

# Poems of *The Knight Hospital Record*

“Lincoln-care” was the successful provision of health care for returning sick and wounded soldiers during our long and bloody Civil War (1861-1865). An antiquated and ossified medical system was replaced by a federally operated system of 130 hospitals with 130,000 beds. Nine of these Union hospitals wrote, edited and published newspapers on the premises. Convalescent patients, doctors, nurses, clerks, and chaplains were the writers, typesetters and editors. Soldiers documented their experiences with hospital literature trading pen for sword, providing empathy and understanding. This included poetry, a prominent feature of the nineteenth century that bestowed fame, celebrity and talking-head status to its finer practitioners. Melville, Whitman and Sigourney contributed works to these newspapers.

The military hospital in New Haven, “Knight U.S. Army General Hospital,” produced the “*Knight Hospital Record*,” a four page document, issued weekly from October 5, 1864 to July 12, 1865. This newsletter contained short stories, sermons, local and national news and lists of admissions, transfers and deaths. Medical Subjects covered were amputations, disability and mortality. Other topics include battlefield experiences, economics, intemperance and the treatment of prisoners-of-war.

Veteran’s issues from war do not change. Going home, remembrance of the fallen and maimed, nostalgia, homesickness and residual stress phenomenon are defined and addressed with difficulty.

The poems are listed chronologically. They cover patriotism, politics, religion, romance, sacrifice, the life of a soldier and prominent figures of the period.

Dr. Ira Spar

## Bibliography:

1. Spar, Ira MD. *New Haven’s Civil War Hospital: A History of Knight U.S. General Hospital, 1862-1865*. McFarland & Co. 2014.
2. Spar, Ira MD. *Civil War Hospital Newspapers: Histories and Excerpts of Nine Union Publications*. McFarland & Co. 2017.

Date           October 12, 1864  
Title           The Soldier  
First line     For gold the merchant plows the main,  
Poet           Gleason  
Spar tag      Soldier's Life  
Volume       1    Number 2       Page 1

For gold the merchant plows the main,  
    The farmer plow's the manor;  
But glory is the soldier's prize;  
    The soldier's wealth is honor;  
The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,  
    Nor count him as a stranger;  
Remember he's his country's stay  
    In day and hour of danger.

Date           October 19, 1864  
Title           Put It Through  
First line      Come, freemen of the land,  
Poet           [no attribution]  
Spar tag       N/A  
Volume        1    Number 3       Page 1

Come, freemen of the land,  
Come, meet the last demand!  
Here's a piece of work in hand:  
    Put it through!

While one traitor thought remains,  
While one spot its banner stains,  
One link of all its chains:  
    Put it through!

Lest our children point with shame  
On their father's dastard fame,  
Who gave up a nation's name:  
    Put it through!

Date           October 19, 1864  
Title           Thoughts over the Killed in Battle  
First line      What Cato said about his boy, fallen in battle, may be said by  
thousands:  
Poet           [no attribution]  
Spar tag      Battlefield Death - Mortality  
Volume        1    Number 3        Page 1

What Cato said about his boy, fallen in battle, may be said by thousands:  
Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.  
Welcome my son! There set him down my friends  
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure  
The bloody corpse, and count those glorious wounds,  
How beautiful is death when earned by virtue!  
Who would not be that youth? What pity 'tis  
That we can die but once to save our country!  
Why sits this sadness on your brow my friends?  
I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood  
Secure, and flourished in a civil war.

Date           October 26, 1864  
Title           Missing - Dead?  
First line     Missing! Missing, the record said,  
Poet           [no attribution]  
Spar tag      Battlefield Death -- Mortality  
Volume       1    Number 4       Page 1

Missing! Missing, the record said,  
But whether living, or whether dead,  
    No one knew, no one could tell;  
They saw him with his sword in hand,  
They heard him give the stern command  
    To "Forward"! Charge!" then as the swell

Of waves that break along the beach,  
They dashed into the deadly breach,  
    Their bayonets like a wave of steel!  
Undaunted by the battle shock -  
Shrouded in the cannon smoke,  
    They still pressed on for woe or weal.

Right up to the cannon's breath -  
Right up into the jaws of death,  
    They hewed their way with steel and lead.  
Till when the tide of battle turned,  
And up the east the round moon burned  
    To look upon a sea of dead.

The tide of battle may have swept  
Him o'er the ditch – a prisoner, kept  
    Alive and guarded by the foe;  
He may be wounded – suff'ring pain,  
Uncared for, on the dreary plain  
    Wounded? Or missing? Dead? Ah, no!

If dead, he died a patriot's death,  
If dead, he used his latest breath  
    To urge the shattered column on --  
The latest motion of his hand  
To steady on his wavering band  
    To battle till the day was won.

O God! How is our suspense!  
But great, O God! our recompense  
    For all this sorrow, blood and woe!  
Our hope is sure; serene our faith  
To battle on through Life and Death,  
    Till Victory crowns us, o'er the foe!

Date November 2, 1864  
Title At Dorchester  
First line I've ladies met - extremely fair, -  
Poet Smith, Jr., W. Dexter  
Spar tag Romance  
Volume 1 Number 5 Page 1

I've ladies met, --extremely fair,--  
With soft blue eyes and golden hair,  
And those with orbs like raven's wing  
That kept my poor heart fluttering;  
I've met girls with such charming ways  
They claimed my thoughts, for days and days;  
Yet none of them can cope with her—  
The dark-eyed girl of Dorchester!

I've seen sweet smiles, that seemed to beam  
Like sunshine o'er life's troubled stream;  
I've heard such voices that I thought  
By unseen fairies they were brought;  
Such songs as moved my inmost heart,  
And life and pleasure did impart;  
Yet I must yield the palm to her—  
The charming maid of Dorchester.

While roses bud, and bloom and fade,  
And life shall mingle light and shade,--  
While through the measure of life's years  
Alternate joys, and hopes, and fears;  
Till life's brief vision shall be o'er,  
And I shall stand on death's cold shore,  
I've promised to be true to her—  
The lass I met at Dorchester!

-- Gleason

Date November 9, 1864  
Title Come from Your Roving  
First line Come from your long, long roving,  
Poet [no attribution]  
Spar tag Prohibition -- Temperance  
Volume 1 Number 6 Page 1

Come from your long, long roving:  
On the sea so wild and rough;  
Come to me tender and loving,  
And I shall be blest enough.

Of man though you be unforgiven,  
Though saint be unable to shrive,  
I'll pray till I weary all heaven,  
If only you come back alive.

Where your sails have been unfurling,  
What winds have blown on your brow,  
I care not, I ask not, my darling,  
So that you come to me now.

Sorrowful, sinful, and lonely—  
Poor and despised though you be;  
All are as nothing, if only  
You turn from the tempter to me.



Date November 16, 1864  
Title "How Is Gold To-day?"  
First line There was a time when if we met  
Poet [no attribution]  
Spar tag Economics  
Volume 1 Number 7 Page 1

There was a time when if we met  
A friend upon the street,  
He talked on common themes – the war,  
The cold, or else the heat;  
And took an interest in one's health;  
That time has passed away;  
Now, no one asks us how we do,  
But "How is gold to-day?"

These words pervade the atmosphere,  
At weddings, funerals, balls,  
No matter where; upon your ear  
The anxious question falls.  
You go to see the girl you love,  
To drive your cares away:  
You kiss and then she sweetly says,  
Oh! "How is gold to-day!"

If gold is up or gold is down,  
What good for me to know?  
There is no jingle in my purse,  
My funds are status quo;  
And so I hate the endless cry,  
And long to soar away  
The Lands of peace where no one asks,  
Well, "How is gold to-day?"

Date November 23, 1864  
Title The Chieftain's Daughter  
First line Upon the barren sand,  
Poet Morris, George P.  
Spar tag N/A  
Volume 1 Number 8 Page 1

Upon the barren sand,  
A single captive stood,  
Around him came with bow and brand,  
The red men of the wood.  
Like him of old, his doom he hears,  
Rock bound on ocean's rim:  
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,  
And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head in air,  
The savage war-club swung.  
The frantic girl, in wild despair,  
Her arms about him flung.  
The shook the warriors of the shade,  
Like leaves on aspen limb,  
Subdued by that heroic maid  
Who breathed a prayer for him.

"Unbind him!" gasped the chief,  
"Obey your king's decree!"  
He kissed away her tears of grief,  
And set the captive free,  
'Tis ever thus; when in life's storm,  
Hope's star to man grows dim,  
And angel kneels in woman's form,  
And breathes a prayer for him.

Date November 30, 1864  
Title The Soldier's Request - Write Often  
First line Write to me very often,  
Poet [no attribution]  
Spar tag Letters  
Volume 1 Number 9 Page 1

Write to me very often,  
Write to me very soon;  
Letters to me are dearer  
Than loveliest flowers in June.  
They are affection's touches,  
Lighting of friendship's lamp,  
Flitting around the heart-strings,  
Like fire-flies in the damp.

Write to me very often,  
Write in the joyous morn,  
Or at the close of evening,  
When all the day is gone;  
Then, while the stars are beaming,  
Bright on the azure sky,  
When through the fading forest  
Coldly the wild winds sigh,  
Draw up that little table  
Close to the fire, and write;  
Write to me soon in the morning,  
Or write to me late at night.

Write to me very often;  
Letters are links that bind  
Truthful hearts to each other,  
Fettering mind to mind –  
Giving to kindly spirits  
Lasting and true delight;  
If ye would strengthen friendship,  
Never forget to write.

Date December 7, 1864  
Title "Old Glory"  
First line Three cheers for "Old Glory," nail high to the mast  
Poet P.  
Spar tag Stars and Stripes  
Volume 1 Number 10 Page 1

Three cheers for "Old Glory." nail high to the mast.  
It has weathered the storm. it shall weather the blast;  
We'll carry it with us wherever we go,  
'Gainst foreign invaders, or traitorous foe;  
It's the Banner of freedom, all glorious and bright;  
'Tis the flag of our Country, our God and the right.

Date December 7, 1864  
Title God Bless Our Noble President  
First line God bless our noble President,  
Poet G. W. P.  
Spar tag N/A  
Volume 1 Number 10 Page 3

God bless our noble President,  
An honest, upright man,  
For he will put Rebellion down.  
Deny it ye who can.

God bless our noble preseident  
In all that he may do.  
For he will put Rebellion down,  
And crush the rebel crew.

God bless our noble President,  
And strengthen his right arm;  
For he will put Rebellion down,  
And all our foes disarm.

God bless our noble President.  
Through all these scenes of strife;  
For he will put Rebellion down  
And save our Country's life.

God bless our noble soldiers, too,  
Who came at his command,  
To grapple at foul treasons throat,  
And drive it from our land.

God bless our country and dear flag,  
The stars and Stripes together;  
Soon may it wave o'er all the land,  
And float in peace forever.

Date December 14, 1864  
Title Mustered Out  
First line Mustered out from din of battle,  
Poet [no attribution]  
Spar tag Battlefield -- Mortality  
Volume 1 Number 11 Page 1

[Among the forests of Virginia near the winter quarters of the Army of the Potomac is an unknown grave with a wooden slab at its base bearing this inscription: "A UNION SOLDIER-MUSTERED OUT."]

Mustered out from din of battle.  
Clouds of smoke and wreaths of flame,  
From the muskets; ceaseless rattle,  
Scattering showers of fiery rain;  
From the bursting bomb-shells flying.  
From the booming cannons' roar,  
Mingled with the groans of dying,  
Passing to the farther shore.

Mustered out from marches weary,  
Rations short, and dreams of home,  
Bivouacs in the forest dreary,  
Picket duty all alone;  
Mustered out from earthly sorrow,  
From life's trouble, toil and pain,  
Restless longing for the morrow,  
Seeking happiness in vain.

Ye who read this touching story.  
Can you for a moment doubt  
Of the rapture, all the glory  
Out of this simple mustering out?  
Can you picture the transition?  
From the deepest shades of night,  
To the sudden, glorious vision  
Of the dazzling world of light?

Think of that great Bounty given  
Where our soldier's Mustered In!

Think of changing Earth for Heaven,  
Throwing off the yoke of sin  
Leaving mortal for immortal,  
Grieves below for joys above,  
Entering the heavenly portal,  
Happy in a Savior's love.

Date December 21, 1864  
Title The Cavalry Picket  
First line All day long, before the front,  
Poet Duganne, A. J. H.  
Spar tag Politics  
Volume 1 Number 12 Page 1

All day long, before the front,  
The had borne the skirmish brunt—  
Swift advance and sudden rally,  
Through the Shenandoah Valley.

But, at last, the blessed calm  
Of the evening fell, like balm.  
And they rested in the van, on  
Lines of rifles, swords and cannon.

With their bridles in their clasp,  
And their sabres in their grasp.  
Kept they thus each greenwood alley,  
In the Shenandoah Valley.

When, at once upon the breeze,  
From the woodland and the leas,  
All along the dusky thickets,  
Raised a yell from Rebel Pickets.

Then, with bridles tightly clasped,  
And with sabres firmly grasped,  
Waited they, with hearts enlarging,  
For the wild delight of charging.

And they listened, while that yells  
Rang from Rebel glade and dell;  
But no bugle sounded sally,  
Through the Shenandoah Valley.

So they marveled, all that night,  
Till they learned, at morning light,  
How those Rebel acclamations  
Hailed "Chicago Nominations!"



Not for victory their vaunt,  
Over Sherman—over Grant—  
Not for bounteous crops or season—  
But for strength through Yankee treason.

Rebel throats, with loud acclaim,  
Cheering George McClellan's name!  
Comrades! This is worth your tally,  
In the Shenandoah Valley!

Date December 28, 1864  
Title My Country's Ships  
First line I love my Country's noble ships  
Poet Sigourney, Mrs. L. H.  
Spar tag Union Navy  
Volume 1 Number 13 Page 1

I love my Country's noble ships  
That rules the watery plain,  
And the unshrinking men who guide  
Their progress o'er the maid.  
How gallantly their streamers float.  
How keen their lightning's fly.  
And braver hearts than these are found  
Beat not beneath the sky.

