


THE BOYS IN BLUE

WITH GLORY ARMED AND SHOD
IN GRAND REVIEW SWING PAST
THE THRONE OF GOD





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from

The Institute of Museum and Library Services through an Indiana State Library LSTA Grant

THE BOYS IN BLUE
WITH GLORY ARMED AND SHOD
IN GRAND REVIEW SWING PAST
THE THRONE OF GOD

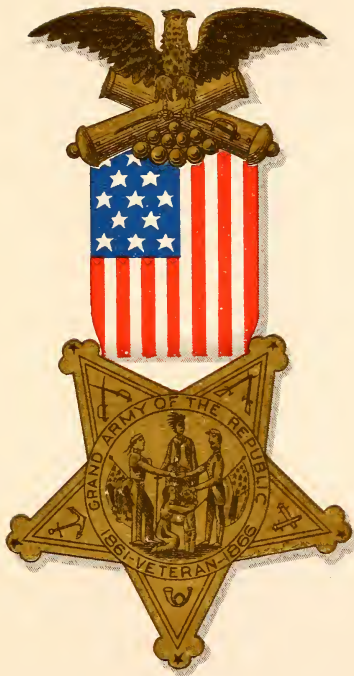


An Original
COLLECTION
of
WAR POEMS
and
WAR SONGS
of the
AMERICAN CIVIL WAR
1860—1865



COMPILED BY ANGIE C. BEEBE

Edited and Published
by
THE ARGUS PRESS AT RED WING, MINN.





Copyright, 1903, by
THE ARGUS PRESS—RED WING, MINN.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Undying associations cling to the songs of the camp, the hymns before the battle, the poems that were called forth by the deepest emotions of the soldiers' experience. In compiling this collection no pains were spared to gather those that were first favorites. Those songs and poems that did not win popularity in the time of the civil war have been rigidly discarded, whatever their merit. Those which are identified with the high tide of American patriotism are here included and it is believed that in this respect this is the most complete collection ever published.

There is not a song or verse here but the soldiers' heart and the hearts of patient watchers at home have been thrilled to the depths on unnumbered fields and in countless homes. And to preserve the complete circle of association, the most notable of the cries of defiance have also been retained, "Dixie," and "Maryland," for example.

In no other way can the sentiment of those times be so faithfully reproduced. The careless measures of negro melodies; the homely pathos of those songs that spoke of dear and tender ties; the shouts that rolled spontaneously from lips of marching thousands, like "John Brown's Body" and "We are coming, Father Abraham," the hymns that breathed the highest and holiest feelings, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," or "America," all in all constitute a composite that is unique. It is a treasury of recollection for those who had part in those stirring days, a precious heritage to those who came later on the scene when the memories of that time had else become faded and dim.

Many of the matters here contained are fugitive and not easily accessible in complete form, so that to gather them in this compass has seemed a labor well worth the effort. If it shall serve to illumine cherished memories and to brighten into clearer flame the fires of patriotism, it will not have been undertaken in vain.



Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or

detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion. That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain. That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. — Abraham Lincoln at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, in November, 1863.

CONTENTS

AMERICA.....	17
My Country, 'tis of Thee	
AMERICAN FLAG, The.....	56
When Freedom, from her mountain height	
ALL QUIET ON THE POTOMAC.....	66
"All quiet along the Potomac," they say	
BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM, The.....	55
Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys,	
BABYLON IS FALLEN.....	64
Don't you see de black clouds risin' ober yonder	
BRAVE BATTERY BOYS.....	62
We come with reversed arms, O comrades who sleep	
BRAVE BOYS ARE THEY.....	74
Heavily falls the rain	
BLUE AND THE GRAY, The....	72
By the flow of the inland river	
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.....	84
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord	
BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.....	88
The muffled drum's sad roll has beat	
COVER THEM OVER.....	94
Cover them over with beautiful flowers	
COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.....	60
O, Columbia, the gem of the ocean	
DIXIE—Gen. Pike version.....	44
Southrons, hear your country call you	
DIXIE—Dan Emmett version.....	48
I wish I was in de land ob cotton	
DIXIE—Original version.....	47
Away down south in de fields of cotton	
DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER..	59
Close his eyes; his work is done	
END OF THE WAR... ..	96
Thank God! the bloody days are past	
GRAFTED INTO THE ARMY.....	90
Our Jimmy has gone to live in a tent	
HAIL, COLUMBIA.....	50
Hail, Columbia! Happy land	
HOME, SWEET HOME.....	95
'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam	
JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.....	33
Just before the battle, mother	
JOHN BROWN'S BODY—As written.....	38
John Brown died on the scaffold for the slave	
JOHN BROWN'S BODY—As it was sung.....	49
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave	
JOHN BROWN'S BODY—Brownell.....	41
Old John Brown lies a-mouldering in the grave	
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.....	24
Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom	

