

Dixie's Land

by Daniel Decatur Emmett
(1815-1904)

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times there are not forgotten;
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!
In Dixie's Land where I was born in,
Early on one frosty morning,
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!

CHORUS: Then I wish I was in Dixie! Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie's Land I'll take my stand, to live and die in Dixie!
Away! Away! Away down South in Dixie!
Away! Away! Away down South in Dixie!

Old Missus married "Will the Weaver;"
William was a gay deceiver!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!
But when he put his arm around her,
Smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!—**CHORUS**

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver;
But that did not seem to grieve her!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!
Old Missus acted the foolish part
And died for a man that broke her heart!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!—**CHORUS**

Now here's a health to the next old missus
And all the gals that want to kiss us!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!
But if you want to drive away sorrow,
Come and hear this song tomorrow!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!—**CHORUS**

There's buckwheat cakes and Injin batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!
Then hoe it down and scratch your gravel,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to travel!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!—**CHORUS**

*Lyrics courtesy of Kathie Watson, Poetry and Music of the War Between the States,
<http://users.erols.com/kfraser/confederate/songs/dixie.html>.
Please visit this site for more lyrics, information, and MIDI files.*

Union Dixie

Music: Daniel Decatur Emmett, Words: Anonymous

Away down South in the land of traitors,
 Rattlesnakes and alligators,
 Right away, come away, right away, come away.
 Where cotton's king and men are chattels,
 Union boys will win the battles,
 Right away, come away, right away, come away.

CHORUS: Then we'll all go down to Dixie, away, away,
 Each Dixie boy must understand
 That he must mind his Uncle Sam, away, away,
 And we'll all go down to Dixie. Away, away,
 And we'll all go down to Dixie.

I wish I was in Baltimore,
 I'd make Secession traitors roar,
 Right away, come away, right away, come away.
 We'll put the traitors all to rout.
 I'll bet my boots we'll whip them out,
 Right away, come away, right away, come away.

CHORUS: Then they'll wish they were in Dixie, away, away,
 Each Dixie boy must understand
 That he must mind his Uncle Sam, away, away,
 And we'll all go down to Dixie. Away, away,
 And we'll all go down to Dixie.

Oh, may our Stars and Stripes still wave
 Forever o'er the free and brave,
 Right away, come away, right away, come away.
 And let our motto ever be —
 "For Union and for Liberty!"
 Right away, come away, right away, come away.

CHORUS: Then they'll wish they were in Dixie, away, away,
 Each Dixie boy must understand
 That he must mind his Uncle Sam, away, away,
 And we'll all go down to Dixie. Away, away,
 And we'll all go down to Dixie.

*Lyrics courtesy of Kathie Watson, Poetry and Music of the War Between the States,
<http://users.erols.com/kfraser/union/songs/union-dixie.html>.
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The Battle Cry of Freedom

by George F. Root
(1820-1895)

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
We will rally from the hillside,
We'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

CHORUS: The Union forever,
Hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitors,
Up with the stars;
While we rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

We are springing to the call
Of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
And we'll fill our vacant ranks with
A million free men more,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.—**CHORUS**

We will welcome to our numbers
The loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
And although they may be poor,
Not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.—**CHORUS**

So we're springing to the call
From the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
And we'll hurl the rebel crew
From the land that we love best,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.—**CHORUS**

*Lyrics courtesy of Kathie Watson, Poetry and Music of the War Between the States,
<http://users.erols.com/kfraser/union/songs/battcry.html>
Please visit this site for more lyrics, information, and MIDI files.*

The Battle Cry of Freedom (Southern Version)

Music by George F. Root
(1820-1895)

Our flag is proudly floating
On the land and on the main,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
Beneath it oft we've conquered,
And we'll conquer oft again!
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!

CHORUS: Our Dixie forever!
She's never at a loss!
Down with the eagle
And up with the cross!
We'll rally 'round the bonny flag,
We'll rally once again,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!

Our gallant boys have marched
To the rolling of the drums,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
And the leaders in charge cry out,
"Come, boys, come!"
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!—**CHORUS**

They have laid down their lives
On the bloody battle field,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
Their motto is resistance —
"To tyrants we'll not yield!"
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!—**CHORUS**

While our boys have responded
And to the fields have gone,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
Our noble women also
Have aided them at home,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!—**CHORUS**

*Lyrics courtesy of Kathie Watson, Poetry and Music of the War Between the States,
http://users.erols.com/kfraser/confederate/songs/southern_battcry.html
Please visit this site for more lyrics, information, and MIDI files.*

Reply to “The Bonnie Blue Flag”

[Also known as *The Stripes and Stars*]

by Colonel J.L. Geddes

We're fighting for our Union,
We're fighting for our trust,
We're fighting for that happy land
Where sleeps our father's dust.
It cannot be dissevered,
Though it cost us bloody wars,
We never can give up the land
Where floats the stripes and stars.