White as the glancing sea-birds wing,  
Their swelling sails expand.  
Beside the bright Aegean Island.  
Or green Formosa's strand.  
Or where the sparse Norwegian pine  
A sudden summer shares,  
Or Terra del Fuego's torch  
Amid the tempest glares.

Unmoved their trackless way they hold  
Though vengeful Boreas roars,  
And make their port 'mid stranger's coast  
Or undiscovered shores.  
Rude people, of a foreign speech,  
Have heard their cheering cry,  
'Land ho!—'Ahoy,'—'Bear-a-hand,'  
With the ready tars' reply.

The spices from the Indian realms,  
The plant of China's care,  
The cane's sweet blood from tropic vales  
Yon merchant-vessels bear.  
Wherever Commerce points his wand  
They mount the crested waves,

And link together every sea,  
This rolling globe that laves.

Still nearest to the Antarctic gate  
Our daring seamen press,  
Where storm-wrapped Nature thought to dwell  
In hermit loneliness;  
'Whose masts are there, so white with frost.  
Where fearful icebergs shine?'  
My Country from her watch-tower looked,  
And answered, --'They are mine!'

My Country's ships! With dauntless prow  
The tossing deep they tread;  
The pirates of the Libyan sands  
Have felt their prowess dread,--  
And the British lion's lordly mane,  
Their victor might confessed,  
For well their nation's faith and pride  
They guard on Ocean's breast.

When strong oppression fiercely frowns,  
Her eagle rears her crest,  
And means no other bird shall pluck  
His pinions on his breast;  
See!—brightly on the threatening cloud  
Gleam out those stars of gold.  
Hazzah!—for my dear Country's ships,  
And for her seamen bold.

----- Hartford Conn.

Date December 28, 1864  
Title Song  
First line Fill up the bowl, my comrades all,  
Poet F. J. E. W.  
Spar tag Patriotism  
Volume 1 Number 13 Page 3

Fill up the bowl, my comrades all,  
And drink to those to-night,  
Who sprang up at our Country's Call?  
To battle for the right!  
And let a tear in sorrow fall  
For those lost in the fight!

Fill up the bowl, and breathe a prayer  
Be Grant, and his brave men,  
Who struggle 'gainst the rebel host,  
Our Union to maintain;  
And to the friends we loved the most,  
Now numbered 'mongst the slain!

Fill up the bowl, and breathe a prayer  
For Vict'ry to our arms;  
And may the breezy atmosphere  
Ring out with war's alarms,  
Until our Flag floats everywhere,  
And conspiracy becalms!

Fill up the bowl, and bless our men,  
And toast our Banner fair;  
Oh, may it woo as free again,  
And kiss the Southern air,  
Now sobbing hoarsely, as in pain,  
And shudd'ring in despair!

Date January 4, 1865  
Title The Sensitive Man  
First line Oh, married men, I never dared  
Poet F. J. E. W.  
Spar tag Romance  
Volume 1 Number 14 Page 1

Oh, married men, I never dared  
My love to lady speak.  
“But let concealment, like a worm,  
Prey on my damask cheek;”  
For I confess, I’m sensitive,  
My fam’ly all are so,  
And I could never bear to hear  
From lady’s lips, a—no!

I envy you, you mated men,  
For all your wedded bliss,  
Your slippers, babies, cradles and  
Your wives to love and kiss;  
Your shirts, with ev’ry button on,  
Clear-starched and white as snow;  
Yet these, all these I might have had,  
But feared a lady’s –no!

I envy you your Tete-a-Tetes,  
Your paper, after tea,  
The help to put you off to bed,  
When home from some bad spree;  
Indeed, I covet all the joys  
That marriage doth bestow,  
But not the tender-hearted man  
Whose plea was met with –no!

I’d welcome all the yards of bills  
For millinery stuffs:  
Hats, bonnets, ribbons, laces, flowers,  
Thread, yarn, pins, ruffs and cuffs.  
“McFlimsey’s” dresses, numberless,  
Hoop, flounce and furbelow,--

I'd swallow all these trifling bills,  
But not the hateful—no!

I have not force of mind enough,  
In fact, I am not used  
To making love to ladies, for  
I dread to be refused!  
So to my grave I fear that I  
A bachelor must go,  
Unless some lady hints that she  
Is sure she'd not say—NO!

Date January 4, 1865  
Title Our Naval Heroes  
First line Thanks to our Heroes! – every one  
Poet Janvrin, Mary W.  
Spar tag Union Navy  
Volume 1 Number 14 Page 4

Thanks to our Heroes! – every one  
Who sails our proud flag under,  
Who guides the ship, or points a gun  
To swell our navy's thunder, --  
From laurel-crowned Rear Admiral,  
Whom Victory links with glory,  
To honest Jack, whose red blood turns  
The white deck wet and gory!

Our Heroes! – In the British Seas,  
One peaceful Sabbath morning,  
Brave Winslow gave back o'er the wave  
The Pirate's battle warning:  
The Alabama's traitor sons  
Fought desperate to defend her  
But God spoke from the Kearsage guns  
And summoned loud – 'Surrender!'

Our Heroes! – In the Mexie Gulf  
Where tropic winds went straying  
Brave Farragut – lashed to the mast –  
Guided his cannons' playing:  
The fortress from the rocky shore  
Hurled back the iron-rattle,  
But God fought with the Admiral  
And won for him the battle.

Our Heroes! – We forget not one  
Who sails the tossing water,  
Resigning 'worlds of love at home'  
For scenes of storm and slaughter;  
Their hearthstones are the gunboats grim,  
The sea their brides of beauty;

Their Pole-Star true, the Union Flag,  
Their pleasure, patriot duty.

Where'er is seen our Navy's blue,  
Or floats her starry banner, --  
In Southern port – up still bayou,  
Past broad and green savanna, --  
At home it guards the country's weal, --  
Wipes out the stain upon her;  
Or roving wide o'er foreign tide,  
Protects the nation's honor.

Then let the 'Boatswain's Whistle' pipe  
Our thanks, in fullest chorus,  
To every tar who sails the sea  
And serves yon proud Flag o'er us! –  
From laurel-crowned Rear Admiral,  
Whom Victory links with glory,  
To honest Jack, who, on the deck,  
Pours out his life-tide gory!



Date January 11, 1865  
Title Home from The Hop (After Owen Meredith)  
First line Did you mind, love, when Gerald Lane  
Poet Ernest  
Spar tag Romance  
Volume 1 Number 15 Page 1

Did you mind, love, when Gerald Lane  
Spoke this eve with you  
On the veranda, in the air,  
How strangely white he grew?  
Was he ill, dear? For you know  
He's just fresh from the wards,  
And that horrible sabre-thrust  
May have given him cause

The curtain's crimson dyes your cheek,  
Mon Ami, sitting there,  
Wrapped in your evening linen dress,  
And you're wondrous fair.

You did not know, dearest? But pshaw!  
Of course you did not mind,  
But I thought, like a jealous boy,  
That you seemed very kind  
And tender, more kind and tender  
Than ever I saw you,  
To the wounded Captain. Did he  
Years ago, adore you?  
For such the tell-tale words did my ears  
Listen i' the dizzy waltz,  
And whispers that he proved fickle,  
And you, my sweet, were false.

He looked splendidly, to-night,  
Rather thin-perhaps too white,  
But then, you know, he's from the wars  
And mind as well as I, the cause.

Sleepy love? Well seek your pillow-  
What, going, and not kiss?  
Perhaps the Captain's --. Well, good-night,  
We should not part like this.  
I'll join you presently, my dear--  
No? Well, once more good-night:  
You're strangely out of sorts, it seems;  
I'll smoke awhile; -- good night.

Date January 11, 1865  
Title The Camp-Fire  
First line 'Twas night, a dark but peaceful one,  
Poet Rusticus  
Spar tag Soldier's Life  
Volume 1 Number 15 Page 4

'Twas night, a dark but peaceful one,  
And o'er the bivouacked lines a quiet laid:  
All day the scorching Southern sun  
Had strove to pierce the pines and banish shade.  
Near by a tree, on dewy ground,  
A camp-fire blazing bright, strange shadows cast  
On faces three: and forms around  
Fantastic glow in sudden light, and flicker past.

The first, a merry, bright-eyed youth,  
The boyish drummer brave, whose features fair  
Ingenuous wore the stamp of truth  
A mother's teachings gave, reposed him there.  
The next, an old and thoughtful man.  
A veteran to the triumph blast of War:  
The other, o'er whose brow there ran,  
Half hid by clust'ring curls, a long red scar.

"How came it, George," the eldest said,  
"That one as young as thou hast left thy home!  
What could have thus thy footsteps led?  
So far away to scenes like these to roam?"  
The Drummer answered—"Not for fame.  
My home I left the warlike drum to beat,  
My country called me, and I came,  
Though sad the parting was, with willing feet."

"But tell us," said the Drummer fair,  
"How you with loving wife and children dear,  
Could leave them all, so lonely there,  
For chance of war? Had you no silent fear  
That never more on earth you'd meet them?"  
"Like you, my boy, I heard my country's call—

And should I here below ne'er greet them,  
In Heav'n I shall, and God will keep my all."

A silence followed, when the third,  
Unquestioned, half reluctant, sadly said,  
"I came, but not because I heard  
My country's call—my ears to Fame are dead  
The one I loved was false, untrue.  
I could not bear to see her as a bride,  
And not as mine, and thus with you,  
To-night, a soldier sits by your side.

Some foe-man's bullet, swiftly sped,  
May find within my heart a resting place  
If so, and either see me dead,  
Tell her I bravely fell, toward the foe my face."  
No more was said. The weary three  
Their blankets spread in silence on the dewy ground  
The waning camp-fire 'neath the tree,  
With fitful light soon saw them sleeping sound.

The morning dawned, the foe was near,  
And soon the noise of battle filled the sky.  
At eve it ceased. The moonlight clear  
Shone mildly on three forms each other night.  
The one, a Drummer, fair and young:  
The next, an old man grasping at the air;  
The last, whose brow, with curls o'er hung,  
A scar displayed. The dead were lying there.

Date January 18, 1865  
Title Lines [01]  
First line Shall I tell you of my fairy,  
Poet F. J. E. W.  
Spar tag N/A  
Volume 1 Number 16 Page 1

Shall I tell you of my fairy,  
Of the fairy that I love,  
With her heart as warm and gentle,  
And her voice like cooing dove?  
Of my fairy, of my Mary,  
Whom the angels seem to love?

Whence she came, or where I met her,  
You, my friend, shall never know;  
But I'll tell you why I love her,  
Why I dote upon her so:  
But believe me, what I breathe the,  
Farther from us must not go.

Listen, while I whisper to you:  
For the meekness of her face,  
For her piety, and goodness,  
And her winsome, loving grace,  
Enter features, so like teachers,  
Shunning all things foul and base.

I will tell you why I love her:  
For each true and holy word,  
Uttered soft-like, till the music  
Seemed the music of a bird:  
They have made me what she prayed me,  
And my better thoughts are stirred.

She has changed my very nature,  
She has charmed my very breath,  
Till it echoes all her teachings,  
All the holy words she saidth!  
She besought me, and has taught me  
What it is to live in faith!

This is why I love her dearly,  
Is why I call her good:  
She's brought me nearer Heaven,  
Nearer than I ever stood,  
And I feel that I can kneel at  
Jesus's feet, as cleansed in blood.

Date January 18, 1865  
Title Kiss Me, Mother, Once Again  
First line On a field of bloody carnage,  
Poet Miller, Theo. D.C.  
Spar tag Battlefield Death - Mortality  
Volume 1 Number 16 Page 4

In the fierce battle of Gettysburg, a young and brave New England soldier, who has fearlessly faced the leaden ball, was mortally wounded. Through the dark and lonely night he lay nearly unconscious upon the glory field; but as the rosy hues of morning lit up the eastern sky, he was found by a few noble comrades where the fiercest charge of the terrific battle had taken place and the dead and dying lay in dense piles. Ere death bore his heroic spirit to a better clime---and in a half-unconscious state-he exclaimed; "Oh! My dear, dear mother! I would that you were here beside me! My pain is nearly over now. Kiss me, mother, once again!" And after repeating these sweet sentences with youthful ardor, his soul passed from earth as calmly as that of an innocent cherub upon its mother's breast.

On a field of bloody carnage,  
Where the gory wavelets swell,  
Over wan and ghastly warriors  
Who have nobly fought and fell;  
Lay a young and daring soldier,  
Weary, wounded, bleeding,--fair?  
But a smile overspread his features,  
Such as angels only wear.

Chorus:  
Oh! He breathed the sweetest music,  
For it eased his heart's dull pain,  
It was soft, and low, and gentle:  
Kiss me, mother, once again!

In the pale and sickly moonlight,  
Through the night, so dark and drear  
Sad and lonely Will was lying,  
With no loving comrade near:  
But the morning broke in splendor,  
And the war-clouds rolled away:

Then they sought our bleeding hero  
Where the wounded thickest lay.

There he lay in peaceful slumber,  
Like an infant's quiet sleep,  
And, as warriors strewn surround him.  
Breaking hearts in sorrow weep:  
For sweet Liberty and Union,  
And our starry banner bright,  
He had marched unto the battle,  
And had fallen in the fight.

Smiles of sweet, angelic beauty  
O'er his placid features spread,  
And his eyelids slowly opened:  
Gently, softly Willie said:  
"Comrades! Tell my darling mother  
I am freed from earthly pain,  
But I longed once more to see her—  
Kiss me, mother once, again!"

Like pure rays of fadeless splendor  
Seemed our brother's features fair,  
As his breath came slow and feeble,  
And he left this world of care:  
But a host of happy angels,  
Bore his spirit to the sky,  
And we knew his end was peaceful—  
He was not afraid to die!

--- Waverly



Date January 25, 1865  
Title New Hampshire.  
First line Oh, New-Hampshire! dear New-Hampshire!  
Poet [By one of her soldiers in hospital]  
Spar tag Nostalgia for Home  
Volume 1 Number 17 Page 1

Oh, New Hampshire! dear New Hampshire!  
How my yearning bosom thrills,  
When I mind your fertile valleys,  
Level plains and swelling hills!  
And in thinking of the waters  
Of your waltzing Merrimack  
How the tide of mem'ry surges  
Onward, onward to its track!

