The Southern Girl's Reply

The Southern Girl's Reply

I cannot listen to your words, the land's too far and wide
Go seek some happy northern girl to be your loving bride.
My brothers they were soldiers. The youngest of the three
Was slain while fighting by the side of Gen'ral Fitzhugh Lee.

cho: Hurrah! Hurrah! For the sunny south I say
Three cheers for the southern girl
And the boy that wore the gray.

My lover was a soldier, too, he fought at God's command,
A sabre pierced his gallant heart. You might have been the man.
He reeled and fell but was not dead, a horseman spurred his steed
And trampled on his dying brain. You might have done the deed.

They left his body on the field who the fight this day had won,
A horseman spurred (spurned?) him with his heel, you might have been the one.
I hold no hatred in my heart, nor cold nor righteous pride
For many a gallant soldier fought upon the other side.

But still I cannot take the hand that smote my country sore,
Or love the foe that trampled fown the colors that she bore.
Between my heart and yours there rose a deep and crimson tide
My lover's and my brother's blood forbids me to be your bride.

From Traditional American Folk Songs, Warner and Warner
Collected from Mrs. C.K. (Eleazar) Tillett, NC 1941

Note: A folk-processing of a poem "True to the Gray", Pearl Rivers RG
tune is, essentially, Bonny Blue Flag, or Jaunting Car