

**NOTES AND LYRICS
FOR MAGPIE'S CD "THE CIVIL WAR: SONGS AND STORIES UNTOLD"**

***Battle Cry of Freedom (Rally 'Round the Flag)*
By George F. Root**

Massachusetts native George F. Root's very popular song was introduced in Chicago on July 24, 1862 by the Lumbarb Brothers, a well-known singing team. It was widely sung in the east by the famous Hutchinson Family Singers. The song sold more than 350,000 copies of sheet music, a "hit" even by modern standards.

Numerous legends and stories sprang up regarding the song's effect on morale among union troops. On the Confederate side, one former major, reminiscing in later years said he remembered during the famous "Seven Days Battles" at the end of McClellan's Peninsular Campaign, after six days of losing repeatedly to rebel troops, union soldiers were heard singing the song in camp on a rainy night. One confederate soldier was heard to say, "Good heavens cap, what are these fellows made of anyway? Here we've licked 'em 6 days running and now on the eve of the 7th they're singin' Rally 'Round the Flag!" The former major said, "I am not naturally superstitious, but I tell you that song sounded to me like the knell of doom and my heart went down into my boots and though I've tried to do my duty, it has been an uphill fight with me ever since that night."

In the South, lyricists wrote at least a few different parodies to the popular tune. One went:

We are marching to the field boys
We're going to the fight
Shouting the battle cry of freedom
And we bear the heavenly cross
For our cause is in the right
Shouting the battle cry of freedom
Our rights forever
Hurrah boys hurrah
Down with the tyrants, raise the southern star
While we rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again
Shouting the battle cry of freedom

Yes, we'll rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again
Shouting the battle cry of freedom
Rally from the hillside, gather from the plain
We're shouting the battle cry of freedom

Chorus:
It's the Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah
Down with the traitor and up with the star
As we rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again
We're shouting the battle cry of freedom

We are a springing to the call for three hundred thousand more
We're shouting the battle cry of freedom
And we'll fill the vacant ranks of our brothers gone before
We're shouting the battle cry of freedom (chorus)

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true, and brave
We're shouting the battle cry of freedom
And although he may be poor, he shall never be a slave
We're shouting the battle cry of freedom (chorus)

So we're springing to the call from the east and from the west
We're shouting the battle cry of freedom
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best

We're shouting the battle cry of freedom

Johnny Has Gone For A Soldier
Traditional

Alan Lomax, in his *Folk Songs of North America*, claims that this song dates "from the period after the Treaty of Limerick," when "like a flight of wild geese...many young Irish patriots fled to France and served in the armies of the French king." In the old Irish version, the girl dyes her petticoat red to show that she is engaged and loyal to her absent Johnny. In America, this song was sung during both the Revolutionary War and the Civil War. In this version, the girl again says she'll dye her dress red, but this time it's for a more sorrowful reason. The meaning of the Irish "shule agrah" is "come with me, my love."

Here I sit on Buttermilk Hill,
Who could blame me cry my fill?
And every tear would turn a mill
Johnny has gone for a soldier,

Shule, shule, shule agrah,
Time can only heal my woe,
Since the lad of my heart from me did go,
O Johnny has gone for a soldier.

Me, oh my, I loved him so,
Broke my heart to see him go,
And only time will heal my owe:
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

I'll sell my clock; I'll sell my reel,
Likewise I'll sell my spinning wheel
To buy my love a sword of steel;
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

I'll dye my dress I'll dye it red,
And through the streets I'll beg my bread,
And through the streets I'll beg my bread,
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

Along Potomac's Rocky Shore
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Our friends at Harpers Ferry National Park once again honored us with the invitation to join one of their historical commemorations, this time the 150th anniversary of the battle of Bolivar Heights. Todd Bolton provided us with information and letters by the Union's commanding officer John Geary so we could fashion this song, based on a missive to his wife on the eve of the battle.