CONTENTS

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.....	20
Bring the good old bugle, boys	
MEMORIAL DAY.....	37
Our martyred dead! on each low bed	
MARYLAND.....	68
The despot's heel is on thy shore	
MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND.....	80
Round de meadows am a-ringing	
MY BONNIE.....	71
My Bonnie lies over the ocean	
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.....	92
Nearer, my God, to Thee	
OLD FOLKS AT HOME.....	25
Way down upon the Swanee ribber	
OUR FLAG IS THERE.....	26
Our flag is there! Our flag is there!	
OLE SHADY.....	76
Oh! Yah! Yah! Darkies laugh wid me	
OLD BLACK JOE.....	87
Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay	
O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!.....	91
O Captain! my captain! our fearful trip is done	
REVEILLE.....	43
The morning is cheery, my boys arouse	
STAR SPANGLED BANNER.....	18
O, say, can you see by the dawn's early light	
SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.....	30
Our camp-fire shone bright on the mountains	
SHERIDAN'S RIDE.....	52
Up from the South, at break of day	
SWEET BY AND BY.....	82
There's a land that is fairer than day	
TENTING TONIGHT.....	83
We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground	
TRAMP TRAMP, TRAMP.....	79
In the prison cell I sit	
VACANT CHAIR, The.....	78
We shall meet, but we shall miss him	
WE'RE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM.....	22
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand	
WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW.....	32
Why am I so weak and weary	
WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.....	34
Dearest love, do you remember	
WE'VE DRUNK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN.....	36
There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours	
WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.....	86
When Johnny comes marching home again	
YANKEE DOODLE.....	27
Father and I went down to camp	

FIRST CORPS.

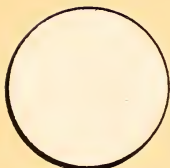


1ST DIV.

SECOND CORPS.



1ST DIV.



2D DIV.



2D DIV.



3D DIV.



3D DIV.

Army Corps Badges

THIRD CORPS.



1ST DIV.



2D DIV.

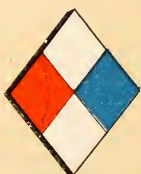


3D DIV.

THIRD CORPS ARTILLERY BRIGADE.



1ST DIV.



2D DIV.



3D DIV.

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing!
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of Liberty!
To thee we sing!
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our king!

—Samuel Francis Smith.

STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through
the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting
in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was
still there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of
the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower-
ing steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.
'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

And where is the foe that so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
pollution;

con—

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing
another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world
along,
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand
strong;
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea
While we were marching through Georgia!

How the darkies shouted when they heard the
joyful sound,
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary
found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the
ground
While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes, and there were union men who wept with
joyful tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not
seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking
forth in cheers
While we were marching through Georgia.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never
reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebel said, and 'twas a handsome
boast,
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the
host
While we were marching through Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and
her train,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the
main,
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in
vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free,
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea
While we were marching through Georgia!

— Henry Clay Work.

WE ARE COMING FATHER ABRAHAM

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from
New England's shore;
We leave our plows and workshops, our wives
and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a
silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly
before;
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred
thousand more.

CHORUS:

We are coming, we are coming, our Union to
restore,
We are coming, Father Abraham, with three
hundred thousand more,
We are coming, Father Abraham, with three
hundred thousand more.

If you look across the hilltops that meet the
northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision
may descry;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy
veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and
in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands
brave music pour,
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred
thousand more.

con—

If you look up all our valleys, where the growing
harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast form-
ing into line;
And children from their mother's knees, are
pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow, against their
country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every
cottage door;
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred
thousand more.

You have called us and we're coming by Rich-
mond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom's sake, our brother's
bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench
the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to
parade;
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have
gone before:
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred
thousand more.

We are coming, Father Abraham

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,
 Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Amen.

—John H. Newman.



THOMAS J. STEWART

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon the Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's whar my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's whar de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS:

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eberywhere I roam,
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.
One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming,
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?

—Stephen C. Foster.

OUR FLAG IS THERE

Our flag is there! Our flag is there!
We'll hail it with three loud huzzas!
Our flag is there! Our flag is there!
Behold the glorious stripes and stars!
Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag,
Strong hands sustained it masthead high,
And oh! to see how proud it waves,
Brings tears of joy to ev'ry eye.

CHORUS:

Our flag is there! Our flag is there!
We'll hail it with three loud huzzas!
Our flag is there! Our flag is there!
Behold the glorious stripes and stars!

