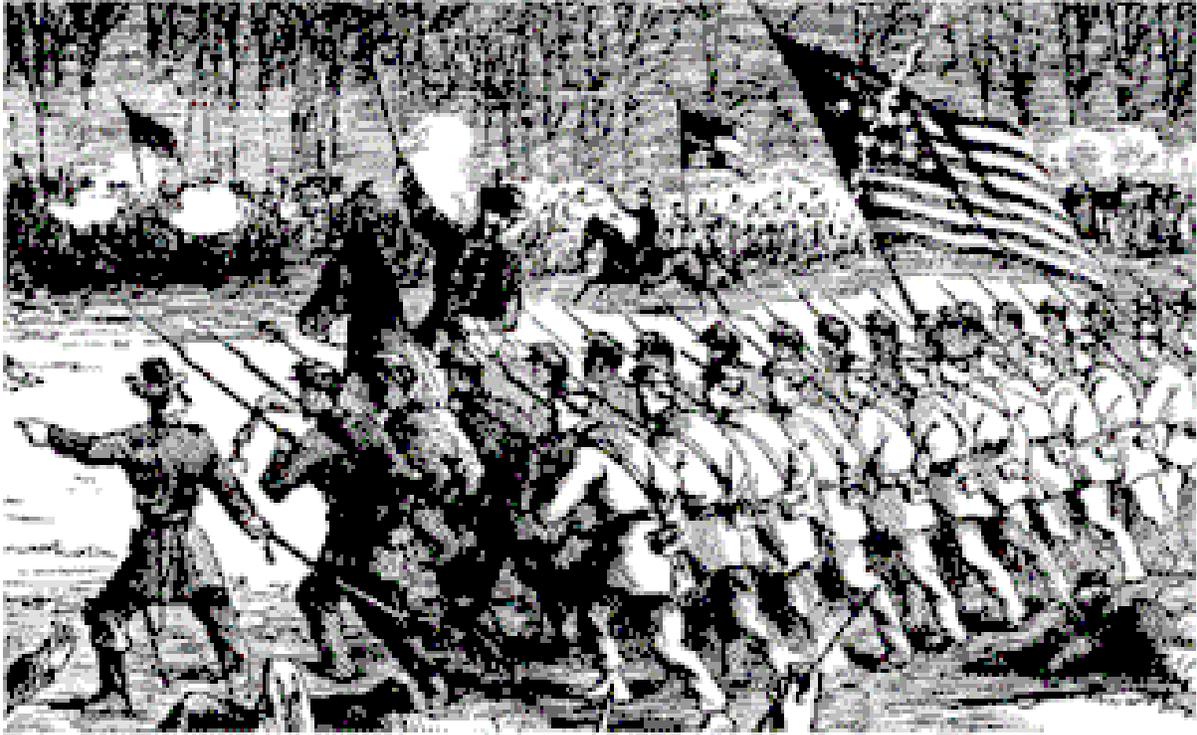


Songs of the Seventh



FAVORITE SONGS OF THE

7th Regiment Maryland Volunteer Infantry



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Welcome to the Civil War Songbook
for the
7th Maryland Volunteer Infantry
Reenactor.

There were numerous songs written before and during the Civil War that many soldiers would have been familiar with. We have collected a small set of those songs here. We encourage you to learn these so you may join your Pards in the 7th as we sing while marching or in camp.

All of the songs in this song book are period correct except for: “These Blasted Rebel Bugs”, and “The Old Line Volunteer”. Bill Hart took the first two verses of These Blasted Rebel Bugs from the book, ‘Play for a Kingdom’ by Thomas Dyja, and enhanced it with two verses of his own creation. The Old Line Volunteer was written by Steve Giovannini and based on the Civil War period song “The Irish Volunteer”.

It didn’t matter if the Civil War soldier had a good voice or was able to carry a tune. Singing songs in camp or on the march helped the soldiers pass the time. As it was then, so it is today. You don’t need to be an accomplished singer to lead or participate. You just need desire. Singing these songs enhances our impression, promotes camaraderie, and the spectators love it!

We look forward to hearing you in camp and on the march.

Your Pards,
Cpl. Steve Giovannini
Pvt. Bill Hart
2008

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1 All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight (1863)

Words by Ethel Lynn Beers 1861, Music by John Hill Hewitt, 1863

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

"All quiet along the Potomac Tonight!"

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
And the light of the camp fires are gleaming.
There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

"All quiet along the Potomac Tonight!"

His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a pray'r for the children asleep,
For their mother; "May Heaven defend her!"
The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leap'd up to his lips, and when low murmur'd vows
Were pledg'd to be ever unbroken.

"All quiet along the Potomac Tonight!"

Then drawing his sleeve roughly o'er his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to his breast,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling. "
He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
And his footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.

All quiet along the Potomac Tonight!"

Hark! was it the night-wind that rustles the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wond'rously flashing?
It looked like a rifle! "Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
And his life-blood is ebbing and plashing.
All quiet along the Potomac to-night;
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead-
"The Picket 's" off duty forever!

"All quiet along the Potomac Tonight!"

2 Amazing Grace (pre-war)

Words by John Newton, 1772, Music traditional

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
his word my hope secures;
he will my shield and portion be,
as long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
and mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
a life of joy and peace.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
bright shining as the sun,
we've no less days to sing God's praise
than when we first begun.

3 America (pre-war)

(1832) (aka "My Country 'Tis of Thee")
Words by Samuel Francis Smith, 1808-1895
Tune: anon., "God Save the King" (1744)
Arranged by Collin Coe (1884)

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring!

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

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

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

4 Aura Lee (pre-war)

When the blackbird in the spring, On the willow tree,
Sat and rocked, I heard him sing, Singing Aura Lea
Aura Lea, Aura Lea, Maid of golden hair;
Sunshine came along with thee, And swallows in the air.

