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OUR GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.





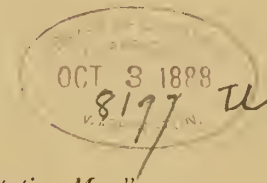
OUR GRAND ARMY

OF THE REPUBLIC.

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NEW YORK.

OUR
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY
GEORGE WASHINGTON
" BUNGAY.



*Author of "Offhand Takings," "Pen Portraits," "Traits of Representative Men,"
"The Creeds of the Bells," etc.*

1888:
HARD & PARSONS,
NEW YORK.

TO THE
Grand Army of the Republic,
THIS BOOK
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR
GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Sons of Veterans and their friends, will find the contents of this book suited not only to Memorial Day, but to every day, as a reminder of the patriotism, the heroism, the marvelous courage, and the exalted devotion to duty developed in the camp and on the field, during the late war, by the men who risked their lives to save the life of the nation. At entertainments, private and public, selections from this book may be read or recited at gatherings of Grand Army Men, and tend to kindle anew the fire of patriotism and the love of liberty in the hearts of all who stand by the flag and the Union.



*THE FOURTH AND THE FLAG.**

The patriot Wendover, of old,
Suggested stripes and stars of gold
For the true standard of the free ;
And when the gallant nation bled,
He saw the smoking streams of red,
And the blue dome of sky o'erhead,
Embracing the broad land and sea.

He saw the soft stars shining through
The radiant field of azure hue—
A gentle hint by nature given
To patriots pure, and brave and wise,
And copied from the glowing skies,
The flag that God unfolds in heaven.

Wise statesmen looked to heaven on high
And transcribed from the starlit sky,
The beautiful and grand design ;
The red "meant" courage in the fight,
And purity unstained the white,
The blue sprinkled with points of light,
Emblems sweet hope and love divine.

The generations yet unborn,
On every Independence morn,
Shall point with joyous ecstasy
To the bright flag, with pride unrolled;
And to the added stars of gold,
And stripes that underscore its fold—
The unconquered banner of the free !

Though baptized in the battle blast,
It waves to-day from spire and mast.
Oh, may it wave without surcease !
The standard of the brave and free ;
A light upon the land and sea !
A promise and a prophesy
Of happy centuries of peace !

See Note 1, Page 33.

OUR GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Unfold the flag of stripes and stars,
That led our soldiers through the sea
Of fire and blood, sealed with red scars,
As their diplomas of the free.
Hail to the men whose breasts became
A pulsing bulwark in the strife !
They flinched not when the lurid flame
Like lightning struck at freedom's life !

Heart touching heart, these heroes stood,
In war's hot vestibule of hell ;
Firm as stout oaks, within a wood,
On whose torn leaves swift hailstones fell.
Their cannon shouted o'er the world,
And shook the thrones of tyranny.
Now the dear flag of stars unfurled,
Covers a nation saved and free.

Grand Army, what an army grand !
In every battle for the right,
Its monument will ever stand ;
Star-crowned in the eternal light.
Soft drops are trembling on the eaves
Of eyes, in faces that we meet ;
For here are men with empty sleeves,
And crutches clatter in the street.

They join with us in strewing flowers,
Where there departed comrades rest.
Unwaked by war's tempestuous showers,
Peace lingers there, a constant guest.
Gold flowers are torches dipped in light ;
White flowers, symbol sweet purity ;
Red flowers, emblem the bloody fight ;
Blue flowers, show loyal constancy.

*THE BOY DRUMMER OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.**

The drummer with his drum
Shouting "Come, comrades, come,
Forward march nigher, nigher,
Where the war bugles wail,
Where bullets fall like hail
In hurricanes of fire."

Beat his drum,
Shouting "Come,
Come, come, come."
And the fife
In the strife

Joins the drum, drum, drum, drum.
The fifer with his fife,
The drummer with his drum,
Are heard above the strife
And thunder of the bomb,
And bursting of the bomb,
Bomb, bomb, bomb!

Over tent, dome and hall,
The smoke hangs like a pall.
Hot shot and blazing bomb
Cut down the volunteers,
And sweep the engineers.
The drummer beats his drum,
But he'll beat
No retreat
With his drum.
Through the fire,
Hotter, higher

Throbs—the drum, drum, drum, drum,
In the hurricane of flame,
And thunder of the bomb.
Who'll braid the wreath of fame,
For the hero of the drum,
Drum, drum, drum?

