

Halt! Halt! ye Union hosts
Move not another Rod
For if you do you'll all be lost trod down ^{the sod} beneath
Remember tis on Freeman's soil, you place ^{feet} usurping
Where Freeman have their slaves to toil
They have a right to sleep.

You wave your banner o'er your head, and thin
Take care lest it so flaunting Red
Comes down with greater speed.

Our Southern rights were dearly bought
Think you their easy gained
We have already battles fought
You'll find us well arraigned

Then back ye Northern hirelings back,
Advance no farther here
Else blood will stain your flying track
We have no cause for fear.