



Words by
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Music by
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GOD SAVE THE SOUTH!

NATIONAL HYMN.

Words by *EARNEST HALPHIN.*
Music by *CHAS. W. A. ELLERBROCK.*

MAESTOSO.
SOLDO. *f*

VOICE

God save the South, God save the South, Her al-tars and fire sides

PIANO. *f*

cre *scen*

p

God save the South! Now that the war is nigh, Now that we arm to die Chaunt-ing our

p *cre* *scen*

do

bat- - the cry, Free-dom or Death! Chaunt-ing our bat- - the cry Free-dom or Death!

do *ten - - -*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking of 'MAESTOSO' and a dynamic of 'f'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: 'God save the South, God save the South, Her al-tars and fire sides'. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords. The score continues with a second line of lyrics: 'God save the South! Now that the war is nigh, Now that we arm to die Chaunt-ing our'. The piano part includes a 'p' marking and 'cre' and 'scen' markings. The final line of lyrics is: 'bat- - the cry, Free-dom or Death! Chaunt-ing our bat- - the cry Free-dom or Death!'. The piano part includes a 'do' marking and a 'ten - - -' marking. The score ends with a double bar line and a final chord.

Chorus.

SOPRANO.



f Now that the war is nigh, Now that we arm to die, Chaunt-ing our bat - tle cry, Free-dom or *ff*

ALTO.



f Now that the war is nigh, Now that we arm to die Chaunt-ing our bat - tle cry, Free-dom or *ff*

TENORE.



f Now that the war is nigh, Now that we arm to die Chaunt-ing our bat - tle cry, Free-dom or *ff*

BASSO.



f



f *ff*

SOPRANO.



Death! Chaunt-ing our bat - - tle cry, Free - dom or Death!

ALTO.



TENORE.



Death! Chaunt-ing our bat - - tle cry, Free - dom or Death!

BASSO.



2.

God be our shield,
At home or afield,
Stretch thine arm over us,
Strengthen and save.
What tho' they're three to one,
Forward each sire and son,
||: Strike till the war is won,
Strike to the grave! :||

3.

God made the right,
Stronger than *might*,
Millions would trample us
Down in their pride.
Lay *Thou* their legions low,
Roll back the ruthless foe,
||: Let the proud spoiler know
God's on our side. :||

4.

Hark honor's call,
Summoning all,
Summoning all of us
Unto the strife.
Sons of the South awake!
Strike till the brand shall break,
||: Strike for dear Honor's sake.
Freedom and Life! :||

5.

Rebels before
Our father's of yore,
Rebel's the righteous name
Washington bore.
Why, then, be our's the same,
The name that he snatch'd from shame.
||: Making it first in fame,
Foremost in war. :||

6.

War to the hilt,
Their's be the guilt,
Who fetter the free man
To ransom the slave.
Up then, and undismay'd,
Sheathe not the battle blade
||: Till the last foe is laid
Low in the grave! :||

7.

God save the South
God save the South,
Dry the dim eyes that now
Follow our path.
Still let the light feet rove
Safe through the orange grove;
||: Still keep the land we love
Safe from *Thy* wrath. :||

8.

God save the South,
God save the South,
Her altars and firesides,
God save the South!
For the great war is nigh,
And we will win or die,
||: Chanting our battle cry,
Freedom or death! :||

The last verse to be sung from beginning to end by all the voices, and in unison throughout.