like rain,
The peach blooms are drifting like snow in the air,
And the hillocks are springing in grain,
Oh! green in our hearts may the memories be,
Of those heroes, in blue or in grey,
As new growing grain, for never again,
Can they meet in dread battle array—
As new growing grain, for never again,
Can they meet in dread battle array.

THE SOUTH;

[Pg 339]

OR, I LOVE THEE THE MORE.

[The music of this song can be procured of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., owners of the copyright.]

My heart in its sadness turns fondly to thee,
Dear land where our lov'd ones fought hard to be free;
I loved thee when struggling, and bleeding and sore,
But now thou art conquered, I love thee the more!

Gallant South! when the noble, the gifted, the brave,
Dashed onward to battle, like wave after wave,
Determin'd to die for the land they adore,
Though vain were their efforts, I love thee the more.

Bright South! though the winter is closing around,
And dead leaves of autumn now carpet the ground,
Thy beauties of woodland, of river and shore,
Still charm the beholder, I love thee the more.

Dear South! though thy beautiful forests and hills,
Thy emerald valleys and silvery rills,
Are subject to strangers—not free as of yore—
Thus changed, and in sorrow, I love thee the more.

Sweet South! lovely land of beautiful flowers,
Though cool now the zephyrs, and faded thy bowers,
Oh, soon shall the springtime thy beauties restore,
And bloom o'er our lost ones—I love thee the more.

[Pg 340]

Darling South! when I think every forest and grove,
And valley have pillow'd the heads that we love,
Have echoed their war cry and drank of their gore,
I feel thou art sacred, and love thee the more.

THE POOR SOLDIER!

A Popular Camp-fire Song of the 62d Alabama Regiment (The Boy Regiment.)

Little do rich people know,
What we poor soldiers undergo—
Called upon to take up arms,
To guard our country from all harm.

Break of day—the morning gun,
Wakes the rebels—the fife and drum,
Breaks a soldier's sweet repose—
He tumbles out—puts on his clothes.

First sergeant rushes in and out:
"Hurrah! hurrah, boys! do turn out;"
Front and rear he forms his line—
His 'coutrements and sword must shine.

"Eyes right!—steady!" is the word;
Our captain then presents his sword—
The sergeant jerks out his roll—
Names are called—the absent told.

Our surgeon is a man of skill,

[Pg 341]

Gives the sick each day bread pills;
If his pills do not act well—
He swears and damns our souls to hell.

Would you know who wrote this song,
I will tell—it won't take long;
It was composed by A. T. Height,
While walking post one rainy night.

THE BONNIE WHITE FLAG;

OR, THE PRISONER'S INVOCATION TO PEACE.

Col. W. S. HAWKINS. In *Camp Chase Ventilator*, 1864.

Air—"Bonnie Blue Flag."

Though we're a band of prisoners,
Let each be firm and true,
For noble souls and hearts of oak,
The foe can ne'er subdue.
We then will turn us homeward,
To those we love so dear;
For peace and happiness, my boys,
Oh, give a hearty cheer!

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! for peace
And home, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie White Flag,
That ends this cruel war!

[Pg 342]

The sword into the scabbard,
The musket on the wall,
The cannon from its blazing throat,
No more shall hurl the ball;
From wives and babes and sweethearts,
No longer will we roam,
For ev'ry gallant soldier boy,
Shall seek his cherished home.

CHORUS.

Our battle banners furled away,
No more shall greet the eye,
Nor beat of angry drums be heard,
Nor bugle's hostile cry.
The blade no more be raised aloft,
In conflict fierce and wild.
The bomb shall roll across the sward,
The plaything of a child.

CHORUS.

No pale-faced captive then shall stand,
Behind his rusted bars,
Nor from the prison window bleak,
Look sadly to the stars;
But out amid the woodland's green,
On bounding steed he'll be,
And proudly from his heart shall rise,
The anthem of the free.

CHORUS.

The plow into the furrow then,
The fields shall wave with grain,
And smiling children to their schools,
All gladly go again.
The church invites its grateful throng,
And man's rude striving cease,
While all across our noble land,
Shall glow the light of Peace.

