

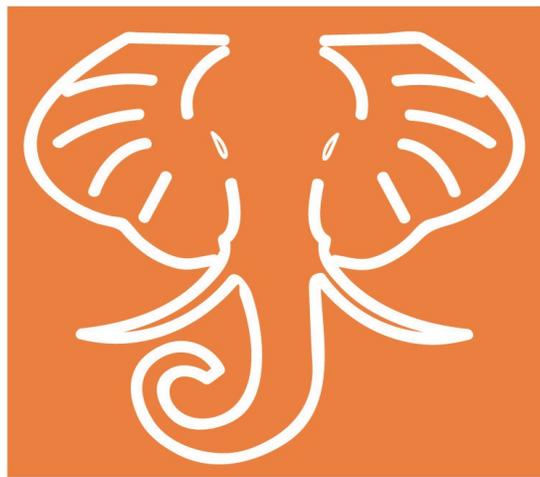
Complete G. A. R. song book.

Smith, William Henry, 1846- [from old catalog]

Detroit, Mich., R. W. Haskin [c1887]

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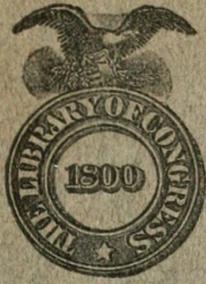


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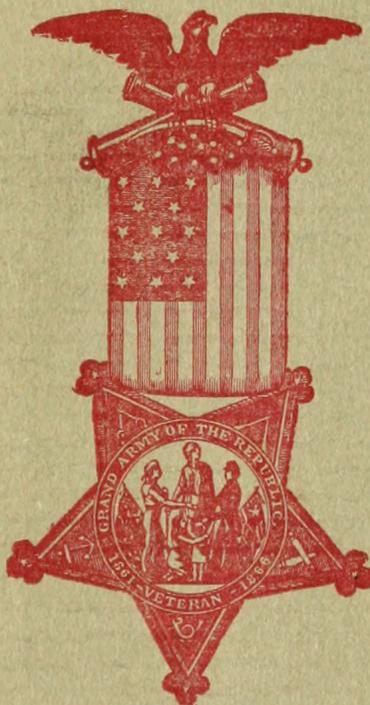
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COMPLETE

G. A. R.

SONG

BOOK



For those who "care for him who
hath borne the battle and for his
widow and orphans."

W. H. Smith

DETROIT :
HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE, 264 WOODWARD AV.
1887.

COMPLETE

—*— G. A. R. —*—

SONG BOOK.

—BY—

W. H. SMITH, M. D., Ph. D.,

Miles Post, 113, St. Clair, Mich.

A complete collection of G. A. R. Songs for all occasions written to old familiar tunes.

33
LET US SING.

To the men of Sixty-one who rallied at the call of country and made the grandest army that ever existed this little volume is respectfully dedicated.

PUBLISHED BY

CAPT. ROBT. W. MASKIN,

Herald Publishing House,

264 Woodward Avenue.

DETROIT, MICH.



c 1887

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W. H. SMITH.

INTRODUCTION.

We have none too much patriotism in our country. To inculcate it by songs or patriotic speeches is well. Loyalty thoroughly taught to the rising generation may prevent the nation again being deluged in blood as in the days from sixty-one to sixty-five. Memorial day besides being a grateful tribute of our hearts to those heroic men who loved their country above their life is worth more than it costs as a safeguard for the future.

The writer believes in fraternity between the sections, but he wishes it a fraternity founded on the principles which triumphed at Appomattox. He admires the Southern soldier as a brave man who was willing to die for his convictions, but his cause has been declared wrong by the stern decision of the sword. Hating as we should the cause which brought forth such herculean deeds of valor and filled the land with woe, let us cherish only the kindest feelings to those misguided men who through four years carried the Confederacy on their bayonets. At the same time let us not forget that the war for slavery and rebellion was forever wrong and that for freedom and country forever right.

The recent presentation of a Confederate banner to the Atlanta Rifles noticed in the Atlanta Constitution of April 2, 1887, and the pageant accorded to Jeff. Davis in his tour through a portion of the South are inimical to our institutions and should be met by demonstrations of loyalty which will say to all that the spirit of Sixty-one is not dead, but that we are ready again, if need be, to repel any assault upon that country for which we once perilled our lives.

Acting on such views these songs have been prepared. If in singing them and keeping in remembrance the heroic days of Sixty-one a more zealous and devoted patriotism shall be inculcated, the writer's wishes will be fully realized. In preparing them the writer has endeavored to supply G. A. R. Posts and kindred organizations with songs appropriate to all occasions whether Memorial Day, the camp-fire, or reunions. The songs for the burial of comrades will supply a want on which he has never seen anything written and those referring to the pension office also are in a new field which will doubtless be appreciated by many comrades who have had experience with red tape.

THE AUTHOR.

ST. CLAIR, MICH., May 5, 1887.

Our Defenders in Blue.

TUNE—The Red, White and Blue.

When rebels our land would dissever,
And rend our old union in twain,
'Twas then that our heroes said never,
Though earth might be burdened with slain,
Though widespread was war's desolation,
And red ran the rich crimson flood;
Our bravest and best for the nation,
Bought safety at price of their blood.

They bore the proud banner of right,
Emblazoned with liberty's light,
Till foemen surrendered before them,
Or fled from the terrible fight,

Columbia was proud of the raising,
Of armies so mighty and true;
And she should ne'er weary in praising,
Her gallant defenders in blue;
They bore her bright standard to glory,
Gave Grant an illustrious name,
And wrote her a wonderful story,
On fields everlasting in fame,

Chorus.

They bore on their bayonets gleaming,
The fate of our national life;
And under her banners proud streaming,
Marched into the death-dealing strife;
With Union's loved flag floating o'er them,
They fought that the land might be free;
And crushing all foemen before them,
They marched from the lakes to the sea.

Chorus.

Song of the Irish Veteran.

TUNE.—Grafted into the Army.

A souldier of ould I lived in a tint,
I voluntared intil the airmy,
Me counthry was calling and gladly I wint,
As a voluntare intil the airmy.
A halethier mon was not to be found,
At the sargint's headquarther they rickoned me soun d,
'Till in foight I recaved a most terrible wound,
While a souldier bye in the airmy,
 Now pinsion farewell, the veto fell,
 Though shot in Alabarmy,
 I thoct to be spared from the county-house yair d
 Whin I had served me toime in the airmy.

A pinsion to wounded they said they would pay,
Whin I enlisted into the airmy,
Uncle Sam was to kape the ould poorhouse away,
Whin he wanted us byes in the airmy.
They tould to us nothing of whin he would pay,
How long our claims in the Bureau would lay,
Howly mither, how I wish he had jist named the day,
Ere I jined meself to the airmy.

Chorus.

They tould to me nothing of the years it would take,
Whin calling us byes to the airmy,
Satisfactory proof to the office to make,
Whin jining ourselves to the airmy,
Nor did they say aught of the things we must show,
Of how a lost limb would ne'er again grow,
And prove we were soun in the years long ago,
Ere iver we jined in the airmy.

Chorus.

Be me sowl, I am sure if the truth they had tould,
Ere iver I entered the airmy,
They would niver have made me a souldier so bould,
Or a voluntare intil the airmy:
But now Grover Cleveland's me pinsion's vetoed,
And sartin I am that I'll surely be blowed,
Before I will vote for the man that has throwed
His slurs at the byes of the airmy.

Chorus.

And now me ould uniform tattered and torn,
The wan that I wore in the airmy,

Only shows that I'm distitute, poor and forlorn,
Since musthering out of the airmy,
And now that I'm forced to be an ould tramp,
Wid divil a spot I can take for me camp,
Wid a foine reputation as a dirty ould scamp,
I'm musthered quite out of the airmy.

Chorus.

But as I have met with some comrades so dear,
Since musthering out of the airmy,
I'll recave me straight rations and divil the fear,
Since jining the glorious Grand Airmy,
And now Mистер Cleveland jist veto away,
And hark to me spakin and jist what I say,
Whin nixt I shall vote for yez 'tis a could day
For a veteran in the Grand Airmy.

Chorus.

We'll Ne'er Forget.

TUNE—Bonnie Doon.

We'll ne'er forget our soldier boys,
So bright, so noble, and so brave,
Who gladly left home's peaceful joys,
And risked their lives our land to save,
They nobly marched o'er hill and plain,
In battles too were grandly brave,
Their courage ne'er was known to wane,
However near they saw the grave.