Chorus: Hurrah, Hurrah,
For equal rights hurrah,
Hurrah for the good old flag
That bears the stripes and stars.

We trusted you as brothers,
Until you drew the sword,
With impious hands at Sumter
You cut the silver cord.
So now you hear the bugles,
We come the sons of Mars,
To rally round the brave old flag
That bears the stripes and stars.

Chorus: Hurrah, Hurrah,
For equal rights hurrah,
Hurrah for the good old flag
That bears the stripes and stars.

We do not want your cotton,
We do not want your slaves,
But rather than divide the land,

We'll fill your Southern graves.
With Lincoln for our chieftain,
We wear our country's stars,
And rally round the brave old flag
That bears the stripes and stars.

Chorus

We deem our cause most holy,
We know we're in the right,
And twenty million freemen
Stand ready for the fight.
Our pride is fair Columbia,
No stain her beauty mars,
On her we'll raise the brave old flag
That bears the stripes and stars.

Chorus

And when this war is over,
We'll each resume our home,
And treat you still as brothers,
Where ever you may roam.
We'll pledge the hand of friendship
And think no more of war,
But dwell in peace beneath the flag
That bears the stripes and stars.

Chorus

Lyrics courtesy of Kathie Watson, Poetry and Music of the War Between the States,

<http://users.erols.com/kfraser/union/songs/union-bonnie.html>.

Please visit this site for more lyrics, information, and MIDI files.

Good Ol' Rebel Soldier

by Major Innes Randolph, C.S.A.

Oh, I'm a good old Rebel soldier, now that's just what I am;
 For this "Fair Land of Freedom" I do not give a damn!
 I'm glad I fit against it, I only wish we'd won,
 And I don't want no pardon for anything I done.

I hates the Constitution, this "Great Republic," too!
 I hates the Freedman's Bureau and uniforms of blue!
 I hates the nasty eagle with all its brags and fuss,
 And the lying, thieving Yankees, I hates 'em wuss and wuss!

I hates the Yankee nation and everything they do,
 I hates the Declaration of Independence, too!
 I hates the "Glorious Union" — 'tis dripping with our blood,
 And I hates their striped banner, and I fit it all I could.

I followed old Marse Robert for four years, near about,
 Got wounded in three places, and starved at Point Lookout.
 I cotched the "roomatism" a'campin' in the snow,
 But I killed a chance o' Yankees, and I'd like to kill some mo'!

Three hundred thousand Yankees is stiff in Southern dust!
 We got three hundred thousand before they conquered us.
 They died of Southern fever and Southern steel and shot,
 But I wish we'd got three million instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket and fight 'em now no more,
 But I ain't a'gonna love 'em, now that's for sartain sure!
 I do not want no pardon for what I was and am,
 And I won't be reconstructed, and I do not care a damn!

Lyrics courtesy of Kathie Watson, Poetry and Music of the War Between the States,

<http://users.erols.com/kfraser/confederate/songs/rebel.html>

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Music

Robert E. Lee declared that without music, there would have been no army. Over 2,000 new songs were created during the Civil War. That's more than any other event in American history. The first Civil War song was released three days after the firing on Fort Sumter. Soldiers were constantly immersed in music. They departed from hometowns with fanfares of music; as they waited for a battle to begin, they were humming melodies; they sang while marching; the camps were filled with music at night (*Common Soldier*, 19).

During the Battle of Williamsburg, [Federal] Corps commander [Samuel] Heintzelman joined the desperate struggled to close the broken ranks. He hit on the novel idea of rallying them with music. Finding several regimental bands standing by bewildered as the battle closed in, Heintzelman ordered them to take up their instruments. 'Play! Play! It's all you're good for,' he shouted.... Play some marching tune! Play 'Yankee Doodle,' or any doodle you can think of, only play something!" Before long, over the roar of the guns, came the incongruous sound of 'Yankee Doodle' and then "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue." One of [General Joseph] Hooker's men thought the music was worth a thousand men. 'It saved the battle,' he wrote (Poetry and Music of the War Between the States, <http://users.erols.com/kfraser/music/index.html>).

Even in years after the war, soldiers remembered fondly (or with sadness) the songs of the war. Sam R. Watkins wrote *In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-one, do you remember those stirring times? Do you recollect in that year, for the first time in your life, of hearing Dixie and the Bonnie Blue Flag* (Co. Aytch, 20)? And, hearing *Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home* could reduce even the most hardened veteran to tears as he sat, bored and lonely, in winter quarters.

✓ SOME THINGS TO CONSIDER

Music can bring back powerful memories. Are there any songs that have special memories for you? What song(s) and why? When you go home tonight, ask a parent or grandparent the same questions.