[Pg 343]

BOMBARDMENT OF VICKSBURG.

Dedicated with respect and admiration to Maj.-Gen. EARL VAN DORN.

For sixty days and upward a storm of shell and shot,
 Rained 'round as in a flaming shower, but still we faltered not!
 "If the noble city perish," our grand young leader said,
 "Let the only walls the foe shall scale be ramparts of the dead!"

For sixty days and upward the eye of heaven waxed dim,
 And even throughout God's holy morn, o'er Christian's prayer and hymn,
 Arose a hissing tumult, as if the fiends of air,
 Strove to engulf the voice of faith in shriekings of despair.

There was wailing in the houses, there was trembling on the marts,
 While the tempest raged and thundered 'midst the silent thrill of hearts;
 But the Lord, our shield, was with us—and ere a month had sped,
 Our very women walked the streets, with scarce one throb of dread.

[Pg 344]

And the little children gambolled—their faces purely raised,
 Just for a wondering moment as the huge bombs whirled and blazed!
 Then turning with silv'ry laughter to the sports which children love,
 Thrice mailed in the sweet instinctive thought that the good God watched above.[\[18\]](#)

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster from scores of flame-clad ships,
 And above us, denser, darker, grew the conflict's wide eclipse,
 'Till a solid cloud closed o'er like a type of doom and ire,
 Whence shot a thousand quiv'ring tongues of forked and vengeful fire.

But the unseen hands of angels, these death shafts warned aside,
 And the dove of heavenly mercy, ruled o'er the battle tide;
 In the houses ceased the wailing, and through the war-scarred marts,
 The people strode with the step of hope to the music in their hearts.

DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

[Pg 345]

Music by C. BLAMPHIN.

On a bright May morn in 'Sixty-three,
 And eager for the action,
 On a battlefield for Liberty,
 Stood gallant Stonewall Jackson.
 Both flesh and blood alike the same,
 They strove to gain each other's fame,
 And long may hist'ry pen the name,
 Of gallant Stonewall Jackson.

CHORUS.—Who was his soldiers' pride,
 And for his country died,
 On a bright May day in 'Sixty-three,
 And ready for the action,
 On a battlefield for Liberty
 Stood gallant Stonewall Jackson.

A man more kind was never born,
 In battle no one bolder;
 His loss all noble hearts will mourn,
 This gallant faithful soldier;
 For when the word was duty,

He was first to fight for victory;
Oh! may he live in history,
The gallant Stonewall Jackson.
CHORUS.

[Pg 346]

But alas! his time was come,
To see our promised land;
His comrade's fatal gun,
Shot through his arm and hand;
The Almighty's will was read,
Upon his noble brow;
"My race is run," he said.
Death has its victim now.
CHORUS.

THE SOUTHERN CAPTIVE.

By CAPT. SAM HOUSTON.

[The music of this song can be obtained of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass.]

Softly comes the twilight stealing gently through my prison bars,
While from out the vault of heaven, faintly glimmering come the stars;
Well I know my mother's weeping for her long-lost wandering boy—
Does she know that still I'm living? even that would give her joy.

No, they tell her that I'm sleeping 'neath the turf on Shiloh's plain;
That she ne'er will see her wanderer—never on this earth again;
Oh, my poor heart sinks within me, as the months roll slowly by,
And it seems in this cold Northland a lone captive I must die!

[Pg 347]

Yes, far away from friends and kindred, without a hand to mark my grave—
And not upon a field of glory I'll sleep amid the Southern brave;
Mother! yes, your boy is dying! soon he'll pass through death's dark wave,
And the wintry wind be sighing o'er a captive's lonely grave.

THE VOLUNTEER; OR, IT IS MY COUNTRY'S CALL.

By HARRY McCARTHY.

I leave my home and thee, dear, with sorrow at my heart,
It is my country's call, dear, to aid her, I depart;
And on the blood-red battle plain, we'll conquer or we'll die;
'Tis for our honor and our name, we raise the battle-cry.