Oh, New Hampshire! fair New Hampshire!  
It may be I cannot roam  
'Mong your greening hills and valleys,  
When the happy spring has come;  
Haply I may never see thee,  
Never please my wistful eyes  
On the nameless, countless beauties,  
Teeming in thy boundaries!

But New Hampshire! lov'd New Hampshire!  
My poor heart is 'mong your hills,  
And it makes your name its burden,  
Crying, ceaseless, like your rills!  
If it may be seemly for me,  
I would pray that, when I die,  
My worn body might in quiet  
On New Hampshire's bosom lie!

Date January 25, 1865  
Title A Lyric for the Time  
First line The shade creeps forward on the dial,  
Poet [no attribution]  
Spar tag N/A  
Volume 1 Number 17 Page 3

### A Lyric for the Time

The shade creeps forward on the dial,  
Come along!  
The hour approaches for the trial,  
Whether wrong,  
Leagued with might,  
Shall conquer right;  
Or claims of justice brook denial; -  
Come along!

The flag of Liberty unfold,  
Come along!  
Who wishes to be free? Behold,  
In purpose strong!  
For bright and high,  
The orient sky,  
The light of Freedom streaks with gold:  
Come along!

The wind is singing merrily,  
All nature's song;  
It sings the hymn of Liberty!  
Come along!  
The stream is preaching,  
The same is teaching,  
And hurts its barriers to be free:  
Come along!

Come to the solemn-voiced sea;  
Come along!  
Hark! she lisps the words 'Be free!'  
It is her song

Upon the strand  
Of every land,  
Unchained and fetterless like me; -  
Come along!

Date January 25, 1865  
Title Sherman's In Savannah!  
First line Like the tribes of Israel,  
Poet [no attribution]  
Spar tag Patriotism  
Volume 1 Number 17 Page 4

Like the tribes of Israel,  
Fed on quails and manna,  
Sherman and his glorious band  
Journeyed through the rebel land,  
Fed from Heaven's all-bounteous hand,  
Marching on Savannah!

As the moving pillar shone,  
Streamed the starry banner,  
All the day in rosy light,  
Beaming glory all the night,  
Till it swooped in eagle flight  
Down on doomed Savannah!

Glory be to God on High!  
Shout the loud Hosanna!  
Treason's wilderness is past,  
Canaan's shore is won at last,  
Peal a nation's trumpet blast;--  
Sherman's in Savannah!

Date February 1, 1865  
Title The Volunteer  
First line Say, dear old Banner of our love -  
Poet H. N. M.  
Spar tag Soldier's Life  
Volume 1 Number 18 Page 1

Say, dear old Banner of our love—  
Thou priceless gem from God above  
Who shall defend thy honor still,  
A Nation's heart with rapture thrill?  
Our husbands, sons, and brothers dear,  
The brave, undaunted volunteer.

No more shall treason's venomous dart  
Dare pierce thy "Stars and Stripes apart,  
Such shall be thy glorious faith  
To proudly wave o'er every State;  
Then dear old Banner, never fear,  
Upheld by valiant volunteer.

No more, Rebellion's bitter hate,  
Divide the Union State by State:  
But firm united, ever be,  
Like thy true colors, one in three.  
For still beneath thy folds so dear,  
Stands our true-hearted volunteer.

The vilest thing that crawls the earth,  
For Northern traitors gave it birth,  
Forever cold, and torpid, dead—  
That poisonous thing the "Copperhead."  
The Powers that be need have no fear,  
Upheld by the firm, brave volunteer

These various traitors all shall feel  
The Constitution's iron heel;  
Our Nation firm united stand,  
For noble sons, from all the land,  
The "Stars and Stripes" still hold and cheer,  
The lion-hearted volunteer.

The brave old Eagle spreads her wings,  
A shout of victory she sings;  
That proud oppression reigns no more  
But Freedom's light from shore to shore;  
For 'neath that banner, ever dear  
Is found the gallant volunteer.

Thus dear old flag, of triune hue  
The Red and White, with heavenly Blue  
Float on – nor any star shall lack;  
Thy stripes shall reach the traitors back.  
God ever bless the Flag most dear,  
As thou shalt bless each volunteer.

Date February 1, 1865  
Title Write to the Soldiers  
First line Write letters to the soldier-boys  
Poet Yankee Blade  
Spar tag Letters  
Volume 1 Number 18 Page 3

Write letters to the soldier-boys  
The weary, absent ones.  
Now facing death in every form,  
Our country's noble sons!  
Write words of cheer and happiness,  
To those who freely brave  
The tide of war, without complaint,  
The Star and Stripes to save!

Letters from loving friends at home  
Are hailed with glad delight,  
If they can hear from those they love  
They have more heart to fight;  
It is the soldier boy's request  
To often hear from home;  
Then write them words of hope and joy,  
And cheer them gladly on.

Yankee Blade

Date February 1, 1865  
Title "Send Them Home"  
First line Send them home, my mother's letters:  
Poet [no attribution]  
Spar tag N/A  
Volume 1 Number 18 Page 4

Send them home, my mother's letters:  
Thus did a dying soldier say,  
Send them to the dear old homestead,  
When from earth I've passed away.

Of they've cheered me in the battle,  
As in thought I've read them through;  
And these word she always wrote me,  
To our country's flag be true."

Send them to the dear old cottage,  
In my fine Green Mountain home,  
Where in vain dear one's [sic] are waiting  
For the form that ne'er will come.

Now, dear comarades, I am going,  
Soon life's struggles will be o'er -  
Farewell, farewell, soldier brothers,  
Meet me on the other shore.



Date February 8, 1865  
Title The Mother to Her Son  
First line Shun, oh shun the tempting goblet,  
Poet F. J. E. W.  
Spar tag Prohibition -- Temperance  
Volume 1 Number 19 Page 1

Shun, oh shun the tempting goblet,  
As you would the Simoon's breath!  
There is madness in its contents,  
There is wrong, and hate, and Death!  
There is woe, and there is horror,  
There is Murder in the cup!  
O my tempted son, my darling,  
I implore you give it up!

By the love you always bore me,  
By those gone beyond the skies,  
By your hopes of one day going  
To the shores of Paradise—  
By the prayers I've offered for you,  
Oh, forsake the syren-drink!  
It will drag you to destruction,  
Pause, I pray you, pause and think,  
Ere the brain and heart is maddened,  
Ere is sundered ev'ry link,  
For Perdition Now awaits you,  
You Are Standing On Its Brink!

Date February 8, 1865  
Title Anthem of Peace and War  
First line We have watched through the weariest midnights  
Poet [no attribution]  
Spar tag Consequences of War  
Volume 1 Number 19 Page 3

#### First Chorus of Six Voices

We have watched through the weariest midnights  
That curtained our hope of Peace:  
We have waded the deepest waters  
That rose between us and Peace!  
We have climbed o'er the roughest mountain  
That rose between us and Peace!

It hath cost us woes unnumbered,  
This promise we have of Peace:  
Labors and bitter privations  
Because there was no Peace;  
And the bones of our bravest bleaching  
Upon the fields that were not of Peace.

#### Second Chorus of Six voices.

Famine and red eyed murder  
Are leashed in the hands of War?  
Walls that is blackened and roofless  
Lie in the wake of War;  
The worn and the flapping buzzard—  
Oh! These are the kings of war!

Hollow-eyed women are weeping  
The waste and scourge of War;  
Wringing their pitiful fingers,  
And wailing the woes of War:  
As their children wither around them  
Beneath the wan blight of War!

#### Full Chorus of Twelve Voices

Oh, wives, with husbands in battle,  
Think; think of the day of Peace!

Oh, mothers, with your sons in battle,  
Cling close to the hope of Peace?  
Oh, little ones, needing your fathers,  
Pray, pray for the hope of Peace!

Glory to god in the highest;  
He giveth us promise of Peace!  
He will not be wrathful forever.  
He yet will restore us to Peace!  
We see from the Wings of His Healing,  
Down flutter the White Dove of Peace!

Date February 8, 1865  
Title The Soldier's Parting  
First line Farewell, 'tis midnight's solemn hour,  
Poet H. N. M.  
Spar tag Soldier's Life  
Volume 1 Number 19 Page 3

Farewell, 'tis midnight's solemn hour,  
And we must part again:  
This little word has mighty power  
To thrill our hearts with pain.

Farewell, my darling, precious wife,  
My country calls—I go;  
And leave the priceless things of life—  
'Tis God that wills it so.

Farewell, my armour's buckled on,  
I'll battle with my might,  
Till glorious victory is won  
For honor and the right.

Farewell, O, do not longer weep,  
But smile once more on me,  
Upon my heart a light I'll keep  
Till I return to thee.

Farewell, dear wife the midnight hour  
Will soon be drawing near;  
Look up, take courage, have no fear,  
The night will pass away.

Farewell, God will protect thee still,  
Our little ones so dear—  
I leave them to His holy will—  
Without a thought of fear.

Farewell, thou would'st not have me stay,  
For thy true woman's heart  
Would with me in the drama play  
A Christian patriot's part.

Upon our Country's alter, then,  
    This sacrifice we'll lay—  
Farewell—God grant we meet again,  
    I can no longer stay.

Date February 8, 1865  
Title God Save the Flag  
First line Washed in the blood of the brave and blooming,  
Poet [no attribution]  
Spar tag Stars and Stripes  
Volume 1 Number 19 Page 4

Washed in the blood of the brave and blooming,  
Snatched from the alters of insolent foes,  
Burning with star fires, but never consuming,  
Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose.

Vainly the prophets of Baal would rend it,  
Vainly his worshippers pray for its fall;  
Thousands have died for it, millions defend it,  
Emblem of justice and mercy to all:

Justice that reddens the sky with her terrors,  
Mercy that comes with her white-handed train,  
Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,  
Sheathing the sabre and breaking the chain.

Born on the deluge of old usurpations,  
Drifted our Ark o're the desolate seas;  
This was the rainbow of hope to the nations,  
Torn from the storm cloud, flung to the breeze

God bless the flag and its loyal defenders,  
While its broad folds o'er the battle-field wave,  
Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its splendors,  
Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave!

Date February 15, 1865  
Title The Soldier's Thoughts of Peace  
First line When war shall cease and be no more  
Poet S. B. F.  
Spar tag Patriotism  
Volume 1 Number 20 Page 1

When war shall cease and be no more  
The theme of every mortal tongue:  
When peace proclaimed shall bless our shore,  
We'll join in this the patriot's song:

We love our Country, and our pride  
Has buoyed us up in war's campaigns,  
We never would our lands divide,  
To blot our Nation's honored name.

No spot of cowardice or shame  
Has scared the armies of our land;  
No Union soldier's honored name  
Has been defamed by treason's brand.

The last alarm of war has past,  
Our Union saved, Columbia's free,--  
We're "mustered out" and rest at last—  
Victorious rest, O, may it be.

To God on high give all the praise,  
To Him who is the warrior's shield,  
Let our glad hearts in chorus raise,  
And all our honors to Him yield.

Date February 22, 1865  
Title I Am Weary  
First line I am weary of straying - fain would I rest  
Poet A young lady  
Spar tag N/A  
Volume 1 Number 21 Page 1

I am weary of straying - O fain would I rest  
In that far distant land of the pure and the blest,  
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,  
And tears, and temptations forever are fled.

I am weary of hoping - where hope is untrue,  
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew:  
I long for that land whose blest promise alone,  
Is as changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earh,  
O'er joys glowing visions, that faid [sic] at their birth:  
O'er the pangs of the loved, which we cannot assuage;  
O'er the blightings of youth, and the meekness of age.

I am weary of loving - what passes away -  
The sweetest, the dearest, alas may not stay!  
I long for that land, where those partings are o'er,  
And death, and the tomb can devide [sic] hearts no more.

I am weary, my Saviour of grieving Thy love;  
O! when shall I rest, in Thy presence above,  
I am weary - but O, let me never repine,  
While Thy word, and Thy love and Thy promise are mine.



Date February 22, 1865  
Title The Shenandoah  
First line Some tongue shall tell on some future day,  
Poet [no attribution]  
Spar tag Soldier's Life  
Volume 1 Number 21 Page 4

I.

Some tongue shall tell on some future day,  
When the clouds shall have passed to return no more, --  
Some thirsty heart to his spouse shall say:  
"It seems like a dream in the Shenandoah!"  
We sow and we reap, and we tranquilly sleep,  
And worship in piece when the week is o'er;  
But ah, busy wife, as I glance at my life,  
"Twas not always so in the Shenandoah."

II.

"You have known me here as a piece [sic] loving man,  
With naught in my thoughts but my farmer's store,  
Save a seat on my horse, which came, of course,  
When I served in the ranks in the Shenandoah;  
When I rode like a man with Sheridan,  
And my ears were deep in the trumpet's lore,  
And strong for the right was my arm of might,  
When I fought for the flag in the Shenandoah."

III.

I have born that flag in many a fight,  
And always prompt at the trumpet's call;  
Ah, that sound!—that sound was my soul's delight,  
For death was naught, and the flag was all!  
When it flapped in the wind to old Stephen's stride,  
The reins on his neck and the sword arm free,  
When—each did his best by his fellow's side—  
Twas thus that we rode to victory!  
At Cedar Creek, in the battle's van,  
Twas thus that we charged with Sheridan.

IV.

But why should I tell of the bugle's blast,  
Of the burning homes and the battle's roar—  
To blanch thy cheek with the bloody past,  
When all is still in the Shenandoah!  
Then God be praised for the peaceful times.  
With no tyrant's foot on this happy shore,  
And to Him let us pray, this sweet Sabbath day,  
While the church bells chime through the Shenandoah!

Date February 22, 1865  
Title Honor to the Sailor  
First line Oh! I love the honest tar,  
Poet Yankee Blade  
Spar tag N/A  
Volume 1 Number 21 Page 4

### Honor to the Sailor

Oh! I love the honest tar,  
    With heart so full of glee ;  
Who leaves 'dear home' to roam afar,  
    Across the foamy sea,  
Whose will is brave and strong,  
    To meet his hardy fate, -  
Whose heart is free from petty wrong,  
    And with pure impulse warm.