CHORUS:

Aura Lea, Aura Lea,
Maid of golden hair;
Sunshine came along with thee,
And swallows in the air.

In thy blush the rose was born, Music when you spake,
Through thine azure eye the morn, Sparkling seemed to break.
Aura Lea, Aura Lea, Bird of crimson wing,
Never song have sung to me, In that sweet spring.
(CHORUS)

Aura Lea! The bird may flee, The willows golden hair
Swing through winter fitfully, On the stormy air.
Yet if thy blue eyes I see, Gloom will soon depart;
For to me, sweet Aura Lea, Is sunshine through the heart.
(CHORUS)

When the mistletoe was green, Midst the winter's snows,
Sunshine in thy face was seen, Kissing lips of rose.
Aura Lea, Aura Lea, Take my golden ring;
Love and light return with thee, And swallows with the spring.
(CHORUS)

5 Away Down South in the Land of Traitors (1861)

(ANONYMOUS/DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT) (1860s)

To the tune of "DIXIE" --

Away down South in the land of traitors,
rattlesnakes and alligators,
Right away, come away, right away, come away.
Where cotton's king and men are chattels,
union boys will win the battles,
Right away, come away, right away, come away.

CHORUS:

Then we'll all go down to Dixie, away, away,
Each Dixie boy must understand,
that he must mind his Uncle Sam,
Away, away, and we'll all go down to Dixie.
Away, away, and we'll all go down to Dixie.

I wish I was in Baltimore,
I'd make Secession traitors roar,
Right away, come away, right away, come away.
We'll put the traitors all to rout,
I'll bet my boots we'll whip them out,
Right away, come away, right away, come away.
(CHORUS)

Oh, may our Stars and Stripes still wave
forever o'er the free and brave,
Right away, come away, right away, come away.
And let our motto ever be –
"For Union and for Liberty!"
Right away, come away, right away, come away.
(CHORUS)

6 The Battle Cry of Freedom (1861)

by George F. Root . Written May 3 1861, published 1862.

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

CHORUS:
The Union forever,
Hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitors,
Up with the stars,
While we rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom.

We are springing to the call, for three hundred thousand more
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
And we'll fill the vacant ranks of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom.
(CHORUS)

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
And although he may be poor, he shall never be a slave,
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom.
(CHORUS)

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
And we'll hurl the Rebel crew from the land that we love best,
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom.
(CHORUS)

7 Battle Hymn of the Republic (1862)

by Julia Ward Howe, February 1862

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage
 where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, Glory Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory Hallelujah,
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

(CHORUS)

I have read a fiery gospel write in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

(CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

8 Buffalo Gals (pre-war)

"Lubly Fan Will You Cum Out To Night?" (1844)

As I was lumb'ring down the street,
Down the street, down the street,
A handsome gal I chanced to meet;
Oh! she was fair to view.

CHORUS:

Buffalo gals, won't you come out to night?
come out to night?
come out to night?
Buffalo gals, won't you come out to night?
We'll dance by the light of the moon.

I asked her if she'd have some talk,
Have some talk, have some talk,
Her feet took up the whole sidewalk,
As she stood close to me.

(CHORUS)

I asked her if she'd have a dance,
Have a dance, have a dance.
I thought that I might get a chance,
To shake a foot with her.

(CHORUS)

Oh, I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin'
And her hip kept a-rockin and her toe kept a-knockin
I danced with the gal with a hole in her stockin'
And we danced by the light of the moon.

(CHORUS)

I'd like to make that gal my wife,
Gal my wife, gal my wife,
I'd be happy all my life,
If I had her by me.

(CHORUS)

9 Dear Mother, I've Come Home to Die (1863)

Words by E. Bowers, Music by Henry Tucker, 1863

Dear Mother, I remember well
The parting kiss you gave to me,
When merry rang the village bell --
My heart was full of joy and glee;
I did not dream that one short year
Would crash the hopes that soar'd on high!
Oh, Mother, dear, draw near to me,
Dear Mother, I've come home to die.

CHORUS:

Call Sister -- Brother -- to my side,
And take your soldier's last goodbye;
Oh, Mother, dear, draw near to me,
Dear Mother, I've come home to die.

Hark! Mother, 'tis the village bell,
I can no longer with thee stay;
My Country calls to Arms, to Arms!
The foe advance in fierce array!
The vision's past -- I feel that now
For Country I can only sigh,
Oh, Mother dear, draw near to me,
Dear Mother, I've come home to die.

(CHORUS)

Dear Mother, Sister, Brother, all
One parting kiss, -- to all good bye;
Weep not, but clasp your hand in mine,
And let me like a soldier die!
I've met the foe upon the field
Where kindred fiercely did defy,
I fought for Right -- God bless the Flag!
Dear Mother, I've come home to die.

(CHORUS)

10 The Faded Coat of Blue (1865)

J.H.McNaughton; "near the close of the war"

My brave lad he sleeps in his faded coat of blue;
In a lonely grave unknown lies the heart that beat so true
He sank faint and hungry among the famish'd brave
And they laid him sad and lonely within his nameless grave

CHORUS:

No more the bugle calls the weary one,
Rest, noble spirit, In thy grave unknown!
I'll find you and know you, Among the good and true,
When a robe of white is giv'n for the faded coat of blue

He cried, ";Give me water and just a little crumb,
And my mother she will bless you thro' all the years to come;
Oh! tell my sweet sister, so gentle, good and true,
That I'll meet her up in heaven, in my faded coat of blue.";

(CHORUS)

He said, "My dear comrades, you cannot take me home,
But you'll mark my grave for mother, she'll find me if she'll come;
I fear she'll not know me, among the good and true;
When I meet her up in heaven, in my faded coat of blue.";

(CHORUS)

Long, long years have vanished, and though he comes no more,
Yet my heart with startling beats with each footfall at my door;
I gaze over the hill where he waved a last adieu,
But no gallant lad I see, in his faded coat of blue.