CHORUS.—Then weep not, dearest, weep not, if in the cause I fall;
Oh, weep not, dearest, weep not, it is my country's call.

[Pg 348]

And yet, my heart is sore, love, to see thee weeping thus;
But mark me, there's no fear, love, for in Heaven is our trust;
And if the heavy drooping tear swells in my mournful eye,
It is that Northmen of our land should cause the battle-cry.
CHORUS.

Our rights have been usurp'd, dear, by Northmen of land;
Fanatics rais'd the cry, dear, politicians fired the brand;
The Southrons spurn the galling yoke, the tyrants' threats defy;
They find we've sons like sturdy oaks to raise the battle-cry.
CHORUS.

I knew you'd let me go, pet, I saw it in that tear,
To join the gallant men, pet, who never yet knew fear;

With Beauregard and Davis, we'll gain our cause or die;
Win battles like Manassas, and raise the battle-cry.

CHORUS.

DEAR MOTHER, I'VE COME HOME TO DIE.

[Pg 349]

By E. BOWERS. Music by HENRY TUCKER.

Dear mother, I remember well
The parting kiss you gave me,
When merry rang the village bell—
My heart was full of joy and glee:
I did not dream that one short year,
Would crush the hopes that soared so high!
Oh, mother dear, draw near to me;
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

CHORUS.—Call sister, brother, to my side,
And take your soldier's last good-by.
Oh, mother dear, draw near to me;
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Hark! Mother, 'tis the village bell,
I can no longer with thee stay;
My country calls to arms! to arms!
The foe advance in fierce array!
The vision's past—I feel that now,
For country I can only sigh.
Oh, mother dear, draw near to me:
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

CHORUS.

[Pg 350]

Dear mother, sister, brother, all,
One parting kiss—to all good-by:
Weep not, but clasp your hand in mine,
And let me like a soldier die!
I've met the foe upon the field,
Where hosts contending scorned to fly;
I fought for right—God bless you all—
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

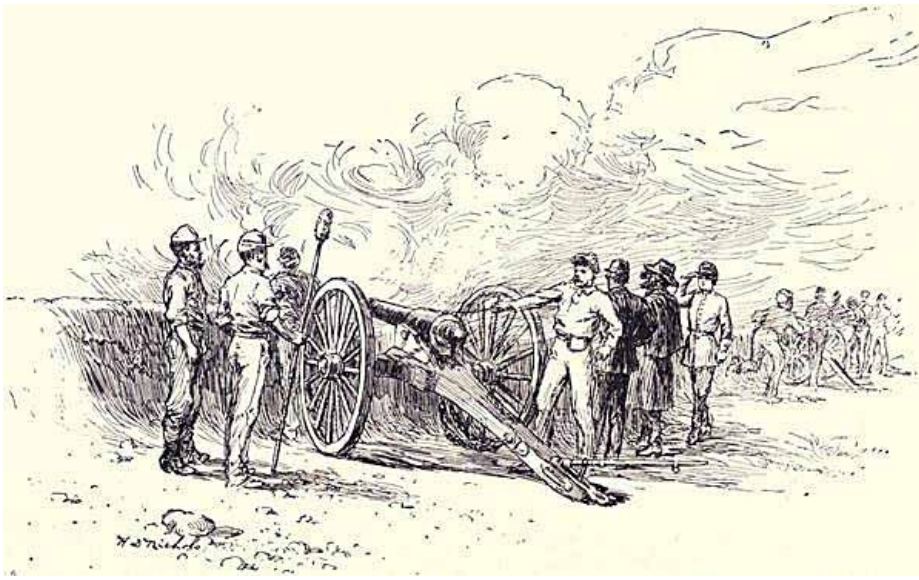
CHORUS.

POLK.

By H. L. FLASH.

A flash from the edge of a hostile trench,
A puff of smoke, a roar,
Whose echo shall roll from Kennesaw hills,
To the farthest Christian shore,
Proclaim to the world that the warrior-priest
Will battle for right no more.