Some marched with them to come no more,
Where rose the starry flag in pride,
Where heard the cannon's deaf'ning roar,
They fought, and fell, and nobly died.
Their tiny mounds of loyal dust
We'll proudly guard with zealous care,
And ne'er allow the miser's lust
Their mem'ry from our heartsto tear.

On this bright Decoration Day,
Their noble deeds we will review,
And cheer the men who stood the fray,
And for our land were brave and true.
And blest are those who sweetly sleep
So that their fate all men bewail,
Their mem'ry now so green we keep,
Their glorious deeds shall never pale.

Meeting in Reunion.

TUNE—The Old Granite State.

We boys who saved the nation,
By the cannon's arbitration,
Will go in for jubilation,
 And we're all feeling gay;
So we took a little leisure,
And we gather here for pleasure,
While our joy no man can measure
 At our meeting to-day.

We recall the army ration,
And war's dreary desolation,
With all kinds of devastation
 In the days long ago;
For we had a little 'ruction,
And of rebels made reduction,
When our land escaped destruction,
 As we crushed out the foe.

We are glad the war is over,
And a fact we'll tell moreover,
That the boys should live in clover,
 Who have brought peace about,
Then with loyalty instilling,
As with rations we are filling,
We will tell of dangers thrilling,
 In the fight or the scout.

No chickens here we're stealing,
And no cannon death is pealing,
While no pigs around are squealing,
 For our forage to-day.
And the boys are feeling antic,
Who by action most pedantic,
Show with joy they're nearly frantic,
 So we'll cheer and be gay.

We've no one left to chide us,
And no foeman can deride us,
For whatever fate betide us,
 We're again boys in blue;
So while the drums are beating,
Here each other we are greeting,
As with gleeful hearts we're meeting
 Our beloved comrades true.

Now no trouble we will borrow,
Yet we know, that on the morrow
We must go again in sorrow
To our homes near and far.
And our hearts in pain are smarting,
At the thought of homeward starting,
And again in sadness parting
From our friends of the war.

Still with hearts that like a feather
Take no thought about the weather,
We'll rejoice that soon we'll gather
In reunion once more.
For again we'll be united,
As another year is sighted,
And no comrade will be slighted
When we meet as of yore.

Gath'ring from Every Station.

TUNE—Co-ca-che-lunk.

Gath'ring now from every station
Come the men who wore the blue,
Men who represent the nation,
And were gallant, brave and true.
Co ca-che-lunk, che-lunk, che-lay-ly,
Co-ca-che lunk, che-lunk, che-lay,
Co-ca-che-lunk, che-lunk, che-lay-ly,
Hi-o-chick-a-che-lunk, che-lay.

Now along they bring the ladies,
Whom they left in homes afar,
And we even see the babies,
Nothing like it in the war.

Chorus.

So the boys are feeling antic,
As they gather here to day,
And for fight are almost frantic,
Spoiling still to face the fray.

Chorus.

But the days of war are over,
Not a picket line is out,
And the boys should live in clover
Who have helped bring peace about

Chorus.

Marching to Richmond.

TUNE.—Marching through Georgia.

Here's unto the loyal hosts who nobly saved our land,
When a hundred thousand strong, a mighty army grand,
Northern freemen under Grant then crushed the rebel band,

While we were marching to Richmond.
Hurrah! Hurrah! we'll sound the jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah! our nation now is free,
For we bore her banner proudly on to victory,
While we were marching to Richmond.

In the gloomy Wilderness our blood was freely shed,
Around were heroes wounded, and the heaps of mangled dead,
No time was that for halting, though the earth grew strangely red,

While we were marching to Richmond.
Chorus.

Then at Spottsylvania where the deadly cannon pealed,
And comrades brave around us died, but never learned to yield,
Our charge was like the hurricane, and swept the bloody field,

While we were marching to Richmond.
Chorus.

Days and nights of watching, and of marching 'gainst the foe,
Onward was the order and so onward we would go,
Naught heeding toil and danger, or of blood the crimson flow,

While we were marching to Richmond.
Chorus.

Other fields grew famous as we fought it on that line,
Though it took all summer and the winter's dreary time,
Ere our banners bright with vict'ry evermore should shine,

While we were marching to Richmond.
Chorus.

In the early springtime came our brothers from the West,
From the Sunny Southland marched Sherman with his best,
And other comrades truly sought for rebels with a zest,

While all were marching to Richmond.
Chorus.

Ere our brothers reached us still the final work was done,
Five Forks with its victory was grandly fought and won,
While at Appomatox station was set rebellion's sun,
So we went marching to Richmond.

Chorus.

Though the war is over, and our banner now is free,
And proudly waves in triumph from the Lakes unto the Sea,
We'll cheer the noble heroes still wherever they may be,
Who then went marching to Richmond.

Chorus.

Billy Sherman's Bummers.

TUNE—Shine On.

Strangest soldiers known in war,
Billy Sherman's bummers.
Stealing rations near and far,
Oh! Jerusalem.
Foraged freely day by day,
Billy Sherman's bummers.
And drove the Johnny boys away,
Oh! Jerusalem.
Shout on, shout on, Billy Sherman's bummers,
Shout on, shout on, Oh! Jerusalem.
Shout on, shout on, Billy Sherman's bummers,
Shout on, shout on, Oh, Jerusalem.

Stole a mule and wasn't it queer,
Billy Sherman's bummers.
Loaded him up from front to rear,
Oh! Jerusalem.
Chickens squawking by his side,
Billy Sherman's bummers.
While to his tail a pig was tied,
Oh! Jerusalem. [Chorus.

Loyal hearts will turn towards,
Billy Sherman's bummers.
Who should be the nation's wards,
Oh! Jerusalem.
For they marched unto the main,
Billy Sherman's bummers.
And rent the rebel land in twain,
Oh! Jerusalem. [Chorus.

Reunion Song.

TUNE—Benny Havens O.

Once more in glad reunion we comrades meet to-night;
With joyous hearts we'll sing of those who bore our banner
bright
O'er many a bloody battle field, where freedom's sun arose,
And shone in glittering splendor above our vanquished foes.

We rallied at our country's call to save the Union flag,
Our marches were through swamps and streams o'er
mountain top and crag,
We stood against the storm and sun in weather hot and
cold,
Our comrades died, God bless their souls, to crush out
treason bold,
To crush out treason bold; to crush out treason bold,
Our comrades died, God bless their souls, to crush out
treason bold.

In marches and in battles we never learned to yield,
Though comrades fell brave far in front on many a bloody
field.
By country then through perils great we stood for weal or
woe,
On high we raised her glorious flag when treason was the foe,
Chorus.

For generals of our old commands, whom once we did obey,
We'll rouse a cheer, again we'll shout, while for their weal
we pray,
Once more we close up serried ranks, though strangely
numbers fade,
For many a comrade's mustered now on heaven's great
parade.
Chorus.

For those departed comrades we drop a soldier's tear,
And boast their glorious legends, their names we will revere
As men who for our country, on battle field and plain,
So nobly poured their heart's blood out; we weep for them
again.
Chorus.

God bless our noble women who proved so grand and true,
 Devoted to the soldier's cause, were brave and loyal too,
 Forget we never can their deeds of more than regal worth,
 So angel-like they seemed to us the noblest of the earth.

Chorus.

Mustered Out.

TUNE—Shining Shore.

Another comrade mustered out
 Now breaks our bonds fraternal,
 No more we'll hear his manly shout,
 But love for him's eternal.

Beyond the mystic river banks,
 In faith we're now discerning
 His form among the angel ranks,
 For whom our hearts are yearning.

His tent's upon the shining shore,
 In golden sunlight streaming,
 Where deadly cannon never roar,
 Nor heard of shell the screaming.

Chorus.

Parade he'll join in heaven to-day,
 With angel seraphs charming,
 No bugle calls he'll there obey,
 Nor long roll's dread alarming.

Chorus.

For us another bond of love
 Is gone from earth forever,
 But links us to the heaven above
 With ties that naught can sever.

Chorus.

And thus that heaven more bright appears,
 By friendships real endearing,
 As keeping step with fleeting years
 Its crystal gates we're nearing.

Chorus.

Come, Let's Sing To-night.

TUNE.—Upidee.

Come comrades, now lets sing to-night,

Upidee, Upidah,

Sing of the days of sturdy fight,

Upidee-i-dah.

When marches many were on the bill,

And awkward squads learned how to drill,

Upidee-i-dee-i-dah,

Upidee, Upidah;

Upidee-i-dee-i-dah,

Upidee-i-dah:

R-r-r-r, yah! yah! yah! yah!

Upidee-i-dee-i-dah,

Upidee, Upidah;

Upidee-i-dee-i-dah,

Upidee-i-dah.

