

The Georgia Volunteer.

1. I leave my home and thee, dear,
With sorrow at my heart.
It is my country's call, dear,
To aid her I depart ;
And on the blood-red battle plain
We'll conquer or we'll die :
'Tis for our honor and our name,
We raise the battle cry.
Then weep not, dearest, weep not,
If in her cause I fall,
O weep not, dearest, weep not,
It is my country's call.

2. And yet my heart is sore, love
To see thee weeping thus ;
But mark me there's no fear, love,
For in Heaven is our trust ;
And if the heavy, drooping tear
Swells in my mournful eye,
It is that Northmen of our land
Should cause the battle cry.
Then weep not, dearest, &c.

3. Our rights have been usurped, dear,
By Northmen of our land,
Fanatics raised the cry, dear,
Politicians fired the brand.
The Southrons spurn the galling yoke,
The tyrants threat's defy,
They find we've sons like sturdy oak
To raise our battle-cry.
Then weep not dearest &c.

4. I knew you'd let me go love,
I saw it in that tear,
To join the gallant men, love
Who never yet knew fear.
With Beauregard and Davis
We'll gain our cause or die,
Win battles like Manassas
And raise our battle-cry.
Then weep not, dearest &c.