The Rappahannock runs,
Where sulphur throated guns
Pour forth hot hail and fire,
The heroes in the boats
Fear not the sulphur throats
They look higher, higher, higher, higher,
And the drum
Never dumb
Beat, beat, beat,
Till the oars
Touched the shores
And the fleet, feet, feet, feet,
Of the soldiers on the shore,
With bayonets and guns
Where the Rappahannock runs,
Hastened to the front
To face the battle brunt.
The river runs 'tis true
But not the boys in blue
Nor the drummer with his drum
Shouting, "come, come, come, come,
Come, come, come."

OUR FLAG AT FORT WAGNER.

Unroll our flag and let it wave ;
From swelling dome and rising spire —
The starry banner of the brave,
Lighting the land with points of fire.
It is the flag our fathers bore
In triumph through the battle's blast,
And as it waved in days of yore,
It waves to-day from tower and mast.

Above the fiery storm,
Freedom unveils her form !
Fort Wagner silenced lies,
Where our old banner flies.

Our flag, the symbol of the free,
Has dawned upon the nation's night
Like sunrise on a stormy sea,
Whose billows kiss the morning light.
Its star-lit wing, baptized with blood,
Shall lead the hosts of freedom now,
As fiery pillars o'er the flood,
Led Israel up from deeps below.

Wagner is ours again ;
We break the galling chain
That bound the panting slave !
So let our banner wave !

Where armies marshal let it wave,
And lead them on to victory ;
Or shroud them in a glorious grave,
Like Spartans at Thermopylæ !
Our fathers in their coffins turned,
When Sumter's thunder woke the land,
When every patriot's bosom burned
With loyal love that nerved the hand.

Where Shaw and Putnam fell,
In hurricanes of shell,
At Wagner let the stars
Shine o'er those sons of Mars !

OUR GRAND ARMY.

Firm as stout oaks within a wood
Where the hot hail of bullets fell,
Shoulder to shoulder heroes stood ;
The sky rang like a funeral bell.

Black cannon thundered to the world,
And shook the thrones of tyranny,
Torn was the flag of stars unfurled ;
Saved is the nation now and free.

Here are the men with empty sleeves,
And men on crutches from the field,
Where the red harvester reaped sheaves,
And death's stroke battered freedom's shield.

They come to join in strewing flowers
Where their departed comrades rest,
Unwaked by war's tempestuous showers ;
Peace lingers now a loyal guest

They march beneath the flag of stars,
That led them through the crimson sea ;
Their valor sealed and stamped with scars
Of freedom's brave diplomacy.

Hail to the men whose breasts became
A living wall in battle's strife !
They flinched not when the lurid flame,
Was hurled against the nation's life.

They faced unmasked the foe in fight,
And stood up with undaunted will ;
Without the treacherous dynamite ;
The soldier scorns the coward's skill.

Sweet flowers of gold dipped in the light ;
White flowers, symbols of purity ;
Red flowers, "true courage in the fight,"
Blue flowers, the type of constancy.

SEND THEM HOME TENDERLY.

In their own martial robes arrayed,
With cap and cloak and shining blade,
In the still coffin softly laid,

Oh, send them tenderly.

Our bleeding country's gallant corps
Of noble dead can sleep no more
Where monuments at Baltimore
Stand up Liberty.

Oh, touch them tenderly, I pray,
And softly wipe the blood away
From the red lips of wounds that say

“How sweet it is to die

For one's dear Country, at a time
Coincidence crowns, with sublime
Associations, deeds that chime

In human history.”

Deal gently with the pale, cold dead,
For Massachusetts bows her head —
But not with shame ; her eyes are red

With weeping for the slain.

Like Rachel she is sad indeed ;
And long her broken heart will bleed
For children true in word and deed,
She cannot meet again.

Lift up each gallant son of Mars,
And shroud him in the flag of stars,
Beneath whose folds he won the scars,
Through which his spirit fled

From glory here to glory where
The banner blue in fields of air
Is bright with stars forever there,

Without the stripes of red.

THE ARMY OF THE GRASS.

With clover white and clover red,
It hides the stain where heroes bled,
 Its tender secret keeping ;
And spreads its mantle where the dead
 In peaceful rest are sleeping.

