

Southern Soldier - - Tradicionály

Písnička značně rozšířená mezi jižanskými vojáky (Konfederace)

D
I'll place my knapsack on my back
G
My rifle on my shoulder
D
I'll march away to the firing line
A
And kill that Yankee soldier
Hmi D
And kill that Yankee soldier
D Hmi
I'll march away to the firing line
D A D
And kill that Yankee soldier

I'll bid farewell to my wife and child
Farewell to my aged mother
And go and join in the bloody strife
Till this cruel war is over
Till this cruel war is over
I'll go and join in the bloody strife
Till this cruel war is over

If I am shot on the battlefield
And I should not recover
Oh, who will protect my wife and child
And care for my aged mother
And care for my aged mother
Oh, who will protect my wife and child
And care for my aged mother

And if our Southern cause is lost
And Southern rights denied us
We'll be ground beneath the tyrant's heel
For our demands of justice
For our demands of justice
We'll be ground beneath the tyrant's heel
For our demands of justice

Before the South shall bow her head
Before the tyrants harm us
I'll give my all to the Southern cause
And die in the Southern army
And die in the Southern army
I'll give my all to the Southern cause
And die in the Southern army

If I must die for my home and land
My spirit will not falter
Oh, here's my heart and here's my hand
Upon my country's altar
Upon my country's altar
Oh, here's my heart and here's my hand
Upon my country's altar

Then Heaven be with us in the strife
Be with the Southern soldier

We'll drive the mercenary horde
Beyond our Southern border
Beyond our Southern border
We'll drive the mercenary horde
Beyond our Southern border

So I'll place my knapsack on my back
My rifle on my shoulder
I'll march away to the firing line
And kill that Yankee soldier
And kill that Yankee soldier
I'll march away to the firing line
And kill that Yankee soldier