Riding a Raid

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'Tis old Stonewall, the Rebel, that leans on his sword
And, while we are mounting, prays low to the Lord:
"Now each Cavalier that loves Honor and Right
Let him follow the feather of Stuart tonight!"

cho: Come tighten your girth and slacken your rein,
Come buckle your blanket and holster again;
Try the click of your trigger and balance your blade
For he must ride sure that goes riding a raid!

Now gallop, now gallop, to swim or to ford!
Old Stonewall, still watching, prays low to the Lord:
"Good-bye dear old Rebel! The river's not wide,
And Maryland's lights in her window to guide."

There's a man in a white house with blood on his mouth!
If there's knaves in the North, there are braves in thc South
We are three thousand horses and not one afraid;
We are three thousand sabres and not a dull blade.

Then gallop, then gallop, by ravines and rocks!
Who would bar us the way take his toll in hard knocks
For with these points of steel, on the line of Penn,
We have made some fine strokes --- and we'll make 'em again!

from Songs of the Civil War, Silber
tune: Bonnie Dundee