

PART IV
GEORGIA SONGS

CHAPTER VI

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GEORGIA LAND

Love, light and joy forever-more
Georgia Land, dear Georgia Land!
The world finds welcome at thy door,
Georgia Land, dear Georgia Land!
Thy star-crowned hills and valleys sweet
Their litanies of love repeat,
And night and morning singing meet:
Georgia Land, dear Georgia Land!

Where'er thy loving children roam,
Georgia Land, dear Georgia Land!
With thee their hearts are still at home,
Georgia Land, dear Georgia Land!
Where'er the wand'rer's pathway lies,
In dreams he sees thy blessed skies,
And hope doth like a star arise,
Georgia Land, dear Georgia Land!

Blest be thy holy hills and plains,
Georgia Land, dear Georgia Land!
The sun-light twinkling thro' thy rains,
Georgia Land, dear Georgia Land!
God have thee ever in his keep,
From mountain wall to stormy deep,
Until upon thy breast we sleep,
Georgia Land, dear Georgia Land!

—FRANK L. STANTON.

GEORGIA MINE

Th' almighty sun that floods the isles
And continents with glory
Upon no fairer region smiles
Than Georgia famed in story.
Where'er her sons in alien lands
Indulge the lust for roaming,
In fertile fields or desert sands,
Their hearts are still a-homing

CHORUS

Oh, Georgia mine, dear native state,
From whom I would not sever,
Among her sisters strong and great,
God prosper her forever.

Hers is the oak, and hers the pine,
Clay heights and sandy reaches,
A border ruffled with the brine
That foams upon her beaches;
Hers are the shimmering ponds and lakes
Wherein the trout are sleeping,
And hers the thickets and the brakes
Where sylvan life is creeping.

Her streamlets from their mountain home
Descend with glad hosannas
To where her stately rivers roam
Across the broad savannahs.
Oh, dear to me Ocmulgee's stream,
Oconee's sweet wood thrushes;
And dearly do I love to dream
Where Chattahoochee rushes.

Her fields are fat with corn and wine,
They billow with the cotton;
And foreign plants neglect to pine,
Their native elimes forgotten.
Green things throughout the genial year
In her rich soil are growing;
The subtle ear can almost hear
The horn of plenty blowing.

Born in response to human needs
She struck from off the debtor,
And from the victim of the creeds,
Oppression's galling fetter;
She rescued derelicts forlorn,
And waifs misfortune hounded;
In charity divinely born,
Her commonwealth was founded.

Whate'er her wealth of laboring mills,
Of fields or mines or waters,
Best product of her plains and hills,
Is her own sons and daughters.
Their deeds which signalize the years
In history's page are glowing,
And still the blood of pioneers,
Through later veins is flowing.

Why should we other regions seek,
And with their glories dally,
Ere we have climbed old Yonah's peak
Or trod Nacoochee's valley;
Or half in pleasure, half in pain,
Beheld in awe and wonder
Tallulah shake his hoary mane,
And revel in his thunder?

If you should ask what country's best,
Altho' opinion varies,
I'd say the land from Mona's crest
Down to the sweet St. Marys;
And that is Georgia—Georgia mine;
And like the stars that hover,
And like the suns that over her shine,
I am her constant lover.

—WILLIAM T. DUMAS.

THE RED OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA

The red old hills of Georgia!
So bald, and bare, and bleak—
Their memory fills my spirit
With thoughts I cannot speak,
They have no robe of verdure,
Stript naked to the blast;
And yet, of all the varied earth,
I love them best at last.

I love them for the pleasure
With which my life was blest,
When erst I left in boyhood
My footsteps on their breast,
When in the rains had perished
Those steps from plain and knoll,
Then vanished, with the storm of grief,
Joy's footprints from my soul!

The red old hills of Georgia!
My heart is on them now;
Where, fed from golden streamlets,
Oconee's waters flow!
I love them with devotion,
Though washed so bleak and bare—
Oh! can my spirit e'er forget
The warm hearts dwelling there?

I love them for the living—
 The generous, kind, and gay;
 And for the dead who slumber
 Within their breasts of clay.
 I love them for the bounty
 Which cheers the social hearth;
 I love them for their rosy girls—
 The fairest on the earth!

The red old hills of Georgia!
 Oh! where upon the face
 Of earth is freedom's spirit
 More bright in any race?
 In Switzerland and Scotland
 Each patriot breast it fills,
 But oh! it blazes brighter yet
 Among our Georgia hills!

And where, upon their surface,
 Is heart to feeling dead?
 Oh! when has needy stranger
 Gone from those hills unfed?
 Their bravery and kindness
 For aye go hand in hand,
 Upon your washed and naked hills,
 My own, my native land!

The red old hills of Georgia
 I never can forget;
 Amid life's joys and sorrows,
 My heart is on them yet:
 And when my course is ended—
 No more to toil and rove,
 May I be held in their dear clasp
 Close, close to them I love!

—GEN. HENRY R. JACKSON.