Then pork and beans we did enjoy,

Upidee, Upidah,

And hardtacks came to fill our joy,

Upidee-i-dah,

And how in coop we've often heard,

The hens from sleep were quickly stirred.

Chorus.

So oft at night, while soldiers slept,

Upidee, Upidah,

The gray-backs round them vigils kept,

Upidee-i-dah.

For forage then these hostiles went,

And through our skins their bowies sent.

Chorus.

And how on naked earth we've lain,

Upidee, Upidah,

In mud and slush and pouring rain,

Upidee-i-dah.

And when our hearts were bowed with grief,

Our sweethearts' letters brought relief.

Chorus.

In knapsack drill we took a hand,

Upidee, Upidah,

We thought indeed 'twas service grand,

Upidee-i-dah.

And buck and gag we learned to know,
Were ways to whip the rebel foe.

Chorus.

We also think of army fun,
Upidee, Upidah,
And how the fight was grandly won,
Upidee-i-dah.

For when the cruel war was o'er,
Its victor trophies home we bore,

Chorus.

We Boys in Blue.

TUNE—Beulah Land.

We were the boys who wore the blue
In times of old when bullets flew,
No band-box soldiers then were we
Who marched from Lakes unto the sea.

In times of old so tried and true
With other bonny boys in blue,
To fife and drum we marched away
And never quailed amid the fray.
In battles wont were we to stand
To save our own dear native land.

And now as years shall slowly fade,
We'll call to mind the marches made,
And deeds we did in times of old
When country called for heroes bold.

Chorus.

In love of country, home, and God,
O'er slav'ry's grave we proudly trod,
Nor feared rebellion's threat'ning frown,
But boldly struck foul treason down.

Chorus.

For Union grand our fathers wrought,
For Union then were battles fought
Against all foes though strong allied,
While in its cause our comrades died.

Chorus.

Then to the Union we'll be true
As erst we were when dressed in blue,
And now we vow, while strong and hale,
No foe shall dare our flag assail.

Chorus.

Gallant Men of Sixty-One.

TUNE—Just Before the Battle, Mother.

Tell us now of martial glory,
And the bugle's stirring blast,
How the earth grew wet and gory
In the years forever past.
Many a time in silence solemn,
In those days so long ago,
Formed our soldiers in the column
That should charge upon the foe.
Valiant deeds how we revere them,
Gallant men of sixty-one,
Rebels then had cause to fear them
For the battles fought and won.

Many a time, with banners streaming,
Rushed they to the fearful fray;
When, with bayonets proudly gleaming,
Foemen brave were swept away,
Comrades held in bonds fraternal
Fell amid the deadly fray;
May the choicest flowers vernal
Deck their silent beds to-day.

Chorus.

Heroes oft the foemen meeting
Saved our land by bloody strife,
Men whose souls knew no retreating
Though the standing cost their life,
Deeds of valor everlasting
Sealed the hearts of men in blue,
Weary days and nights of fasting
Forged a love forever true.

Chorus.

Heroes, bound by ties the dearest,
Grasp again each comrade's hand,
Proved when death was near and nearest
By the touch of elbows grand.
Bonds fraternal hold us ever
In a charity so grand,
And a loyalty that never
Foe shall rend in twain our land.

Chorus.

Our Private Soldiers.

TUNE—Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.

Now our people honor those who were officers of old,
And who grand and nobly fought against the foe;
But of privates they say naught, yet of all who then were
bold,
Privates faced the greatest dangers well we know.

Yes, yes, yes, the deeds were noble,
Of private soldiers who were brave and true,
Who beneath the Union flag nobly battled for the right,
When they proudly wore the army blouse of blue.

Privates bore the battles' brunt when most stubborn raged
the fight,
And for wages had just fifty cents a day,
Sleeping in the trenches too, bravely doing what was right,
This was how they acted on that meager pay.

Chorus.

Privates held the skirmish line, and on picket post they stood,
Doing duty grandly spite of storm and sun,
And to comrades they were true, as they shared with them
their food,
So we honor them for actions nobly done.

Chorus.

Privates carried knapsacks great, and had loads to fit a mule,
Feeling cutting shoulders, open-hearted then and frank,
And their officers obeyed, which they learned from golden
rule,
Was the proper thing to do with men of rank.

Chorus.

Privates wrote the letters home to the friends they never
knew,
Faithful to the dying and to wounded they were dear,
Using salted pork and beans, and oft bread too hard to
chew,

Gladly these they ate with royal hearty cheer.

Chorus.

Our Noble Women,

TUNE—Poor Old Slave.

When heroes rallied to the call to save our native land,
An army brave was left at home of women nobly grand,
Who sent their loved ones to the front while they did watch
and pray,
And kind assistance freely sent to cheer them on their way.
For women grand we'll rouse a cheer,
To them our praise is due,
Their glory bright doth still appear,
In war we found them true.

In loving deeds those women wrought to aid the soldiers brave
And grandly did a royal part our nation's flag to save,
Indeed they gladly self-denied and ample bounties sent,
And to the wounded from the strife their kind assistance lent
Chorus.

Success to armies in the field would ne'er in fact have come,
Had not the women at their homes an equal glory won;
All through our Northern freeland then were hearts as truly
brave,
As strove upon the battle-field our flag by blood to save.
Chorus.

Those women grand we'll ne'er forget, their country's glory
too
They proudly share with those who faced the foe in Union
blue;
And when at last the strife was o'er, they heard the widow's
sigh,
And where the father nobly fell, they heard the orphan's cry.
Chorus.

Our women still are grandly true, the pledge to these of care
Is held by them in sacred trust, and nobly do they dare
To toil and work and labor on until in place of grief,
They see each needy soldier's ward provided with relief.
Chorus.

They ne'er forget the soldiers brave who fell in war's dread
fray,
But yearly come with garlands bright to deck their mould'ring
clay,
Disabled heroes have their care, to these their loving Corps

Brings quick relief and happy hearts as in the days of yore,
Chorus.

Then hail thou Women's Corps Relief, thy charity is grand,
With hearts aglow for loving deeds, your work rings through
the land

On honor's field no nobler fell than musters now with you,
Unseen of men your charity proves you more grandly true.

Chorus.

Our Union's Moving On.

TUNE—John Brown.

The old war feelings are mouldering in the ground,
The old war feelings are mouldering in the ground,
The old war feelings are mouldering in the ground,
And peace is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Our Nation's moving on.

Our foemen have surrendered on the land and on the main,
Our foemen have surrendered on the land and on the main,
Our foemen have surrendered on the land and on the main,
And Union's marching on.

Chorus.

Our flag floats in glory from the lakes unto the sea,
Our flag floats in glory from the lakes unto the sea,
Our flag floats in glory from the lakes unto the sea,
Our work goes grandly on.

Chorus.

The Union forever we will grandly maintain,
The Union forever we will grandly maintain,
The Union forever we will grandly maintain,
While we go marching on.

Chorus.

Three cheers for our banner, the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for our banner, the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for our banner, the red, white and blue,
As we go marching on.

Chorus.

I Was Dar.

TUNE—I'll be Dar.

O! come you people hyar to me,
Oh! I was dar,
De Yankees came to Tennessee,
Oh! I was dar,
Came to sabe de Union land,
Oh! I was dar,
Dey came to whip de rebel band
Oh! I was dar.

I was dar, I was dar,
When de Yankees were a comin,
I was dar, bet your life,
I was dar, I was dar,
When de Yankees were a coming,
I was dar, bet your life.

Den fact I was a poor old slabe,
Oh! I was dar,
I tought to be so to de grabe,
Oh! I was dar,
De Yankees came and sot me free,
Oh! I was dar,
Dat make me happy as I can be,
Oh! I was dar,
Chorus.

Dem Yankees were some funny men,
Oh, I was dar,
My massa call dem mudsills den,
Oh, I was dar,
He said dem cowards would not fight,
Oh, I was dar,
I tink he found he want quite right,
Oh, I was dar,
Chorus.

My massa say he berry brabe,
Oh! I was dar,
He say he show dem Yanks a grabe,
Oh! I was dar,
But den he nebber hab his way,
Oh! I was dar,

Bekase he went and runned away,
Oh! I was dar,
Chorus.

Dem Yankees go all thro' de Souf.
Oh! I was dar,
Dey hunt dem rebs at de cannon's mouf,
Oh! I was dar,
Dey whip dem too as you now see,
Oh! I was dar,
And sot all ob dey're niggas free,
Oh! I was dar,
Chorus.

The Fair Flag of Freedom They Bore.

TUNE—Araby's Daughter.