(CHORUS)

No sweet voice was there, breathing soft a mother's prayer,
But there's One who takes the brave in true and tender care;
No stone marks the sod o'er my lad so brave and true,
In his lonely grave he sleeps in his faded coat of blue.";

(CHORUS 2X)



11 Froggy Went a Courtin' (pre-war)

Froggy went a-courtin' and he did ride, uh-huh
Froggy went a-courtin' and he did ride, uh-huh
Froggy went a-courtin' and he did ride
A sword and pistol by his side,
uh- huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

He went down to Miss Mousie's door, uh-huh
He went down to Miss Mousie's door, uh-huh
He went down to Miss Mousie's door
Where he had often been before,
uh huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

He took Miss Mousie up on his knee, uh-huh
Said "Miss Mousie will you marry me?" uh huh
"Without my Uncle Rat's consent
I wouldn't marry the President,"
uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

Well Uncle Rat gave his consent, uh-huh
Hey Uncle Rat gave his consent, uh-huh
Now Uncle Rat gave his consent
And the weasel wrote the publishment,
uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

Well now, where will the wedding supper be? Uh-huh
Where will the wedding supper be? Uh-huh
Well where will the wedding supper be?
Way down yonder in a hollow tree,
uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

Yeah the first come in was a flying moth, uh-huh
First come in was a flying moth, uh-huh
First come in was a flying moth
Who laid out the tablecloth,
uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

Well the next come in was a junie bug, uh-huh
The next come in was a junie bug, uh-huh
Next come in was a junie bug
She brought the whiskey in a water jug,
uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

Next come in was a big black snake, uh-huh
Next come in was a big black snake, uh-huh
Next come in was a big black snake
Chased them all into the lake,
uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

Little piece of cornbread laying on a shelf, uh-huh
Little piece of cornbread laying on a shelf, uh-huh
Little piece of cornbread laying on a shelf
If you want any more, you can sing it yourself,
uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

12 Garryowen (pre-war)

(The Irish poet Thomas Moore wrote the words around 1807.
The tune is first documented as Auld Bessy in 1788.)

Let Bacchus' sons be not dismayed
But join with me each jovial blade
Come booze and sing and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus

CHORUS:

Instead of spa we'll drink brown ale
And pay the reckoning on the nail
For debt no man shall go to gaol (jail)
From Garryowen in glory

We are the boys that take delight in
Smashing the Limerick lamps when lighting
Through the street like sportsters fighting
And tearing all before us

(CHORUS)

We'll break the windows, we'll break the doors
The watch knock down by threes and fours
Then let the doctors work their cures
And tinker up our bruised

(CHORUS)

We'll beat the bailiffs out of fun
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run
We are the boys no man dares dun
If he regards a whole skin

(CHORUS)

Our hearts so stout have got us fame
For soon 'tis known from whence we came
Where'er we go they dread the name
Of Garryowen in glory

(CHORUS)

13 Gentle Annie (pre-war)

Stephen Foster, 1856

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie,
Like a flow'r thy spirit did depart;
Thou art gone, alas! like the many
That have bloomed in the summer of my heart.

CHORUS:

Shall we never more behold thee;
Never hear thy winning voice again
When the Springtime comes gentle Annie,
When the wild flow'rs are scattered o'er the plain?

We have roamed and loved mid the bowers,
When thy downy cheeks were in their bloom;
Now I stand alone mid the flowers
While they mingle their perfumes o'er thy tomb.

(CHORUS)

Ah! the hours grow sad while I ponder
Near the silent spot where thou art laid,
And my heart bows down when I wander
By the streams and the meadows where we stray'd.

(CHORUS)

14 The Girl I Left Behind Me (pre-war)

Circa 1840s, National Air by Samuel Lover
[based on the music of "Brighton Camp"]

The hour was sad, I left the maid,
A ling'ring farewell taking,
Her sighs and tears my steps delayed,
I thought her heart was breaking;
In hurried words her name I blessed,
I breathed the vows that bind me,
And to my heart in anguish pressed
The girl I left behind me.

Then to the South we bore away,
To win a name in story,
And there, where dawns the sun of day,
There dawned our sun of glory;
Both blazed in non on Freedom's height,
Where in the post assigned me,
I shared the glory of that fight,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

Full many a name our banners bore
Of former deeds of daring,
But they were deeds of Seventy-Six,
In which we had no sharing;
But now our laurels freshly won,
With the old ones shall entwined be,
Still worthy of our sires each son,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

The hope of final victory,
Within my bosom burning,
Is mingling with sweet thoughts of thee
And of my fond returning;
But should I ne'er return again,
Still worth thy love thou'll find me,
Dishonor's Breath shall never stain
The name I left behind me.

The maids of France are soft and free,
And Flemish lips are willing,
And soft the maids of Italy,
While Spanish eyes are thrilling;
But though I bask beneath their gaze,
Their smiles they fail to bind me,
My heart falls back to Erin's isle,
And the girl I left behind me

15 Grafted into the Army (1863)

Henry C. Work

Our Jim-my has gone for to live in a tent,
They have graft-ed him in to the ar-my;
He fi-nal-ly puck-ered up cour-age and went,
When they graft-ed him in-to the ar-my.
I told them the child was too young, a-las!
At the cap-tain's fore-quar-ters, they said he would pass,
They'd train him up well in the in-fan-try class,
So they graft-ed him in-to the ar-my

CHORUS:

Oh, Jim-my, fare-well! Your broth-ers fell
Way down in A-la-bar-my
I thought they would spare – a lone wid-der's heir,
But they graft-ed him in-to the ar-my.