Oh! I respect the bold and manly sailor  
    Who braves the treacherous waves!  
With daring courage through the storm,  
    His much loved ship he saves, -  
With manly pride he rules the deep,  
    And guides his ship afar,  
Where angry, threatening waters creep,  
    And murmur loud of deathly sleep.

All honor, to the brave and generous tar!  
    Though not of courtly mien,  
Though rough and blunt his speech may be,  
    As e'er on land is seen ;  
Beneath his coarse, rough, sailor garb,  
    May throb a heart so warm and free,  
With manly honor, true and large,  
    Though filled with childlike glee.

And never yet a storm hath raged,  
    But that I thought of thee,  
Who dwelt where darksome waters waged  
    And braved a storm deep,

But when each day with pleading heart,  
My Father's loving care I crave,  
In every prayer, the sailor has a part,  
His daring life to save.

Yankee Blade.

Date March 1, 1865  
Title To a Canary Bird  
First line Sweet Canary, happy creature,  
Poet F. J. E. W.  
Spar tag N/A  
Volume 1 Number 22 Page 1

Sweet Canary, happy creature,  
Swell thy little dainty throat,  
Give to us thy song of Nature,  
Made with many a lovely note.  
Whistle, warble, trill and twitter,  
'Twill be welcome, long or brief,  
Drown our ears with 'witching music,  
'Till to other sounds we're deaf.

Darling birdie, cunning birdie,  
Handsome birdie, blithe and gay,  
Pulsing all the air around us,  
With thy nameless roundelay.  
Happier mortal never could be,  
Than this bird from other climes,  
Making all its life a "poem  
Without words," of lovely chimes.

Date March 1, 1865  
Title Prison Horrors  
First line Beneath that traitor flag defiant flying,  
Poet Watchman and Reflector  
Spar tag Prisoners of War  
Volume 1 Number 22 Page 4

Beneath that traitor flag defiant flying,  
And watched by guard that glory in their sighing,  
Ten thousand of our brother braves lay dying.

Men, nobles,--but a year ago they came  
From friends who lisped in love their every name  
To fan Rebellion back through fields of flame.

They earned a kind captivity, but fell  
'Mid foes too mean to treat a foeman well,  
Proud of their honor---leagued in hate with hell.

And so our heroes, by their craven hand  
Stretched like chained lions on the Southern sand,  
Die of slow torment in a Christian land.

No shelter know the sufferers; bolder ones  
Daring to seek it, scorched by Georgian suns,  
Drop on the dead-line 'neath the warders' guns.

No rest! The lazar filth, the charnel-ooze,  
A horrid couch they cannot shun nor choose,  
Beneath receives them when their strength they lose.

No raiment! Bare to shame from head to heel,  
Save rags their captors deemed too poor to steal,  
Their wasted limbs the misty winter feel.

No food—or worse! The carrion vulture's craws  
Would spew the slimy dole each prisoner draws,  
Flung rotten-ripe from Hate's hyena claws.

No water! Thick with their own ordure creep  
The scanty runs that cross their sloughy keep,  
Till their dead bodies dam them heap on heap.

No breath! A myriad mouths that gasp for air,  
Shrink at the still putrescence reeking there,  
And choke in foulness more than life can bear.

Humanity! There are no pitying tears,  
Nor feeling hearts, nor wholesome, godly fears,  
Where Slavery's damning fester grows for years.

Ah, yearning kindred, helplessly afar,  
Question the lightning-wire, the whirling car,  
And weep, unanswered, at the fates of war!

Unanswered, save to learn the gifts ye sent  
To warm and comfort friends in bondage, went  
No farther than some thievish jailor's tent.

Yet faint not wholly. Stay your hearts in hope;  
For from the womb of death your lost cry up,  
"Father, our sufferings! Bless the bitter cup!"

They shall not cry unheard! Though crushed awhile,  
Their voice shall run to earth's remotest mile,  
Telling the deeds of Libby and Belle Isle,

And Danville, Anderson and Macon, made  
For torture strong with castle and stockade,  
Shall have their bloody work to Heaven displayed.

Till universal man, in wrath descrying,  
Spurn from the fiend whose spite, and lust, and lying,  
Could bind and leave ten thousand brothers dying.

Ten thousand! Aye, if God the dead restore  
From graves already 'neath their dungeon floor,  
Shall start to judgment twenty thousand more.

----- Watchman and Reflector

Date March 8, 1865  
Title Song  
First line Oh, boatman, ply your slender oars,  
Poet F. J. E. W.  
Spar tag Battlefield Death - Mortality  
Volume 1 Number 23 Page 1

Oh, boatman, ply your slender oars,  
And speed your tiny bark,  
To where the distant shore lies dim,  
Oh, haste, ere it be dark—  
For winds may blow and torrents pour,  
And swamp the fragile bark!

Upon the shore out in the West,  
A maiden waits for me,  
Then bend your oars, and speed your bark,  
Across the gloomy sea,  
And land me safe, before the storm  
Engulfeth you and me!

Oh, swifter, swifter strain your arms,  
Pull lustily your oars,  
And twenty golden guineas for  
Your labor shall be yours!  
As best my pulses to and fro,  
Oh, boatman, ply your oars!

\* \* \* \* \*

A maiden waits in the storm,  
And waves her dainty hand:  
A bark drifts towards the Western shore,  
And grounds upon the strand:  
In vain she looketh for its freight,  
In vain the sea is spanned!

Oh, maiden! wring your dainty hands,  
And sob in pit'ous wail—



It will not bring your lover back,  
And prayers will not avail,  
For fathoms deep he lieth now,  
Beneath the sounding gale!

Date March 8, 1865  
Title The Dying Soldier  
First line Dying far away from home—  
Poet [no attribution]  
Spar tag Battlefield Death - Mortality  
Volume 1 Number 23 Page 4

Dying far away from home—  
Gently breathing out his life,  
Was a wounded Union soldier  
On a bloody field of strife.

Comrades kindly stooped to aid him.  
And to catch the words he said—  
“Tell them gently; gently tell them,  
That their soldier boy is dead.

Round the fire-side when they gather,  
Morn and evening, every day—  
As they pray to God the Father,  
One they’ll miss that’s far away.

Sleeping on the field of battle—  
‘Neath the sods of Southern soil:  
Heeding not the musket’s rattle,  
Free from earth and all its toils.”

Then sadly in a grave they placed him,  
With others of our country’s slain;  
And homeward, homeward speed the message,  
To hearts that oft must feel the pain.

Look throughout our stricken country;  
Mark the many falling tears;  
What a record of heart achings  
For the future coming years.

----- Transcript

Date March 8, 1865  
Title The Return  
First line "Three years! I wonder if she'll know me!  
Poet [no attribution]  
Spar tag Battlefield Death - Mortality  
Volume 1 Number 23 Page 4

'Three years! I wonder if she'll know me!  
I limp; a little and I left one arm  
At Petersburg, and I am grown as brown  
As the plump chestnuts on my little farm:  
And I am as shaggy as the chestnut burrs,  
But ripe and sweet within, and wholly hers.

The darling! How I long to see her!  
My heart outruns this feeble soldier pace;  
But I remember, after I had left,  
A little Charlie came to take my place:  
Ah! How the laughing three-year old brown eyes  
(His mother's eyes) will stare with pleased surprise!

Sure, they'll be at the corner watching!  
I sent them word that I should come to-night;  
The birds all knew it; for they crowd around,  
Twittering their welcome with a wild delight;  
And that old robin, with a halting wing,  
I saved her life three years ago last Spring.

Three years—perhaps I am but dreaming,  
For, like the pilgrim of the long ago,  
I've tugged a weary burden at my back.  
Through the summer's heat and winter's binding snow  
Till now, I reach my home, my darling's breast,  
There I can roll my burden off—and rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

When morning came, the early rising sun  
Laid his light fingers on a soldier sleeping,  
Where a soft covering of bright green grass  
Over two lowly mounds was lightly creeping,  
But waked him not; his was the rest eternal,  
Where the brown eyes reflected lover supernal.

Date March 15, 1865  
Title A Dangerous Maiden  
First line O beautiful maiden! rare beautiful maiden!  
Poet Ernest  
Spar tag Romance  
Volume 1 Number 24 Page 1

O beautiful maiden! rare beautiful maiden!  
Eyes like the blue of the violet's bloom;  
Lips that had pilfered the pink of the sea-shell;  
Hair shaded dark as the wing of nights' [sic] gloom.

I know not the radiant [sic] land whence she came,  
I know not what skies above her had bent,  
I know not the power whose generous hand  
Such beauty her wondrous features had lent.

This much my fancy beguiled me, saying—  
She is a dangerous maiden to know—  
She will bewilder thee, she will enthrall thee,  
She will drown thee in bliss, and plunge thee in woe.

Date March 15, 1865  
Title Musings  
First line Shall I ever see again  
Poet Edwards, J. Montgomery  
Spar tag Nostalgia for Home  
Volume 1 Number 24 Page 4

Shall I ever see again  
Friends that love and those I love?  
Ah! the thought but gives me pain,  
While a wanderer here I rove;  
O'er the sea I've traveled off.  
Many countries doomed to roam,  
Still memory brings the whisper soft,  
"Dearest there's no place like home!

Life is but a checkered scene,  
Bright at best, but oft times dark,  
Some friends fade, and then again  
Some retain the eternal spark.  
From the hours that quickly pass,  
This the lesson I should learn,  
Life's but a span - all flesh is grass,  
And to dust we'll all return.

--Savannah Republican

Date March 15, 1865  
Title Reaching Home  
First line Do you know the kindly greeting  
Poet Winthrop, Winnie  
Spar tag Nostalgia for Home  
Volume 1 Number 24 Page 4

Do you know the kindly greeting  
Of the loved ones at the door,  
When the lone heart, fondly beating,  
Reaching home and friends once more?  
Oh! that bright and joyous meeting,  
As the words of hearty cheer  
Come, like echo tones, repeating,  
Welcome! Welcome! Welcome here!

All the sorrow of the parting  
And the farewell, then so sad,  
And the rear-drops timid starting,  
Are forgot in union glad,  
Aye! the bond of love grows stronger  
When its charms at home we share,  
When an absent one no longer  
Claims the sigh, the tear, the prayer.  
-Cartridge Box.

Date March 15, 1865  
Title 'Tis Done.  
First line 'Tis done, the noble deed is done!  
Poet Sanders, C. H.  
Spar tag Patriotism  
Volume 1 Number 24 Page 4

'Tis done, the noble deed is done!  
A glorious victory now is won;  
For liberty in might has spoken  
And, lo, the bondman's chains are broken.  
'Tis done! all hail the proud decree  
Which sets our land and nation free,  
That severs every galling chain,  
And wipes away her foulest stain.

'Tis done, and let the tidings fly,  
On lightning wings through earth and sky,  
Let freedom swell her loftiest strain,  
For, lo, our nation's born again.  
Waft, waft, ye winds, the joyfull sound  
That chattle millions are unbound,  
And clanking chains will be no more  
A blighting curse to this fair shore.

Now let New England raise her voice,  
And with the Middle States rejoice,  
The far young West will catch the song,  
And swell the anthem loud a long,  
While lakes and rivers all as one,  
From sturdy Maine to Oregon,  
Will chant the chorus jubilee,  
From slavery we're forever free.

-Transcript.



Date March 22, 1865  
Title Willie's Coming Home.  
First line Mother, light is waning,  
Poet Bell, Hattie  
Spar tag Battlefield Death - Mortality  
Volume 1 Number 25 Page 1

Mother, light is waning,  
And the night has come,  
Two more days of watching,  
Then Willie will be home.  
Home from war and carnage,  
Never more to roam,  
Joyful hearts are beating,  
For Willie's coming home.

Bright the sun is shining  
O'er the battle plain,  
One young heart is pining  
For his home again,  
Loudly roars the cannon,  
Fast the bullets come,  
When this day is over,  
Willie's going home.

Mother, stars are gleaming  
Bright in heaven's blue dome,  
And the moon is beaming,  
To guide our Willie home.  
Sweet will be the meeting,  
When this night has flown,  
For 'ere the morrows ended,  
Willie will be home.

Slowly fades the twilight,  
Deadly strife is done,  
On the cold ground lying,  
Willie's going home.  
Home from pain and sorrow,  
Earthly cares have flown,

Ne'er on earth we'll meet him,  
He is going home.

Softly evening's zephyr  
Fans his marble brow,  
Comrades gather round him,  
Willies [sic] dying now.  
Faint his pale lips murmur,  
Dear friends, do not mourn,  
Angels bright are waiting  
To take your Willie home.

Date March 22, 1865  
Title Thy Mother Prays for Thee.  
First line The Union fleet at anchor lay,  
Poet Webster, John P., U. S. N.  
Spar tag Union Navy  
Volume 1 Number 25 Page 4

The Union fleet at anchor lay,  
The night before the fight;\*  
And many a sailor's heart was sad—  
It was a stormy night—  
For one had left a wife and child,  
Another a sister near,  
And I, though neither wife nor child,  
Had left a Mother dear.

For e're the morrow's sun should set,  
And this we knew full well,  
That many a hero there must fall,  
How many none could tell,  
Shall I be of the number spared?  
Or of the number slain?  
And shall I see my friends once more,  
Or lie beneath the main?

Such thoughts as these passed thro' my mind,  
The night before the fight?  
And as I lie thus musingly,  
I had a vision bright.  
A loved one's form before me stood,  
With voice both clear and free;  
And whispered, Fear not! for at home  
The Mother prays for thee.

The vision fled, the night passed on,  
And I was soon asleep;  
Whilst our vessel lay a rolling there,  
Upon the stormy deep.  
My dreams were pleasant, sleep serene,  
No sadness there for me:

For SHE had told me with a smile,  
That Mother prayed for me.

The moon was fair, the sea was calm,  
When we got under weigh [sic]  
To attack the rebel batteries,  
That pleasant Christmas day.  
For four long days, and longer nights,  
Our guns at them did pour  
Both shot and shell, and iron hail,  
Which wounded them full sore.

