BEAUREGARD

AT

MANASSAS.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, sh, bless and praise His name, That hath battled in our cause, and brought our foest to shame, And honor to our Bradescard, who conquered in His might, And for our children's children, won Manassas' bloody fight. Oh, let our thankful prayers ascend, our juyous praise resound, For God, the god of victory, our untried fly hath crowwed,

They brought a mighty army to crush us with a blow, And in their pride they laughed to scorn the men they did not know; Fair women came to triumph with the heroes of the day, When the boasting Southern Rebels should be scattered in dismay; And for their conquering Generals lordly feasts were spread; But the wine in which we pledged them was all of ruby red.

The feast was like Belshazzar's -in terror and dismay—
Before our conquering heroes their Generals ran away;
God hath weighed them in the belsace, and hie I and upon the wall
At the taking of Fort Sumter, hath foredoome I them in their fall;
Bat they would not heed the warning; and scoffed in unbelief,
Till their scorn was torned to wailing, and their laughter into grief.

All day the fight was raging, and amid the cannon's peal,
Rang the crack of our rifles, and the clashing of our steel;
But once our spirits faltered, Ber and Barrow both were down,
And, our gallant Col. Hampton lay wounded on the ground;
But Brauresard—God bless him! led the legion in his stead,
And Jonnaron setzed the colors, and waved them o'er his head;
E'en a coward must have followed, when such herces led the way,
And no dastard blood was flowing in Southern veins that day.

Every arm was strengthened and every heart was stirred, Whan shouts of DAVIS! DAVIS! along our lines were heard; As he rode into the hattle, the joyous news flew fist; And the dying raised their voices and cheered him as he passed; Oh! with such glorious leaders in Cabheet and in field, The gallant Southern chivalry will die, but never yield!