And that for a cause which is sanctified,
By the blood of martyrs unknown—
A cause for which they gave their lives,
And for which he gave his own—
He kneels, a meek ambassador,
At the foot of the Father's throne.



“A flash from the edge of a hostile trench.”

And up to the courts of another world,
 That angels alone have trod,
 He lives away from the din and strife
 Of this blood-besprinkled sod—
 Crowned with the amaranthine wreath,
 That is worn by the blest of God.

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THE REBEL'S DREAM.

By A. F. LEOVY. Music by CH. REISNER.

Permission of A. E. BLACKMAR, New Orleans.

Softly in dreams of repose,
 A vision so pure and so sweet,
 Shines on a soldier's sad soul,
 While his flag lies so low at his feet;
 Softly an angel is seen,
 Who saddens the spot with a sigh,
 Swiftly the banner is raised,
 And borne to bright realms in the sky.

Soft music from heavenly choirs,
 Resounds from that paradise shore.
 Oh! how sweet to the dreamer's light heart,
 He sees his brave comrades once more.
 His banner now floats o'er the blest,
 And shimmers in heaven's pure air;
 A voice from its folds is now heard,
 Jackson prays for the flag that is there.

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The soldier awakes from his dream.
 Oh! that his sorrows were past,
 Beyond the bright stars and the sky,
 There's a home for the weary at last,
 The gleam of some paradise joys,
 Will greet him in heaven's pure air,
 O the heroes who perished for right,
 How sweet to rejoin them all there!

PRO MEMORA.

By INA M. PORTER, of Alabama.

Air—“There is Rest for the Weary.”

Lo! the Southland queen emerging,
From her sad and wintry gloom,
Robes her torn and bleeding bosom,
In her richest Orient bloom.

CHORUS.—(*Repeat first line three times.*)
For her weary sons are resting
By the Eden shore;
They have won the crown immortal,
And the cross of death is o'er!
When the oriflamme is burning,
On the starlit Eden shore.

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Brightly still in gorgeous glory,
God's great jewel lights the sky;
Look! Upon the heart's white dial,
There's a shadow flitting by.

CHORUS.—But the weary feet are resting, etc.

Homes are dark and hearts are weary,
Souls are numb with hopeless pain;
For the footfall on the threshold
Never more to sound again!

CHORUS.—They have gone from us forever,
Aye, for evermore!
We must win the crown immortal,
Follow where they led before,
Where the oriflamme is burning,
On the starlit Eden shore.

Proudly, as our Southern forests,
Meet the winter's shafts so keen;
Time-defying memories cluster,
Round our hearts in living green.

CHORUS.—They have gone from us forever, etc.

May our faltering voices mingle,
In the angel-chanted psalm;
May our earthly chaplets linger,
By the bright celestial palm.

CHORUS.—They have gone from us forever, etc.

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Crest to crest they bore our banner,
Side by side they fell asleep;
Hand in hand we scatter flowers,
Heart to heart we kneel and weep.

CHORUS.—They have gone from us forever, etc.

When the May eternal dawneth
At the living God's behest,
We will quaff divine Nepenthe,
We shall share the soldier's rest.

CHORUS.—Where the weary feet are resting, etc.

Where the shadows are uplifted,
'Neath the never-waning sun,
Shout we Gloria in Excelsis!
We have lost, but ye have won!

CHORUS.—Our hearts are yours forever,
Aye, for evermore!
Ye have won the crown immortal,

And the cross of death is o'er,
When the oriflamme is burning
On the starlit Eden shore!

WEARIN' OF THE GRAY.

[Pg 356]

By TAR HEEL.

[The music of this song can be obtained of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass.]

Oh! Johnny, dear, and did you hear the news that's lately spread,
That never more the Southern cross must rear its stately head;
The "white and red's" forbid by law, so Northmen proudly say,
Nor you nor I can e'er again be "Wearin' of the Gray!"
And when we meet with strangers kind, who take us by the hand,
Inquiring warmly of the South, our own beloved land,
We're bound to tell the woeful truth, let cost whate'er it may,
That some are threatened e'en with death, for "Wearin' of the Gray!"