Along Potomac's rocky shore where the water flows swift and clear
I take pen in hand to write a few words to you, my Mary, my dear
Now Shenandoah's muddy stream flows in from the mountains high
The voices of many waters raised as the sound of a battle cry
Like North and South these rivers run, so different they do seem
Rolling along they will not unify into one grand kindred stream

Amid October's brilliant trees and autumn's early chill
A calm has settled on these hills, oppressive and so still
I wonder did it seem this way just two short years before
When my comrade old John Brown came to this river shore
He told us then this day might come, our land he tried to warn

'Til all are free our fair country with bloodshed would be torn

But what firing I hear now, of guns, the distant sound
I must to horse and try my fate, to face the battleground
The rapid tread of tramping feet, the rattling of small arms
Yet in my heart I'll carry still the memory of your charms
And e'er I ne'er come back again I trust you will recall
That a husband and a father ever loves you one and all

Along Potomac's rocky shore where the water flows swift and clear
I take pen in hand to write a few words to you, my Mary, my dear
Now Shenandoah's muddy stream flows in from the mountains high
The voices of many waters raised as the sound of a battle cry
But e'er I ne'er come back again I trust you will recall
That a husband and a father ever loves you one and all

All the Brave Young Men

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With students at Keeseville Elementary School, Keeseville, NY

These words were co-written with students in a songwriting residency at Keeseville Elementary School in Keeseville, New York in 2009. We decided to focus on the surviving members of John Brown's family still living in the Adirondack Mountains during the Civil War. The song is in the voice of Ruth Brown Thompson who lost her father, 2 brothers and 2 brothers-in-law to the struggle for freedom at Harpers Ferry in 1859, which many consider to have been the spark that lit the conflagration of the Civil War. Based on the post-war lamentation entitled "Southern Girl's Reply", which itself utilizes the well-known Irish melody "The Irish Jaunting Car" the famous musical setting of the southern song "Bonnie Blue Flag," but sung slowly and sadly. We were struck by the haunting nature of "Southern Girl's Reply" when we heard it sung by our friend Jeff Warner, and thought it would be an excellent vehicle for another lyric from a northern perspective. The students and we chose to imagine Ruth Brown Thompson remembering, circa 1862, her own family's sacrifice for the cause of freedom.

They went to Harpers Ferry, my father and his men
For freedom and for justice they fought to the very end
It was William and young Dauphin, my husband's brothers dear
And my own brothers Oliver and Watson volunteered

Harrah! Hurrah! For old John Brown I say
Hurrah for the brave young men who gave their lives that day.

They shot poor Watson in the street bearing a flag of white
He struggled back to the engine house and lingered through the night
Oliver my brother was shot through the open door
He died that day beside our father bleeding on the floor

Thrown off the bridge to the rocky river Will fell to his death
They shot his lifeless body after he took his last breath
Dauphin fought beside father; a brave courageous stand
A mortal wound from a bayonet, fighting to hand to hand

Harrah! Hurrah! For old John Brown I say
Hurrah for the brave young men who gave their lives that day.

Back home in North Elba, Martha with her child unborn
Her beloved husband Oliver she could only grieve and morn
Belle also mourned for Watson, too hurt to shed a tear

The loss of father and our brothers, always our worst fear

Around my father's coffin our heavy hearts entwined
I see that mournful morn, December eighteen fifty-nine
The winds are getting colder; winter's darkness comes again
As the days are growing shorter I think of all the brave young men

Harrah! Hurrah! For old John Brown I say
Hurrah for the brave young men who gave their lives that day.

Richmond is a Hard Road to Travel
Words anonymous
Music by Daniel D. Emmett
("Jordan Is a Hard Road to Travel")

Daniel Emmett, the same man who wrote "Dixie," wrote the tune heard here. E.P. Christy of the Christy Minstrels probably penned the original words to "*Jordan Is a Hard Road to Travel*". It became fair game for parodies, one written for the election campaign of Abraham Lincoln, and another by the famous abolitionist singing group the Hutchinson Family Singers.

Slavery and Freedom they both had a fight,
And the whole North came up behind 'em,
Hit Slavery a few knocks with a free ballot box,
Sent it staggerin' to the other side of Jordan.
Then take off your coats, boys, roll up your sleeves
Slavery is a hard foe to battle, I believe.

The 1863 parody heard here is fully 8, eight-line verses and choruses, and recounts the various military blunders and failed attempts by the Union army to take the Confederate capital at Richmond, Virginia.