That flag withstood the battle's roar,
With foemen stout, with foemen brave;
Strong hands have sought that flag to low'r
And found a speedy wat'ry grave!
That flag is known on ev'ry shore,
The standard of a gallant band,
Alike unstained in peace or war,
It floats o'er freedom's happy land.

YANKEE DOODLE

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Good'in'
And there we saw the men and boys,
As thick as hasty puddin'.

CHORUS:

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men
As rich as Squire David,
And what they wasted every day
I wish it had been saved.

The 'lasses they eat up every day
Would keep our house all winter,
They have so much, that I'll be bound
They eat it when they've mind ter.

And there I see a whopping gun
As big as a log of maple,
Mounted on a little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off
It takes a horn of powder;
It made noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

con—

I went as nigh to one myself
As 'Siah's underpinning,
And father went as nigh agin;
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I shrunked it off
And hung by father's pocket.

And Capting Davis had a gun
He kind of clap't his hand on't
And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron
Upon the little end on't.

And there I saw a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's basin;
And every time they sent one off,
They scampered like tarnation.

I see a little barrel too,
Its heads were made of leather;
They knocked on it with little clubs
To call the folks together.

And there was Cap'n Washington
With grand folks all about him.
They say he's grown so tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.

C011—

He got him on his meeting clothes
And rode a slapping stallion,
And gave his orders to the men—
I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers in his hat,
They looked so tarnal fin--ah,
I wanted peskily to get,
To give to my Jemima.

And then they'd fife away like fun,
And play on corn-stalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood,
All wound about their middles.

The troopers, too, would gallop up,
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

And then I saw a snarl of men
A-digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'lowed they were to hold me.

It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

Our camp-fire shone bright on the mountains
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning
And eagerly watched for the foe;
When a rider came out from the darkness,
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea."

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men;
For we knew that the stars on our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And blessings from Northland would greet us
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys, forward to battle,
We marched on our wearisome way,
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca
God bless those who fell on that day;
Then Kennesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standards,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

con—

Still onward we pressed, till our banner
 Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
 The soil where the traitor flag falls;
But we paused not to weep for the fallen,
 Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel
 As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Oh, proud was our army that morning,
 That stood where the pine proudly towers,
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary;
 This day fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sang we a song for our chieftain,
 That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter,
 When Sherman marched down to the sea.

—Lieut. S. H. M. Byers.

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER
NOW?

Why am I so weak and weary?

See how faint my heated breath,
All around to me seems darkness,
Tell me, comrades, is this death?
Ah! how well I know your answer;
To my fate I meekly bow,
If you'll only tell me truly,
Who will care for Mother now?

Who will comfort her in sorrow?
Who will dry the falling tear?
Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead?
Who will whisper words of cheer?
Even now I think I see her
Kneeling, praying for me! how
Can I leave her in her anguish?
Who will care for Mother now?

Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantle be the sky;
Hasten, comrades, to the battle,
I will like a soldier die.
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow,
I have for my country fallen.
Who will care for Mother now?

Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow,
I have for my country fallen,
Who will care for Mother now?

—Chas. C. Sawyer.

FOURTH CORPS.



1ST DIV.

FIFTH CORPS.



1ST DIV.



2D DIV.



2D DIV.



3D DIV.



3D DIV.

Army Corps Badges

SIXTH CORPS.



1ST DIV.

SEVENTH CORPS.



1ST DIV.



2D DIV.



2D DIV.



3D DIV.



3D DIV.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER

Just before the battle, Mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view—
Comrades brave are 'round me lying,
Filled with thoughts of home and God;
For well they know that on the morrow
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS:

Farewell, mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again.
But, oh, you'll not forget me, Mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain.

Oh, I long to see you, Mother,
And the loving ones at home,
But I'll never leave our banner
Till in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors all around you
That their cruel words we know,
In every battle kill our soldiers
By the help they give the foe.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight,
Now, may God protect us, Mother,
As He ever does the right.
Hear the "Battle-Cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air,
Oh, yes, we'll rally 'round the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there.

— George F. Root.

WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER

Dearest love, do you remember
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh! How proud you stood before me
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true.

CHORUS:

Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears how vain!
Yet praying,
When this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again!

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along;
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling, but in vain.

If amid the din of battle
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call,
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah, the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain.

cont—

But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way;
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love the starry banner,
Emblem of the free.

— Chas. C. Sawyer.

When this cruel war is over

WE'VE DRUNK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true lovers' knots, I ween.
The boys and the girls are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this:
We have drunk from the same canteen!

CHORUS:

The same canteen, my soldier friend,
The same canteen;
There's never a bond like this:
We have drunk from the same canteen.

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
Sometimes apple-jack, as fine as silk;
But whatever the tipples has been,
We shared it together in bane or in bliss,
And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this:
We have drunk from the same canteen.