Then since the color we must wear is of the hateful blue,
The children of the sunny South must be to mem'ry true;
Ah! take the cockade from their hats and tread it 'neath the feet,
And still tho' bruised and mangled sad, 'twill speak a language sweet;
And buried in our heart of hearts the precious words lie hid,
Where oft they call the bitter tears to wet the drooping lid;
But let them flow, they do us good thro' all the mournful day,
While constant we do call to mind the "Wearin' of the Gray!"

[Pg 357]

And if at last our father's law be torn from Southland's heart,
Her sons will take their household gods and far away depart;
Rememb'ring still the whisper'd word, to weary wand'ers giv'n,
That justice pure, and perfect rest, are found alone in heav'n.
Then on some green and distant isle beneath the setting sun,
We'll patient wait the coming time when life and earth are done,
Nor even in the dying hour, while passing calm away,
Can we forget or e'er regret the "Wearin' of the Gray!"



South Carolina Button.

THE FADED GRAY JACKET.

[Pg 358]

By MRS. C. A. BALL. Music by CHARLIE WARD.

Permission of the W. S. SHAW CO., Philadelphia.

Fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier boy wore.
Can we ever forget when he joined the brave band,
Who rose in defense of our dear Southern land;
And in his bright youth hurried on to the fray,

How proudly he donned it, the jacket of gray?

CHORUS.—Fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear it must be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier boy wore.

His fond mother blessed him and looked up above,
Commending to Heaven the child of her love;
What anguish was hers, mortal tongue may not say,
When he passed from her sight in the jacket of gray.
But her country had called him, she would not repine,
Though costly the sacrifice placed on its shrine;
Her heart's dearest hopes on its altar she lay,
When she sent out her boy, in his jacket of gray!

CHORUS.

[Pg 359]

Months passed, and war's thunders rolled over the land,
Unsheathed was the sword and lighted the brand;
We heard in the distance the noise of the fray,
And prayed for our boy in the jacket of gray.
Ah! vain all—all vain were our prayers and our tears
The glad shout of victory rang in our ears;
But our treasured one on the cold battle-field lay,
While the life blood oozed out on the jacket of gray.

CHORUS.

His young comrades found him and tenderly bore
His cold, lifeless form to his home by the shore;
Oh! dark were our hearts on that terrible day,
When we saw our dead boy in the jacket of gray.
Ah! spotted, and tattered, and stained now with gore,
Was the garment which once he so gracefully wore;
We bitterly wept as we took it away,
And replaced with death's white robes, the jacket of gray.

CHORUS.

We laid him to rest in his cold, narrow bed,
And graved on the marble, we placed o'er his head,
As the proudest of tributes our sad hearts could pay,
"He never disgraced the dear jacket of gray."
Then fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier boy wore.

CHORUS.

I'M A GOOD OLD REBEL.

[Pg 360]

By J. R. T.

[The music of this song can be obtained of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass.]

O, I'm a good old rebel,
Now that's just what I am,
For this "Fair Land of Freedom"
I do not care a damn;
I'm glad I fit against it,
I only wish we'd won,
And I don't want no pardon
For anything I done.

I hates the Constitution,
This great Republic too,
I hates the Freedman's Buro,
In uniform of blue;
I hates the nasty eagle,
With all his bragg and fuss,

The lyin', thievin' Yankees,
I hates them wuss and wuss.

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 their striped banner,
I fit it all I could.

[Pg 361]



"I'm a good old rebel."

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.

[Pg 362]

I followed old mas' Robert
For four year near about,
Got wounded in three places,
And starved at Pint Lookout;
I cotched the roomatism,
A campin' in the snow,
But I killed a chance o' Yankees,
I'd like to kill some mo'.

I can't take up my musket
And fight 'em now no more,
But I ain't a-going to love 'em,
Now that is sartin' sure;
And I don't want no pardon,
For what I was and am,
I won't be reconstructed,
And I don't care a damn.

