

Songs - Civil War

THE SOUTH AND NORTH.

The Southrons and the Northerers, Oh!
Have got into a fight;
The South will whip the North, I know,
Because they're in the right.

Chorus.—Then strike them fast and hard
my boys,
And do not be afraid;
Then strike them hard and fast
my boys,
And Heaven will us aid.

The Stars and Stripes were very good,
While emblem of the free;
But now they're dyed in brothers blood,
They will not do for me.

Chorus—

I'll fight for Southern rights and laws,
While I've a hand to save;
And if I fall in a Freeman's cause,
I'll fill a freeman's grave.

Chorus—

Their bones will make the Cotton grow,
Where it could'nt grow before;
And guano we no more will sow,
But bone dust for manure.

Chorus—

They said we could not Sumter take,
And of her strength they'd tell;
But we can make old Satan quake,
And breach the walls of hell.

Chorus—

They think that we can be subdued,
By holding back supplies;
Yet we can do without their food,
Their nutmegs and their lies.

Chorus—

We've sugar, cotton, corn and rice,
And wheat as well as they;
And they can keep their cheese and ice,
For we will keep the pay.

Chorus—

Old Yellow Jack is not their friend,
And if our climate's not,
Our bullets soon their souls can send,
To one ten times as hot.

Chorus—

If Yankee tricks could win the South,
Then conquer us they might,
But Yanks won't face the cannons mouth,
It does not 'pay' to fight.

Chorus—

Then to the earth your scabbards throw,
On high your sabres wave;
And swear that Northern blood shall flow,
On every Southern grave.

Chorus—