We've shared our blankets and tents together,
And marched and fought, in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we've been;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best:
We've drunk from the same canteen.

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast, and but little hope
On which my faint spirit might lean;
Oh! then I remember, you crawl'd to my side,
And bleeding so fast, it seemed both must have
died,
We have drunk from the same canteen!

—Maj. Charles G. Halpine.

MEMORIAL DAY

Our martyred dead! on each low bed,
Green be the chaplet, fresh the roses;
No marble cold may guard your mold,
But loving hearts around are swelling.

Oh, lightly rest, on each calm breast,
The turf where each in peace reposes;
Each daring deed shall gain the meed
Of praise from all hearts richly welling.

Hail! hero shades, your battle blades
A wall of steel our homes surrounded;
Your sacred dust be the choice trust
Of Freedom's grateful sons and daughters.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

As It Was Written.

John Brown died on the scaffold for the slave,
Dark was the hour when we dug his hallowed
grave;
Now God avenge the life he gladly gave.
Freedom reigns today!

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Freedom reigns today!

John Brown sowed and the harvesters are we,
Honor to him who has made the bondsman free,
Loved evermore shall our noble ruler be,
Freedom reigns today!

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
Bright o'er the sod let the starry banner wave!
Lo! for the million he periled all to save.
Freedom reigns today!

John Brown's soul through the world is march-
ing on,
Hail to the hour when oppression shall be gone!
All men will sing in the better day's dawn,
Freedom reigns today!

con—

John Brown dwells where the battle strife is o'er,
Hate cannot harm him, nor sorrow stir him
more ;

Earth will remember the martyrdom he bore,
Freedom reigns today!

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
John Brown lives in the triumph of the brave;
John Brown's soul not a higher joy can crave,
Freedom reigns today!

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Freedom reigns today!

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

As It Was Sung.

John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
His soul is marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory! glory, hallelujah!
Glory! glory, hallelujah!
Glory! glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

The stars of Heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of Heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of Heaven are looking kindly down,
On the grave of old John Brown.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
His soul is marching on.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
His soul is marching on.

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
And they'll go marching on.

They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,
They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,
They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,
As they go marching on.



LODUSKY J. TAYLOR

NATIONAL PRESIDENT WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

Old John Brown lies a-mouldering in the grave,
Old John Brown lies slumbering in his grave,
But John Brown's soul is marching with the brave
His soul is marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
His soul is marching on!

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He is sworn as a private in the ranks of the Lord,
He shall stand at Armageddon with his brave
old sword.

When Heaven is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
For Heaven is marching on.

He shall file in front where the lines of battle
form—

He shall face to front when the squares of battle
form—

Time with the column, and charge with the
storm,

Where men are marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
True men are marching on.

con—

Ah, foul tyrants! do ye hear him where he comes?
Ah, black traitors! do ye know him as he comes?
In thunder of the cannon and roll of the drums,
As we go marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
We all are marching on.

Men may die and moulder in the dust—
Men may die and arise again from dust,
Shoulder to shoulder in the ranks of the Just,
When Heaven is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
The Lord is marching on.

—Henry Howard Brownell.

REVEILLE

The morning is cheery, my boys arouse!
The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs,
And the sleepy mist on the river lies,
Though the east is flushing with crimson dyes.

Awake! awake! awake!
O'er field and wood and brake,
With glories newly born,
Comes on the blushing morn,
Awake! awake!

You have dreamed of your homes and friends
all night;

You have basked in your sweethearts' smiles so
bright;

Come part with them all for awhile again—
Turn out! turn out! turn out!

You have dreamed full long, I know.

Turn out! turn out! turn out!
The east is all aglow.
Turn out! turn out!

From every valley and hill there come
The clamoring voices of fife and drum,
And out in the fresh cool morning air
The soldiers are swarming everywhere.

Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Every man in his place,
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Each with a cheerful face,
Fall in! Fall in!

—Michael O'Connor.

DIXIE

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! to arms! to arms, in Dixie!
Lo, all the beacons are lighted,—
Let all hearts be now united!
To arms! to arms! to arms, in Dixie!

CHORUS:

Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the northern thunders mutter!
Northern flags in south winds flutter!
To arms! to arms! to arms, in Dixie!
Send them back your fierce defiance,
Stamp upon the accursed alliance!
To arms! to arms! to arms, in Dixie!

con—

Fear no danger, shun no labor,
Lift up rifle, pike and saber!
 To arms! to arms! to arms, in Dixie!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder!
 To arms! to arms! to arms, in Dixie!

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannon's ringing voices!
 To arms! to arms! to arms, in Dixie!
For Faith betrayed and pledges broken
Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken—
 To arms! to arms! to arms, in Dixie!