I cannot listen to your words, the land is long and wide;
Go seek some happy Northern girl to be your loving bride;
My brothers they were soldiers—the youngest of the three
Was slain while fighting by the side of gallant Fitzhugh Lee!

They left his body on the field (your side the day had won),
A soldier spurned him with his foot—you might have been the one;
My lover was a soldier—he belonged to Gordon's band;
A sabre pierced his gallant heart—your's might have been the hand.

He reel'd and fell, but was not dead, a horseman spurr'd his steed
And trampled on the dying brain—you may have done the deed;
I hold no hatred in my heart, no cold, unrighteous pride,
For many a gallant soldier fought upon the other side.

But still I cannot kiss the hand that smote my country sore,
Nor love the foes that trampled down the colors that she bore;
Between my heart and yours there rolls a deep and crimson tide—
My brother's and my lover's blood forbid me be your bride.

[Pg 364]

The girls who lov'd the boys in gray—the girls to country true,
May ne'er in wedlock give their hands to those who wore the blue.

WE KNOW THAT WE WERE REBELS; OR, WHY CAN WE NOT BE BROTHERS?

By CLARENCE PRENTICE.

Why can we not be brothers? the battle now is o'er;
We've laid our bruised arms on the field to take them up no more;
We who have fought you hard and long, now overpower'd, stand
As poor, defenseless prisoners in our own native land.

CHORUS.—We know that we were rebels,
And we don't deny the name,
We speak of that which we have done
With grief, but not with shame!

But we have rights most sacred, by solemn compact bound,
Seal'd by the blood that freely gush'd from many a ghastly wound;
When Lee gave up his trusty sword, and his men laid down their arms,
It was that they should live at home, secure from war's dire harms.

CHORUS.

[Pg 365]

And surely, since we're now disarm'd, we are not to be dreaded;
Our old chiefs, who on many fields our trusty columns headed,
Are fast within an iron grasp, and manacled with chains,
Perchance, 'twixt dreary walls to stay as long as life remains!

CHORUS.

O shame upon the coward band who, in the conflict dire,
Went not to battle for their cause, 'mid the ranks of steel and fire,
Yet now, since all the fighting's done, are hourly heard to cry:
"Down with the traitors! hang them all! each rebel dog shall die!"

CHORUS.

We know that we were rebels, we don't deny the name,
We speak of that which we have done with grief, but not with shame!
And we never will acknowledge that the blood the South has spilt,
Was shed defending what we deemed a cause of wrong and guilt.

CHORUS.

WEARING OF THE GRAY.

[Pg 366]

Our cannons' mouths are dumb. No more our volleyed muskets peal,
Nor gleams, to mark where squadrons rush, the light from flashing steel;
No more our crossed and starry flags in gentle dalliance play
With battle breeze, as when we fought, a wearing of the gray.

Our cause is lost! No more we fight 'gainst overwhelming power;
All wearied are our limbs, and drenched with many a battle shower;
We fain would rest! For want of strength we yield them up the day,
And lower the flag so proudly borne while wearing of the gray.

Defeat is not dishonor! No! Of honor not bereft,
We should thank God that in our breasts this priceless boon is left;
And though we weep 'tis for those braves who stood in proud array
Beneath our flag, and nobly died while wearing of the gray.

When in the ranks of war we stood, and faced the deadly hail,
Our simple suits of gray composed our only coats of mail;
And of those awful hours that marked the bloody battle day,
In memory we'll still be seen a wearing of the gray.

[Pg 367]

O, should we reach that glorious place where waits the sparkling crown,
For every one who for the right his soldier life lay down,
God grant to us the privilege, upon that happy day,
Of clasping hands with those who fell a wearing of the gray.

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE.

Words by MOINA. Music by ARMAND.

[The music of this song can be procured of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., owners of the copyright.]

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave, in the cause of right
It's stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
Led us to victory.

Out of its scabbard, when full long
It slumbered peacefully—
Roused from its rest by the battle song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, and avenging the wrong—
Gleamed the sword of Lee!