It finds the graves of blue and gray,
It comes on Decoration day,
 With violets and daisies ;
It keeps dear memories green for aye,
 Where sweet birds sing their praises.

Down the calm vale where waters run,
The grass looks up to greet the sun,
 Happy in shining weather ;
A million joyous blades, like one,
 Rejoice in light together.

The army of the grass is true,
Waving its flowers red, white and blue,
 When called by winds to rally ;
And, like the hosts of Roderick Dhu,
 It springs from hill and valley.

Creeping in silence up the mound,
It holds its conquest of the ground.
 Below the captured hill is ;
Its emerald flag embroidered round
 With buttercups and lilies.

Like liberty crushed in the dust
By tyranny, the grass will thrust
 The spear that shall dissever
The clod, for like the truth, it must
 Rise victor by endeavor.

Let flowers of every hue abound
Within the silent camping ground,
 Where rest the brave immortals ;
For Heaven is near the hero's mound,
 And love waits at its portals.

OUR GRAND ARMIES.

Coats of Blue,
Under them, hearts brave and true !
War has its victories, so has peace.
Our "grand armies" of to-day,
Find the fields grown green and gay,
Where Liberty renewed her lease.

Flags of stars
Held by veteran sons of Mars
Under the summer firmament,
Are dim with gray smoke, and torn,
Yet how proudly they are borne ;
For light shines through where bullets went.

Sword and gun
Glitter in the unclouded sun ;
Hedges of steel and cannon grim,
All remind us of the time
When War's loud thunder chime
Was the chorus of the battle hymn.

Brave and wise,
They spare not the star-lit skies,
But point their tubes at the blue tent ;
Electricity and steam
They harness, and the swiftest team
They drive across a Continent.

Soldiers true
As ever to their banner blue,
Disbanded, other harvests reap.
Not the red swaths of the slain,
But sweet swaths of grass and grain
Show through what fields our armies sweep.

Armies now
Follow with song the peaceful plow ;
And cultivate industrious arts,
And the dear love of brotherhood,
Wherever born. The best blood
Is that which beats in noble hearts.

Armies grand
Fill the workshops of the land,
Smiting the metals into form ;
They triumph over wood and stone,
Ships they steer from zone to zone,
And capture lightnings in the storm.

THE SILENT CAMP.

We scatter flowers of every hue,
Star dropt, on petals white and blue,
And crimson as the scars and stains
Of heroes on the purple plains ;

 And buds as red
As the soft lips of wounds that bled.

Where nature strews fair daisies sweet,
Above the hearts that cease to beat,
Baptizing them with light and rain ;
Shall we withhold, with stern disdain,

 The gift of flowers
From those who saved this land of ours ?

This day shall fragrant odors rise
Like incense to the stooping skies,
From censer cups of blue and gold,
Whose beauty burns about the mold

 Of heroes, true,
To the dear flag, red, white and blue.

Blue, emblem of fidelity,
White, sign of loyal purity,
Red, signifying courage true,
Stars, on the banner, shining through

 Soft points of light,
To lead, like lamps, our steps aright.

The cemetery's rounded graves
Look like a silent sea of waves,
Whose billows standing still are seen,
Strewn thick with flowers and leaves of green.

 Rest to the free,
Whose furlough is eternity !

OUR SOLDIERS' WELCOME HOME.

Bronzed and battered and covered with scars,
Dressed in their faded uniform,
Lifting aloft the standard of stars
They bore through the battle storm,
Proudly they marched in the grand review
Under the cloudless arch of blue.
Through the cheering street
Their triumphant feet
Keep step with the drum,
Loudly shouting they come.

Like a river the column sweeps by
Stretching many a league away
Beyond the reach of the eager eye
That's moist with tears of joy to-day ;
These are the men who have fought and bled ;
Aye, and suffered so long in our stead.
Like scintillant stars
Their glorious scars,
With patriot flame,
Light the pathway of fame.

They have charged in the face of the foe
Through hot tempests of shot and shell,
When the war clouds were hanging low
And the red rain in torrents fell.
Leaping through sharp hedges of fire,
Up slippery mounds and parapets higher.
With the banners they bear
Through the jubilant air,
Giving back to the sky
The stars blazing high.