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles,
 To arms! to arms! to arms, in Dixie!
Cut the unequal bonds asunder!
Let them hence each other plunder:
 To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Swear upon your country's altar
Never to submit or falter!
 To arms! to arms! to arms, in Dixie!
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed!
 To arms! to arms! to arms, in Dixie!

con—

Halt not till our Federation
Secures among earth's powers its station!
 To arms! to arms! to arms, in Dixie!
Then at peace, and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story!
 To arms! to arms! to arms, in Dixie!

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness!
 To arms! to arms! to arms, in Dixie!
Exultant pride soon banish sorrow;
Smiles chase tears away tomorrow;
 To arms! to arms! to arms, in Dixie!

CHORUS:

Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

—Gen. Albert Pike.

DIXIE

Original Version-

A way down South in de fields of cotton,
Cinnamomseed and sandy bottom;

Look away, look away,

Look away, look away,

Den 'way down South in de fields of cotton,
Vinegar shoes and paper stockings;

Look away, look away,

Look away, look away.

Den I wish I was in Dixie's Land,

Oh—Oh! Oh—Oh!

In Dixie's Land I'll take my stand,

And live and die in Dixie's Land,

Away, away, away,

Away down South in Dixie.

Pork and cabbage in de pot;

It goes in cold and comes out hot;

Look away, look away,

Look away, look away.

Vinegar put right on red beet,

It makes them always fit to eat;

Look away, look away,

Look away, look away.

Den I wish I was in Dixie's Land,

Oh—Oh! Oh—Oh!

In Dixie's Land I'll take my stand,

And live and die in Dixie's Land,

Away, away, away,

Away down South in Dixie.

DIXIE

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away, look away, look away,
Dixie Land!

In Dixie land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, look away, look away.
Dixie Land!

CHORUS:

Den I wish I was in Dixie—
Hooray, hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll took my stan',
To lib and die in Dixie!
Away, away,
Away down South in Dixie,
Away, away.
Away down South in Dixie.

Ole Missus marry "Will-de-Weaber,"
William was a gay deceber;
Look away, look away.
But when he put his arm around 'er
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder.
Look away, look away.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to grieb 'er
Look away, look away,
Ole Missus acted the foolish part,
An' died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away, look away.

con—

EIGHTH CORPS.



1ST DIV.



2D DIV.



3D DIV.

NINTH CORPS.



1ST DIV.



2D DIV.



3D DIV.



4TH DIV.

TENTH CORPS.



1ST DIV.

ELEVENTH CORPS.



1ST DIV.



2D DIV.



2D DIV.



3D DIV.



3D DIV.

Army Corps Badges

Now here's a health to de next old Missus,
Ah, all you gals dat want to kiss us,
 Look away, look away,
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song tomorrow,
 Look away, look away.

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Injun batter,
Makes you fat, or a little fatter,
 Look away, look away,
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble,
 Look away, look away.

—Dan Emmett.

HAIL COLUMBIA

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! Heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS:

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety shall we find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize,
While off'ring peace, sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

con—

Sound, sound the trump of fame,
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let every clime to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady power
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.

Behold the chief, who now commands
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat!
The rock on which the storm will beat!
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you;
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or Liberty.

—Joseph Hopkinson.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there's a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, thro' the flash of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;
Hill rose and fell but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

con—

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering
south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and
faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster,
The heart of the steed and the heart of the
master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full
play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape flowed away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark, fed with furnace-ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire;
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

con—

The first that the General saw was the groups
Of stragglers, and, then the retreating troops;
What was done—what to do—a glance told him
both.

And striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of hurrahs,
And the wave of retreat checked its course
there, because

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was
gray,

By the flash of his eye and his nostril's play
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester town to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah! for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah! for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky—
The American soldier's temple of fame—
There with the glorious General's name;
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

—Thomas Buchanan Read.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll
rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather
from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

CHORUS:

The union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star,
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally
once again!
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers
gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million
freemen more,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true
and brave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
And although they may be poor, not a man shall
be a slave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

So we're springing to the call from the east and
from the west,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we
love the best,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

—George Frederick Root.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

con—



ADA E. MAY

NATIONAL SECRETARY WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS



Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

con —

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

—Joseph Rodman Drake.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him,
Mortal love weeps idly by;
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low.

—George H. Boker.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE
OCEAN

Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free;
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble
When borne by the red, white and blue.