[Pg 368]

Forth from its scabbard, high in air,
Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear,
That where that sword led they would dare
To follow and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause as grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed,
That sword might victor be!
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,

We still hoped on, while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! All in vain!
Forth flashed the sword of Lee!
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

OFF WITH YOUR GRAY SUITS, BOYS!

[Pg 369]

By LIEUT. FALLIGANT, Savannah, Ga.

Off with gray suits, boys!
Off with your rebel gear!
It smacks too much of the cannon's peal,
The lightning flash of your deadly steel,
And fills our hearts with fear.

The color is like the smoke,
That curled o'er your battle line;
It calls to mind the yell that woke,
When the dastard columns before you broke,
And their dead wore your fatal sign!

Off with your starry wreaths,
Ye who have led our van!
For you 'twas the pledge of a glorious death,
As we followed you over the glorious heath,
When we whipped them man to man!

Down with the cross and stars!
Too long has it waved on high;
'Tis covered all over with battle scars,
But its gleam the hated banner mars—
'Tis time to lay it by.

Down with the vows we had made!
Down with each memory!
Down with the thoughts of our noble dead!
Down, down to the dust where their forms are laid,
And down with liberty!

[Pg 370]

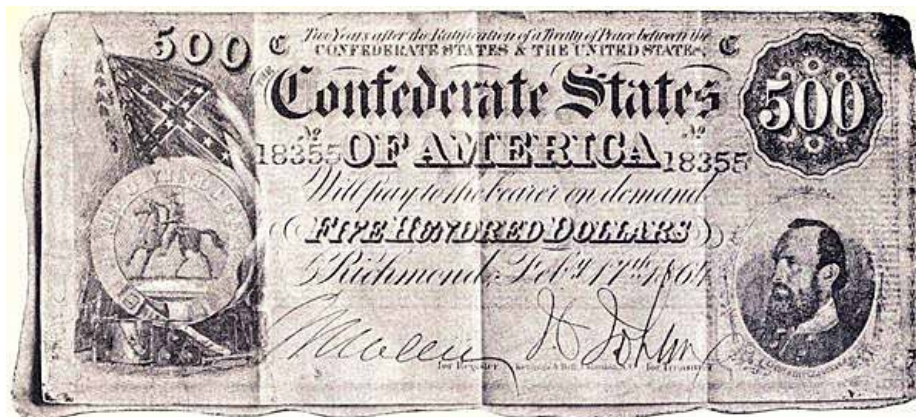
THE CONFEDERATE NOTE. [19]

By S. A. JONAS.

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the water below it,
As a pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear Captain, and show it.
Show it to those that will lend an ear
To the tale this paper can tell,
Of liberty born, of the patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ore,
And too much a stranger to borrow,
We issue to-day our "promise to pay,"
And hope to redeem on the morrow.

Days rolled by, and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes,
If a dollar should drop in the till.



[Pg 371]

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned,
And these little checks represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.
We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold the soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.

[Pg 372]

But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or of bills that were over-due;
We knew if it bought our bread to-day,
'Twas the best our country could do.
Keep it! it tells all our history over,
From the birth of the dream to its last;
Modest, and born of the angel Hope,
Like our hope of success it passed.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

[Pg 373]

By the Rev. J. A. RYAN, Catholic Priest of Knoxville, Diocese of Nashville, Tenn.

Music by A. E. BLACKMAR.

[The music of this song can be procured of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., owners of the copyright.]

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it,—
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take that banner down—'tis tattered,
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner, furl it sadly—
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave,
Swore that foeman's sword could never
Hearts like their's entwined dis sever,
'Till that flag would float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

[Pg 374]

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And the banner, it is trailing
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.
For, though conquered, they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
And oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner! true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages,
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that banner! softly, slowly,
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not, unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead.

FOLD IT UP CAREFULLY.

[Pg 375]

A Reply to "The Conquered Banner," by SIR HENRY HOUGHTON, BART., of England.

Gallant nation, foiled by numbers,
Say not that your hopes are fled;
Keep that glorious flag which slumbers,
One day to avenge your dead.