They have marched through the swamps of the South
And forded treacherous streams ;
They have looked down the cannon's mouth
By the light of its sulphur gleams,
When the sky rang like a funeral bell
Over their comrades, that bravely fell
On field and redoubt,
And were mustered out ;
On the red field of fiery strife
God mustered them into eternal life.

MY BROTHER'S PORTRAIT.

That's a portrait of my brother ; he fell
At Gettysburg, in a harsh storm of shell
 And iron hail on that terrible day
When the valley rang with the cannon's knell,
 And fire fell upon the blue and the gray.

He was tall and straight and handsome, you see ;
Hair black as a raven's feather, and we
 Thought that his eyes of a beautiful brown
Looked through the dim veil of futurity
 Into the realm of the throne and the crown.

When the smoke of the battle was lifted high,
Like a curtain drawn by hands from the sky,
 We sought for him amid heaps of the slain ;
But we never found him though we were nigh
 The spot where he fell in the fiery rain.

Nor stake nor stone mark the grave where he sleeps ;
The dumb earth around, the sad secret keeps ;
 But he will arise on the judgment day,
When the soft white wing of the angel sweeps
 Over the camp's silent couches of clay.

He was but a mere youth, just past nineteen ;
The handsomest lad of the village green ;
 The pet of his parents and sisters dear,
And brothers brave, on whose hearts he would lean
 In his blithe boyhood, when danger was near.

Oh how we miss him at the fireside bright ;
When the winds wail on a bleak wintry night ;
 And in summer and autumn, when the red stain
On the leaves and flowers in the golden light,
 Is as red as the brave blood of the slain.

Here in the old homestead is a vacant chair,
And our mother looks in vain for him there ;
 And sometimes in her fitful sleep she seems
To see him descending a starry stair,
 Like an angel on the ladder of dreams.

THE OLD BATTLE-FIELD.

There is a tinge of crimson, blue and gold,
Upon the foliage that clothes the hills,
From their rough knees and ribs of solid rock,
To their wide shoulders lifted to the clouds.
How gorgeous the autumnal scarf of leaves,
Gleaming like silken banners in the sun,
Upborne by hosts clad in the pomp of war !

As Joseph's coat of many colors showed
The love a father cherished for his son,
So this vast robe of varied tints and shades
Dropped like Elijah's mantle from the sky,
Betokens a dear Father's love for us.

Crowned emperors and kings and mitred popes,
Clothed in the rich regalia of their caste,
Are poor in contrast with these monarch trees,
Upon whose leaves rainbows repeat their dyes,
And glorious sunsets leave their golden light.
Clasped in the blue arms of the hazy heaven,
The hills seem lifted to the azure sky.

There the soft maple's scarlet foliage burns
In the still woods with unconsuming fire ;
The elm holds high its coronal of gold
And strews its yellow wreath upon the ground ;
The bronzed boughs of the hickory hide the nuts

That cluster unobserved among the leaves ;
And here and there the steeping evergreen,
Emblem of hope, waves its unfading plume.
Far as the eye can reach, the vales and hills
Are all ablaze with gold and scarlet flakes.

There the bright oriole hangs her swinging nest,
Its windows open to the morning sun ;
And there the sable crow, unmusical,
Seems like a patch of darkness in the bush.

Here Titans of the forest have been swept
By storms, all pitiless, of shot and shell ;
Like thunderbolts that Jove hurled at his foes !
Missiles of death have scarred these oaks and elms,
Which have for ages wrestled with the wind
And fought the thunder that came winged with fire,
And still grew stronger in their strife with storms.

Under these branches simple graves are filled
With heroes sleeping peacefully and sweet,
Where wild flowers are the sylvan syllables
That spell their epitaphs in sweetest words,
And lowly bushes bribe the birds of song
With fruit, that they may cheer with wood-notes soft
The solitude so weird and beautiful.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Self poised he stood, like Saul among
The Hebrews, taller than the rest ;
Honored by age, loved by the young,
Whose hearts seemed beating in his breast.

No coronet had pinched his brow
To littleness ; no golden chains—
No spangled garter stopped the flow
Of the free blood that filled his veins.

He with the prophet's vision blest,
Looked through the telescope of tears,
And from the windows of the west
Saw peace come down the future years.

