

Tis the emblem of peace, its the day star of hope,

Like the sacred Labarum that guided the Roman,

From the shore of the Gulf, to the Delaware's slope,

'Tis the trust of the free, and the terror of foemen.

Fling its folds to the air, while we boldly declare,

The rights we demand, or the deeds that we dare!

While the CROSS OF THE SOUTH shall in triumph remain,

To light us to freedom and glory again.

And if peace should be hopeless, and justice denied,
And war's bloody vulture should flap its black pinions,
Then gladly "to arms!" while we hurl in our pride,
Defiance to tyrants, and death to their minions!
With our front in the field, swearing never to yield,
Or return like the Spartan, in death on our shield!
And the CROSS OFTHE SOUTH shall triumphantly wave,
As the flag of the free, or the pall of the brave.