CHORUS:

When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red, white and blue
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threaten'd the land to deform
The ark then of freedom's foundation
Columbia rode safe through the storm;
With her garlands of vict'ry around her
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

con—

The boast of the red, white and blue,
The boast of the red, white and blue,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither
And fill you it true to the brim,
May the wreaths they have won never wither
Nor the star of their glory grow dim.
May the service united ne'er sever
But they to their colors prove true,
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

BRAVE BATTERY BOYS

W e come with reversed arms, O comrades
 who sleep,
To rear the proud marble, to muse and to weep,
To speak of the dark days that yet had their
 joys
When we were together—
 Brave Battery Boys.

CHORUS:

Oh! Kenesaw Mountain, Ho! Franklin, declare
What soldiers for Freedom can do and can dare!
Loud peans of praise each patriot employs,
To tell how they triumphed—
 Brave Battery Boys.

Our hearts will recall them, the scenes where
 ye bled,
Where life rushed away in torrent of red;
When Mission Ridge echoed the battle's fierce
 joys,
When rushed to the rescue—
 Brave Battery Boys.

We may not live over each glory-crowned day,
When bravely ye battled and won in the fray;
When proudly ye sported the grand battle toys
And fell but as victors—
 Brave Battery Boys.

We come, O beloved, to garland your tomb,
To twine 'round the marble the spring's freshest
bloom;

To speak of a past that no present destroys,
And call the dead roll of—

Brave Battery Boys.

O brave Twenty-six, when the weary shall rest,
When over our slumbers the sod shall be prest;
When sweetly forgetful of all that annoys,
We'll sleep here together,—

Brave Battery Boys.

BABYLON IS FALLEN

Don't you see de black clouds
Risin' ober yonder;
Whar de Massa's ole plantation am?
Nebber you be frightened,
Dem is only darkeys,
Come to jine an' fight for Uncle Sam.

CHORUS:

Look out dar, now!
We's a gwine to shoot,
Look out dar,
Don't you understand?
Babylon is fallen!
Babylon is fallen!
And we's a gwine to occupy de land.

Don't you see de lightnin'
Flashin' in de canebrake,
Like as if we're gwine to hab a storm?
No! you is mistaken,
'Tis de darkeys' bay'nets,
An' de buttons on deir uniform.

Way up in de cornfield,
Whar you hear de tunder,
Dat is our forty-pounder gun;
When de shells are missin'
Den we load wid punkins,
All de same to make de cowards run.

con—

TWELFTH AND TWENTIETH CORPS.



1ST DIV.



2D DIV.

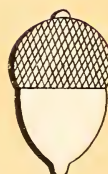


3D DIV.

FOURTEENTH CORPS.



1ST DIV.



2D DIV.



3D DIV.

FIFTEENTH CORPS.



1ST DIV.



2D DIV.



3D DIV.



4TH DIV.

SIXTEENTH CORPS.



1ST DIV.



2D DIV.



3D DIV.

Massa was de Kernel
In de rebel army,
Ebber sence he went an' run away;
But his lubly darkeys,
Dey has been a-watchin'
An' dey take him pris'ner tudder day.

We will be de massa,
He will be de sarvant—
Try him how he like it for a spell;
So we crack de Butt'nuts,
So we take de Kernel,
So de cannon carry back de shell.

—Henry C. Work.

ALL IS QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
Except, now and then, a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, his death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac tonight,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming,
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother—may heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low murmured vows
Were pledged, to be ever unbroken.
Then, drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of
light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! Was it the night wind that rustled the
leaves?

Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
The red life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac tonight;
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever!

—Ethel Lynn Beers.

All is quiet along the Potomac

MARYLAND

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother state, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

con—

Dear mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!

Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!

She meets her sisters on the plain,—
"Sic Semper!" 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!

Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!

Come to thine own heroic throng,
Stalking with liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!

For thou wert ever bravely meek,
Maryland!

But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

con—

Maryland, my Maryland

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul—
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The "Old Line's" bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb,
Huzza! She spurns the northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll
come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

—James R. Randall,.

BRING BACK MY BONNIE TO ME

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea;
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh! bring back my Bonnie to me.

CHORUS:

Bring back, bring back, bring back my
Bonnie to me, to me,
Bring back, bring back, bring back my
Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day,
 Under the one, the Blue,
 Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dust of eternity meet:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day:—
 Under the laurel, the Blue,
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
 Alike for the friend and the foe:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day:—
 Under the roses, the Blue,
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
 The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day:—
 Brodered with gold, the Blue,
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

con—

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest, and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:—
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red,
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

—Francis Miles Finch.

BRAVE BOYS ARE THEY

Heavily falls the rain,
Wild are the breezes to-night;
But 'neath the roof, the hours as they fly,
Are happy, and calm, and bright.
Gathering round our fireside,
Tho' it be summer time,
We sit and talk of brothers abroad,
Forgetting the midnight chime.

CHORUS;

Brave boys are they
Gone at their country's call,
And yet, and yet we cannot forget,
That many brave boys must fall.