GEORGIA SCHOOL SONG

Blest is thy land, fair Georgia,
 From the mountains to the sea,
 The purpose of whose founders was
 The oppress from wrongs to free.

Then hail to thee our Georgia
 For of the "Old Thirteen"
 No brighter star shone ever
 Or ever shall be seen.

"Not for themselves for others"
 Was the way their motto ran
 And in the path of mercy
 Did they early lead the van.

Our fathers sought the "new world"
 With a motive grand and high
 And faith in God hath ever
 Led our hopes unto the sky.

And so on strong foundations,
 We see motive grand and high
 As symbols of those virtues
 That our Georgia people prize.

A soldier guards the portals
 While a sunburst from above
 Illumines arch and pillars
 With God's all protecting love.

God grant our solons Wisdom
 Let strict Justice hold the scale
 And Moderation guide the hand
 That must make the law prevail.
 —JOSEPH T. DERRY.

SONG OF THE GEORGIAN

Nor Cavalier nor Puritan
 Singly within his rich veins ran;
 But the Moravian's innocence,
 The high Salzburger's fortitude
 (Strong to endure his fortunes rude)
 Sweet Herbert's fine benevolence,
 The spirit which from Wesley sprung
 (Religion's ancient miracle
 Which like to Love, is ever young),
 The stamp of Whitfield's oracles,
 The highlander's undaunted heart
 Alight with proudly glowing fires—
 These were the Georgian's mighty sires!
 These still to him their force impart.

Tempted of poverty, their hands
 Wrenched from no hapless chief his lands—
 That session of the soil obtained,
 By honorable treaty won,
 Left no distressful tribe undone,
 No blood its wholesome annals stained.

And when the red'ning mist of death
 On Tomochichi's weary eyes
 Fell thickly, he, with quiet breath,
 Besought the grave his soul would prize—
 "Bury me," said the dying king,
 "Among my white friends where the waves
 Savannah's feet forever laves,
 The last kind boon your love can bring."

What nobler monument shall tell
 How Georgia's oaths inviolate dwell?
 What great seal of well-earned praise
 Shall lie on Oglethorpe, whose dreams
 Begot reality which gleams
 A star on which a god might gaze!
 Oh, hero and philanthropist,
 Unspotted in a spotted world,
 What selfless thoughts thy hopes unfurled!
 Thy life with thine ideals kept tryst.
 And we whose cheeks must flush with pride
 Whene'er past days our minds divide
 From present cares, do we guard well
 Our glorious inheritance?
 Do our own ideals advance
 Do faith and purity compel
 The death of all iniquity?

Oh, Justice, Moderation, make
 Your trinity with Wisdom—break
 The grasp of greed unfalteringly.
 Keep our young manhood brave and pure;
 Gay-hearted, on its lips a song—
 But ready to redeem each wrong
 By virtue conquering evermore.

So shall the title "Georgian" be
 Of life's best worth true guarantee;
 And they, the peerless Dead, may turn
 Untroubled on us their deep eyes,
 And see our noble cities rise
 Cleansed of all foulness. May we burn
 With generous ardor to exceed
 The golden acts of history.
 Since our fair state is blessed indeed
 By beauty's sweet supremacy.
 May this ambition through us flame—
 That of our men the world shall say
 "Trust ye the stranger here today,
 Because he bears a Georgian name."

—CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

GEORGIA

(Written on Santa Catalina Island, twenty-seven miles off the coast
 of California, where the author spent two years, from 1906 to 1908.)

Far, far to the South lies the fairest of lands,
 An Eden of love and of light;
 On its cedar-crowned hills, on its surf-beaten sands,
 My spirit is dreaming tonight.
 To me, over moorland and mountain and mead,
 Each breeze, like a siren, sings
 With a cadence born of a music keyed
 To a harp of a thousand strings.

Fair England may boast of her roses entwined
 And France of her fleur de lis;
 But lovelier gems no land e'er enshrined
 Than Georgia enshrineth for me.
 Old Norway is grand, where the ice-king enthalls
 The land of the midnight sun;
 But give me the land where the Love-Light calls
 To my heart when the day is done.

The German may boast of the rhythmical Rhine
 That ripples beyond the sea;
 But give me the land where the sunbeams shine,
 'Tis the queen of all lands to me.
 Arabia's shrine to Mahomet divine
 May gladden the Moslem's eye;
 But the Mecca for me is the grass-covered lea
 Where Georgia's soft winds sigh.

The proud old Italian may prate of the stream
 That rolls o'er the rocks of Rome;
 But give me the land where the broad oaks dream
 O'er the golden hearts of home.
 Where the violets wander in wanton perfume
 To the velvet edge of the sky
 And the willows bend and the roses bloom
 O'er the beds where the loved ones lie.

The bard of old Scotland may sing of the lakes
 That mirror the Northern Star
 And the fond Irish minstrel the shamrock that wakes
 The bloom of his Erin go Bragh;
 But let the red hills of old Georgia be mine
 And lay my cold ashes to rest
 Neath the folds of an evergreen banner of pine
 In the land I love the best.

—LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT.