

Capt. J. Henry Vines
from his friend ^{es.a.}
Mrs. Geo. N. Sanders.
15. Feb. 54 N.Y.
Richmond Va.

CLOSE THE RANKS.

Air—Maryland, my Maryland.

BY JOHN L. O'SULLIVAN.

The fell invader is before :
Close the ranks, close up the ranks !
We'll hurl his legions from our shore :
Close the ranks, close up the ranks !
Our wives, our children, are behind,
Our mothers, sisters, dear and kind ;
Their voices reach us on the wind,
Close the ranks, close up the ranks !
Are we to bend to slavish yoke ?
Close the ranks, close up the ranks !
We'll bend when bends our Southern oak.
Close the ranks, close up the ranks !
On with the line of serried steel !
We all can die, we none can kneel,
To crouch beneath the Northern heel.
Close the ranks, close up the ranks !

1864
From Mrs. Sanders
New York