Would you like to hear my song? I'm afraid it's rather long,
Of the famous "On to Richmond" double trouble;
Of the half a dozen trips and half a dozen slips
And the very latest bursting of the bubble.
'Tis pretty hard to sing and, like a round, round ring,
'Tis a dreadful knotty puzzle to unravel;
Though all the papers swore, when we touched Virginia's shore,
That Richmond was a hard road to travel.

Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel.
Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe.

First McDowell, bold and gay, set forth the shortest way
By Manassas in the pleasant summer weather
But unfortunately ran on a Stonewall (foolish man!)
And had a rocky journey altogether.
And he found it rather hard to ride over Beauregard
And Johnston proved a deuce of a bother.
'Twas clear beyond a doubt that he didn't like the route
And a second time would have to try another.

Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeve,
For Manassas is a hard road to travel.
Manassas gave us fits, and Bull Run made us grieve,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe.

Next came the Woolly Horse with an overwhelming force
To march down to Richmond by the Valley,

But he couldn't find the road, and his onward movement showed
His campaigning was a mere shilly-shally.
Then Commissary Banks, with his motley foreign ranks
Kicking up a great noise, fuss, and flurry,
Lost the whole of his supplies and with tears in his eyes
From the Stonewall ran away in a hurry.

Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeve,
For the Valley is a hard road to travel.
The Valley wouldn't do, and we all had to leave,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe.

Then the great Galena came, with her portholes all aflame,
And the Monitor, that famous naval wonder,
But the guns at Drury's Bluff gave them speedily enough
The loudest sort of reg'lar Rebel thunder.
The Galena was astonished and the Monitor admonished,
Our patent shot and shell were mocked at,
While the dreadful Naugatuck, by the hardest kind of luck,
Was knocked into an ugly cocked hat.

Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeve,
For James River is a hard road to travel.
The gunboats gave up in terror and despair,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I declare.

Then McClellan followed soon, both with spade and balloon,
To try the Peninsular approaches,
But one and all agreed that his best rate of speed
Was no faster than the slowest of slow coaches.
Instead of easy ground, at Williamsburg he found
A Longstreet indeed and nothing shorter.
And it put him in the dumps that spades wasn't trumps
And the Hills he couldn't level "as he orter!"

Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeve,
For Longstreet is a hard road to travel.
Lay down the shovel and throw away the spade,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I'm afraid.

Then said Lincoln unto Pope, "You can make the trip, I hope."
"I will save the universal Yankee nation!
"To make sure of no defeat, I'll leave no lines of retreat,
"And issue a famous proclamation!"
But that same dreaded Jackson, this fella laid his whacks on
And made him, by compulsion, a seceder.
Pope took rapid flight from Manassas' second fight,
'Twas his very last appearance as a leader.

Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeve,
Stonewall is a hard road to travel.
Pope did his very best but was evidently sold,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I am told.

Last of all Burnside, with his pontoon bridges, tried
A road no one had thought of before him,
With two hundred thousand men for the Rebel slaughter pen
And the blessed Union flag waving o'er him.
He met a fire like hell of canister and shell

That mowed down his men with great slaughter.
'Twas a shocking sight to view, that second Waterloo,
And the river ran with more blood than water.

Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeve,
Rappahannock is a hard road to travel.
Burnside got in a trap, which caused for him to grieve,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe.

We are very much perplexed to know who is the next
To command the new Richmond expedition,
For the capital must blaze, and that in ninety days,
And Jeff and his men be sent to perdition.
We'll take the cursed town, and then we'll burn it down
And plunder and hang each cursed Rebel.
Yet the contraband was right when he told us they would fight:
"Oh, yes, massa, they will fight like the devil!"

Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel.
Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeves,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe.

