

God saw the South  
God saw the South!  
Her altars and fensides  
God saw the South  
Now that the war is nigh  
Now that we arm to die  
Chanting our battle cry  
Freedom or Death!

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God be our shield  
At home or in field  
Stretch thine arm over us  
Strengthen and save  
What tho' they're three to one  
Strike till the war is won  
Strike till the war is won  
Strike to the grave.

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God make the right  
Stronger than might  
Millions would trample us  
Down on their pride  
Lay thro' their legions low  
Roll back the ruthless foe  
Let the proud spoilers know  
God's on our side



Hard honor calls  
Summoning all  
Summoning all of us  
Into the Strife

Law of the Dutch snake  
Strike till the bond shall break  
Strike for dear honor's sake  
Freedom and life!

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Rebels before  
Our fathers of yore  
Rebel, the right word name  
Washington bore!  
Why then be ours the same  
The name that he sustained from shame  
making it first in fame  
foremost in name

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War to the hilt  
There's be the guilt  
Who fetter the freeman  
To ransom the slave  
Why then be undismayed  
Strike not the banner blade  
Till the last foe is laid  
Low in the grave

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