

Army succeeded army,
Bludgeoned, battered and beat.
An army succeeded that army
Only to meet defeat.
They left their guns on the hillsides,
They dropped their colors to flee
From the front of old Stonewall Jackson,
And the fore of Robert E. Lee!

Peace! cried the feminine-hearted;
Peace! ere our nation is gone.
But the bull dog people just started
Another campaign and held on!
And that was the year of their triumph,
The year of their jubilee;
They crushed the heroes of Jackson,
They crumpled up Robert E. Lee!

To-morrow the Hunnish falcons
Will wing where the snow lies deep.
They'll shriek on the rock-bound Balkans,
They'll feed on the Serbian sheep.
'Tis plain as the sight on your rifle,
So plain it no plainer can be,
The Huns have a Stonewall Jackson,
And also a Robert E. Lee!

But the time will come when the story
Will run in a different way;
The flag now battered and gory
Will float o'er their mountains to stay.
The day of our triumph cometh,
The day of our jubilee,