Dressed up in his unicorn, dear little chap,
They have graft-ed him in to the ar-my;
It seems but a day since he sot in my lap,
But they graft-ed him in to the ar-my.
And these are the trousies he used to wear,
Them very same buttons, the patch and the tear;
But Uncle Sam gave him a bran' new pair
When they graft-ed him in-to the ar-my.
(CHORUS)

Now in my provisions I see him revealed,
They have graft-ed him in to the ar-my;
A picket beside the contented field,
They have graft-ed him in to the ar-my.
He looks kinder sickish – begins to cry,
A big volunteer standing right in his eye!
Oh, what if the ducky should up and die,
Now they've graft-ed him in to the ar-my
(CHORUS)

16 Hard Crackers Come Again No More (1861)

1st Iowa Regiment; 1861

Let us close our game of poker, take our tin cups in hand,
While we gather round the cook's tent door,
Where dry mummies of crackers are given to each man;
Oh, hard crackers come again no more!

CHORUS:

'Tis the song and the sigh of the hungry,
Hard crackers, hard crackers, come again no more!
Many days you have lingered upon our stomachs sore,
Oh hard crackers come again no more

There's a hungry, thirsty soldier, who wears his life away,
With torn clothes, whose better days are o'er;
He is sighing now for whiskey, and with throat as dry as hay,
Sings, "Hard crackers come again no more."

(CHORUS)

'Tis the song that is uttered in camp by night and day,
'Tis the wail that is mingled with each snore;
'Tis the sighing of the soul for spring chickens far away,
Oh hard crackers come again no more."

(CHORUS)

17 Hard Times Come Again No More (pre-war)

Stephen Collins Foster, 1855

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears;--
Oh! Hard Times come again no more.

CHORUS:

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary;--
Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more.
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say--
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

(CHORUS)

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er;
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day--
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

(CHORUS)

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave,--
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

(CHORUS)

18 Home, Sweet Home (pre-war)

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

Chorus

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

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

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

19 How Can I Keep From Singing (pre-war)

My life flows on in endless song
Above earth's lamentation.
I hear the real, thought far off hymn
That hails the new creation
Above the tumult and the strife,
I hear the music ringing;
It sounds an echo in my soul
How can I keep from singing?

What through the tempest loudly roars,
I hear the truth, it liveth.
What through the darkness round me close,
Songs in the night it giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that rock I'm clinging.
Since love is lord of Heaven and earth
How can I keep from singing?

When tyrants tremble, sick with fear,
And hear their death-knell ringing,
When friends rejoice both far and near,
How can I keep from singing?
In prison cell and dungeon vile
Our thoughts to them are winging.
When friends by shame are undefiled,
How can I keep from singing?



20 I Goes To Fight Mit Sigel (1861)

Words by F. Poole. Music: The Girl I Left Behind Me

I've come shust now to tells you how,
I goes mit regimentals,
To schlauch dem voes of Liberty,
like dem old Continentals,
Vot fights mit England long ago,
to save der Yankee Eagle;
Und now I gets my sojer clothes;
I goes to fight mit Sigel.

CHORUS:

Yah, das is true, I shpeaks mit you. Ve goes to fight mit Sigel.

Ven I comes from der Deutsche Countree,
I vorks somedimes at baking;
Den I keeps a lager beer saloon,
und den I goes shoe-making;
But now I vas a sojer been
to save der Yankee Eagle,
To schlauch dem tam secession volks,
I goes to fight mit Sigel.
(CHORUS)

I gets ein tam big rifle guns,
und puts him to mine shoulder,
Den march so bold like a big jackhorse,
und may been someding bolder;
I goes off mit de volunteers
to save der Yankee Eagle;
To give dem Rebel vellers fits.
I goes to fight mit Sigel.
(CHORUS)

Dem Deutschen mens mit Sigel's band
at fighting have no rival;
Und ven Cheff Davis mens ve meet,
ve schlauch em like de tuyvil.
Dere's only von ting vot I fear,
ven pattling for der Eagle,
I vont get not no lager beer,
ven I goes to fight mit Sigel.
(CHORUS)

For rations dey gives salty pork,
I dinks dat was a great sell;
I petter likes de saurkraut,
der Schvitzer-kase und bretzel.
If Fighting Joe will give us dem,
ve'll save der Yankee Eagle,
Und I'll put mine frau in breech-a-loons,
to go and fight mit Sigel.
(CHORUS)

21 John Brown's Body (1861)

by Anonymous, 1861

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
His soul goes marching on.

He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord,
His soul goes marching on.

(CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

John Brown died that the slaves might be free,
John Brown died that the slaves might be free,
John Brown died that the slaves might be free,
But his soul goes marching on.

(CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

22 Just Before the Battle Mother (1862)

George F. Root; 1862

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

CHORUS:

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

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

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

23 Kingdom Coming (Year of Jubilo) (1862)

(1862) by Henry C. Work

Say, darkies, hab you seen de massa,
Wid de muffstash on his face,
Go long de road some time dis mornin',
Like he gwine to leab de place?
He seen a smoke way up de ribber,
Whar de Linkum gumboats lay;
He took his hat, an lef' berry sudden,
An' I spec' he's run away!

CHORUS:

De massa run, ha, ha!
De darky stay, ho, ho!
It mus' be now de kingdom comin',
an' de year ob Jubilo!