Keep it, widowed, sonless mothers,
Keep it, sisters, mourning brothers,
Furl it with an iron will;
Furl it now, but—keep it still,
Think not that its work is done.

Keep it 'till your children take it,
Once again to hail and make it
All their sires have bled and fought for,
All their noble hearts have sought for,
Bled and fought for all alone.
All alone! aye, shame the story.
Millions here deplore the stain,
Shame, alas! for England's glory,
Freedom called, and called in vain.

Furl that banner, sadly, slowly,
Treat it gently, for 'tis holy:
'Till that day—yes, furl it sadly,
Then once more unfurl it gladly—



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Footnotes:

[1] This was the first song published in the South during the war.

[2] The Rebel ram.

[3] A writer, describing the siege of Vicksburg, gives the following:

"The meal issued to the army was very coarse, and there were no sieves, and the beef, as a general thing, was hardly fit to feed to a dog. Some herds of Texas steers were corraled near the town, lean, gaunt, long-horned, repulsive looking creatures, and every morning the weakest of the herd were slaughtered for the day's rations. In the Twentieth Alabama, each day a

company of men could be seen having in their hands long ox-horns, upon which they occasionally blew a mournful blast, as with solemn steps and slow, they bore to a suitable burial place the beef issued to them for that day. Arrived at the spot a hole was dug, the meat was dumped into it, a mound was heaped over it, a funeral oration was said, the ox-horns once more sounded the dolorous requiem, and then the mourners returned to camp, their heads bowed down with grief and sorrow. Upon inquiring what this woeful pageant meant, I was informed that the men were simply engaged in "the burial of *Old Logan*."

[4] Colonel J. J. Archer.

[5] This thrilling song was circulated *sub rosa* in New Orleans, and at times almost openly. Its bold and defiant tone shows it to have been written by one who must have suffered greatly at the hands of Butler.

[6] The Cotton Supply Association, of Manchester, England.

[7] A touching incident occurred in Montgomery at the beginning of the war. A soldier met a lovely and refined lady in the street, and feeling that in such times we are all sisters and brothers, and wishing to do homage to such beauty, he touched his hat and said: "Lady, I'm going to fight for you." "Sir," she instantly replied, "I am going to pray for you."

[8] Constitutional Liberty against Oppression—a "Cause" decided many times in the Old World, yet to be taught in the New.

[9] The Memphis *Appeal* published the following:—"On yesterday all the cotton in Memphis was burned. Probably not less than 300,000 bales have been burned in the last three days in West Tennessee and North Mississippi."

[10] Capt. Riley commanded a battery composed of Irishmen from North Carolina, and was nearly always attached to Hood's Brigade. The "swarthy old hounds" refer to his Napoleon guns.

[11] In commemoration of Gen. J. B. Gordon's charge against Hancock's corps at Spotsylvania Court House, May 12, 1864.

[12] Fremont, "the path-finder."

[13] Battle of Cedar Run.

[14] Sung by Harry McCarthy, in his "Personation Concerts," in all the principal towns of the Confederacy.

[15] On the morning of the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, Major General Patrick Cleburne, while riding along the line, encouraging his men, saw an old friend—a captain in his command—barefooted, and feet bleeding. Alighting from his horse he told the Captain to "please" pull off his boots. Upon the Captain doing so, the General told him to try them on, which he did. Whereupon the General mounted his horse, telling the Captain he was tired of wearing boots, and could well do without them. He would hear of no remonstrance, and bidding the Captain good-by, rode away. In this condition he was killed.

[16] Brave to a fault, he was cut down in his early youth, and fell a willing sacrifice at the altar of his country. Among his last words he said, "I fell beside my gun."

[17] The chorus is sung to the second part of the air, excepting after the fifth and sixth verses.

[18] Several weeks after the commencement of the terrific bombardment, ladies were seen coolly walking the streets, and children in many parts of the city engaged, as ever, in their playing, only stopping their sport for the moment to gaze and listen at the bursting shells.

[19] The above lines were found written upon the back of a five-hundred dollar Confederate note, subsequent to the surrender.

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