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21

"SALUT À BEAUREGARD."





Morris and Pinkney and Johnson too,
And Moultrie filled with the brave and true,
Thousands are hourly rushing in,
Eager to join the battle din.
To hoist Old Abe with his own petard,
And salute him with our Beauregard.

Repeat 3 times.

1

Ere the sun sets this April day,

Palmetto free from Lincoln sway

Shall stand as an emblem green and strong

Of the proud, brave hearts, who atoned her wrong,

As with cannon, mortar, and petard,

Repeat 3 times. (They avenged the South with a Beauregard.

5

Sumpter's fought, the victory won,
Abe's flag hauled down by Anderson.

Now the Border States no more will retard,
But wheel into line under Beauregard.

As with cannon, mortar, and petard,
Repeat 3 times.

We march to the rescue with Beauregard.

6

One more battle we have to record,
And for success, we thank the Lord.

It was fought by the Northern Army grand,
Who came to desecrate our land.

But with cannon, mortar, and petard,
We whipp'd them with our Beauregard.

7

Sixty Thousand strong they came.

To wipe us out with sword and flame.

But ere they had performed this feat,

They met the fate that tyrants meet.

As with cannon, mortar, and petard,

Repeat 3 times. (We chased them back, with our Beauregard.