He six foot one way, two foot tudder,
An' he weigh tree hundred pound,
His coat so big, he couldn't pay de tailor,
An' it won't go half way 'round.
He drill so much dey call him Cap'n,
An' he got so drefful tanned,
I spec' he try an' fool dem Yankees
For to tink he's contraband.

(CHORUS)

De darkeys feel so lonesome libbing
In de loghouse on de lawn,
Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor
For to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen,
An' de darkeys dey'll hab some;
I spose dey'll all be cornfiscated
When de Linkum sojers come.
(CHORUS)

De oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he dribe us 'round a spell;
We lock him up in de smokehouse cellar,
Wid de key trown in de well.
De whip is lost, de han'cuff broken,
But de mass'll hab his pay;
He's old enough, big enough, ought to known better
Dan to went an' run away.
(CHORUS)

24 Lincoln and Liberty (pre-war)

Attributed to Jesse Hutchinson Jr.(1813-1853)

Tune: "Old Rosin the Bow"

Hurrah for the choice of the nation,
Our chieftain so brave and so true,
We'll go for the great reformation,
For Lincoln and Liberty, too!
We'll go for the son of Kentucky,
The hero of Hoosierdom through,
The pride of the "Suckers" so lucky,
For Lincoln and Liberty, too!

They'll find what by felling and mauling,
Our railmaker statesman can do;
For the people are everywhere calling
For Lincoln and Liberty, too.
Then up with the banner so glorious,
The star-spangled red, white, and blue,
We'll fight till our banner's victorious,
For Lincoln and Liberty, too.

Our David's good sling is unerring,
The Slavocrat's giant he slew,
Then shout for the freedom preferring,
For Lincoln and Liberty, too.
We'll go for the son of Kentucky,
The hero of Hoosierdom through,
The pride of the "Suckers" so lucky,
For Lincoln and Liberty, too.

25 Listen to the Mockingbird (pre-war)

Septimus Winner ("Alice Hawthorne"), 1855

I'm dreaming now of Hally, sweet Hally, sweet Hally;
I'm dreaming now of Hally,
For the thought of her is one that never dies:
She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley;
She's sleeping in the valley,
And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.

CHORUS:

Listen to the mocking bird, listen to the mocking bird,
The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave;
Listen to the mocking bird, listen to the mocking bird,
Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

Ah! well I yet remember, remember, remember,
Ah! well I yet remember,
When we gather'd in the cotton side by side;
'Twas in the mild September, September, September,
'Twas in the mild September,
And the mocking bird was singing far and wide.
(CHORUS)

When the charms of spring awaken, awaken, awaken:
When the charms of spring awaken,
And the mocking bird is singing on the bough.
I feel like one forsaken, forsaken, forsaken.
I feel like one so forsaken,
Since my Hally is no longer with me now.
(CHORUS)

26 Lorena (pre-war)

Henry De Lafayette Webster; 1857

The years creep slow-ly by Lo-re-na,
The snow is on the grass a-gain,
The sun's low down the sky, Lo-re-na,
The frost gleams where the flow'rs have been.
But the heart throbs on as warm-ly now,
As when the sum-mer days were nigh;
Oh! The sun can nev-er dip so low,
A-down af-fec-tion's cloud-less sky.

We loved each other then, Lorena
More than we ever dared to tell;
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Had but our lovings prospered well.
But then, 'tis past, the years have gone,
I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
I'll say to them, "Lost years, sleep on!
Sleep on! Nor heed life's pelting storms."

The story of that past, Lorena,
Alas! I care not to repeat,
The hopes that could not last, Lorena,
They lived, but only lived to cheat.
I would not cause e'en one regret
To rankle in your bosom now
For "if we try, we may forget,"
Were words of thine long years ago.

Yes, these words of thine, Lorena,
They burn within my memory yet;
They touched some tender chords, Lorena,
Which thrill and tremble with regret.
'Twas not thy woman's heart that spoke;
Thy heart was always true to me;
A duty, stern and pressing, broke
The tie which linked my soul with thee.

It matters little now, Lorena,
The past is in the eternal past;
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena,
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
There is a Future! O, thank God,
Of life this is so small a part!
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod;
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

27 Marching Through Georgia (1865)

by Henry C. Work; 1865

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

CHORUS:

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

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

(CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

28 Maryland, My Maryland (Union Version) (1861)

The Rebel feet are on our shore,
Maryland, my Maryland!
I smell 'em half a mile or more,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Their shockless hordes are at my door,
Their drunken generals on my floor,
What now can sweeten Baltimore?
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to our noses' dire appeal,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Oh unwashed Rebs to you we kneel!
Maryland, my Maryland!
If you can't purchase soap, oh steal
That precious article-I feel
Like scratching from the head to heel
Maryland, my Maryland!

You're covered thick with mud and dust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
As though you'd been upon a bust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Remember, it is scarcely just,
To have a filthy fellow thrust
Before us, till he's been scrubbed fust,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see no blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland, my Maryland!
It's not been washed for many a week,
Maryland, my Maryland!
To get thee clean-'tis truth I speak-
Would dirty every stream and creek,
From Potomac to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

29 McClellan Is the Man (1864)

Words and music by William Shakespeare Hays, 1864

The cruel war must have an end;
I'll tell you what we'll do;
We'll cast our votes for "Little Mac,"
We're bound to put him through.
The widow's wails and orphan's tears
Prevailing o'er the land
Pray heaven to send a rare relief--
McClellan is the man.

CHORUS:

Shout! boys, shout!
and rally all you can,
We'll have another Washington--
McClellan is the man!

