

# Rally Around the Stars and Bars!

By Robert Lamb—51st Georgia Vols.

Rally round your country's flag ye freemen of the South,  
Gird on your armor for the fray, go ye to battle forth;  
Your watchword and your war cry "Death before dishonor,"  
Wipe out the tyrant's blot, and defend your country's banner.

A million hearts are beating now, a million prayers ascend,  
That God would bless our country, fair freedom's cause  
defend,

From o'er the stormy water, from the tyrant's dear domain,  
Where the heart of stern oppression, all the rights of man  
disdain.

The cry comes rolling onward, may God preserve the right;  
Forbid that freedom's sun shall set in dark oblivion's night,  
Inspire the sons of freedom fair, give victory to their arms:  
May they defend our star of hope, their land from threat'ning  
harm.

Then go forth, ye soldiers brave, fight valiant for your cause,  
Defending 'gainst a treacherous foe, your land and all its  
laws;

Prove to the world that freemen bold can act a noble part,  
By hurling back, with all your force, the tyrant's poisonous  
dart.

From the mountains of Old Maryland to Florida's swampy  
plains,

From the Atlantic's rolling waves to Pacific's fair domains,  
Determine that our flag shall wave, the red, white and red;  
The ensign of our liberty, which Yankees hate and dread.

Beneath the soil now lieth bones, of those who long ago,  
Maintained our honor 'gainst the land of our then oppressive  
foe;

Prove to the world their noble blood flows freely in your veins  
By wiping out, forever out, the tyrant's dismal stains.