

NORTH CAROLINA
DIVISION

United Confederate
Veterans
Song Book



Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of Auld Lang Syne ?

The Old North State.

Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend
her,
While we live we will cherish, protect and de-
fend her;
Though the scorner may sneer at, and witling
defame her,
Yet our hearts swell with gladness, whenever
we name her.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! The Old North State forever,
Hurrah! Hurrah! The Good Old North State.

Though she envies not others their merited
glory,
Say whose name stands the foremost in Liber-
ty's story;
Though too true to herself e'er to crouch to
oppression,
Who can yield to just rule a more loyal submis-
sion.

Plain and artless her Sons, but whose doors
open faster,
To the knock of the stranger or tale of disaster;
How like to rudeness of their dear native
mountains,
With rich ore in their bosoms and life in their
fountains.

And her daughters—the queen of the forest re-
sembling,
So graceful, so constant, to gentlest breath
trembling;
And true lightwood at heart, let the match be
applied them;
How they kindle in flame—O! none know but
who've tried them.

Then let all who love us, love the land that we
live in,
As happy a region as on this side of heaven,
Where plenty and freedom, love and peace smile
before us,

Rise aloud, rise together the heart thrilling
Chorus.

Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

Maryland, My Maryland.

Hark to a wand'ring sons appeal,
Maryland, my Maryland!
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland, my Maryland!
For Liberty, and Truth and Right,
Let all your loyal sons unite,
Drive all invaders from thy sight,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland, my Maryland!
But thou wert ever bravely meek,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Arise! and heed thy sister's cry,
Let ev'ry hand and heart comply,
And burst the chains of Tyranny,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant cannon's roar,
Maryland, my Maryland!
The fife and drum of Baltimore,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Huzza! she comes to help restore
The Union as it was before,
And honored be thou evermore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Old Folks at Home.

Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS—

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'rywhere I roam,
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I,
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.—CHO.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove,
When will I see de bees a humming,
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home.—CHO.

Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.

We are tenting tonight on the old camp ground;
The fires are flickering low,
Still are the sleepers that lie around,
And the sentinels come and go.

CHORUS

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Waiting for the war to cease;
Many are the eyes watching for the light
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting tonight; Tenting tonight;
Tenting on the old camp ground.
Alas for the comrades of days gone by,
Whose forms we miss tonight,
Alas for the young and true who lie
Where the battle flag braved the fight.—CHO.

No more on march or field of strife
Shall they lie down tired and worn;
Nor rouse again to hope and life
When the kettledrum beats at morn.—CHO.

The lone wife kneels and prays with a sigh
That God His watch will keep
Over the dear ones away and the little ones nigh,
In the trundle-bed, fast asleep.—CHO.

She prays for him who with soldierly tread
No more into ranks shall fall,
Till the angel rallies the quick and the dead,
And the trumpet tone wakens all.—CHO.

I'se Gwine Back to Dixie.

I'se gwine back to Dixie,
No more I'se gwine to wander,
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
I can't stay here no longer.
I miss de ole plantation,
My home and my relation,
My heart's turned back to Dixie
And I must go.

CHORUS—

I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine where the orange blossoms grow;
For I hear the children calling,
I see the sad tears falling,
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

I've hoed in fields of cotton;
I've worked upon the river.
I used to think if I got off
I'd go back there no never.
But time has changed the old man,
His head is bending low,
His heart's turned back to Dixie,
And he must go.—CHO.

I'm trav'ling back to Dixie,
My step is slow and feeble,
I pray the Lord to help me,
And keep me from all evil.
And should my strength forsake me,
Then kind friends come and take me,
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.—CHO.

Bonnie Blue Flag.

Then cheer boys cheer, raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have
both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be
given,
The single star of the bonnie blue flag has
grown to be eleven.

CHORUS.

Tho' politicians held her back—alas, for her fair
fame,
Yet Old Kentucky stood with us in all things
but in name.
By Mississippi's tawny flood Missouri fought
afar,
And earned her right to shine for aye beside
that single star.
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Southern Cross, Hur-
rah!
Hurrah for our Southern girls, who always
faithful are.

CHORUS—

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Southern Cross, Hur-
rah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bear a
single star!

First gallant South Carolina nobly made the
stand;
Then came Alabama who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia and Florida,
All raised on high the bonnie blue flag that
bears a single star.

CHORUS.

Ye men of valor, gather round the banner of
the right,
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight;
Davis, our loved President, and Stevens, states-
man rare,
Now rally round, the bonnie blue flag that
bears a single star. CHORUS.
And here's to brave Virginia! the Old Dominion
State,
With the young Confederacy at length has
linked her fate;
Impelled by her example, now other states
prepare
To hoist on high the bonnie blue flag that bears
a single star. CHORUS.

My Old Kentucky Home.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the
bloom,
While the birds make music all the day,
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the
door,
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!
CHORUS—Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky
home,
For the old Kentucky Home far away.
They hunt no more for the possum and the
coon,
On the meadow, the hill and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight,

The time has come when the darkies have to
part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!
CHO.

The head must bow and the back will have to
bend
Wherever the darkey may go,
A few more days and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar canes grow;
A few days more for to tote the weary load,
No matter 'twill never be light,
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!
CHO.

At last he sleeps in the meadow near the shore,
Of virtues no tombstone does tell,
Secure he rests and of trouble knows no more,
For to slav'ry he has bidden farewell;
The weary load he has borne beyond the dome,
Wherever shines glory's own light,
His task is done and he's in his heav'nly home,
So my old Kentucky Home, good-night!—CHO.

Dixie's Land.

I wish I was in de land of cotton,
Ole times dar am not forgotten;
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie
Land.
In Dixie's Land where I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie
Land.
Den I wish I was in Dixie!
Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!
In Dixie's Land, we'll take our stand,
To lib and die in Dixie.
A-way, a-way, a-way down South in Dixie.
A-way, a-way, a-way down South in Dixie.

In Dixie's Land de darkies grow,
If white folks only plant dar toe;
Dey wet de groun' wid bakker smoke,
Den up de darkey's head will poke.

Missus marry Will de weaber,
Will, he was a gay deceaber;
When he put his arms around her,
He look as fine as a forty pounder.

Missus died den took a decline,
Her face was de color ob bacon rine;
How could she act de foolish part,
An' marry a man to broke her heart.

Den here's health to de nex' new Missus,
An' all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Den hoe it down an' scratch yo'r grabble,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble.

Dan'l D. Emmett,
New York, 1859.

The Confederate Flag.

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it:
Furl it, *hide it*—let it rest.

Furl that Banner, true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there *furled* forever,
For its people's *hopes* are dead.