Of patriots true you may speak as you will,
I've a mind of my own as to which fills the bill,
For of all who e'er rallied at country's dear call
Our heroes in blue were the best of them all.
When they heard of the nations dread danger afar,
They went then to the front in the dark days of war,
Ceasing not from their labors till liberty shone
O'er the land in bright glory so truly its own.

The fair flag of freedom they bore to the front,
In the trials of battle they oft had the brunt.
With no heed to the dangers they sought for the foe
Over plain and o'er hill and o'er valley below.
To the music of musketry's rattle they stood,
'Mid the crashing of cannon they freely shed blood,
And the bursting of shell and the bullets they faced,
While the flag in their keeping was never disgraced.

They brought it again in its glory and pride,
Though beneath its bright folds many comrades had died,
Not a star from its blue azure field had been torn
But by victory brighter than ever it shone;
And in glory resplendent it ever will shine,
While the dead who have kept our hearts will enshrine,
And with chaplets of honor, plant laurel and bay
O'er the graves where our heroes are sleeping to-day.

Song of the German Soldier.

TUNE—Kingdom Coming.

Now vonce dey make ob me von zoldier,
 And take me off mit de var;
 I fites for dem so prave as anudder,
 And sheer de flag mit de star,
 Ve march rite dro all sorts ob vedder,
 Ven Shin'ral Crant say co,
 And keep along 'dill all dem reppels
 Vere laid oud mity low.

Dem reppels fite you pet,
 Ve whipt dem dots zo,
 Ve make dem tink ob kingdom gomin'
 Ven dey seed us for dem co.

Now I tells you fon Onkel Pilly,
 Mit some ponny poys in plue,
 Who rite dro Shorgy went a marchin'
 And trive dat Shonny grew,
 Dey did'nt eat much fon prot und putter,
 Ven sheekens vere de co,
 Put dey vent all dro dem land ob gotton,
 Huntin dem reppel voe.

Chorus.

Our ponny poys could to some fi'tin,
 And ve had Shin'rals doo,
 For ven de reps seed Ulysses gomin,
 Dey're men looked mity plue,
 On do Reechmond Crant vent marchin'
 And put dey're Lee to flite;
 He found dere was no use von dryin'
 Dem Yankee poys to fite.

Chorus.

Who has not heard ob dat Onkel Robert,
 Dem reppels' piggest cun,
 Put at Appomattox vatal station
 Vas zot his vinal zun.
 And now dem tays ob var are ober,
 Hushed am dat gannon roar,
 From Lake to Culf all o'er de goontree,
 Beace reigns zubreme vunce more.

Chorus.

Charge of the 1st Michigan Cavalry.

AIR—No Irish Need Apply.

'Twas on the field of Gettysburg one lovely July day,
A band of men from Michigan formed ready for the fray,
Four hundred in that little band prepared to do or die,
Naught heeding twenty hundred foes that met each waiting
eye.

Hurrah for gallant Custer, who led that brilliant fight,
By charging then those rebel foes in battle for the right.

Draw sabre, gallant Custer cried, the charge we soon will brave,
And drive that host of rebel foes, or find a soldier's grave,
The men their leader's spirit seized, no craven souls were there,
For all beneath that starry flag had hearts to do and dare.

Chorus.

All ready, brave men, forward now the bugle next did blow,
When like the tempest hurricane they rode upon the foe,
The rifled ball, the pistol shot then rent that gallant band,
Who sought with wildest shouts the foe in fight from hand
to hand.

Chorus.

The sabre now does deadly work, for heads are split in twain,
In fiercest charge their foemen brave they smite with might
and main,
Their blood is up, those heroes grand quail not at deadly fight,
The fear of death they laugh to scorn and charge with fierce
delight.

Chorus.

In terror stricken by their blows the foemen fleeing yield,
Our heroes then in triumph shout upon the blood bought field,
But of that gallant little band near half are gone we know,
Their comrades left them on that field where once they met
the foe.

Chorus.

Though war is o'er we'll ne'er forget that brave immortal
band,
Who wildest of all charges made, did deeds sublimely grand,
Threw scorn at death's most fiery darts and dangers did defy,
Their glorious tale shall live for aye, Their fame shall never
die.

Chorus.

Our Army Grand.

TUNE—Excelsior.

When foemen sought to rend our land
And brought on direful strife,
Then mustered first our Army Grand
To save the nation's life.
They came from farm and factory,
And dangers dread they faced,
But bore the flag to victory
Without a star erased.

Litoria, litoria,
Swedle-e-we-chu-hi-ro-sa,
Litoria, litoria,
Swedle-e-we-dum-bum.

And when their work was grandly done,
The cannon ceased to roar,
And Appomattox field was won,
Though earth was wet with gore,
Then poets vied to sing the fame
Of men so tried and true,
While near and far rang glad acclaim
For gallant boys in blue.

Chorus.

A grander triumph yet was theirs,
When needy seek for aid,
For helpless wards receive their cares,
And comrades' wants allayed,
For this arose throughout the land
Fraternal bonds anew,
As mustered then our Army Grand,
For deeds so pure and true.

Chorus.

As brothers now together stand
The men who wore the blue,
Their loyalty indeed was grand,
Their charity is true;
Their loving deeds are known afar,
Their praise shall never cease,
The men who were the first in war
Are first in times of peace.

Chorus.

Army Rations.

TUNE—Dem Golden Slippers.

Of the old war days we will sing again,
How the foe we met on hill and plain,
Of the food we ate and the water we drank,
We will tell you now and tell it frank;
For all which we did then enjoy,
'Twas the good old hard-tack gave us most joy,
For the army rations we ne'er did scorn,
When we woke up at the earliest peep of morn.

Oh, those army rations! Oh, those army rations!
Army rations we loved to eat, because they looked so sweet,
Oh, those army rations! Oh, those army rations!
Army rations we loved to eat, they looked so very sweet.

For the hard-tack so heavy on our stomachs grew,
That they made us feel we were real boys in blue,
As they there left us in sadness to pine,
'Till relief was brought by the doctor's quinine,
At times too our hard-tack was seen to squirm,
Since enlivened they were by many a worm;
We thus got meat, or our bread we would scorn,
When we woke up to grub at the earliest peep of morn.

Chorus.

Then the chewing of those tack often made us mad,
Our teeth must be filed or our luck was bad,
Though the hardest of those tack we broke on a stone,
While in cooking them each had a way of his own;
Now the long-nosed hog and the blue-tailed fly
Were then never found a hard-tack to try,
For if they did, they always felt forlorn,
When they woke up at the earliest peep of morn.

Chorus.

On salt pork too and army beans we dined,
And with good old coffee our fare's outlined,
We lived thus for years on the hardest hash,
While for army rations Uncle Sam paid cash,
As the war is over, no more will we share
Those old time rations or live on scant fare;
But our money we'll give, and best things pawn,
To fill vets up at the earliest peep of dawn.

Chorus.

Soldiers' Parting.

TUNE—Auld Lang Syne.

Now comrades we're about to part,
So here's a farewell shake,
With pain and sorrow from the heart
Our homeward way we'll take.
Fraternal bonds our hearts will hold
For you forever true,
Until all pulseless still and cold
To earth we bid adieu.

And when another time we meet,
Shall we again clasp hands,
Or will we on the pearly street
Parade with angel bands.
Chorus.

Alas, indeed we cannot know
Who muster call will keep,
Or who shall bear the last tattoo,
And peaceful rest in sleep.
Chorus.

Whatever fate may us betide,
To meet again or not,
Our comrades brave in battle tried,
Will never be forgot.
Chorus.

Together we have been in fight,
When elbows touched you know,
As in the battle for the right
We stood against the foe.
Chorus.

Then bonds fraternal we'll hold true,
As in the days of strife,
When joy or fear we shared with you,
And even risk of life.
Chorus.

We'll stand by comrades of the blue,
While on the earth we stay,
And hold in veneration true
The men who faced the fray.
Chorus.

And when the final reveille,
Bids us to meet above,
Our loyal hearts will truly be
Bound in eternal love.
Chorus.

Sons of Veterans' Song.

TUNE—Little More Cider.

We are the sons of veterans, a lineage proud we boast,
Which came to us from civil war against the rebel host.
Our fathers fought for freedom and were loyal, brave and
true,
They won a glorious triumph then while wearers of the blue.
Then cheer their glorious deeds, then cheer their glo-
rious deeds,
Our fathers were heroes of the Union, then cheer their
glorious deeds.

The loyalty our fathers taught we'll ever keep in view,
Fraternity and charity we'll hold forever true;
We'll follow in the footsteps of the heroes gone before,
And keep alive the record made in sturdy days of yore.
Chorus.

