

Southern War Song.

Before us stands the vaunting foe,

Hearts of steel!

With his advance come grief and woe

Hearts of steel!

But by the patriot's heart's pure glow,

We'll strike his blood-stained banner low,

And deal him freely blow for blow.

Hearts of steel!

Lo! by the light of burning stack,

Reflected from the mountain black,

Behold their midnight bivouac!

Now let them hear our rifle's crack—

Drive, drive the fell invaders back

Hearts of steel!

See, havoc's fiery-steeded car,

Hearts of steel

Plunging o'er faded fields afar,

Hearts of steel!

There all our dearest treasures are—

Hear ye the piercing cry of war.