Few were their shots, yet well their aim,  
As many a one can tell;  
For e'er that rebel flag came down,  
There's many a hero fell.  
After that gallant charge was made, \*\*  
(A day of toil and care.)  
The wounded said, "I heed not pain,  
OUR FLAG IS PLANTED THERE."

Oh, Joyous night! Our own true flag  
Waves o'er the rebel mound;  
Whilst that once defiant rebel rag  
Is humbled to the ground.  
Our joy is great, our hearts made glad  
To gain this victory;  
But most of all, I'm grateful that  
My Mother prays for me.

U.S. STR. TACONY.

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\* The 24th of December, 1864, the night previous to the attack on Fort Fisher.

\*\* The 15th of January, 1865.

- N. C. Times

Date March 29, 1865  
Title I'm Not particular.  
First line Don't think that I'm particular,  
Poet F. J. E. W.  
Spar tag Romance  
Volume 1 Number 26 Page 1

Don't think that I'm particular,  
If I should humbly state,  
The sort of ladies that I love,  
And ditto, ditto ha----;  
For, beleive [sic] me, dearest reader,  
I am not hard to please,  
But—really—yes, I love the ones  
That you can kiss and sq----,  
Oh, yes, indeed, I am quite fond  
Of those who kiss and sq----.

I love the ones, God bless their souls!  
Who have a winning grace,  
And what is more, I love the same  
That own a pretty fa--;  
And if with pleasing features, they  
Should rosy be with health,  
I'd love them more, AND BETTER STILL  
If they had mines of we----,  
Oh, yes, I'd love them fonder still,  
If they had untold we----.

And if with a heart to love me;  
They should be fair and young,  
'Twould better please me, AND YET MORE  
Could each control her to----;  
For women should a blessing be,  
Worth more than gems or gold,  
Yet, where would be man's happiness,  
Linked with a pretty sc----?  
Oh, where would be his peace of mind,  
Bound to a perfect scold----?

I do not love those always grave,  
Or ditto ditto glad,  
I am not fond of those "too good,"  
Nor those so dreadful ba--:  
But those I love who suit their ways  
To my oft-changing mood,  
Who, on the sly, will give a kiss,  
Yet not be whispered ru----,  
Yes, those who give a hearty kiss,  
And yet are not ru----,

Now don't think I'm particular,  
I'm far from being that,  
Yet best I love the PETITE ones,  
And not the ladies fa----,  
I am not fond of stately ones,  
For once I got so bothered:  
One kissed me in a drawing room,  
Until I nearly sm-----,  
Yes, bless me, but I really thought  
That I was being sm-----!

Date March 29, 1865  
Title The Fallen Soldier.  
First line Where his country's banner sweeps,  
Poet Bigelow, Mrs. M. A.  
Spar tag Battlefield Death - Mortality  
Volume 1 Number 26 Page 4

"My heart bled within me when I gazed on young H., where he lay in all the pale beauty of death. He was to have been married, the week following, to an accomplished lady; but such was his great zeal to serve his country, that he became a volunteer in our camp, and met his death the following morning. On opening his vest, we found a likeness of the beautiful Miss \_\_\_\_\_. The back of the portrait was stained with his blood." Life of Marion

Where his country's banner sweeps,  
On the field of war he sleeps,  
With his eyelids, darkly fringed,  
By the breath of cannon singed;  
And you see the crimson blood,  
Where the youthful hero stood.

Warrior! In the furious strife,  
In the weary ebb of life,  
What could solace your young heart?  
Making Death's a pointless dart.  
Could thy love of country stay?  
While they life-stream ebbed away.

Soldier! What hast thou pressed  
Closely to thy cold, still breast?  
'Tis a maiden's pledge of truth,  
Beaming with the air of youth;  
Smiling in the dreadful fray,  
Where the dead and dying lay.

Often didst thou fondly gaze  
On that sweetly pictured face;  
Dreaming of a conquered peace,  
When the gory fight should cease,

And thy happy country, free,  
Should give back thy bride to thee.

But thy hopes are withered now;  
Death has chilled thy nobler brow;  
And the maiden long shall wait,  
Tearful and disconsolate;  
For her warm hearty followed thee,  
Struggling here for liberty.

Long that maiden dreamed of bliss—  
Dreamed of coming happiness;  
But her hopes are lost in night;  
Thou hast fallen in the fight,  
And thy garments, soiled and torn,  
Stiff with clotted gore are grown.

Where the dewy morning weeps,  
There the maiden's lover sleeps,  
There is sinking to decay,  
There may be the vulture's prey;  
But he did not die unblessed,  
With that image on his breast.



Date April 5, 1865  
Title Come to My Grave.  
First line Come to my grave at early dawn,  
Poet Bell, Hattie  
Spar tag Battlefield Death - Mortality  
Volume 1 Number 27 Page 1

Come to my grave at early dawn,  
When song-birds sing a welcome morn,  
When the lark soars to blue skies above  
Trilling its morning song of love;  
When the violets and daisies over me bloom,  
Then will you come to my lonely tomb?

Come when the mid-day sun is keeping  
Watch o'er the spot where I'm quietly sleeping,  
When the zephyrs float through blooming bowers,  
Waking to beauty the sleeping flowers;  
When the streamlet flows on, and the willows wave,  
Then will you come to my silent grave?

Come when the vesper bell is pealing,  
And evening's shades are softly stealing;  
When the sun sheds a glow on the rippling rills,  
As it slowly sinks behind western hills;  
When the soft south wind steals over the sea,  
Then will you come, and think kindly of me?

Come in the silent hours of night,  
When the moon is beaming with silver light,  
And the angels are hanging their lamps on high.  
To gem with diamonds the azure sky;  
Then come by the path that I loved to roam,  
And think I have gone to a brighter home.

Date April 5, 1865  
Title Petroleum  
First line The pouring rain was falling fast,  
Poet [no attribution]  
Spar tag Economics  
Volume 1 Number 27 Page 4

The pouring rain was falling fast,  
As through the "Horseneck" region passed  
An oil Creek man, 'mid mud and slosh,  
Who threw up his hat and cried, "By gosh,  
Petroleum!"

His cheeks were pale, his eyes were bright,  
As a flash from a patent kerosene light;  
His boots, as they sank in the greasy ground,  
Splashed out the oily, melodious sound ---  
Petroleum!

In strike prospective he did sell  
A hundred thousand barrel well,  
Above—the claims he didn't own,  
That from his heart drew forth a groan,  
Petroleum!

"Sink not that well," his conscience said;  
"Too big a strike may strike you dead."  
Up goes the derrick, down goes the bore,  
Up comes the sand-pump, "What's flowing o'er?"  
Petroleum!

"Sell out," cries Prudence—"take a nap  
In Madame Fortune's unctuous lap."  
Two briny tears fell from each eye,  
"She'll flow more yet," was his reply  
Petroleum!

"Beware, she'll gin out, like many a well,  
Or meet with an accident; no one can tell;  
A thing onsartin's a new flowing well."

“I don’t care a fig,” cried he. “I won’t sell  
Petroleum!”

The very next day the tubing burst;  
The gas was so strong. That’s not the worst,  
The well caved in, and the current of oil,  
Driven back to its crevice, burst through the soil.  
Petroleum!

A drowned corpse was next day found,  
Half buried in the greasy ground;  
Still grasping in his hand the bore,  
That augured luck to him no more,  
Petroleum!

There in the dirt and mud he lay  
Lifeless—and slowly melting away;  
At last from the depths of five hundred feet,  
Gurgled a faint sound, oily and sweet ---  
Petroleum!

Date April 12, 1865  
Title The Unknown Dead  
First line We went at night when all was still,  
Poet Willoughby, Fred. J.  
Spar tag Battlefield Death - Mortality  
Volume 1 Number 28 Page 1

We went at night when all was still,  
Save twittering noise of Whip-poor-will,  
And dug the graves, to hide our dead  
From sight of foe and careless tread.  
And some there were among us then,  
Whose hearts were moved with sudden pain,  
For 'mong the numbers lying 'round,  
Were those whose names could not be found,  
Nor simple letter, pictured face,  
Nor regiment, nor any trace;  
And side by side we sadly laid,  
Within the shallow graves just made,  
The unknown, nameless soldiers!

Ah, some there were among those killed,  
Whose blood so freely had been spilled,  
Wore smiles upon their pallid lips;  
And though their eyes were in eclipse,  
They seemed to us as in a dream,  
Some blessed vision o'er them beam—  
Mayhap, a mother's loving eyes  
Looked down on them from paradise,  
And smiled, and beckoned them to come,  
And share with her that happy home;  
But some there were whose faces bore  
The look that martyrs often wore,  
And these the unknown soldiers!

The only record on the stone,  
Read—"Union Soldier—name unknown;"  
And through that long and dreary night,  
How many such we had to write!  
It made us sad when e'er we came

To mark with trembling hand the name  
Of comrades whom we knew full well,  
Who on that day in battle fell;  
But sadder still the heart would grow,  
At sight of those we did not know;--  
But each and all by God are known,  
And He will take and He will own  
    The Unknown Union Soldiers!

Date April 12, 1865  
Title Richmond Is Ours!  
First line Richmond is ours!. Richmond is ours!  
Poet Duganne, A. J. H.  
Spar tag N/A  
Volume 1 Number 28 Page 4

Richmond is ours!. Richmond is ours!  
Hark to the jubilant chorus!  
Up through the lips that no longer repress it,  
Up from the hearts of the people! God bless it!  
Swelling with loyal emotion,  
Leapeth our joy, like an ocean! -  
Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours!  
Babylon falls, and the temple and towers  
Crumble to ashes before us!

Glory to Grant! Glory to Grant!  
Hark! to the shout of our Nation!  
Up from the Irish heart, up from the German -  
Glory to Sheridan! - Glory to Sherman! -  
Up, from all People's uniting -  
Freedom's high loyalty plighting -  
Glory to all! Glory to all!  
Heroes who combat, and Martyrs who fall!  
Lift we our joyous ovation!

Fling out the Flag! Flash out the Flag!  
Up, from the cottage, and over the mansion,  
Fling out the symbol of Freedom's expansion!  
Victory crowneth endeavor!  
Liberty seals us forever!  
Up from each valley, and out from each crag,  
Fling out the Flag! Flash out the Flag!  
Borne on the breath of the people!

Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours!  
Hark! now the welkin is riven!  
Hark! to the joy that our Nation convulses,  
Timing all hearts to the cannon's loud pulses;

Voices of heroes ascending,  
Voices of martyred ones blending;  
Mingling like watchwords on Liberty's towers,  
"Richmond is ours! Richmond is ours!"  
Freedom rejoiceth in Heaven

- N. Y. Tribune.

Date April 12, 1865  
Title The Honest Hand  
First line Give me the hand that is warm, kind and ready,  
Poet [no attribution]  
Spar tag N/A  
Volume 1 Number 28 Page 4

Give me the hand that is warm, kind and ready,  
Give the the clasp that is calm, true and steady,  
Give me the hand that will never deceive me,  
Give me the hand that I aye may believe thee.

Soft is the palm of the delicate woman,  
Hard is the hand of the sturdy yeoman,  
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not - never!  
Give me the hand that is friendly forever!

Give me the hand that is true as a brother.  
Give me the hand that has harmed not another;  
Give me the hand that has not forsworn it,  
Give me the grasp that I aye may adore it.

Lovely the palm of the fair, blue-vein'd maiden,  
Hoary and hard of the workman o'erladen;  
Lovely or ugly, it matters not - never,  
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,  
Free as the breeze and unshackled by party;  
Let friendship give us the grasps that become her  
Close as the twine of the vines of summer.

Give me that hand that is true as a brother,  
Give me the hand that has wronged not another;  
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not - never,  
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever!



Date April 19, 1865  
Title Answer to "Just Before the Battle Mother"  
First line No, I'll not forget you, darling,  
Poet [no attribution]  
Spar tag Battlefield Death - Mortality  
Volume 1 Number 29 Page 1

No, I'll not forget you, darling,  
    Though the cruel chance of war  
Leaves you on the field of battle,  
    Where I'll never see you more—  
Leaves you where the cry of "Onward!"  
    Troubles not your slumber deep—  
Leaves you where the din of battle  
    Cannot wake you from your sleep!  
No, I'll not forget you, darling,  
    Though if one fond pleasure, more  
Could be granted to me, darling,  
    'Twould not leave my heart so sore.

No, I'll not forget you, darling,  
    O, 'tis strange that you should ask,  
When my thoughts from morn till even'g.  
    Round your very soul are clasped;  
Let it ever like a halo  
    Round your rugged pathway shine—  
The love of Mother, God and Heaven,  
    Let it round your soul be twined.  
No, I'll not forget you, darling,  
    Though if one fond pleasure, more  
Could be granted to me, darling,  
    'Twould not leave my heart so sore.

No, I'll not forget you darling,  
    But oh, the time has been so long  
Since the morning that you left me  
    To defend the right from wrong.  
Till now I feel my sad heart sinking,  
    While I think you may not come,  
When this raging strife is ended,

And your comrades reach their home,  
No, I'll not forget you, darling,  
    Though if one fond pleasure, more  
Could be granted to me, darling,  
    'Twould not leave my heart so sore.

No, I'll not forget you, darling,  
    Be thou always brave and true,  
God will guard you there as safely  
    As beneath my roof he'd do.  
And perchance, when all is over,  
    You with others, too, may come  
Crying—"Victory is ours,"  
    While we give you welcome home,  
No, I'll not forget you, darling,  
    Though if one fond pleasure, more  
Could be granted to me, darling,  
    'Twould not leave my heart so sore.

Date April 19, 1865  
Title Just after the Battle  
First line Still upon the field of battle,  
Poet Pratt, David J., CO. I, 8th C.V.  
Spar tag Battlefield Death - Mortality  
Volume 1 Number 29 Page 4

Still upon the field of battle,  
I am lying, mother dear,  
With my wounded comrades waiting  
For the morning to appear.  
Many sleep to waken never  
In this world of strife and death,  
And many more are faintly calling,  
With their feeble, dying breath.

Oh, the first great charge was fearful,  
And a thousand brave men fell,  
Still, amid the dreadful carnage,  
I was safe from shot and shell,  
So amid the fatal shower,  
I had nearly passed the day,  
When then the howling shell struck me,  
And I sunk amid the fray.