Freedom another martyr found,
When our great chieftain bowed his head ;
From the red portal of his wound,
His spirit to his Maker fled.

*HENRY WARD BEECHER.**

How marvellous his wit and eloquence !
How wise and luminous his thought and ken !
A well born orator and prince of men.
His genius shines like light in common sense,
He moves the multitude with love intense.
Long may he hold the ready writer's pen,
Though now beyond his threescore years and ten.
His battle words were once our strong defense
When thunder pealed from the hot cannon's lips
Under a fire-lit crimson canopy —
And shadows shrouded bleeding Liberty ;
Then "Northern Lights" were lost in her eclipse.
Upon the "Southern Cross" foes crucified
Our Freedom, risen now and glorified.

See Note 4, Page 33.

BUILDING MONUMENTS.

Through life we build our monuments
Of honor and, perhaps, of fame ;
The little and the great events
Are blocks of glory or of shame.

The modest, humble, and obscure,
Living unnoticed and unknown,
May raise a shaft that will endure
Longer than pyramids of stone.

The carven statue turns to dust,
And marble obelisks decay,
But deeds of pity, faith and trust,
No storms of fate can sweep away.

Their base stands on the rock of right,
Their apex reaches to the skies ;
They glow with the increasing light
Of all the circling centuries.

Our building must be good or bad ;
In words we speak, in deeds we do ;
On sand or granite must be laid
The shaft that shows us false or true.

How do we build—what can we show
For hours and days and years of toil ?
Is the foundation firm below ?
Is it on rock or sandy soil ?

The hand that lifts the fallen up,
That heals a heart or binds a wound,
That gives the needed crust and cup,
Is building upon solid ground.

Is there a block of stainless white
Within the monumental wall,
On which the sculptured skill can write,
“ He for his country ventured all ? ”

FLAGS AT HALF-MAST.

Flags are lowered at half-mast, "Grant is dead!"
Oh how dolefully the sorrow bells toll
The requiem for a departed soul.
Think of the conquering armies that he led;
And now in peace he rests his laureled head.
How grand his deeds, writ large on history's scroll,
How great his fame on honor's radiant roll.
The touched heart of the people, beat and bled,
When he was smitten with disastrous pain.
In sackcloth and in ashes did the nation sit,
And never yet was offered prayer in vain
To Him who knows best how to answer it.
The cross of suffering raised the soldier near
The crown and throne in the celestial sphere.

GENERAL GRANT'S MONUMENT.

When crossing the red sea of war, the tent
Of sky made glorious with points of light,
A radiant cloud by day — a fire at night —
A sheltering wing above the continent
Shielded our captain and fresh courage lent.
He who was foremost in the dreadful fight
Feared not the fatal messenger in white
From Heaven's headquarters on sad missions sent.
A Christian soldier—he was fit to go,
Unreluctant, when the great Master called.
He who surrendered to no mortal foe
Could meet the "king of terrors" unappalled;
And his enduring monument shall be
The land he saved, home of the brave and free.

*THE CHRISTIAN HERO, HARRY LEE.**

When patriot heroes heard the call
To arms they harnessed for the fight.
And hastened to the front to fall
Or stand in battle for the right.
With these brave champions of the free,
Under the flag marched Harry Lee.

The field was swept with fiery rain,
The sky seemed an exploding shell ;
Death was the reaper of the plain,
And in red swathes the soldiers fell.
A martyr to sweet liberty
Was brave and gentle Harry Lee.

When Decoration Day returns,
And martial music fills the air,
The old love in each bosom burns,
And comrades strew the blossoms fair
To honor the fond memory
Of the true hero, Harry Lee.

His epitaph in daisies sweet
Is written in soft lines of love ;
His dust sleeps now where vet'rans meet,
His spirit dwells in heaven above.
His comrades speak how tenderly
Of their commander, Harry Lee.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Let the blue blossom lean its head
Upon the sod where sleeps the brave,
And lilies white and roses red
Breathe balm upon the soldier's grave.
Strew flowers upon the silent mound,
Before the sun absorbs the dew,
Let starry petals light the ground,
Decked with sweet flowers, red, white and blue.

The vast green woods all Winter mute,
Bow their quick leaves again to hear
The blue-bird's soft and cheerful flute,
And the blithe robin piping near.
The soil baptized with Summer rain,
From cooling clouds to Nature true,
Is fragrant of sweet flowers again,
Whose blossoms are red, white and blue.