Corruption sits in places high,
And Shoddy rules the roast;
"Fight on!" is still Corruption's cry,
"More spoils!" is Shoddy's boast.
But we, the people, sov'reigns all,
Declare our righteous cause;
"The Constitution as it is,
The Union as it was." (CHORUS)

This cruel war will never cease
Until the South comes back;
The only man to do the work
Is glorious "Little Mac."
Then let us put him in the chair,
And he will give us peace;
For "Peace in Union" is his sin,
And war's alarms will cease. (CHORUS)

Let's heal dissensions and unite,
Then, stronger than be-fore,
We'll bear our banner through the world,
The flag our fathers bore.
In many stripes and golden stars
Shall give the people ease;
And all th'opressed of every clime
Will hail our happy peace. (CHORUS)

The hot-heads South cried "Let's secede,"
But find it doesn't pay;
The hot-heads North cried "Confiscate,
And then we'll have our way."
But both have failed and always will;
There is a better plan:
We'll choose a righteous President--
McClellan is the man! (CHORUS)

30 The Minstrel Boy (pre-war)

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he hath girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him;
"Land of Song!" cried the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy right shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chains
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free
They shall never sound in slavery!"

US Civil War verse

The minstrel boy will return, again,
When we hear the news we all will cheer it.
The minstrel boy will return one day,
Torn perhaps in body, not in spirit.
Then may he play on his harp in peace,
In a world as Heaven has intended,
When all the works of war must cease,
And every battle must be ended



31 My Wife Is a Most Knowing Woman (1863)

Stephen C. Foster, 1863

My wife is a most knowing woman,
She always is finding me out,
She never will hear explanations
But instantly puts me to rout,
There's no use to try and deceive her,
If out with my friends night or day,
In a most inconceivable manner,
She tells where I've been right away,
She says that I'm "mean" and "inhuman."
Oh! My wife is a most knowing woman.

She would've been hung up for witchcraft
If she had lived sooner, I know,
There's no hiding anything from her,
She knows what I do -- where I go;
And if I come in after midnight
And say "I have been to the lodge,"
Oh, she says while she flies in a fury,
"Now don't think to play such a dodge!
It's all very fine, but won't do, man,"
Oh, my wife is a most knowing woman.

Not often I go out to dinner
And come home a little "so so,"
I try to creep up through the hall-way,
As still as a mouse, on tip-toe,
She's sure to be waiting up for me
And then comes a nice little scene,
"What, you tell me you're sober, you wretch you,
Now don't think that I am so green!
My life is quite worn out with you, man,"
Oh, my wife is a most knowing woman!

She knows me much better than I do,
Her eyes are like those of a lynx,
Though how she discovers my secrets
Is a riddle would puzzle a sphynx,
On fair days, when we go out walking,
If ladies look at me askance,
In the most harmless way, I assure you,
My wife gives me, oh! such a glance,
And says "all these insults you'll rue, man,"
Oh, my wife is a most knowing woman.

Yes, I must give all of my friends up
If I would live happy and quiet;
One might as well be 'neath a tombstone
As live in confusion and riot.
This life we all know is a short one,
While some tongues are long, heaven knows,
And a miserable life is a husband's
Who numbers his wife with his foes;
I'll stay at home now like a true man,
Oh, my wife is a most knowing woman.

32 Nearer My God to Me (pre-war)

Words (verses 1-5) Sarah F. Adams, 1841,
(verse 6) Edward H. Bickersteth, Jr.
Music Lowell Mason, 1856

Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me;
Still all my song would be nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear steps unto heav'n;
All that Thou sendest me in mercy giv'n;
Angels to beckon me nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

The with my waking thoughts bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

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

33 Nelly Bly (pre-war)

(1850) by Stephen Collins Foster, 1826-1864

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! Bring the broom along,
We'll sweep the kitchen clean, my dear, And have a little song.
Poke the wood, my lady love, And make the fire burn,
And while I take the banjo down, Just give the mush a turn.

CHORUS:

Heigh! Nelly, Ho! Nelly, listen love, to me,
I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcem melody.
Heigh! Nelly, Ho! Nelly, listen love, to me,
I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcem melody.

Nelly Bly has a voice Like the turtle dove,
I hears it in the meadow, And I hears it in the grove:
Nelly Bly has a heart Warm as cup of tea,
And bigger than the sweet potato Down in Tennessee.
(CHORUS)

Nelly Bly shuts her eye When she goes to sleep,
When she wakens up again Her eye-balls 'gin to peep:
The way she walks, she lifts her foot, And then she brings it down,
And when it lights ther's music thar In that part of the town.
(CHORUS)

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! Never, never sigh,
Never bring the tear-drop To the corner of your eye,
For the pie is made of pumpkins And the mush is made of corn,
And ther's corn and pumpkins plenty, love, A lyin' in the barn.
(CHORUS)

34 Nelson's Blood (Roll the Chariot Along) (pre-war)

And a drop of Nelson's Blood wouldn't do us any harm
No, a drop of Nelson's Blood wouldn't do us any harm
A drop of Nelson's Blood wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind

CHORUS:

And we'll roll the old Chariot along
We'll roll the old Chariot along
We'll roll the old Chariot along
And we'll all hang on behind

And a little glass of beer wouldn't do us any harm
No, a little glass of beer wouldn't do us any harm
A little glass of beer wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind (CHORUS)

And a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm
No, a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm
A plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind (CHORUS)

And a little glass of gin wouldn't do us any harm
No, a little glass of gin wouldn't do us any harm
A little glass of gin wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind (CHORUS)

And a night upon the town wouldn't do us any harm
No, a night upon the town wouldn't do us any harm
A night upon the town wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind (CHORUS)

And a little dram of wine wouldn't do us any harm
No, a little dram of wine wouldn't do us any harm
A little dram of wine wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind (CHORUS)

And a drop of Nelson's Blood wouldn't do us any harm
No, a drop of Nelson's Blood wouldn't do us any harm
A drop of Nelson's Blood wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind (CHORUS)