Oh, the glorious cheer of triumph,  
When the foeman turned and fled,  
Leaving us the field of battle,  
Strewn with dying and with dead.  
Oh, the torture and the anguish,  
That I could not follow on,  
But here, amid my fallen comrades,  
I must wait till morning's dawn.

Dear Marion, when the moon with glory brightens  
In fair heaven's silvery sea,  
And the field and streamlet lighten,  
Maiden, wilt thou roam with me?  
When all nature is reposing,  
And the night is calm and free,  
When my troubles ever loosing,  
I would wander forth with thee.

Date April 26, 1865  
Title " 'Till we meet!"  
First line " 'Till we meet!" - The words are sad!  
Poet Willoughby, Fred. J.  
Spar tag Battlefield Death - Mortality  
Volume 1 Number 30 Page 1

"Till we meet!"— the words are sad!  
Once they made my bosom glad,  
Once those simple words were sweet,  
And with joyousness replete;  
For, whene'er I read them o'er,  
They had hidden sweets in store,  
"Till we meet" were pleasant words,  
Kept in mind like notes of birds.  
Time was, when we'd separate,  
'Twas not long that we should wait,  
Ere each other 'gain we'd greet,  
And then part with, "till we meet."

"Till we meet!" It may be years,  
And the eyes grown dim with tears,  
And the soul grown full of pain,  
Ere we twain shall meet again.  
Ah, my heart with painful throb,  
Makes my bosom wildly sob!  
"Till we meet!" We may Not meet!  
Hearts may warmly cease to beat,  
Tired feet may seek repose,  
Brain and body free from woes,  
Hands lay folded on the breast,  
Nerveless, pulseless, hushed to rest!

Lips may cease to wreath in smiles,  
And the eye may lose its wiles.  
And the honeyed tongue forget  
How it moved when last we met;  
But I know some happy day,  
Coming soon or far away,  
We shall meet and never know

Grief of partings, pain or woe,  
Where our lips will quaff with joy,  
Life-of-Love without alloy,  
Where eternal life is ours,  
On the other happy shores!

Date April 26, 1865  
Title The Lost Chief  
First line He filled the Nation's eye and heart,  
Poet Halpine, Charles G.  
Spar tag Abraham Lincoln  
Volume 1 Number 30 Page 4

He filled the Nation's eye and heart,  
As honored, loved, familiar name;  
So much a brother, that his fame  
Seemed of our lives a common part,

His towering figure, sharp and spare,  
Was with such nervous tension strung,  
As if on each strained sinew swung  
The burden of a people's care.

His changing face what pen can draw---  
Pathetic, kindly, droll or stern;  
And with a glance so quick to learn  
The inmost truth of all he saw.

Pride found no idle space to spawn  
Her fancies in his busy mind;  
His worth – like health or air – could find  
No just appraisal till withdrawn.

He was his Country's--not his own!  
He had no wish but for her weal;  
Nor for himself could think or feel  
But as a laborer for her throne.

Her flag upon the heights of power,  
Stainless and unassailed to place—  
To this one end his earnest face  
Was bent through every burdened hour.

The veil that hides from our dull eyes  
A hero's worth, Death only lifts;  
While he is with us, all his gifts  
Find hosts to question, few to prize.

But done the battle—won the strife,  
When torches light his vaulted tomb,  
Broad gems flesh out and crowns illumine  
The clay-cold brows undecked in life.

And men of whom the world will talk  
For ages hence, may noteless move;  
And only, as they quit us, prove  
That giant souls have shared our walk.

For Heaven—aware what follies lurk  
In our weak hearts—their mission done,  
Snatches her loved ones from the sun  
In the same hour that crowns their work.

O, loved and lost! Thy patient toil  
Had robed our cause in victory's light;  
Our country stood redeemed and bright,  
With not a slave on all her soil.

Again o'er Southern towns and towers  
The eagles of our nation flew;  
And as the weeks to summer grew  
Each day a new success was ours.

'Mid peals of bells, and cannon bark,  
'And shouting streets with flags abloom—  
Sped the shrill arrow of thy doom,  
And, in an instant, all was dark!

Thick clouds around us seem to press;  
The heart throbs quickly—then is still;  
Father, 'tis hard to say, "Thy will  
Be done!" In such an hour as this.

A martyr to the cause of man,  
His blood is freedom's Eucharist,  
And in the world's great hero list  
His name shall lead the van!

And, raised on Faith's white wings unfurl'd  
In Heaven's pure light of him we say,  
"He fell upon the self-same day  
"A GREATER DIED TO SAVE THE WORLD."

Date May 3, 1865  
Title Behold How He loved Him  
First line He loved him, and He could not spare  
Poet H. N. M.  
Spar tag Abraham Lincoln  
Volume 1 Number 31 Page 1

He loved him, and He could not spare  
The good which he had given,  
But took him with Himself to share  
The Paradise of Heaven.  
Thus, while the nation weepeth sore,  
Each heart with anguish riven,  
Our Lincoln's reached the shining shore,  
Within the gate of Heaven.

"Be still, and know that I am God,"  
Then hush thy bitter cry,  
And listen to his sacred word  
The good can never die.  
Tho' every hour of time may roll,  
Yet there's for him that's striven,  
A place upon the holy scroll,  
The Book of Life in Heaven.

"Blessed are the merciful," yea,  
For they have sure obtained,  
And what the Nation's lost to-day,  
Our Martyred one Has Gained.  
The Martyr's halo round his name,  
Shall shine from age to age,  
The Righteous Greatness of his fame,  
Illume historic page.

"Father Abraham," to the faithful,  
In all our wide domain,  
Let us still be ever grateful,  
He Did Not Live In Vain.  
And while millions now are weeping  
So sadly round his bier,  
Our great nation will be reaping  
The Fruit He Planted Here.



'Lincoln,' the greatest name save one,  
Will, in all coming time,  
Still stand beside our Washington,  
In History's every chime.  
He went beyond, and led the van,  
He bade the bond go free,  
He gave new light to fallen man,  
The Star of Liberty.

This Star – with Bethlehem's holy light –  
A-down the ages glow,  
Will burn with Freedom ever bright,  
His mighty work to show.  
Tho' Dynasties may rise and fall,  
And Nations flee away,  
Its steady light will shine o'er all  
With clear, effulgent ray.

Then lift thy heads, no longer mourn  
For Abraham Lincoln dead,  
His name immortally is born,  
Among the great as Head.

Well done, thou true and faithful one,  
Who would not even dare,  
For the great victory thou hast won,  
A Martyr's crown to bear?  
Then while we weep, we must rejoice,  
His work was fully done,  
He heard his Master's loving voice,  
Come home to me my son.

We seem to see the pearly gates,  
Thrown wide at God's command,  
And near the Martyred host await,  
A Christian, Patriot band,  
To welcome him they loved so well;  
Let us with them as one  
Join the angelic host that swell  
God's holy will be done.

Date May 3, 1865  
Title The Dog and the Copperhead  
First line One day last week, as the railroad train  
Poet Barker, David  
Spar tag Politics  
Volume 1 Number 31 Page 4

One day last week, as the railroad train,  
Just east of the Etna bog,  
Was thundering along through the State of Maine  
It came to a yelping dog.

And I saw that the dog looked poor and mean,  
As he sat on his hinder part,  
And yelped like sin as he stood between  
A sled and a broken cart.

But the train passed on through the Etna bog—  
Passed on from the sled and cart—  
Passed on from the lousy yelping dog,  
Still left on his hinder part.

One day this week, as Freedom's train  
On its holy mission sped,  
And thundered along thro' the State of Maine,  
It came to a Copperhead.

And it made me think of the Railroad train  
That dashed through the Etna bog,  
And thundered along thro' the State of Maine,  
In spite of the yelping dog.

For the train on its holy mission sped,  
And gladdened each loyal heart,  
But left the grumbling copperhead  
Still flat on his hinder part.

Date May 3, 1865  
Title A Delusion  
First line One summer morn, while yet the dew  
Poet P. F. B.  
Spar tag Romance  
Volume 1 Number 31 Page 4

One summer morn, while yet the dew  
Lay glittering on the lawn,  
I spied a maiden fresh and fair,  
Come tripping like a fawn  
Across the hawthorn scented meads,  
With step so light and airy,  
You really might have fancied her  
A wood nymph or a fairy.

“Sweet girl,” I cried, all powerless  
To check my admiration,  
As she with winning smiles returned  
My morning salutation;  
“Sweet girl, of all the lovely flowers  
In Flora’s diadem,  
Thou with thy wealth of glowing charms  
Art the most brilliant gem.”

Date May 10, 1865  
Title Ye Fisherman  
First line 'Tis of a gallant fisherman,  
Poet F. J. E. W.  
Spar tag N/A  
Volume 1 Number 32 Page 1

'Tis of a gallant fisherman,  
I now will sing a song;  
It may fall short of interest,  
But mind, 't will not be long.

This fisherman, for honesty  
In gold was worth his weight;  
Yet he would hook the fishes, and  
His bait would not abate.

The temper of this fisherman  
Was mild as mild could be;  
"Put out" he never was, I'm told,  
Unless it was to sea,

One day he launched his little smack,  
That kissed the waters blue,  
And threw his net - the boat capsized,  
And threw him over, too.

My melancholy tale is told,  
Take warning all who read;  
Ne'er go for fish, nor go to sea,  
Else you, too, may secede.

Date May 10, 1865  
Title The End  
First line The war is ended!  
Poet G. H.  
Spar tag Patriotism  
Volume 1 Number 32 Page 3

The war is ended! And in that short sentence is contained all we have hoped for, fought for, and bled for, during the last four years. The blighting curse of slavery – that bitter bone of contention – that has so long agitated a nation, arrayed brother against brother in deadly strife has been effectually and forever removed and we are to-day in the full and undisputed possession of the greatest conquest we ever desired – universal liberty – peace! All warlike operations have ceased – if we except the pursuit of Jeff Davis, and the work of purging the country of guerrillas – and now all that remains to be done is to return to their homes, all covered with glory, those men who have so long and so unswervingly fought the battles of their country. Already our brave New England regiments are being disarmed – and soon, very soon, with tattered banners and triumphant carriage they will enter their native States, their native towns, their homes, to receive from a grateful people all that a grateful people can bestow. They will be disbanded, and make bright again individually their separate firesides. They will return again to the duties of civil life “to plow and to mow, to reap and to sow.”

Never again to follow

The flag of the Stripes and Stars;  
Never again to dream the dream  
That martial music weaves.

Never again call “Comrade”

To the men who were comrades for years,  
Never to hear the bugles,  
Thrilling, and sweet and solemn;

Never again to call “Brother”

To the men we think of with tears;  
Never again to ride or march  
In the dust of the marching column.

War has left its ravages upon the country and upon the people, and years will pass, and generations will be succeeded by generations, and still the dark bright spot – a dark spot made bright by results – will not be entirely effaced. Our children and their children's children will honor and revere the veterans of the war of emancipation, as we honor and revere, to-day, the remaining veterans of the revolution. – Grandchildren will listen with wonder and childish admiration to the tales of limbless grandsires; and as they grow to the plow, will pick from the furrow the skull of many a poor Yorick. But this is far into the future and before it can happen years are to roll into the future, and thousands upon thousands of poor cripples must pass into eternity. Those cripples are now in the country, in hospitals, and demand every attention that can be paid them. Glory is in every scar, and homage is theirs from all, for their deeds of valor and their sacrifices. Let them be helped on and cheered through life, and then their sacrifice is worse perhaps than death to them.

Crippled forlorn and useless,  
The glory of life grown dim,  
Brooding alone o'er the memory  
Of the bright glad days gone by;  
Nursing a bitter fancy,  
And nursing a shattered limb;  
Never again to dream the dream  
That young ambition weaves.

Date May 10, 1865  
Title The Song of the Bugle  
First line Out of my brazen throat each morn  
Poet [no attribution]  
Spar tag Soldier's Life  
Volume 1 Number 32 Page 4

Out of my brazen throat each morn  
I sound the call at the break of day.  
And my hollow notes on the wind are borne  
High over the hills and far away;  
But first they wind through the drowsy camp,  
Then on through the valley and over the hills,  
By field and river and wood they go  
Till the mellow music the wide air fills.

The trooper starts from his bed on the ground  
Where all night long in sleep he lay;  
The war-horse neighs when he hears the sound  
Float on through the camp at the dawn of day;  
And the trooper buckles against his side  
The trusty blade he has worn so long;  
And away over river and field and wood  
Wind the mellow notes of my morning song.

The wild bird hears it within his nest  
High up in the tops of the tall pine-trees,  
As he pours from out of his swelling breast  
His own sweet song on the wandering breeze—  
Then I call aloud from my hollow lungs,  
"To horse! To horse!" and the sabres clang,  
And the wide woods echo as if through their breadth  
A thousand clattering anvils rang.

Then Forward, and over the rugged way  
Sound the clang of the sabres, the horses loud tramp  
The sun looks out from the halls of day,  
But views no longer a waking camp;  
And out of my brazen throat I fling  
A mellow greeting, so loud and clear,

That it rings through the misty vales and wakes  
The slumbering echoes afar and near.

But louder than all are the notes I sound  
When the order is given to charge the foe;  
The war-horse spurns with his hoof the ground,  
And many a gallant trooper lies low  
In the fiery onset's terrible shock,  
When the dumb earth seems to hold its breath,  
And eyes that kindled with sudden fire  
Are fixed in the glassy stare of death.

But a louder blast shall be heard one day  
Than any which sounds from my hollow throat  
High over the hills and far away  
Thro' the realms of space the song shall float;  
But before the angel shall sound that call  
War and famine and hate shall cease,  
And the earth, with her fruits and smiling flowers  
Shall bloom through a thousand years of peace.