Under the homestead roof,
Nestled so cozy and warm,
While soldiers sleep, with little or naught,
To shelter them from the storm,—
Resting on grassy couches,
Pillow'd on hillocks damp;
Of martial fare, how little we know,
Till brothers are in the camp.

con—

Thinking no less of them,
Loving our country the more,
We sent them forth to fight for the flag,
Their fathers before them bore.
Tho' the great tear-drops started,
Thus was our parting trust:
"God bless you, boys! We'll welcome you home,
When rebels are in the dust."

May the bright wings of love,
Guard them wherever they roam;
The time has come when brothers must fight,
And sisters must pray at home.
Oh! the dread field of battle
Soon will be strewn with graves!
If brothers fall, then bury them where
Our banner in triumph waves.

—Henry C. Work.

OLE SHADY

Oh! yah! yah! darkies laugh wid me,
For de white folks say Ole Shady's free;
So don't you see dat de jubilee
 Is a-coming, coming;
 Hail! mighty day.

CHORUS:

Den away, away, for I can't wait any longer,
Hooray, hooray, I'm going home.
Den away, away, for I can't wait any longer,
Hooray, hooray, I'm going home.

Oh, Mass' got scared and so did his lady.
Dis chile breaks for Ole Uncle Aby,
"Open de gates out, here's Ole Shady
 A-coming, coming,"
 Hail! mighty day.

Good bye Mass' Jeff, good bye Mis'r Stephens,
'Scuse dis niggah for takin his leavins,
'Spect pretty soon you'll hear Uncle Abram's
 A-coming, coming,
 Hail! mighty day.

Good bye, hard work wid never any pay,
I'se a gwine up North where de good folks say
Dat white wheat bread and a dollar a day
 Are coming, coming,
 Hail! mighty day.

con—

Oh, I've got a wife, and I've got a baby,
Living up yonder in Lower Canady,
Won't dey laugh when dey see Ole Shady
 A-coming, coming,
 Hail! mighty day.

CHORUS:

Den away, away, for I can't wait any longer,
Hooray, hooray, I'm going home
Den away, away, for I can't wait any longer,
Hooray, hooray, I'm going home.

THE VACANT CHAIR

We shall meet but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him,
While we breathe our evening prayer,
When a year ago we gathered,
Joy was in his mild blue eye,
But a golden cord is severed,
And our hopes in ruin lie.

CHORUS:

We shall meet but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair,
We shall linger to caress him,
When we breathe our evening prayer.

At our fireside, sad and lonely,
Often will our bosom swell
At remembrance of the story
How our noble Willie fell;
How he strove to bear the banner
Through the thickest of the fight,
And uphold our country's honor,
In the strength of manhood's might.

True, they tell us wreaths of glory
Evermore will deck his brow,
But this soothes the anguish only
Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now.
Sleep today, O, early fallen,
In thy green and narrow bed,
Dirges from the pine and cypress
Mingle with the tears we shed.

—Henry S. Washburn.

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP! THE BOYS
ARE MARCHING

In the prison-cell I sit,
Thinking, Mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away,—
And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay—

CHORUS:

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are marching!
Cheer up! comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag,
We shall breathe the air again,
Of the Free-land in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood,
When their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more;
But, before they reached our lines,
They were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of Vict'ry o'er and o'er.

So, within the prison-cell,
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door;
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD
GROUND

Round de meadows am a-ringing,
De darkey's mournful song,
While de mocking-bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am a-creeping,
O'er de grassy mound,
Dere old massa am a-sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

CHORUS:

Down in de corn field,
Hear dat mournful sound,
All de darkeys am a-weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now de orange tree am blooming,
On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days am coming,
Massa nebber calls no more!

con—

Massa make de darkeys love him,
Cayse he was so kind;
Now dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
Cayse de tear-drops flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Picking on de old banjo.

Down in de corn-field,
Hear dat mournful sound;
All de darkeys am a-weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

—Stephen C. Foster.

SWEET BY AND BY

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

CHORUS:

In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

We're tenting to-night on the old camp
ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear:

CHORUS:

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace;
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp
ground,
Thinking of the days gone by;
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the
hand,
And the tear that said good-by!

We are tired of war on the old camp ground;
Many are the dead and gone,
Of the brave and the true, who've left their
homes:
Others have been wounded long.

We've been fighting today on the old camp
ground:
Many are lying near—
Some are dead, and some are dying—
Many are in tears!

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

My eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored;

He has loosed the fateful lightning of His ter-
rible swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-
dred circling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening
dews and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim
and flaring lamps:

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows
of steel:

"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you
My grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,

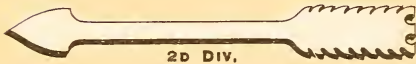
Since God is marching on."

con—

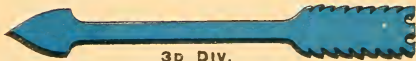
SEVENTEENTH CORPS.