Willie Has Gone to the War
Words by George Cooper
Music by Stephen Foster

Stephen Collins Foster was born in Lawrenceville, PA, now part of Pittsburgh, on July 4th, 1826. On that day, which was also the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, two former presidents and architects of the American nation both died: John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. Foster wrote over 200 hundred songs and was a very popular songwriter in the early 1850s, at which time he wrote some of his best-known songs. But the late 50s found him in financial trouble, and he moved to New York in the summer of 1860, just as the north-south tension was building to a fever pitch. During the war he teamed up with lyricist George Cooper and wrote some songs about the war, including this one, but he never regained the level of success he had enjoyed in the early 50s. So desperate was he for money that he sold "Willie Has Gone to the War" song entirely to Wood's Minstrels in New York for \$10 in cash and another \$15 to be paid out of the box office that night. Foster fell into alcoholism and decline and died in New York in January of 1864. He had been very ill, probably with tuberculosis, and suffered an accident in which he fell, crashing his head into a ceramic pot, shattering the pot and inflicting a severe gash in his head. He died in the hospital three days later. He was 37 years old.

The bluebird is singing his lay,
To all the sweet flowers of the dale,
The wild bee is roaming at play,
And soft is the sigh of the gale:

I stray by the brook side alone,
Where oft we have wandered before,
And weep for my loved one, my own,
My Willie has gone to the war!

Chorus:

Willie has gone to the war,
Willie my loved one, my own:
Willie has gone to the war,
Willie my loved one is gone!

'Twas here, where the lily bells grow,
I last saw his noble young face,
And now while he's gone to the foe,
Oh! Dearly I love the old place

The whispering waters repeat
The name that I love o'er and o'er,
And daisies that nod at my feet,
Say Willie has gone to the war!

Battle of Shiloh Hill

Words by M. B. Smith, Company C, 2nd regiment, Texas Volunteers

Music traditional: "The Wandering Sailor"

The battle of Shiloh Hill took place on April 6 and 7 of 1862 in western Tennessee in the small port town of Pittsburg Landing. Called Shiloh Hill because it took place near the old Shiloh Meeting House near the Tennessee River, Confederate Generals A.S. Johnston and P.G.T. Beauregard faced U.S. Grant and D.C. Buell in one of the bloodiest, bitterest and least decisive battles of the Civil War, resulting in more than 23,000 casualties overall. Since it ended in stalemate, both sides claimed a victory of sorts. For the Union this meant that at least it wasn't another Bull Run. This song is a southern reminiscence, and focuses on the brutality of the battle itself without speaking of a victory, and ends finally with a prayer that God would save the souls of "all" who fell.

Come all ye valiant soldiers -- a story I will tell
About the bloody battle that was fought on Shiloh Hill.
It was an awful struggle and will cause your blood to chill
It was the famous battle that was fought on Shiloh Hill.

'Twas on the sixth of April, just at the break of day;
The drums and fifes were playing for us to march away.
The feeling of that hour I do remember still,
When first my feet were tromping on the top of Shiloh Hill.

About the hour of sunrise the battle it began;
Before the day was ended, we fought 'em hand to hand.
The horrors of that field did my heart with anguish fill
For the wounded and the dying that lay on Shiloh Hill.

There were men from every nation laid on those bloody plains,
Fathers, sons, and brothers were numbered with the slain,
That has caused so many homes with deep mourning to be filled,
All from the bloody battle that was fought on Shiloh Hill.

The wounded men were crying for help from everywhere,
While others who were dying were offering God their prayer,
"Protect my wife and children if it is Thy holy will!"
Such were the prayers I heard that night on Shiloh Hill.

And early the next morning we were called to arms again,
Unmindful of the wounded and unuseful to the slain;
The struggle was renewed again, and ten thousand men were killed;
This was the second conflict of the famous Shiloh Hill.

The battle it raged on, though dead and dying men
Lay thick all o'er the ground, on the hill and on the glen;
And from their deadly wounds, the blood ran like a rill;

Such were the mournful sights that I saw on Shiloh Hill.

Before the day was ended, the battle ceased to roar,
And thousands of brave soldiers had fell to rise no more
They left their vacant ranks for some other ones to fill,
And now their mouldering bodies all lie on Shiloh Hill.

And now my song is ended about those bloody plains
I hope the sight by mortal man may ne'er be seen again!
But I pray to God, the Savior, "If consistent with Thy will,
To save the souls of all who fell on bloody Shiloh Hill."