Date May 17, 1865  
Title The Orderly's Lament  
First line Alas! alas, my noble steed -  
Poet H. M. N.  
Spar tag Consequences of War  
Volume 1 Number 33 Page 1

Alas! alas, my noble steed—  
The faithful friend in time of need,  
Your gay and prancing days are o'er—  
You'll take me to the wars no more;  
But hark! Through all the air there floats  
These sad and melancholy notes:  
CAW, CAW, CAW

No lowly grave is dug for thee;  
Thy poor old carcass near a tree  
Is left to molder all alone,  
Your gay companions all are gone;  
But three sad mourners to thee cling,  
And this sad requiem they sing.  
CAW, CAW, CAW

These mournful ones in dark array,  
Will stay by you both night and day,  
Like friends that wait beside the bier,  
The Will of some Dear One to hear;  
While to thy body thus they cling,  
This mournful ditty they will sing.  
CAW, CAW, CAW.

Farewell my poor but faithful friend,  
The crows of thee will soon make end;  
They'll sup upon your hide and flesh  
Like rebels down in old secesh,  
They'll find there's nothing left but bones,  
And then we'll hear those mournful tones.  
CAW, CAW, CAW

Thus Treason, like my poor dead horse,

Is nothing gained but certain loss;  
Their bogus Government they'll find,  
Like this poor carcass left behind.  
No life—no light—no hope will bring;  
The saddest of all songs they'll sing.  
CAW, CAW, CAW

Date May 17, 1865  
Title The Old Maid's Lament  
First line I sit in my lonely chamber,  
Poet Brainard, Hattie L.  
Spar tag Romance  
Volume 1 Number 33 Page 4

I sit in my lonely chamber,  
And think of the days long ago,  
Of days when I struggled and labored;  
So hard, to catch me a beau.  
But my efforts were all unavailing.  
I am doomed to live a lone life;  
Oh! Why were the men all so foolish,  
As not one to want me for wife?

One day as I sat at my window,  
I saw a young man on the street;  
He looked up; his smile was so winning,  
And his whiskers, oh! Wasn't he sweet?  
I thought sure I had an admirer.  
So daily past his office I walked,  
With my false curls oiled up so nicely,  
And my freckled face splendidly chalked.

But my bright dream of bliss soon was over,  
The nice man ne'er sought for my love;  
I found that he came that way seeking  
The face in the window above.  
Now the long summer days pass so sadly,  
And my sorrows I fear will not end;  
Disappointment tugs hard at my heart-strings,  
And puss is my only true friend.

I've only been forty for twelve years,  
And not a day older I'll be,  
Till I find a young or old fellow  
Who will step to the altar with me,  
What fools men are to wed young girls,  
When old ones are steady and staid:

Oh dear, if I only was younger;  
I would not now be an old maid.

Night's shadows are fast closing round me,  
Lonely and desolate's my home:  
I've a good loving heart for somebody,  
Oh, why don't that somebody come?  
Is it because my face is so homely.  
That all mankind treats me so?  
There's puss after a mouse 'mong the dishes,  
Scat!—a crash, --what shall I do?

Date May 24, 1865  
Title True Friendship  
First line Let any who choose to believe the delusion  
Poet Elouise  
Spar tag Romance  
Volume 1 Number 34 Page 1

Let any who choose to believe the delusion  
That true friendship dwells in this wide world of care;  
I care not so I could live in seclusion,  
I'd resign all the friendship that falls to my share.

Many spend a long life in the vain search for treasure,  
Nor dream till the last that all riches must end;  
I would search far and wide for the exquisite pleasure  
Of meeting the warm smiling face of a friend.

A neighbor may faint or in misery languish,  
You stretch forth your hand and assist him to rise;  
The viper you've warmed wrings your fond heart with anguish,  
And then from the bosom that cherished him flies.

Then talk not to me of friends or affection  
On which in affliction you cannot rely;  
I'll watch and I'll wait for that splendid reflection  
That beams from the Friendship that gold cannot buy.

Date May 24, 1865  
Title Nursery Rhymes Adapted to the Times  
First line Beau and Lee  
Poet Saxe, John G.  
Spar tag Politics  
Volume 1 Number 34 Page 2

## THE WARRIORS

Beau and Lee  
Went out you see,  
    To do a little slaughter;  
Beau fell down  
And broke his crown,  
    And Lee came tumbling after!

## THE CONSULTATION

Goosey, goosey, gander,  
Where shall I wander?  
Said the rebel president  
To his great commander.  
    Goosey, goosey, gander  
    It's time to meander—  
    Out of here you'd better steer.  
    Said the great commander!

## FALL OF THE CONFEDERACY

    Trumpery-Dumpty sat on a wall,  
    Trumpery-Dumpty had a great fall—  
All Jeff's horses and all Jeff's men  
Can't put the trumpery together again!

## SUMMARY

Confedery-Grundy

Was born on Monday  
Christened on Tuesday  
Sickened on Wednesday,  
Very ill on Thursday,  
Worse on Friday,  
Died on Saturday,  
Buried on Sunday.

And that is the end  
Of Confederery-Grundy!

Date May 24, 1865  
Title Our Boys Are Coming Home  
First line Thank God the sky is clearing!  
Poet [no attribution]  
Spar tag Battlefield Death - Mortality  
Volume 1 Number 34 Page 4

Thank God, the sky is clearing!  
The clouds are hurrying past;  
Thank god, the day is nearing,  
The dawn is coming fast.  
And when the glad herald voices  
Shall tell us peace has come,  
This thought shall most rejoice us;  
"Our boys are coming home!"

Soon shall the voice of singing  
Drown war's tremendous din;  
Soon shall the joy-bells ringing  
Bring peace and freedom in.  
The jubilee bonfires burning,  
Shall soon light up the dome,  
And soon, to soothe our yearning,  
Our boys are coming home.

The vacant fireside places  
Have waited for them long;  
The love-light lacks their faces,  
The chorus waits their song.  
A shadowy fear has haunted  
The long deserted room;  
But now our prayers are granted,  
Our boys are marching home!

O, mother, calmly waiting  
For that beloved son!  
O, sister, proudly dating  
The victories he has won!  
O, maiden, softly humming  
The love-song while you roam—



Joy, joy, the boys are coming—  
The boys are marching home!

And yet—O, keenest sorrow!  
They're coming, but not all:  
Full many a dark to-morrow.  
Shall wear its sable pall.  
For thousands who are sleeping  
Beneath the enpurpled loam;  
Woe! Woe! for those we're weeping  
Who never will come home!

O, sad heart, hush thy grieving;  
Wait but a little while!  
With hoping and believing  
Thy woe and fear beguile.  
Wait for the joyous meeting  
Beyond the starry dome;  
For there our boys are waiting  
To bid us welcome home.

Date May 24, 1865  
Title Memories  
First line Backward now my thoughts are turning,  
Poet Russell, Sophie  
Spar tag Nostalgia for Home  
Volume 1 Number 34 Page 4

Backward now my thoughts are turning,  
And my wayward fancies go,  
Where the shadows of old memories  
Cross the paths of long ago.

Memory a chain is weaving  
Of a cottage by a stream,  
Where I dwelt, my heart believing,  
Life was but a sunny dream.

Clustering vines around my cottage  
Fill the air with sweet perfume;  
And I sit beside my window,  
Watching buds burst into bloom.

'Tis a memory of childhood  
Twining closely round my heart,  
Bringing back the scenes departed,  
Making tears unbidden start.

Life is not so bright and lovely,  
As the hope our childhood sees;  
Our life's stern realities  
Cannot reach such dreams as these.

- Ohio Volunteer

Date May 31, 1865  
Title A Cold in the Head  
First line I know that mortal flesh is heir  
Poet F. J. E. W.  
Spar tag Medical  
Volume 1 Number 35 Page 1

I know that mortal flesh is heir  
To many a hard disease;  
And Doctors' pills are death on bills--  
Lord! How colds make one sneeze!

But we should strive with fortitude  
To bend beneath the blows,  
And emulate the ancient Job—  
Zounds! There's my precious nose!

A jumping tooth, or headache sick,  
Are ails we hold in dread.  
But these I never have, in lieu,  
A bad cold in my head!

To spend one's time 'twixt handkerchief  
And stuff, is far from fun;  
They say "time" flies; 'tis also true  
That noses often "run."

That blessed organ I have tweaked  
Until 'tis worse than sore;  
My head feels like a kettle-drum,  
And nights, oh, how I snore!

'Tis but a week ago my host,  
For snoring, turned me off;  
Oh, if I'd only had, instead,  
Consumption's dreary cough!

And with this cold I'm worrying,  
And storing miseries;  
I sometimes fear my life will end  
In one continued sneeze!

Date May 31, 1865  
Title The Invalid Corps  
First line A song for the men of the Invalid Corps,  
Poet [no attribution]  
Spar tag Medical  
Volume 1 Number 35 Page 4

A song for the men of the Invalid Corps,  
Whose days in the front of the battle are oer;  
Their work there is done, it was wrought with a will,  
And they're serving their country as faithfully still.  
How they fought for the Flag let the "Wilderness" tell.  
Fort Wagner, Cool Arbor, and Mobile as well,  
Lookout Mountain, where many a hero was slain,  
And Ressaca, where bullets were showered like rain.  
They have stood by the guns where the shell and the shot  
Fell thickly around them, yet faltering not,  
They have charged on the foe where a thousand must fall,  
Or have stood as a mark for the sharpshooter's ball.  
The arm that's now shattered, our banner once bore,  
Floating proudly as Freedom's Flag ever shall soar;  
The foot that's now limping ne'er faltered in fight,  
Nor ever turned backward in cowardly flight.  
For each man to-day in the Invalid Corps,  
At the front there is standing one soldier the more;  
What matters a difference in place or in name?  
If the soldier be loyal his work is the same.  
When three hundred thousand are gathering to go,  
To fill up the ranks in the front of the foe;  
Good order and peace in the rear to preserve,  
We've the Invalid Corps left—the Veteran Reserve.  
We look on them trustfully, feeling that still  
They have strength and decision, good courage and skill,  
To save or defend us, if danger should come,  
Of raids from abroad, or of traitors at home.  
Oh soldiers, we're proud of the name that you bear!  
And we honor you more for each scar that you wear;  
You have won in our hearts a sure home and a place  
Which the years rolling onward shall never efface.

Date June 7, 1865  
Title Will You Leave Us Here to Die?  
First line When our country called for men we came from forge, and  
store, and mill;  
Poet Sergt. Hyatt  
Spar tag Prisoners of War  
Volume 1 Number 36 Page 1

When our country called for men we came from forge, and store, and mill;  
From workshops, farm and factory, the broken ranks to fill;  
We left our quiet homes, and ones we loved so dear,  
To vanquish all Union foes, or fall where others fell.  
Now in prison drear we languish, and it is our constant cry,  
"Oh, ye who yet can save us, will ye leave us here to die?"

The voice of slander tells you that our hearts were weak with fear,--  
That all, or nearly all of us, were captured in the rear;  
The scars upon our bodies from musket shot and shell,  
The missing legs and shattered arms a truer tale can tell,  
We have tried to do our duty in sight of God on high,--  
Oh, ye who yet can save us, will ye leaves us here to die?

There are hearts with hope still beating in our pleasant Northern homes,  
Waiting, watching for the footsteps that may never more return;  
In Southern prisons pining, --meager, tattered, pale and gaunt,--  
Growing weaker, weaker daily from pinching cold and want;  
Their brothers, sons and husbands poor and hopeless captives lie,--  
Oh, ye who yet can save us, will ye leave us here to die?

Just out our prison gate there's a graveyard near at hand,  
Where lie fifteen thousand Union men beneath the Georgia sand;  
Scores and scores are laid beside them as day succeeds each day,  
And thus it will be ever till they all shall pass away;  
And the last can say, when dying, with uplifted, glazed eye,--  
"Both love and faith are dead at home; they have left us here to die!"

Date June 7, 1865  
Title The Long Island Farmer on Jeff Davis  
First line The papers say "Old Jeff" is caught;  
Poet "Flushing Journal"  
Spar tag Prisoner of War  
Volume 1 Number 36 Page 4

The papers say "Old Jeff" is caught;  
To do with him what should we ought?  
A plan to all I will suggest,  
And if it's sanctioned by the rest,

Let him to Bunker Hill be sent,  
And there upon that monument  
Be placed within an iron cage,  
To be a warning to our age.

And then suspended by a chain,  
To be exposed to sun and rain,  
Get his old blacks to call the roll,  
And pray for mercy on his soul.

That he may truly there repent,  
For all the prisoners he sent  
To Andersonville, in mud to lie,  
Unsheltered there to starve and die.

Then when he does yield up his breath,  
Let his remains hang there in death,  
So generations yet to come.  
May behold there the traitor's tomb.

Date June 7, 1865  
Title The Lost Parent  
First line Free, forever free from pain;  
Poet Pratt, D. J.  
Spar tag N/A  
Volume 1 Number 36 Page 4

Free, forever free from pain;  
Walks he now the Heavenly plain;  
Walks he with the Angel throng,  
Chants with them the Angelic song.

Sorrow may not cloud his brow,  
Angel crown it weareth now;  
Ne'er shall anguish touch thy heart,  
For with our Father in Heaven thou art.

Dear one it is well with thee!  
Thou thy savior's face doth see!  
On thy savior's loving breast,  
Now thy once aching head doth rest.

Here thy smiling face we miss,  
Thy kind embrace, thy loving kiss;  
Yet our hearts must own it best,  
God hath taken thee to rest.

Father, from thy home on High,  
Guide and fit us for the sky;  
Fit us for they home so fair,  
Till we meet our father there.

Date June 14, 1865  
Title The Old Bachelor's Lament  
First line I sit in my dreary attic  
Poet Benedict  
Spar tag Romance  
Volume 1 Number 37 Page 1

I sit in my dreary attic,  
And ponder the long ago,  
What time with youthful ardor  
I sought to be a beau;  
My attempts were always bootless,  
Tho' I made it the study of life;  
Oh, why are women so foolish?  
None ever would be my wife!

One eve I spied from my window,  
A miss promenading the street,  
With the daintiest face and figure,  
And the cunningest little feet,  
And straight down the creaky stairway,  
In haste I gaily stalked,  
And after the winsome beauty  
In trepidation walked.

Alas for my expectations!  
She never smiled on me,  
For a young man presently joined her,  
And the cold shoulder gave to me!  
My bachelor life is irksome,  
My attic's as dull as care,  
My only friends are Jack and Bob  
(My hounds) and a good cigar.

