

THE SOUTHERN MARSEILLAIS,
AS SUNG BY
MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL,
AT THE
NEW MONTGOMERY THEATRE.

ON
Friday Evening, December 14, 1860.

Sons of the South, awake to Glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives and grandsires hoery,
Behold their tears and hear their cries—
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With mongrel hosts, a thieving band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace—equality—lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved,
On victory or death!

Now, now, the abolition storm is rolling,
Which treacherous States, fanatic, raise;
Their dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And Texian cities burn and blaze!
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While prowling thieves, with guilty stride,
Spread desolation far and wide,
With our best blood their hands embruing?
To arms &c.

With all their South made wealth surrounded,
These vile, insatiate robbers dare,
(Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,)
To mete the South e'en light and air!
Like beasts of burden would they load us—
Like gods would bid their slaves adore!
But we are men—and are they more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms &c.

EQUALITY! can men resign thee?
White men?—who've felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts or bars, confine thee,
Or whips the Southern spirit tame?
Too long the South has whin'd, bewailing,
That falsehood's dagger *brothers* wield—
But Independence is our shield—
STARS OF THE SOUTH, we now are hailing!
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved,
On victory or death!