

## Chapter 149.

### State Song and Toast.

#### § 149-1. "The Old North State."

The song known as "The Old North State," as hereinafter written, is adopted and declared to be the official song of the State of North Carolina, said song being in words as follows:

"Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her!  
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her;  
Though the scorner may sneer at and witlings defame her,  
Our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.  
Hurrah! Hurrah! The Old North State forever!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! The good Old North State!  
Though she envies not others their merited glory,  
Say, whose name stands the foremost in Liberty's story!  
Though too true to herself e'er to crouch to oppression,  
Who can yield to just rule more loyal submission?  
Plain and artless her sons, but whose doors open faster  
At the knock of a stranger, or the tale of disaster?  
How like to the rudeness of their dear native mountains,  
With rich ore in their bosoms and life in their fountains.  
And her daughters, the Queen of the Forest resembling—  
So graceful, so constant, yet to gentlest breath trembling;  
And true lightwood at heart, let the match be applied them,  
How they kindle and flame! Oh! none know but who've tried them.  
Then let all who love us, love the land that we live in  
(As happy a region on this side of Heaven),  
(Where Plenty and Freedom, Love and Peace smile before us,  
Raise aloud, raise together, the heart-thrilling chorus!"

(1927, c. 26, s. 1.)

#### § 149-2. "A Toast" to North Carolina.

The song referred to as "A Toast" to North Carolina is hereby adopted and declared to be the official toast to the State of North Carolina, said toast being in words as follows:

"Here's to the land of the long leaf pine,  
The summer land where the sun doth shine,  
Where the weak grow strong and the strong grow great,  
Here's to 'Down Home,' the Old North State!  
"Here's to the land of the cotton bloom white,  
Where the scuppernong perfumes the breeze at night,  
Where the soft southern moss and jessamine mate,  
'Neath the murmuring pines of the Old North State!  
"Here's to the land where the galax grows,  
Where the rhododendron's rosette glows,  
Where soars Mount Mitchell's summit great,  
In the 'Land of the Sky,' in the Old North State!  
"Here's to the land where maidens are fair,  
Where friends are true and cold hearts rare,  
The near land, the dear land whatever fate,  
The blest land, the best land, the Old North State!"

(1957, c. 777.)