1ST DIV.



2D DIV.



3D DIV.

EIGHTEENTH CORPS.



1ST DIV.

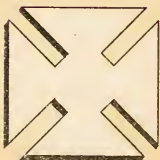
NINETEENTH CORPS.



1ST DIV.



2D DIV.



2D DIV.



3D DIV.



3D DIV.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
judgment seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubil-
ant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you
and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free,
While God is marching on.

—Julia Ward Howe.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING
HOME

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

The village lads and lasses gay,
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

The laurel wreath is ready now,
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

And let each one perform some part
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

—Patrick S. Gilmore.

OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was young
and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling—
"Old Black Joe."

CHORUS:

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my
head is bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling
"Old Black Joe."

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no
pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Grieving for the forms now departed long ago,
I hear their gentle voices calling—
"Old Black Joe."

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,
I hear their gentle voices calling—
"Old Black Joe."

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

The shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow;
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are passed;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

con—

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

—Theodore O'Hara.

GRAFTED INTO THE ARMY

Our Jimmy has gone to live in a tent,
They have grafted him into the army!
He finally puckered up courage and went,
When they grafted him into the army.
I told them the child was too young, alas!
At the captain's forequarters they said he would
pass,
They'd train him up well in the infantry class,
So they grafted him into the army.

Dressed up in his unicorn—dear little chap,
They grafted him into the army!
It seems but a day since he sot in my lap,
But they grafted him into the army.
And these are the trousies he used to wear—
Them very same buttons—the patch and the
tear—

But Uncle Sam gave him a bran new pair
When they grafted him into the army.

Now in my provisions I see him revealed,
They have grafted him into the army!
A picket beside the contented field,
They have grafted him into the army!
He looks kind-er sickish—begins to cry—
A big volunteer standing right in his eye!
Oh! what if the ducky should up and die
Now they've grafted him into the army!

—H. C. Work.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

(On the Death of Lincoln.)

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize
we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people
all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel
grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the
bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for
you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager
faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale
and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse
nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage
closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with
object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—Walt Whitman.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let my way appear,
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

con—

TWENTY-SECOND CORPS.



1ST DIV.

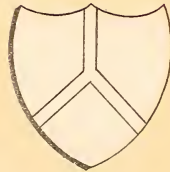
TWENTY-THIRD CORPS.



1ST DIV.



2D DIV.



2D DIV.



3D DIV.



3D DIV.

TWENTY-FOURTH CORPS.



1ST DIV.

TWENTY-FIFTH CORPS.



1ST DIV.



2D DIV.



2D DIV.



3D DIV.



3D DIV.

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise!
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my griefs to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee.

—S. F. Adams.

Nearer, my God, to Thee

COVER THEM OVER WITH BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS

Cover them over with beautiful flowers,
Deck them with garlands, those brothers
of ours,

Lying so silent by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away.
Give them the meed they have won in the past;
Give them the honors their future forecast;
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife;
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.

Cover the hearts that have beaten so high,
Beaten with hopes that were doomed but to die;
Hearts that have burned in the heat of the fray;
Hearts that have yearned for the home far away.
Once they were glowing with friendship and love,
Now their great souls have gone soaring above;
Bravely their blood to the nation they gave,
Then in her bosom they found them a grave.

Cover the thousands that sleep far away,
Sleep where their friends cannot find them to-day;
They, who in mountain and hillside and dell,
Rest where they wearied, and lie where they fell,
Softly the grass-blades creep round their repose;
Sweetly above them the wild flowret blows;
Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'erhead,
Whispering prayers for the patriot dead.

When the long years have rolled slowly away,
E'en to the dawn of earth's funeral day;
When, at the angel's loud trumpet and tread,
Rise up the faces and forms of the dead.
When the great world its last judgment awaits;
When the blue sky shall fling open its gates,
And our long columns march silently through,
Past the Great Captain for final review.

—E. F. Stewart.

HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met
with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
Give me them, and the peace of mind, dearer
than all!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home.

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile;
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home.

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

—John Howard Payne.

END OF THE WAR

Thank God! the bloody days are past;
Our patient hopes are crowned at last;
And sounds of bugle, drum and fife
But lead our heroes home from strife!

Thank God! there beams o'er land and sea
Our blazing star of victory!
And everywhere, from main to main,
The old flag flies and rules again.

—George H. Boker.



The End





No. 554 Sect. F Shelf 2

CONTENTS

Lincoln National Life Foundation
Collateral Lincoln Library