The Vacant Chair
Henry S Washburn & George F. Root

Lieutenant John William Grout of the Fifteenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry was killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff near Leesburg, Virginia on October 21, 1861. The words to this song were written in his honor by Henry S. Washburn and originally published in the Worcester *Spy* around Thanksgiving that year. A few other composers set the words to music, but none had the pathos and subsequent success of George F. Root's setting heard here. The lyric is also commonly sung to the tune of the song "Life Is Like a Mountain Railroad." During the remainder of the Civil War this song was one of the most widely sung in homes by northerners and southerners alike, attesting to its universal appeal. It continues to be sung to this day as a tribute to family members lost to the ravages of war.

We shall meet but we shall miss him; there will be one vacant chair
We shall linger to caress him while we breathe our evening prayer
When a year ago we gathered joy was in his mild blue eye
Now a golden chord is severed and our hopes in ruin lie

We shall meet but we shall miss him; there will be one vacant chair
We shall linger to caress him while we breathe our evening prayer

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 our banner through the thickest of the fight
And uphold our country's honor in the strength of manhood's night

We shall meet but we shall miss him; there will be one vacant chair
We shall linger to caress him while we breathe our evening prayer

True they tell us wreaths of glory ever more will deck his brow,
But this soothes the anguish only sweeping o'er our heartstrings now.
Sleep today, oh early fallen, in thy green and narrow bed
Dirges from the pine and cypress mingle with the tears we shed

We shall meet but we shall miss him; there will be one vacant chair
We shall linger to caress him while we breathe our evening prayer

Combahee River Rescue
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With students at Newcomb Central School,
Newcomb, NY

Another songwriting residency with students in Newcomb, New York resulted in this song in the voice of Harriet Tubman. Based on the interviews she gave to biographer Sarah Bradford it details her foray up the Combahee in South Carolina to liberate enslaved people on plantations along the river. Word of the Emancipation Proclamation had not reached the people there. Tubman had done extensive espionage advance work in the area in preparation for the

mission. James Montgomery, a comrade of John Brown in Kansas in the 1850s, commanded the Union gunboat flotilla. The song she sang to the newly liberated people was called "Uncle Sam's Farm," composed by the famed abolitionist singing group, the Hutchinson Family Singers. We used our own melody for Harriet's refrain.

On the first day of June in eighteen sixty-three
Mister Lincoln's gunboats steamed up the old Combahee
Deep in South Carolina we moved along the river
To bring the news of freedom, our message to deliver
 When the slaves all heard the whistle they ran away in fear
 Then they peered out through the thicket like a herd of startled deer.
 Then out of the woods they scurried, shouting, "Glory, glory be!
 It must be Lincoln's gunboats come to set us free!"

Colonel Montgomery, trusted by my friend John Brown,
Fought together on the bleeding Kansas battleground
Put me in charge 'cause he knew the slaves would heed my call
All together we will surely make those rebels fall
 We tore up the train tracks, the rails and the ties
 To crush the rebel lifeline and cut off their supplies
 Took out the rebs' torpedoes for fear that they would blow
 We asked the slaves where they were for they were sure to know

Of all the whole creation in the East or in the West
The glorious Yankee nation is the greatest and the best
Come along, come along and don't be alarmed
Uncle Sam is rich enough to give you all a farm
 Glory, glory bring the Jubilee
 Glory, glory we're free, we are free
 Farewell to the old Combahee.

The drivers with their whips tried hard to stop the slaves
Who feared for lives and families, but yet so very brave
Came a runnin' from their masters, their freedom to proclaim
And left the barns and houses swallowed up in flame
 With baskets on their heads and babies on their backs
 Chickens screamin' pigs a squealin' carried in their sacks,
 A black pig named Jeff Davis and a white named Beauregard
 Seven hundred a runnin' 'cross the charred plantation yard

They took hold of the boats so the sailors could not row
Afeared that they'd be left behind, afeared to let 'em go
Afeared they'd lose the liberty they'd waited for long
The colonel cried, "Moses, you must give 'em a song!"

Catskill Home

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In April 2012 we went on a walk with our good friend Sonny Ochs through the vernal woods near her home in Franklinton, NY. There is an old cemetery there containing graves nearly two hundred years old. One grave Sonny pointed out to us was that of a young, local soldier in the New York State Volunteers who died in the Civil War while in his early twenties and just weeks before Lee's surrender at Appomattox. Noting that he would have been in the southern states during the rising of springtime, we imagined him writing home to his family in Schoharie County, NY, expressing his longing for spring in the northern Catskills.