We'll hold the starry banner true, the emblem of the right,
Its honor and its glory we'll uphold in fearless fight.
Should foeman dare assail the flag our blood we'll freely
pour,
And answer to the Nation's call a million heroes more.
Chorus.

We'll cheer the nation's heroes who were grandly true and
brave,
While growing old and feeble they are marching to the
grave,
And when life's burdens they shall drop we'll raise the
mantle high,
And boldly stand in battle, or if need be there we'll die.
Chorus.

Rebel Prison Song.

TUNE—His Word a Tower.

We'll sing to you of prison life,
How those who captured in the strife,
And robbed of clothes by rebel band,
Then lived and starved in Dixie's land,
Their clothing there was alway torn,
It came to them completely worn,
They dressed in lousy rags of gray,
Worn out by rebs and cast away.

No shelter did the place afford,
Although the storms quite often poured,
The trees that nature gave for shade
Were all removed from each stockade.
Of tents they issued not a one
To screen the men from storm or sun,
No other shelter heroes found
Except to burrow in the ground.

The guards surrounding ev'ry post,
Comprised a vile and wicked host,
Who represented all the ranks,
And took a pride in killing Yanks,
For shooting one and causing pain,
Each guard a furlough thus could gain;
Who stepped across the dead line then,
Gave an excuse to shoot our men.

The water at the best was vile,
But often they did this defile.
At Anderson a stream they used,
Which had by rebels been infused
With all the refuse from their camp,
And filth that came right from the swamp,
Such water for our men they'd choose,
Though knowing 'twas too vile to use.

Old Wirtz then ran their big hotel,
A pint of meal in his base hell,
Ground cob and all, thought that old crank,
Was food enough to kill a Yank,
No coffee, tea, or sugar there
Was ever on his bill of fare.
By diet then like this you see,
He said he'd kill more Yanks than Lee.

When Sherman tried supplies to send,
Their wants and sorrows to amend,
The rebs refused to let them go
There to relieve that scene of woe.
Too crowded was each prison deep
To give a chance for men to sleep,
Our heroes then in want so sore
Died there the Union to restore.

They starved in fiendish brutal dens,
And died in rebel prison pens,
They scorned the traitors' tempting bribe,
And would not join their hateful tribe.
All honor to such heroes grand,
Who starved to death to save our land,
Fame ever shall their record keep,
And point the spot where martyrs sleep.

Keep the Banner Flying.

TUNE—Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

War our nations reunited
In fraternal bonds anew,
Slavery's wrong was nobly righted
By our gallant boys in blue.

Keep the Union banner flying,
Cheer its glory evermore;
For the blood of heroes dying,
Binds our land from shore to shore.

So whatever fate betide us,
Heroes of the Army Grand,
Scorning those who would deride us,
Nobly by our flag will stand.

Chorus.

For that flag in all its glory,
Cheered our brothers in the fight,
And o'er fields once wet and gory
Waved a symbol of the right.

Chorus.

Of our banner proudly dreaming,
Freedom gives her precious name,
And the glory round her streaming
Lights the world to deathless fame.

Chorus.

Farewell Cleveland.

TUNE—Just before the Battle, Mother.

When the Union war call sounded,
Treason threat'ning front and rear,
Willingly we went to battle
For our homes and nation dear,
What cares Cleveland for the sufferings
Of the men who then were brave?
Though now growing old and feeble,
Marching on toward the grave.

Farewell, Cleveland, you will never
Darken the White House again,
When your present term is over,
Then at home you can remain.

When our country's foes surrendered,
Then our battle-cry was o'er,
Sure we thought that of our service
There would be no scorner more;
But we've heard of Fitz John Porter
Placed on the retired list,
While the bill for Mrs. Hunter
Met the Prexy's veto fist.

Chorus.

Shame to honest Abe's successor,
Jeering at our soldiers' woe,
Men, who for our land in battle,
Nobly faced the rebel foe,
Why does he refuse a pension,
With all other debts discharged?
If he can't see justice better,
Then his brain should be enlarged.

Chorus.

True in fact our sportive Grover
Feigneth for the people's weal,
Yet in bills of his approving
Were the biggest kinds of steal.
Now this man is fondly striving
Sham economy to show,
So he mocketh at the soldier,
Shameless sends his base veto.

Chorus.

Well we know the fact that Grover
Never to the army went,
For his carcass was so precious
That a substitute he sent,
Hark we hear the voice of freemen
Calling for the soldiers' right,
And they will dethrone you, Grover,
So prepare for speedy flight.
Chorus.

We Rose a Band of Patriots.

TUNE—The Bonnie Blue Flag.

We rose a band of patriots,
When our country needed men;
To defend the flag of liberty,
We smote foul treason then,
We were no humbug soldiers,
Who shrink from death and scars,
And the banner under which we fought
Bore our noble Union stars.
Then hurrah, hurrah for liberty, hurrah,
Three cheers for the boys in blue, who bore the
Union star.

We followed gallant leaders
Over many fields of fame,
And faced the foe in battles fierce
'Mid cannon shot and flame,
For hissing shot and bullets
We felt no sort of fear,
And to see a trembling coward quake,
Why you had to seek our rear.
Chorus.

We quickly packed our knapsacks,
When the bugle call did sound.
Prepared to march against the foe,
Wherever they were found,
We met them oft in battle,
And dealt out manly blows,
'Till the grand old banner of the free
Waved o'er surrend'ring foes,
Chorus.

Marching On

TUNE—Trabling Back to Georgia.

A noble Union hero lay wounded on the field,
And viewed his comrades fighting, and saw they would not
yield,

And as the battle surges rolled steadily along,
He raised upon his elbow and cheered them with his song.

They're marching on, yes, marching on, I see the glor-
ious sight.

They're marching on to vict'ry, Hurrah, they'll win the
fight.

They're marching on to vict'ry for the starry banner
bright.

Fierce raged the bloody conflict, and many heroes bled,
The ground became quite ghastly with heaps of mangled
dead,

Loud rolled the din of carnage, and thundered near and far,
While light'nings of the battle were loosed by God of war,
Chorus.

'Twas Greek met Greek in combat, our foemen too were
brave,

Where Yankees strove with rebels for vict'ry or the grave,
And there beneath our banner stood heroes for the right,
While underneath rebellion were men for sturdy fight.

Chorus.

At length by fight the fiercest where loudest cannon pealed,
Our heroes crushed their army, and swept them from the
field,

And cheering then they followed, as foeman turned to flee,
And shouted for the triumph, which they had lived to see.

Chorus.

And in the coming ages through freedom's sacred fight,
Will float our starry banner, as beacon full of light,
And nerve the arms of freemen who'll see the vict'ry won,
And boldly bear our ensign as they are marching on.

Chorus.

The Nameless Sleeper.

TUNE.—The Vacant Chair.

Though the years are slowly passing,
And I tread life's weary way,
There's a grave in old Virginia
That my heart recalls to-day.
In it find a nameless sleeper,
Neither marked by bronze or stone,
But in battle died no nobler
Than the one who's there unknown.
Sleeping hero born to glory
Rests upon that honored field;
While we tell the matchless story
How he died but would not yield.

When the country called for heroes,
With a soul devoid of fear,
In the thickest of the conflict,
Bravely then he answered "Here,"
Marching, charging, fighting grandly
Ever to the battle's front,
Doing every duty nobly,
E'en when called to bear the brunt
Chorus.

Where the dangers were the greatest,
There he went at duty's call,
Where the conflict raged the fiercest,
There he fell by rifle ball;
Dying thus on field of honor,
Proved himself a hero brave,
Then his tomb indeed is holy,
Since he died the land to save.
Chorus.

Other heroes died as grandly,
Many brave have gone before,
Souls of men who for our country
Wet the earth with human gore,
Rizpah-like in sack and ashes
Mourn we still our noble dead,
But rejoice o'er streams of glory
Heroes' deaths have grandly shed.
Chorus.

Marching to the Other Shore.

TUNE—Tramp, tramp, tramp.

Muffled drums are sadly beating, taps are sounding, no
retreating,

For another noble hero's work is o'er:
Here of death behold the reaping, while the rearguard watch
we're keeping,

Comrades brave are tenting on the other shore.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Marching to the other shore;
Where their comrades they will greet, when with joy at
last we meet,
Those whose friendship can be broken nevermore.

Though at death our heart-strings quiver, soon across the
mystic river,

We will march with angel comrades in the line:

Brood not then upon our sorrow since we know that on the
morrow,

Ranks unbroken we in heaven will align.

Chorus.