Nelson's Blood, 7th Maryland's additional versus:

And those dirty stinkin Rebs wouldn't do us any harm

And a Rebel Parrot Shell wouldn't do us any harm

And the Rebel Canister wouldn't do us any harm

And a hail of Minie Balls wouldn't do us any harm

And the stinky rebel feet wouldn't do us any harm

And a rebel bayonet wouldn't do us any harm

And a ri-ght shoulder shift wouldn't do us any harm

And a bra-nd new canteen wouldn't do us any harm

And a paymaster visit wouldn't do us any harm

And we'd have a mighty voice -if you buggers all would sing

If the devil's in the way then we'll roll right over him

If the Reb's are in the way then we'll roll right over them

And some maggot-free hard tack, wouldn't do us any harm

And a brand new pair of shoes, wouldn't do us any harm

And a long rest in the shade, wouldn't do us any harm

And a drunken officer, wouldn't do us any harm

And a right about face, wouldn't do us any harm

Finale

We'll be marching off to war, for this Union to preserve

Yes we're marching off to war, for this Union to preserve

We are marching off to war, for this Union to preserve

And we'll all hang on behind!

35 Old Dan Tucker

Dan Emmitt (1830-1831)

Old Dan Tucker, he's a fine old man,
Washed his face in a frying pan
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel
Died of a toothache in his heel

CHORUS:

Get out of the way! Old Dan Tucker,
You're too late to get your supper
Supper's gone, and dinner's cookin'
Old Dan Tucker just a standing there lookin'

Old Dan Tucker, he'd come to town
Riding a billy goat, leading a hound
Hound dog barked, billy goat jumped
Landed Dan Tucker on the top of a stump!
(CHORUS)

Now old Dan Tucker has come to town
Swinging the ladies round and round
First to the right and then to the left
Then to the girl that he loves best
(CHORUS)

I come to town the other night
To hear the noise and see the fight
The watchman was a running around
Crying old Dan Tucker's a come to town.
(CHORUS)

36 Old Line Volunteer (1861*)

Stephen Giovannini, 2005;
based on 'The Bonnie Blue Flag' and 'The Irish Volunteer'

I am a son of Maryland I come from Hagerstown
My heart cried out for vengeance
 when Fort Sumters' Flag came down
My Granddad fought in eighteen twelve to save this nation dear
It's time for me to do the same, as an Old Line Volunteer

CHORUS:

Huh-ray! – Huh-rah! – the Stars and Stripes we cheer.
We will fight to save the Un-ion, we are Old Line Vol-un-teers!

Those Massachusetts Volunteers they marched through Baltimore,
The traitors there did jeer them
 and the streets were filled with gore.

For North or South which side to take the choice it is quite clear,
I won't vote for secession, says the Old Line Volunteer!

(CHORUS)

Now when the traitors in the South commenced a war-like raid,
I knew right then I had to join the Maryland Brigade.

To a recruiting office then I went, that happened to be near,
And joined the Seventh Regiment, as an Old Line Volunteer!

(CHORUS)

Now if the Rebels in the South should ever cross our path,
We'll drive them back to Richmond

 and their host shall feel our wrath.

From mountains or the Chesapeake we come from far and near,
To defend the Constitution, that's the Old Line Volunteer!

(CHORUS)

So fill your glasses up my boys a toast come drink with me,
May Maryland's Crest and the Starry Flag united ever be.
May traitors quake and Rebels shake and tremble in their fear,
When next they meet these Yankee boys, the Old Line Volunteers!

(CHORUS 2X)

37 Shall We Gather at the River (pre-war)

Shall we gath-er at the riv-er,
Where bright an-gel feet have trod.
With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er
Flow-ing by the throne of God

CHORUS:

Yes we'll gath-er at the riv-er.
The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er.
Gath-er with the saints - at the riv-er.
That flows by the throne of God

On the mar-gin of the riv-er.
Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray.
We will walk and wor-ship ev-er.
All the hap-py gold-en day
(CHORUS)

Ere we reach the shin-ing riv-er.
Lay we ev-ery bur-den down.
Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er
And pro-vide a robe and crown.
(CHORUS)

Soon we'll reach the shin-ing riv-er.
Soon our pil-gri-mage will cease.
Soon our hap-py hearts will qui-ver
With the mel-o-dy of peace.
(CHORUS)

38 Shenandoah (pre-war)

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away you rolling river,
Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Away you rolling river,
I'll take her 'cross your rollin' water,
Away, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

'Tis seven long years since last I saw you.
Away you rolling river,
'Tis seven long years since last I saw you.
Away, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Away you rolling river,
Oh Shenandoah, I'll come to claim her.
Away, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

In all these years, Whene'er I saw her,
We have kept Our love a secret,
Oh! Shenandoah, I do adore her,
Away, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, She's bound to leave you.
Away you rolling river,
Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you.
Away, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

39 The Siege of Vicksburg (1863)

(tune: Listen to the Mockingbird)

'Twas at the siege of Vicksburg, Of Vicksburg, Of Vicksburg;
'Twas at the siege of Vicksburg,
When the Parrot shells were whistling through the air.

CHORUS:

Listen to the Parrot shells, Listen to the Parrot shells,
The Parrot shells are whistling through the air.
Listen to the Parrot shells, Listen to the Parrot shells,
The Parrot shells are whistling through the air.

Oh, well will we remember, Remember, remember,
Tough mule meat, June to November
And the Minnie-balls that whistled through the air.

CHORUS:

Listen to the Minnie-balls, Listen to the Minnie-balls,
The Minnie-balls are whistling through the air.
Listen to the Minnie-balls, Listen to the Minnie-balls,
The Minnie-balls are whistling through the air.