Spring is in full flower here in the southern land
The days are growing longer and the trees in new green stand
They stand in bitter contrast to the ravages of war

I've a moment now to write you 'til I'm off to fight once more

Amidst the sorrow and the bloodshed
Floats a new springtime bouquet
It starts my heart a yearning
For my home so far away
In the far northern mountains where this soldier grew
I am missing the Catskills and you

In my mind I see the eagles soar above the Vlai
Leaving their young in the nest as out for fish they fly
They know nothing of the conflict that has torn our land apart
Nothing of the shattered families who mourn with broken heart

I see the birds of springtime feed their babies from their beak
And our neighbors as they turn the soil along Schoharie Creek
I long to climb old Vroman's cliff where the northern breezes blow
And view the greening valley where the gentle waters flow

Now they tell us that this cruel war may soon come to an end
And we'll begin to heal the wounds, our broken nation mend
So I hold the hope of peace in my heart everyday
And hope to see you soon in our mountains far away.

Amidst the sorrow and the bloodshed
Floats a new springtime bouquet
It starts my heart a yearning
For my home so far away
In the far northern mountains where this soldier grew
I am missing the Catskills and you

Amidst the sorrow and the bloodshed
Floats a new springtime bouquet
You know it starts my heart a yearning
For my home so far away
In the far northern mountains where this soldier grew
I am missing the Catskills and you
I am missing the Catskills and you
Your loving son, Will

Bonnie Blue Flag (Northern & Southern versions)
By Harry Macarthy

After "Dixie" *The Bonnie Blue Flag* was the most popular song of the Confederacy. The words were written by an English-born vaudevillian and songster and were set to the traditional Irish melody, "*The Irish Jaunting Car*". Reference is made to the fact that South Carolina adopted as its standard a solid blue flag with a single white star when it left the Union. Southern soldiers undoubtedly believed they were fighting for the freedom of the southern states to govern themselves, including the "right" to maintain the system of slavery, so for them there would be no contradiction in singing "...fighting for our liberty." Numerous parodies were written including an 1864 version, "The Bonnie White Flag" penned by a Confederate officer in a Union prisoner-of-war camp. The Union had their own version.

Original Southern version:

We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,
Fighting for our liberty with treasure, blood and toil:
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far:
"Hurrah for the Bonny Blue Flag that bears a single star!"

Chorus

Hurrah, hurrah for southern rights hurrah
Hurrah for the Bonny Blue Flag that bears a single star!

Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and brave
Like patriots of old we'll fight, our heritage to save
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer
So cheer for the Bonny Blue Flag that bears a single star

Northern version:

We're fighting for our Union; we're fighting for our trust,
We're fighting for that happy land where sleeps our fathers' dust,
It cannot be dissevered though it cost us bloody wars,
We never can give up the land where floats the Stripes and Stars.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! For equal rights, hurrah!
Hurrah! For the good old flag,
That bears the Stripes and Stars.

We do not want your cotton; we care not for your slaves,
But rather than divide this land we'll fill your Southern graves.
With Lincoln for our Chieftain we'll bear our country's scars,
We'll rally round the brave old flag that bears the Stripes and Stars.

Love & Honor

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Thanks to our friend Alice Keesey Mecoy, great-great-great-granddaughter of John Brown, for passing on to us the inspiring story of Martha Brewster Brown, the 16-year-old pregnant widow of Brown's son Oliver. Martha married Oliver against her parents' wishes and was promptly disowned by them. She was readily taken in by Mary Brown and loved as if she were a daughter of the family. Martha traveled to Maryland that summer of 1859 along with Annie Brown and spent weeks helping the men to prepare for the foray into Virginia despite her pregnancy and having a severely sprained ankle at the time. She did all of the cooking and most of the household chores. In September Oliver escorted her on the train back to New York where they parted for the last time. When the news of Harpers Ferry reached her and the Brown family at their home in the Adirondacks in late October, the reaction was one of stunned silence. Brown's wife Mary and daughter Annie took to their beds with fever and Martha nursed them, all the while in deep grieving. When the Browns were finally well, Martha herself became ill with the fever. She never fully recovered. In January, about 3 months after her husband was killed at Harpers Ferry, Martha, still sick at the time, gave birth to a baby girl whom she named Olive. When the baby died shortly thereafter, Annie described the scene wherein Martha, who had not visibly shed any tears since Oliver's death, held her dead baby and finally shed one flowing tear. Shortly after, Martha herself died of the fever. We were moved by the image of strength in the face of unmitigated grief and suffering, the unsung heroism of loving dedication.

