

NORTH CAROLINA.

Cr 3192

A CALL TO ARMS!!!



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!

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 hearthstones are looking to you for protection!

“Her name stands the foremost in Liberty's story,”
Oh! tarnish not now her fame and her glory!
Your fathers to save her their swords bravely yielded,
And she never yet has to tyranny yielded.

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!

“The Star Spangled Banner,” dishonored is streaming
O'er bands 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!

Round the flag of the South, oh! in thousands now rally,
For the hour's departed when freemen may dally;
Your all is at stake, then go forth, and God speed you!
And onward to glory and victory lead you!

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