Bonds fraternal hold us ever, and not even death can sever
Hearts so firmly joined amid the battle's blast,

For we hold in veneration those who died to save the nation,
So we're bound to meet in love when death is past.

Chorus.

From this grave, in which is sleeping him for whom we're
sadly weeping,

Shines a gospel that shall light us evermore:

For each comrade will awaken, and our ranks shall be un-
shaken

When the angel's trump to glory sounds once more.

Chorus.

As the years are slowly passing, soon our army will be
massing,

And then marching through the pearly gates ajar;

And our victor hosts appearing shall be marked by joyful
cheering,

When the angels greet the heroes of the war.

Chorus.

Marching Through the Valley.

TUNE—Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

As the fleeting years are fading,
One by one our comrades go
Where we'll have our last parading,
Far from earthly scenes of woe.

We are marching through the valley
To our comrades gone before;
One by one our heroes rally,
Free from earth on heaven's shore.

But a fragment of our column
Camps upon the earth to-day,
Who, in broken ranks and solemn,
Death will call to march away.
Chorus.

Heeding not the skeptic's slander,
Boldly then we'll answer "Here,"
Knowing that our great commander
Orders forward, never fear.
Chorus.

In the van are comrades leading,
Whom we'll follow on the way,
Neither doubt nor danger heeding,
'Till we halt in endless day.
Chorus.

Though the shadows round us gather
Deeper than the shades of night,
Still we know at last together
Tents we'll pitch in glory bright.
Chorus.

So this comrade who hath left us
Only marches on before,
And by leading hath bereft us
'Till we close up ranks once more.
Chorus.

William Hall.

TUNE—Darling Nellie Gray.

Beside the Anderson stockade is a mound of loyal dust,
Where rests a hero brave and true.
By a fate accursed of men, far worse than dagger's thrust,
Fell William Hall in blouse of loyal blue,

Oh! my old comrade Hall, you have found a martyr's
grave,
And on earth we'll never greet you any more;
So we're thinking of the anguish when your life you
freely gave,
And starving, died the Union to restore.

We saw you in the conflict on Cold Harbor's deadly field,
Amid the thickest of the fray;
And we know that you were captured where the cannon
loudest pealed,
In battle on that sad unhappy day.

Chorus.

We know about your starving with companions brave and
true,
In horrid Anderson stockade;
And our tears will start unbidden, weeping still for you,
Thus dying far from home and friendly aid.

Chorus.

There you scorned the rebels' offer and were faithful to the
right,
In act so constant, firm and grand,
Choosing death before dishonor to our noble banner bright,
You grandly helped to save our glorious land.

Chorus.

Though you've gone forever, yet we'll often think of you,
Whose matchless story will abide.
Your fortitude we'll ne'er forget, but often bring to view,
And weeping tell our children how you died.

Chorus.

We'll often meet as comrades, but we'll miss your happy
face,
And hear your words of cheer no more;
For you've gone from earth forever to a better place,
Where angels meet with you on heaven's shore.
Chorus.

Our Heroes' Graves We're Strewing.

TUNE—Webb.

O'er heroes' graves we're strewing
The choicest flowers to-day,
Their noble deeds reviewing
Beside their mould'ring clay.
Our bravest for the nation
Gave precious life away,
And won our veneration
By falling in the fray.

For us it is a pleasure
To deck each noble grave,
Thus claiming war's rich treasure,
The ashes of our brave,
Who died where cannon thundered
In battle for our land,
While all the nations wondered
At deeds sublimely grand.

With freedom's banner o'er them,
In battle for the right,
They boldly drove before them
The rebel hosts in flight,
They crushed the traitor faction,
And made our Union real,
Not men of words, but action,
They spoke through gleaming steel.

These fragrant flowers remind us
Of heroes gone above,
Whose blood will ever bind us
In mystic cords of love.
No ties our hearts hold nearer
Than blood of heroes slain,
Whose fame to us is dearer
By death on battle plain.

In the Grand Army Encampment.

TUNE—Marching Through Georgia.

Start the grand old tune again, we'll sing another song,
Sing it with the soldier boys, who bring good cheer along,
Sing it as we ought to sing it loud, and clear, and strong,

In the Grand Army encampment,
Hurrah! Hurrah! we sound the jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Our hearts are full of glee,
Here we cheer the stars and stripes, the banner of
the free,
In the Grand Army encampment.

Three and twenty years indeed rolled speedily away,
And although we boys in blue are surely turning gray,
Yet we meet again as heroes, who've survived the fearful
fray,

In the Grand Army encampment.

• Chorus.

Yes, and there are mem'ries now of death and danger rife,
When, beneath the starry flag, we waged the fearful strife,
And on our lines of glitt'ring steel we bore the nation's life,
So we might meet in encampment.

Chorus.

Then we'll stand by one another, come woe or come weal,
Giving now each comrade's hand a grip that's true as steel,
For the ties in battle welded ever must be real,

When we shall meet in encampment.

Chorus.

Reunion of the Blue and the Gray.

TUNE—The Shining Shore.

In faith we see the jasper street
With scenes to soon uncover,
Where Blue and Gray at last will meet
When all life's work is over.

For soon upon the heavenly shore
We'll meet as friends forever,
Where cruel fate shall nevermore
By war our friendship sever.

We'll muster there in God's own way,
When freed from war's alarming;

No more we'll march as Blue and Gray,
Bent on each other's harming.

Chorus.

For there we'll meet with God above,
No foeman ever fearing,
But hearts then reconciled with love
Will vent their joy in cheering.

Chorus.

And there we'll march in grand review
With martial tread and solemn:
As heroes true the Gray and Blue
Will elbows touch in column.

Chorus.

The War for the Union Eternally Right.

TUNE.—Araby's Daughter.

We honor our foemen as brave men you know,
But loyalty dwelt in the hearts of the blue,
Betwixt them indeed we this difference show,
The one to the union was faithful and true,
And bore its proud banner in glory along,
The other for treason did valiantly fight,
Their war for secession forever was wrong,
Our stand for the Union eternally right.

Alike seem our fallen brave comrades to-day,
Who peacefully sleep where their blood was then shed,
And though roses and tears may be due to the gray,
Yet laurel and bay are the meed of our dead,
And ever their praises shall ring out in song,
While treason should blush at the cause of its fight.
The war for rebellion forever was wrong,
The war for the Union eternally right.

Then this be our motto in warfare to come,
In battle as heroes we firmly shall stand,
When freedom shall call us by roll of the drum,
By country and God and our own native land;
The Blue by their glory will cheer us along
And treason shall pale and slink back in affright,
Like heroes of old we will crush out the wrong,
And take as our models the Blue and the right.

The Old Pension Promise.

TUNE—The Old Oaken Bucket.

How dear to our hearts at the time of enlistment,
When the country was calling for brave men and true,
Was the promise of pension, the old pension promise,
The best of all things which our soldier boys knew.
With love for our flag and the men who upheld it,
Through all sorts of weather, no matter how wet,
Our hearts brought to mind that old promise of pension,
That huge pension promise we ne'er shall forget,
The vast pension promise, the matchless old promise,
The wonderful promise, which hangs to us yet.

Now sad to our hearts are the host of detectives,
With abundance of pay, as you surely must know,
Who are sent from the Bureau to spy out the soldier,
To keep back his claim, and cause sorrow and woe,
As they have a good time, they care naught for the soldier,
For his hopes, or his fears, for his joy, or his tears,
And prompt payment of those who defended the nation;
But that old pension promise does make them feel queer,
That great pension promise, our nation's own promise,
The famous old promise, which drove away fear.

And then some detectives have strange ways of asking
About the old soldiers, their hopes and their grief,
Such questions as spring from the brain of a shyster,
And indeed not designed to bring soldiers relief,
But devised by the clerks of our liberal nation,
Who care less for our heroes and wards when in need,
Than in the war days when was promised the pension,
But the old pension promise now causes them fright,
The big pension promise, the glorious promise,
The deathless old promise still gives us delight.

And now while we'er talking a fact we will mention,
Our nation at times has forgotten its word,
It has spoken of frauds 'mong its gallant defenders,
Though truly a glance at the facts we have heard,
Would show up some fraud in the payment of pensions,
Still with all its errors our nation we love,
But hope Uncle Sam will not fail in redeeming
Each old pension promise ere death lays us low,
The grand pension promise, the noble old promise,
The payable promise for whipping his foe.

Rebel Soldier's Song.

TUNE—Building Castles in the Air.

I rallied 'neath secession's flag,
The mudsill hosts to fite;
And follered treason's baleful rag,
And reckoned it wuz rite,
Then we uns knew our cause would win
By numbers in our ranks,
But at the last wur taken in
All gobbled by the Yanks.

