**Battle Hymn of the Republic**

*Julia Ward Howe*

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword,

His truth is marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,

His day is marching on.

CHORUS

I have read a fiery [gospel](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gospel) writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal";
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush [the serpent](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Serpent_%28Bible%29) with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

Chorus

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His Judgement Seat.

Oh! Be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.

CHORUS

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

While God is marching on.

CHORUS

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave,

He is Wisdom to the mighty, He is Succor to the brave,

So the world shall be His footstool, and the soul of Time His slave,

Our God is marching on.

CHORUS

Dixie (Original)

*Dan Emmet*

I wish I was in the land of cotton, old times there are not forgotten,

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.

In Dixie Land where I was born in, early on a frosty mornin',

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.

Then I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray!

In Dixie Land I'll take my stand to live and die in Dixie,

Away, away, away down South in Dixie,

Away, away, away down South in Dixie

Dixie

*Albert Pike*

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!

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 accursed alliance!

Fear no danger! Shun no labor!

Lift up rifle, pike, and saber!

Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,

Let the odds make each heart bolder!

How the South's great heart rejoices

At your cannons' ringing voices!

For faith betrayed and pledges broken,

Wrongs 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;

 To arms!

Exultant pride soon banish sorrow,

Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.

 To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!

 Advance the flag of Dixie!

 Hurrah! hurrah!

For Dixie's land we take our stand,

 And live or die for Dixie!

 To arms! To arms!

 And conquer peace for Dixie!

 To arms! To arms!

 And conquer peace for Dixie!

**The Bonnie Blue Flag**

***Harry McCarthy***

We are a band of brothers

And native to the soil,

Fighting for the property

We gained by honest 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 brothers

Both 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 statesmen are;

Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag

That bears a single star.

CHORUS

And here's to old Virginia--

The Old Dominion State--

Who with the young Confederacy

At length has linked her fate;

Impelled by her example,

Now other states prepare

To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag

That bears a single star.

CHORUS

Then cheer, boys, cheer;

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 are we 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

**Marching Through Georgia**

*Henry Clay Work*

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along
Sing it as we used to sing it, 50,000 strong[
While we were marching through Georgia.

*Chorus*
Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground
While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said and 'twas a handsome boast
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the Host
While we were marching through Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain
While we were marching through Georgia.

**Two Brothers**

Two brothers on their way

Two brothers on their way

Two brothers on their way

One wore blue

And one wore grey

One wore blue and one wore grey

As they marched along the way

A fife and drum began to play

All on a beautiful morning

One was gentle, one was kind

One was gentle, one was kind

One came home, one stayed behind

A cannonball don't pay no mind

A cannonball don't pay no mind

Though you're gentle or you're kind

It don't think of the folks behind

All on a beautiful morning

Two girls waiting by the railroad track

Two girls waiting by the railroad track

For their darlings to come back

One wore blue, and one wore black

One wore blue, and one wore black

Waiting by the railroad track

For their darlings to come back

All on a beautiful morning

One wore blue, and one wore black

Waiting by the railroad track

For their darlings to come back

All on a beautiful morning

All on a beautiful morning