The broad blue wing of heaven unfurled,
Shall shield the sleeping sons of Mars,
And He who moulds and moves the world,
Shall watch them with unsleeping stars.
Cull the choice beauties of your bowers,
The tears that fall like heavenly dew,
Shall glow like gems on fragrant flowers
That wave in peace, red, white, and blue.

DEEDS WRIT ON MEM'RY'S SCROLL.

Above the dear, brave hearts that cease to beat
Let loving hands strew flowers on every mound
Within the lines of the still camping ground,
Where there is no assault, and no retreat,
And victory is not followed by defeat.
Unbroken rest and peace at last are found.
No clash of swords, no trumpet's thrilling sound
Nor roar of guns disturb their slumbers sweet.
Their deeds are writ on mem'ry's sacred scroll ;
And patriot love shall touch these hearts of ours,
When, at their graves, fame comes to call the roll,
And hope and love and honor scatter flowers.
Brave souls survive the storms of shot and flame ;
Their furlough blossoms in eternal fame.

THE QUEEN MONTH OF THE YEAR.

Gay month of spring and sweetest of the year,
Flower-crowned, melodious, sweet-scented May
Calls out the chorus of the birds to day,
And spreads her mantle over wood and mere.
To honor heroes, she still lingers here
And scatters blossoms for the blue and gray,
Daisies and dandelions strew her way.
She will not leave, until the still camp near
Is strewn with fairest flowers of every hue.
She has bouquets for all "the boys in blue ;"
And bright flowers for the mounds where sleep the gray.
She covers with her scarf of green the wound,
That shot and shell made on the battle ground.

*PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG
CEMETERY.*

O brave and star-crowned chief! thy eloquence
At Gettysburg has won immortal fame.
Lincoln and Liberty stand for the same;
And each memorial holiday will hence
Repeat thy speech of genius joined with sense,
And patriotic logic winged with flame,
And mind us of the hero's hallowed claim
Who won our battles under Providence!
They "dedicate the ground" in which they rest.
We here "resolve" they have not "died in vain."
Their living comrades coming here are blest.
Love looks through tears like sunlight after rain.
The gallant soldier consecrates anew,
His zeal for freedom, and the right and true!

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Two mighty armies in harsh battle meet,
On Pennsylvania's rural hills and plains.
Now from the thundering heavens of smoke it rains
In torrents of hot hail and leaden sleet.
Cannon to cannon shout, the hills repeat
The angry threat; and scorn and pride disdains
The flag of stripes and stars, and martial strains
That make the loyal heart the quicker beat.

To the arbitrament of dreadful strife,
The question of a nation's liberty —
Its sacred union and its honored life —
Was left, the verdict was "We will be free!"
Proclaimed to all mankind, by cannon shot!
It was the sword that cut the Gordian knot!

HAIL TO THE KEARSARGE!

Hail to the Kearsarge! castle of oak,
And pride of the heaving sea!
Hail to the guns, whose thunder awoke
The waves, and startled with lightning stroke
The nations that will be free!
Hail to her captain and crew!
Hail to her banner blue!
Hail to her deathless fame!
Hail to her "granite" name!

The British lion may cease his roar,
For his darling privateer,
At sea a pirate, a thief on shore,
Now lies a wreck on the ocean floor,
No longer a buccaneer.
Hail to our Yankee tars!
Hail to the stripes and stars!
Hail, Winslow, chief of the sea!
Hail to his victory!

MUSTERED OUT.

Hail to the hero mustered out,
Let the black-throated cannon shout,
And fling to the wind the stars.
Rejoice, O ye jubilant bells,
The heart of the patriot swells,
And tears overflow from their wells,
When we see the soldier's scars.

We welcome him home from the field,
Untarnished his sabre and shield,
Untainted his laurel crown.
Champion of the brave and free,
O what a brave spirit had he,
God grant that we never may see
A cloud on his grand renown.

THE OLD FLAG.

Here are the men whose breasts became,
A living wall in battle's flame,
To save the nation, when the strife,
 A scene of glory and of shame,
Threatened the union and the life
 Of Liberty, whose magic name
Was dear as mother, sister, wife.
 Hail, brave inheritors of fame!