I'll tell if you uns list perchance
Uv fitin' mitey grand,
And how we hed a rite smart chance
Uv marchin' through the land.
We bought a heap uv glory then,
Though blood wuz wot it cost,
But felt a kind uv sinkin' when
Our cause wuz really lost.

I volunteered in sixty-one,
And hung on 'till the fall,
And when our goose wuz fully done,
I ansered at roll-call,
I've heerd the mudsills' lusty cheer
And seen a heap uv dead,
And got wot made me feel rite queer,
A dose uv Yankee lead.

They told us mudsills would not fite,
I'd like to thump the cuss,
Who sed that Southern heroes mite
Whip five to one uv us.
For when a fite wuz to be won,
And fill our hearts with glee,
I reckon just a single one
Wuz Yank enuff fur me.

They hed o'erwhelmin numbers too,
And whipped we uns complete,
And rite smart fitin' did they do,
When man to man we'd meet:
Though when it cum to stand up fite

We uns ne'er got fair play;
As they wound up their guns at nite,
And then would shoot all day.

Our wimen brave wur true as steel,
And kep' the cause along,
Nor hev they since been known to squeal,
Or say that we wur wrong.
But all the same the Union grand
I'll hold forever true,
And when anuther fite's on hand,
I'll be a boy in blue.

Our Sailor Boys.

TUNE—Ellie Rhee.

O'er sailor's grave 'tis true alas!
We seldom flowers strew,
Though many fell upon the deep
Whose hearts were grandly true.
Upon the sinking Cumberland,
Like heroes strong and brave,
They worked the guns 'till set'ling ship
Bore them beneath the wave.
Then cheer for the gallant tars so free,
Wherever they may be,
Who bore our starry flag in pride
O'er the deep and rolling sea.

By Island Ten and Vicksburg too
They ran the batt'ries dread;
While Donelson and Henry forts
Show lists of sailor dead.
Fort Hatteras, a prize of theirs,
Came early in the war;
While Hilton Head and Beaufort next
Waved their triumphant star.
Chorus.

Into the Mississippi then,
Defying forts and fleet,
And scorning e'en torpedo craft,
They sail the foe to meet.
Thus New Orleans was captured, though

The navy won the prize,
When city great with pompous wealth
Then met their longing eyes.

Chorus.

Now Mobile was a strong sea port,
Backed by the ships afloat,
Where forts were built and bay secured
By sunk torpedo boat.
Our seamen heeded naught of these,
But sailed into the bay,
They grandly crushed the hostile fleet,
And drove the foe away.

Chorus.

Virginia thrashed by Monitor,
The cheese-box on a raft,
Which boldly met, in Hampton roads,
That monster rebel craft.
The Alabama sailed the seas
'Till Kearsarge she did meet,
When heavy broadsides thund'ring went
To sink her in the deep.

Chorus.

On blockade boats through summer's sun,
Or winters drear and cold,
The watch was kept with anxious eye
By gallant sailors bold,
The runners oft they did espy,
When sneaking on apace,
And very few did e'er escape
Our seamen's ready chase.

Chorus.

Those gallant sailors well we know
Were true as flint and steel,
In love of Union ne'er surpassed
They made our foemen feel
That there upon the briny deep
Were hearts as firm and grand
As those who bore our glorious flag
To vict'ry on the land.

Chorus.

The Field of Shiloh.

We stood on Shiloh's blooming field one gorgeous Sabbath
day,
When with a thund'ring sound there came the notes of
deadly fray,
For foemen brave came pressing on who wore the rebel gray,
And hoped to crush our loyal blue on that bright April day.

That lovely field in blood was drenched; its green was
changed to red;
For solid shot and bursting shell made mangled heaps of
dead.

Then musket ball and minnie sped from foemen strong and
brave,
While bayonets thrust through human hearts sent warriors
to the grave.

Long raged that fierce and awful fight, its horrors vastly
grew,
From left to right each battle shock of gray was met by blue.
With sulphurous smoke and iron hail the day was veiled in
night,
While shrieks and groans and curses loud rose o'er the
stubborn fight.

Day followed day and still of strife was heard the awful
sound,
For hill and vale were groaning then with men in mortal
wound.

'Tis afternoon, and o'er that field, the slow descending sun
Shines on a scene of glory grand and vict'ry nobly won.

But, when the fading sun went down on that dread field of
blood,

It witnessed what our boys had done to check that rebel
flood,

And O! the heaps of mangled dead, so stark, and stiff and
cold,

Of men who but an hour before were heroes strong and bold.

But sadder still the wounded view and hear their plaintive
cry,

For water, water, now's the call of men who soon must die;
And then the surgeons' ghastly work thereby we still are
pained

As carving in the living flesh their hands with blood are
stained.

At night the min'st'ring angels came, in mercy they drew
near,

The women who for wounded cared to us were sisters dear,
They hovered o'er that dreadful scene, the cup of water gave,
And many a noble soldier saved who else had found a grave.

God bless those women nobly grand, their deeds shall never
pale

While boys in blue are left enough to tell the glorious tale
Of how they came and how they wrought o'er heroes true
and brave,

And by their kind and noble acts kept many from the grave.

We'll cheer the heroes grand and true who stood on that
dread field,

And nobly met the charging foe, but knew not how to yield,
Between our country and its foes, with hearts both strong
and brave,

Their breasts a living rampant made, the nation's life to save.

Glory For the Ladies.

TUNE—Glory Hallelujah.

Glory for the ladies, boys, whose hearts were firm and true,
Who did as grand and noble work as we who wore the blue,
To whom the highest meed of praise is surely ever due,
For noble deeds and true.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

For women's work we cheer,

Glory for the ladies, boys, who did with all their might,
Whatever woman's hands could do to help us win the fight,
Whose hearts at home beat grandly true to freedom and to
While we went marching on. [right,

Chorus.

Glory for the nurses, boys, the angels of the war,
For each deserves a crown of life with many a precious star,
Who came to us with heavenly light from peaceful homes afar,
To save our comrades true.

Chorus.

Give Them Their Due.

TUNE—Marching Along.

Men tell us indeed of the pensioner's way,
As they draw from the nation the pittance of pay,
For service they did in the contest for right,
And wounds and the scars from the terrible fight.

Give them their due, it was earned in the strife
Pension was promised for the risk of dear life;
We don't care for howlers, whate'er they may say,
For pensions were promised, and the nation will pay.

They speak now of frauds, as you surely must know,
Found among the brave soldiers who vanquished the
foe,

But then 'tis a shame when the contest is done,
To slur thus the heroes who victory won.

Chorus.

Of gratitude truly our nation may tell,
To the bravest of soldiers who loved her so well;
But if unto them she would pay as agreed,
No hero of her's would again be in need.

Chorus.

Her gratitude mostly to those who lent cash,
And far less to the men who stood battle's dread crash;
For int'rest on bonds she's paid three times the sum,
Of pensions to those who the battle have won.

Chorus.

We Come With Flowers.

This day we come with fragrant flowers
To deck their graves who died to save,
This nation from the foemen's power,
We strew our garlands o'er each grave.

Here sleep the men who stood the battle
And nobly heard their country's cry,
And boldly faced the muskets' rattle,
Resolved to conquer or to die.

We think of those who now are sleeping,
In Southern graves unmarked, unknown,
For them we still are sadly weeping,
Their glory won is all their own.

For many were in battle missing,
Just how they died no man can tell,
Their glorious graves the dews are kissing,
And laurels growing where they fell.

For them we'd cull the choicest garland,
Adorned with flowers of every hue,
With joy that in the distant starland,
God watches o'er our brave and true.

And where our braves are nobly sleeping,
Their silent beds we will adorn,
And hold their deeds in sacred keeping
Until the resurrection morn.

The Comrade's Welcome.

TUNE—Gideon's Band.

As comrades of the Army Grand
It gives us joy to take your hand;
We tested you in other days
Amid the battle's dread affrays.

Now you belong to the Army Grand,
So here's a heart, and here's a hand,
A pledge that we together stand
As brothers tried and true.

We've stood together in the fight
For Union, liberty and right.
Death's terrors oft we've faced with scorn,
And elbows touched in hope forlorn.

Chorus.

Our hardtack we with you have shared,
When soldiers on scant rations fared,
We've looked on many a dreadful scene,
And often drank from one canteen.

Chorus.

'Tis true, if wounded on the field,
A soldier then for aid appealed,
We risked our lives to others save,
And kept our comrades from the grave.

Chorus.