My age, I will not deny,  
Is a trifle over two score,  
But my looks are excessively youthful,  
Tho' I'll never be handsome more!  
What a shame that girls should marry  
A man that's more of a boy!



Why don't they wed--? well they shouldn't  
Matured men's hopes destroy.

Now listen; my heart beats warmly  
With all the impulse of youth!  
I can swear that I'll love dearly,  
And what more can I do forsooth?  
Should any young lady desire  
To change her name for mine,  
Just let me know by over-land-route,  
For "now's the accepted time."

Date June 14, 1865  
Title Death of the Soldier  
First line Where the sweet magnolia blossoms  
Poet Bell, Hattie  
Spar tag Battlefield Death - Mortality  
Volume 1 Number 37 Page 4

Where the sweet magnolia blossoms  
    "Neath a sunny southern sky,  
Where the breezes softly murmur,  
    He had fallen there to die.  
But a comrade watched beside him,  
    Through that long and weary day,  
Listening to the words he uttered  
    For the loved ones far away.

Tell my fond and gentle mother  
    Not to weep when I am gone,  
Tell her I am resting sweetly,  
    And my work on earth is done.  
Tell her that her boy has fallen,  
    And she's said her last farewell,  
Say he's gone to happier regions  
    With the angel's pure to dwell.

Tell my loving little sister,  
    We shall meet on earth no more,  
Tell her I will haste to meet her,  
    When she nears the shining shore.  
When we parted that bright spring day,  
    I promised to return again;  
Now my life is slowly waning,  
    She will watch for me in vain.

Comrade, see, my breath grows fainter,  
    And I scarce can see you now,  
Gentle breezes float around me,  
    Kissing death-dews from my brow.  
Make my grave beneath the willow,  
    By the sparkling river-side;

Tell my loved ones to forget not  
Him who in life's morning died.

Slowly o'er him crept death's shadows,  
Near the close of that sad day,  
While the birds were sweetly singing,  
Gently passed his soul away.  
Sadly then his comrade laid him  
In his lowly humble grave,  
Amid the flowers beside the river,  
Where the drooping willows wave.

Date June 21, 1865  
Title Who Are the Patriots?  
First line With whom dwells honor, fame and glory,  
Poet Lizzie  
Spar tag Patriotism  
Volume 1 Number 38 Page 1

With whom dwells honor, fame and glory,  
Is patriotism but a story?  
Go to yonder field of battle!  
Hear the cannon loudly rattle!  
Mark the soldier's manly bearing,  
See him rush to deeds of daring,  
Leaden hail around him flying,  
Heeds he not the dead and dying;  
Tell him, ere it is too late,  
He may meet a kindred fate;  
See his face then burn with scorning;  
He will spurn your coward warning,  
Wave his hand in haughty manner,  
Turn his eyes to freedom's banner.

Was it wealth, or fame, or glory,  
Led him to that field so gory?  
Does he not love ease and pleasure?  
Does he not prize golden treasure?  
Ye who scheme to fill your purses,  
Deaf alike to prayers and curses;  
Ye whose hands are grasping plunder,  
Ye who shun the battle's thunder,  
He, our soldier, brave and true,  
He loves life as well as you.  
He loves ease and golden store,  
But he loves his country more!  
His home pleasures are as dear,  
And his little ones as near.

In some far off quiet spot,  
Stands his humble little cot,  
Where some faithful heart is yearning

For the absent one's returning.  
Where his children lisp a prayer  
That kind Heaven his life may spare;  
They, alas! may live to tell  
How their sire in battle fell;  
How their mother, broken-hearted  
From her orphans soon departed.  
Children of the patriot dead,  
In the streets now beg their bread;  
Will history write the private's name  
In the annals of her fame?

Let us bow with veneration,  
To these saviors of our nation;  
These who die on freedom's shrine,  
Bleeding for your rights and mine;  
Humbly let us bow before them,  
Proudly let our flag wave o'er them!  
Private soldier, brave and true!  
Patriotism dwells with you!

- Cartridge Box

Date June 21, 1865  
Title The Banner of the Free  
First line God bless the banner of the free –  
Poet Benedict, Hon. Erastus C.  
Spar tag N/A  
Volume 1 Number 38 Page 4

## THE BANNER OF THE FREE

AIR – Yankee Doodle.

God bless the banner of the free –  
The flag our fathers gave us –  
The Stars and Stripes on land and sea;  
God bless our flag, and save us;  
For when our country, in her might,  
Bears up that flag above us,  
We strike for God, and for the right,  
Our homes, and those who love us.

### CHORUS

Float forever in the skies,  
Freedom's starry banner!  
Shout, where'er that banner flies,  
Liberty's Hosanna!  
Liberty o'er all the earth!  
Shout it now and ever –  
Every race, and faith and birth –  
Liberty forever!

The names that stir the nations on  
To break the tyrant's fetters;  
Are written all its folds upon,  
In never-fading letters;  
And publish there, in words of light,  
The triumphs of our story,  
While beams from all its hues so bright,  
The radiance of our glory.

CHORUS – Float forever, etc.

The Pilgrim, here, from every clime,  
    Beneath that flag rejoices;  
And endless years of coming time  
    Shall echo to its voices –  
Free soil, freemen, free faith, free speech,  
    O'er all our lands and waters,  
The Stars and Stripes shall ever teach  
    To all our sons and daughters

CHORUS – Float forever, etc.

Date June 28, 1865  
Title A Memory  
First line I call to mind a little head  
Poet Willoughby, Fred J.  
Spar tag Battlefield Death - Mortality  
Volume 1 Number 39 Page 1

I call to mind a little head  
Crowned with its golden hair;  
And a face so pure, so meek, I'm sure  
That such the angels wear!

That little head, the golden hair,  
The face, are 'neath the sod;  
And what so bright gave us delight,  
Is now above with God!

Those little feet, that music made  
Like rain that patters down,  
Lie still and cold beneath the world  
Where buds and grass are strewn!

Oh, if OUR lives—her mother's, mine,--  
Are made as pure as hers,  
We may, when death has hushed our breath,  
Pass to the hither shores!



Date June 28, 1865  
Title Our Flag  
First line Four years of horrid strife and blood,  
Poet [no attribution]  
Spar tag Stars and Stripes  
Volume 1 Number 39 Page 4

Four years of horrid strife and blood,  
Have passed at last away;  
Brothers have met and madly fought  
Each other in the fray.

The furious storm has wildly swept  
O'er valley, hill and plan,  
And scarce a heart in all the land,  
But mourns a loved one slain.

But proudly o'er our stricken homes,  
Still waves our banner fair.  
And on its field of glorious blue,  
Each star is shining clear.

And spreading out its ample folds,  
O'er North, South, East and West,  
It calls th' oppressed from every clime,  
Beneath its shade to rest.

O, God of Nations! in Thy hands  
We leave our country's fate,  
Believing if we trust in thee,  
We shall indeed be great.

Date June 28, 1865  
Title A Thought in Sorrow  
First line Weep not - the hopes which seem to die  
Poet Butler, Chas. Wm.  
Spar tag N/A  
Volume 1 Number 39 Page 4

Weep not - the hopes which seem to die  
Are but the seeds of fadeless flowers,  
That ripen in a brighter sky  
Than in these darkened skies of ours.

Weep not - the world, with all its change,  
Will give us yet some boon to prize,  
And lights which now to us are strange,  
Will beam with gladness on our eyes.

Hope - faith - and love - our vigils still,  
While joy or grief around us stand ;  
We bow unto their sovereign will,  
And ever seek the better land.

We seek a rest we have not known,  
We toil, we pray, - and then we wait,  
Till some good angel from His throne  
Stoops down, and leads us through the gate.

-Wide World.

Date July 12, 1865  
Title The Fatal Letter  
First line They are coming, mother, coming! I can hear their merry feet  
Poet Willoughby, Fred J.  
Spar tag Battlefield Death - Mortality  
Volume 1 Number 40 Page 1

A regiment recently returned home to be mustered out of service. As the weary looking veterans marched down the busy street, with the remnants of the dear old flag fluttering in the sultry air, the windows of every building were alive with beaming faces, and the sidewalks, to the very curb-stones, were thronged with people, cheering loudly, and eager to grasp the hands of the returning soldiers. At the window of an humble dwelling, a little golden-haired girl stood, raised on her very tip-toes, so eager and pleased was she to see the war-worn veterans, for she expected to find her father among them.

On the morning of that day a soiled and much worn letter was placed in the hands of the little girl's mother, which, when the seal had been broken, imparted the heart-rending intelligence of her husband's death! What wonder is it that she sobbed in brokenness of heart, even when the town was crazed with joy! And when the little girl's prattle sounded in her ear, how keenly it must have stabbed her heart; and how bitter was the thought that, while other homes were soon to be brightened with the presence of a dear husband, father, brother, friend, her's was to be a place of mourning!

"They are coming, mother, coming! I can hear their merry feet  
Ringing out upon the pavement, sounding loud upon the street;  
I can hear the drums a-beating, and the fifes a-piping loud,  
And the people all are shouting!—such a happy, happy crowd,  
Running out to greet the soldiers back from battle-field and camp—  
Can't you hear them cheering, mother? Don't you hear the steady tramp?

"They are coming round the corner, filing down the avenue;  
Oh, how tired they are looking, and how worn their suits of blue!  
And how tattered is the banner! mother, only come and see,  
For it must be father bearing it, you know he wrote that he  
Was a Color-Sergeant, and his flag was almost wholly gone,  
It had been through scenes so dreadful, where the men have fought so  
long!

“You are weeping, mother, sobbing, whereas I’m so very glad,  
I could almost shout with rapture, yet you seem to feel so bad!  
Tell me why your tears are falling, and why all the morning pale;  
Did that worn and crumpled letter tell a sad and cruel tale?  
Yet you kissed and hugged it gladly when the postman gave it you.  
But the moment you had read it strangely sorrowful you grew!

“It is queer you are so silent when the town is mad with joy,  
Don’t you hear the bells a-ringing and the men and children cry?  
Till the very air is shaking with a long and loud huzza;  
They are all so very happy that the men are home from war;  
All are wild and merry, mother, save you, won’t you tell me why.  
Ever since you read that letter, you have never ceased to cry?

“Now the weary men are marching past the window, by the door,  
“Tis the regiment, the very one whose banner father bore,  
But another, HE’S A STRANGER holds the remnants in the air,  
He is taller, is not bearded and is younger and more fair;  
And I do not see him with them, nor I cannot even trace  
Anyone that looks like father that could wear his smiling face!

“Oh, my throat seems choked with anguish, welling upward from my heart,  
And a something makes me shudder - there’s an inward, cruel smart!  
I can guess the reason, mother, why to bitter grief you yield—  
Father is not with the soldiers, THEY HAVE LEFT HIM ON THE FIELD!-  
Oh, ‘tis pitiful, ‘tis dreadful, when the town is wild with joy,  
We must stifle thoughts of gladness, we must only sob and cry!!

Washington, D.C., June 1865.

Date July 12, 1865  
Title Night before the Battle  
First line Alone—at night; —the picket's tramp  
Poet Willoughby, Fred J.  
Spar tag Soldier's Life  
Volume 1 Number 40 Page 4

[To my wife]

Alone—at night; —the picket's tramp  
I hear so faint outside the camp;  
And some lone bird with a drowsy throat  
Vibrates the air, with timid note.  
The dew falls thick and fast around;  
My tired steed lies on the ground;  
And seated by his side, I write  
Some thoughts to thee, my wife, to-night.

The morrow's sun upon his track  
Will 'rouse the slumb'ring bivouac,  
And fierce contentions madly rise,  
And smoke and flashes hide the skies;  
The cannon's rage will stun the ear,  
And fill the timid soul with fear;  
While eyes may turn in sudden fright,  
To shun the dreadful, sick'ning sight!

And blood may flow as liberal  
As gushing brook or waterfall,  
And noble lives with martyr zeal;  
May fall beneath the hurtful steel;  
And haply I, among the rest,  
May have my heart hush'd in my breast;  
But 'tis the soldier's boon to die,  
And in the grave claim victory!

Now slumber's fingers press my eyes;  
The drowsy bird makes no replies;  
The picket's tramp grows fainter still  
And sleep o'ercoming yielding will,  
I give myself to God's sweet care,

And murmur soft my boyhood's prayer:  
"Dear Saviour, guard me in my sleep,  
All danger in the distance keep!"

On "Wilson's raid," June, 1864..

Date July 12, 1865  
Title Lines [02]  
First line Farewell, fellow-soldier, we shall see thee no more;  
Poet W.I.G.  
Spar tag Battlefield Death - Mortality  
Volume 1 Number 40 Page 4

[On the death of Private Thomas A. George, age 18, Company G, 11th Regiment Conn. Vols. at Hatteras Inlet, Jan. 14, 1862. Mustered in December 16, 1861 for three years. Cause of death typhoid fever.]

Lines written on the death of Thomas A. George, a member of Capt. William I. Hyde's Company, (G) 11th Regiment Conn. Vols., who died at Hatteras Inlet, Jan. 14th, 1862

Farewell, fellow-soldier, we shall see thee no more;  
We have laid thee to rest on the low, sandy shore.  
Though rude be thy burial, and barren the sod,  
Thy spirit is peacefull, for thou trustedst in God.

We sorrow for our loss, though our loss be thy gain ;  
Thou has gone to a land free from sorrow and pain;  
So meekly we will bow to the chastening rod,  
Believing thee in Heaven, for thou trustedst in God.

Thou didst leave thy fond home for thy country to fight,  
Leaving parents and friends, to stand up for the right.  
When the hand of disease, with its powerful rod,  
Laid thee low on thy couch; but thou trustedst in God.

Thou hast gone from this world to another, more bright,  
Where thou wilt be free from this long, troublesome fight;  
For well in the straight and narrow path thou hast trod;  
Thou hast now gone to rest, for thou trustedst in God.

Thou are the first from our ranks that we've laid in the grave.  
May our Heavenly Father the rest of us save  
From disease. But when we have done with this earthly clod,  
May we all have it said that we trusted in God.