Oft times do I pause in wonder
At the strength we find within us
At darkest hour, in deepest sorrow
Whence comes the power that moves us on?
To help when help is what we're needing
To do the work that must be finished
To shoulder well another's burden
Though the life lost be our own.

To stand for love when it's denied you
The punishment is bitter choosing

And run to arms that would enfold you
Though your time might not be long
To stand with those who fight for justice
To care for them, your needs denying
Knowing they face their own dying
In struggle waged to right a wrong

To care for those in deep affliction
In illness suffer pain and misery
Without regard for your own frailty
To heal, to do what must be done
Though pain of loss is no stranger,
Though death claim your dearest lover,
And after him your newborn daughter
A solitary teardrop runs

There are those famed for their bravery
Who face the foe in cruel battle
Who nobly stand for other's freedom
Who lay their lives down for us all
But what of those who stand beside them?
Give their lives for love and honor
Though they wield not gun or saber
Do they not too heed that call?

Marching Through Georgia
By Henry Clay Work

Undoubtedly the most dramatic military campaign of the war was Union General William Tecumseh Sherman's famous "March to the Sea" in late 1864. His army cut a broad swath through the South, splitting it in two and destroying hundreds of miles of railroads, thereby severely crippling Lee's ability to transport supplies. When he reached Savannah, Georgia a few days before Christmas Sherman sent President Lincoln a telegram "presenting" him with Savannah as a Christmas gift. News of Sherman's success created elation throughout the North, many realizing the war would most likely soon be over, and the sense of celebration inspired Henry Clay Work to compose this song. There is probably no Union song so thoroughly detested by white southerners than this song. Sherman's march left a long and deep scar through the south.

Ring the good ol' bugle, boys, we'll sing another song,
Sing it with the spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as we used to sing it 50,000 strong
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus:

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

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

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

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

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

Tenting On the Old Camp Ground
By Walter Kittredge

Walter Kittredge, once a member of the famous singing abolitionists, the Hutchinson Family, wrote this song while preparing to report for duty after having been drafted in 1863. He found, however, that his childhood bout with rheumatic fever exempted him from service and he never entered the Union army. His first attempts at selling the song proved fruitless so he took the song to his old friend and colleague Asa Hutchinson who loved it and immediately added it to the Hutchinson Family repertoire for a series of upcoming concerts. The song became a huge hit and Asa Hutchinson worked out a publishing deal with Ditson publishers, splitting the royalties 50/50 with Kittredge. It was the biggest royalty producing song the Hutchinsons ever had, and became one of the best-loved songs in American history, sung by soldiers and civilians alike ever since, nearly as popular during World War I as it was during the Civil War.

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

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

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

We've been fighting today on the old campground
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 looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight
Tenting on the old camp ground
Dying tonight, dying tonight,
Dying on the old camp ground

Hard Times Come Again No More
By Stephen Foster

Published in 1855, Stephen Foster's great song was popular throughout the Civil War. During his last days in the winter of 1863-64, nearly destitute and very ill, he sang this song wherever he went, usually while intoxicated. After the war, reminiscing about his friend Foster, journalist George Birdseye wrote about *Hard Times Come Again No More*:

"On more than one occasion in a grocery barroom, I have heard Stephen Foster sing that good old song of his with a pathos that a state of semi-inebriation often lends the voice; while his pockets were in the peculiarly appropriate condition of emptiness not unusual to them, and the forlorn habitués of the place joined dismally in the chorus."

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 looking will say
Oh! Hard Times come again no more.

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.

'Tis a sign 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.