Bound thus by mem'ry's mystic tie,
We'll stand by you until we die,
And bid you cordial welcome feel,
We're bound in love with hooks of steel.

Chorus.

Jeff. Davis Spouting Treason.

TUNE—Rosin the Beau.

We have never forgotten the traitor,
Who filled our own country with woe,
Who stood at the head of rebellion,
His name was Jeff. Davis, you know.

To sate his old greedy ambition,
This monster and not a real foe,
Then deluged in blood our dear nation,
A thing vilely wicked you know.

His aim was to burn our chief cities,
By criminal agents, Oh! Oh!
And small-pox infected old clothing,
He'd send to our wounded we know,

He'd starve our dear soldiers in prison,
Be deaf to their want or their woe,
And thus the black-hearted old traitor
Did vilest of crimes as we know.

We thought some of hanging the traitor,
A thing he deserved 'twas just so,
But could not quite make the connection
'Twixt his neck and the tree as you know.

As with the rebellion collapsing,
In crinoline then he did go,
For noblemen ne'er hang a woman,
No soldier would do it we know.

And lately again the old rascal
Was spouting his treason, Oh!
And rebels his praises are shouting,
But then they had better keep low.

For Boys of the Blue by the million
In loyalty never are slow,
And boldly they'll crush out all treason,
As they did in the days long ago.

Columbia's proud banner bearing,
They'll rally against ev'ry foe,
Which raises a hand in secession,
To strike at our Union a blow.

Though many old heroes are dying,
Their sons soon to manhood will grow,
And taught by their patriot sires,
To death against treason they'll go.

G. A. R. Rally:

TUNE—Wait for the Wagon.

Come all ye Union heroes,
And join our Army Grand,
We are going to help the comrades,
And keep them in our band,
Loyalty's our motto,
And charity's our guide,
Then join our great Grand Army,
Ye men in battle tried.

So help bear our colors, the great Grand Army colors
The Nation's own colors, borne through deadly strife.

We keep alive the story,
Of heroes gone before,
We are going to hold their glory
Most sacred evermore;
Bonds of truest friendship
Were formed amid the strife,
When battling for the Union,
We saved the nation's life.

Chorus.

Our elbows touched in battle,
We scorned the rebel steel,
'Gainst the foe we have fought together,
Such ties you surely feel,
Men of sacred memories,
We hope to see the time,
When all who bore the banner,
Shall stand with us in line,

Chorus.

Cedar Creek.

TUNE—Old Virginia Lowlands.

October nineteenth, sixty-four,
Ere rose the morning sun,
The rifle's crack and cannon's roar,
Woke us at Cedar Run,
For on that early autumn morn,
O'er peaceful camps serene,
There burst like light'ning through the storm
Another battle scene,

In the Shenandoah lowlands, lowlands,
In the Shenandoah lowlands, low,
The scenes of Stonewall Jackson's fame,
The rebels' greatest man,
A field of glory then became,
For Philip Sheridan.

As stricken by the lightning's blast,
Our shattered host gave back,
While death and wounds were falling fast
Along their bloody track;
'Mid scenes of such disaster dire,
Up dashed a single man;
Who seemed to breathe the battle's fire,
The gallant Sheridan.
Chorus.

Of that retreat he stayed the tide,
And checked the threatened rout,
And bade those men in battle tried,
To boldly face about;
The work was done, and ere the sun
Veiled out the day in night,
It lit a glorious vict'ry won
In battle for the right.
Chorus.

All honor to the heroes true,
Who kept the field that day,
And nobly stood in loyal blue
Against the rebel gray,

Who scorned the leaden bees of death,
The screaming shot and shell,
And dared the cannon's fiery breath,
While banners rose and fell.
Chorus.

But chiefest honor still to him,
Who came a single man,
With lion heart and fiery vim,
The gallant Sheridan,
Who rode along that line of death,
And confidence inspired,
Whose martial air in every breath,
All hearts with ardor fired.
Chorus.

Treason's Banner.

TUNE—Hold the Fort.

Hated banner foul of treason,
Stained with blood and tears,
Born in crime against the nation,
Strife ye waged four years.
Facing deadly musket's rattle,
Shell and cannon ball,
'Gainst ye then we went to battle
At our country's call

Stained thou wert with crimes unnumbered,
Starved our heroes true,
Sent to death four hundred thousand
Loyal men in blue.
Chorus.

When your vanquished hosts surrendered,
Freely we forgave,
Those who'd filled the land with mourning
For our fallen brave.
Chorus.

But no spark of baleful treason
Will we e'er allow,
And the host that then were foemen
Must be loyal now.
Chorus.

Thinking of Old War Scenes.

TUNE—Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.

We are thinking to-night of the old war scenes,
Though people ne'er can know;
How hearts did throb beneath the flag,
At sight of charging foe.

Many are the hearts that throbbed with delight,
When they learned that the war would cease.
Many are the hearts that grew joyous and light,
At the tidings of vict'ry and peace.
Thinking to-night, thinking to night, thinking of the old
war scenes.
Thinking to night, thinking to-night, thinking of the old
war scenes.

We are thinking to-night of the battles past,
Of comrades brave and true,
Who fought beneath our starry flag,
When fierce the conflict grew.

Chorus.

We are thinking to-night of our comrades gone,
To us so nobly dear,
We were with them in battles fierce,
For them we drop a tear.

Chorus.

We are thinking to-night of the Union grand,
For it their lives they gave,
While battling nobly for the right,
They found a soldier's grave.

Chorus.

We are thinking to-night of our nation great,
Its grandeur we recall,
As now we see in glory bright,
One flag above us all.

Chorus.

The Civil Service.

TUNE—Nettleton.

Now men talk of civil service,
Teaching boys who're trained in school,
How to reach a Fed'ral office
By a much competing rule;
So the boys are getting office,
While we soldiers stay at home,
Though when country called for heroes,
We stood first as all will own.

True we soldiers want in learning,
As our school-days were in front,
Braving danger for our country,
Even daring battle's brunt.
We can't boast of school-book learning,
Where we'll own we're rather weak,
Though to hear of lovely fighting,
Just give us a chance to speak.

We may not in Mathematics
Rank with boys fresh from the schools,
Nor can we in per cent. marking
Score with civil service rules.
We don't know if Congo River
Really's flowing North or South,
But can trace the Mississippi
Through each bayou to its mouth.

On the varied nation's products
We're as lame as lame can be,
But can tell you what is gathered
From Atlanta to the sea.
We don't know the way to Lisbon,
Pueblo, Tilsit, or Quenu,
But can guide you on to Richmond,
And to Appomattox too.

Of the Asian Himalayas
We will not attempt to tell,
But can paint the glory streaming
'Round bold Lookout fairly well.

From the Fed'ral constellation,
'Leven states were wrenched ajar;
Then we played the role detective,
Bringing back each stolen star.

We are trained in gath'ring taxes,
Known as forage by the way,
And the people liked our methods,
As no one e'er failed to pay.
And we boast of higher studies,
In surveying mighty fine,
When we logged a way for marching
Through the swamps of Caroline,

Then we did some engineering,
With which schools cannot compete,
For with all their vaunted training,
Bailey's dam they'll never beat.
So we tell of navigation,
Without compass, ray, or star,
When we sailed to rebel cities,
Scorning forts and fleets of war.

We are posted in belle-lettres,
As we wrote with fluent grace,
Unconditional surrender,
Which with scholars holds a place,
For we penned in blood this message,
From the field of Donelson,
Whence it flashed through all the nations,
Telling how the fort was won.

We have written tragic grammas,
Pantomime and melodrame,
And our pieces were so taking,
They have gained eternal fame;
For we had the ablest actors,
Ever on the stage of war;
Sheridan and Grant and Sherman,
Each in playing proved a star.

And we're famous for our travels,
Writing hist'ry day by day,

When we laid out cemeteries,
Many, many by the way.
Also we're accomplished scholars,
Versed in music's charming lore,
Learned in notes of whistling bullets,
Bursting bomb, and mortar's roar.

Should you wish to hear our singing,
Why just start the rebel yell,
And we'll rouse a Union chorus,
With its grand majestic swell,
To the sharps and flats of battle,
Blent in harmony so fine,
With the melody of bullets,
As they sang along our line.

So in instrumental music,
We can take a ready hand,
For we can select the pieces,
Needed in a splendid band;
As the tenor of the rifle,
With the cannon's bass will chime,
To soprano of the trumpet,
Playing symphonies sublime.

Tus we tell about our learning,
Gained so far from home and school,
Which should fit a man for office,
Though not up to dudish rule;
As we really think our country
Should not pass her Boys in Blue,
But should give those men position,
Who for her were brave and true.



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