(optional)

'Twas at the siege of Vicksburg, Of Vicksburg, Of Vicksburg;
'Twas at the siege of Vicksburg,
When the Canister was whistling through the air.

CHORUS:

Listen to the Canister, Listen to the Canister,
The Canister was whistling through the air.
Listen to the Canister, Listen to the Canister,
The body parts are flying everywhere.

40 The Star Spangled Banner (pre-war)

Francis Scott Key (Sep. 1814); (aka "The Anacreontic Song", 1779)

O say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

CHORUS: [note: repeated two times in the original version]:
Oh say, does that star spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream.
(CHORUS)

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country shall leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hirelings and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
(CHORUS)

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land,
Praise the Power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
(CHORUS)

41 Steal Away to Jesus (pre-war)

Traditional Negro Spiritual

CHORUS:

Steal away, steal away,
steal away to Jesus!
Steal away, steal away home,
I ain't got long to stay here!

My Lord calls me,
He calls me by the thunder;
The trumpet sounds with in-a my soul,
I ain't got long to stay here.
(CHORUS)

Green trees are bending,
Poor sinner stands a-trembling;
The trumpet sounds with in-a my soul,
I ain't got long to stay here.
(CHORUS)

Tomb stones are bursting,
Poor sinner stands a-trembling,
The trumpet sounds with in-a my soul,
I ain't got long to stay here.
(CHORUS)

My Lord calls me,
He calls me by the lightning,
The trumpet sounds with in-a my soul,
I ain't got long to stay here.
(CHORUS)

42 Swing Low (pre-war)

Traditional Spiritual

CHORUS:

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.
(CHORUS)

If you get there before I do,
Coming for to carry me home?
Tell me all my friends that I'm coming too,
Coming for to carry me home.
(CHORUS)

I'm sometimes up, I'm sometimes down,
Coming for to carry me home?
But still my soul feels heavenly bound,
Coming for to carry me home.
(CHORUS)

And if I get there before you do,
Coming for to carry me home?
Then I'll tell Jesus you're coming too,
Coming for to carry me home.
(CHORUS)

43 Tenting Tonight on the Old Campground (1864)

by Walter Kittredge; written 1862, published 1864

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

CHORUS:

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

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

(CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

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

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

44 These Blasted Rebel Bugs (1861)

To the tune of “The Bonnie Blue Flag” –

A thousand Rebel fighters invaded my blue shirt,
They’re just like any butternut—they’re mean and they eat dirt.
I didn’t mind them there that much until this morning fair,
When I reached up beneath my cap and found ‘em in my hair.

CHORUS:

The bugs! The bugs! These blasted Rebel bugs!
I haven’t worn a shirt in years that wasn’t hot with bugs.

The lice sure like to bite you; mosquitoes suck you dry,
Weevils in the hardtack make it taste like mincemeat pie.
The captain didn’t tell me, when he signed up my mug,
That I’d be fightin’ Bobby Lee and his pal Marse Bug.

(CHORUS)

Away down south in Richmond, ol’ Jeff Davis cursed,
“Southern lice are savage scrappers, let ‘em do their worst.”
“There ain’t a Yank that can stand up, when they dig in to dine,”
“So muster up the greyback troops and send ‘em into line!”

(CHORUS)

The fleas in old Virginy would drive a hounddog mad
Flies all gather thick as smoke and ticks are twice as bad.
Bedbugs eat ‘til their bellies burst and lice chew through the day.
In serving treason’s wicked cause, there’s none so fierce as they.

(CHORUS)

45 Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! (1864)

(The Prisoner's Hope) by George F. Root; 1864

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

CHORUS:

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

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

So within the prison cell
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door,
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
(CHORUS)

46 The Vacant Chair (1861)

Words by H.S. Washburn , George F. Root; 1861

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

CHORUS:

We shall meet, but we shall miss him.
There will be one vacant chair.
We shall linger to caress him
While we breathe our ev'ning prayer.

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

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

47 We Are Coming, Father Abraham (1862)

James Sloan Gibbons / Stephen Foster, 1862

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

CHORUS:

We are coming, coming our Union to restore,
We are coming, Father Abra'am, three hundred thousand more.

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

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

You have called us and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for Freedom's sake, our brother's bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage group
to wrench the murd'rous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade;
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before,
We are coming Father Abra'am, three hundred thousand more.
(CHORUS)

48 When Johnny Comes Marching Home (1863)

Patrick S. Gilmore; 1863

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hur-rah, hur-rah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hur-rah, hur-rah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies, they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hur-rah, hur-rah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hur-rah, hur-rah!
The village lads and lassies say,
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee,
Hur-rah, hur-rah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hur-rah, hur-rah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny come marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,
Hur-rah, hur-rah!
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hur-rah, hur-rah!
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

49 Weeping Sad and Lonely, or ,When This Cruel War is Over (1863)

Words by Charles Carroll Sawyer,
music composed and arranged by Henry Tucker 1863

Dearest Love, do you remember, when we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me, kneeling at my feet?
Oh! How proud you stood before me, in your suit of blue,
When you vow'd to me and country, ever to be true.

CHORUS:

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

When the summer breeze is sighing, mournfully along,
Or when autumn leaves are falling, sadly breathes the song.
Oft in dreams I see thee lying on the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying, calling but in vain.
(CHORUS)

If amid the din of battle, nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you, none to hear you call --
Who would whisper words of comfort,
 who would soothe your pain?
Ah! The many cruel fancies, ever in my brain.
(CHORUS)

But our Country called you, Darling, angels cheer your way;
While our nation's sons are fighting, we can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and Liberty, let all nations see
How we loved the starry banner, emblem of the free.
(CHORUS)