Hail, to these gallant sons of Mars!
Marching below the stripes and stars,
Toward the camping ground where sleep
 Their comrades deaf to war's huzzas.
Sweet is the memory they keep
 Of lands men and of gallant tars,
There are no laurels fame can reap,
 Too green, for their immortal scars.

The battle flags faded and worn,
In service on the field, and torn
In storms of war, by shell and shot,
 Above the heads of heroes borne,
Proclaim to all, that we have not —
 This honored decoration morn,
Their record radiant forgot,—
 The dead are not of glory shorn!

Though dim the stars, the light shines through,
Though stained with smoke, the white and blue,
Though rent the waving stripes of red —
 The dear old flag, by soldiers true,
Is lifted like a wing o'er head,
 And borne along in grand review,
Where the Grand Army's stately tread,
 Is heard in street and avenue.

This memorable holiday,
Peace has her "triumphs" and bears sway,
Through our fair land, from sea to sea,
 And strews sweet flowers where blue and gray
Sleep undisturbed, from passion free,
 And every mound bears a bouquet;
For love strikes hands with loyalty.
 Brave hearts suggest, and heads obey.

THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG.

Sing thy sweet solo, soft and low,
Where draped flags are unrolled.
Here heroes sleep, unvexed by woe,
Beneath the hallowed mold.
Roses of flame, lilies of snow,
We strew with daffodils of gold.

Thy song salutes a nation free,
And charms the listening ear ;
No war-notes in thy melody,
Blue-coated volunteer.
Music awakes the memory
Of deeds of loved ones sleeping here.

Sweet song-bird, robed in softest blue,
Proudly the grand old tree
Holds high its arms so stout and true.
Is he not fond of thee ?
Thy nest is trimmed with beads of dew,
Thy eggs a radiant rosary.

OUR FLAG.

Our fathers looked to God on high,
And copied from the starry sky
The beautiful and grand design,
That gives our flag a light divine.

The stars are fires of Freedom true :
Fidelity the field of Blue ;
The Red is courage in the fight ;
And purity unstained, the White.

At Hudson, in the storm of flame,
The negro won immortal fame ;
And we present the flag to-night
To men who flinch not in the fight.

Though black as night the negro's skin,
A starry soul is lit within ;
His race shall, as his Flag, be free,
Unfurled for God and Liberty !

MORRIS ISLAND.

The billows pulsing to the sea,
Are shouting anthems of the free.

Up from the waters fogs arise,
Like a perplexing mystery,
Through which we strive in vain to see
The course the flaming missile flies.

The curtain lifted, we behold
The morning, clad in blue and gold —
Gods, how the red-mouthed mortars roar !
The thunder-bell of war has tolled ;
Where batteries blazed, the dust uprolled,
Hangs like a pall above the shore.

To Heaven, in chariots of flame,
Heroes ascend with crowns of fame
To meet the martyr's gone before ;
Their unseen mantles strew the air,
And fall on shoulders fit to wear
The scarf of stars their fathers wore.

From skies the bomb of battle rends,
Sweet Liberty, unscathed, descends
To kiss the sleepers on the sod.
Within her stainless hands behold
Free charters writ in words of gold,
Signed with the signature of God.

"OLD JOHN BROWN."

Hail to the memory
Of brave old Captain Brown.
Hero of Liberty,—
He wears a martyr's crown.

The scaffold was the stair,
On which he climbed above,
Good angels met him there,
An escort band of love.

"His body's in the grave,
His soul is marching on,"
The land he sought to save
Fought freedom's fight and won.

North Elba's towering hills,
The monuments that God
Put up, where dew distils,
Like tears upon the sod,—

Show where the soldier lies,
Death gave him his brevet ;
He sleeps where wild flowers' eyes
With drops of dew are wet.

And the loud thunder bells,
Ring in their cloudy walls ;
And like exploding shells—
The summer lightning falls.

LITTLE BLUE-COAT'S MISSION.

Thy tuneful flute, blue-coated pioneer,
With ecstasy and kindled hope is heard.
No storm grates in thy happy song, sweet bird,
We welcome thee, soft-throated joyous seer ;
Snow-drop and crocus lift their heads to hear
The hymn that each returning spring has stirred
The human heart with melody. No word
That chimes in verse can so delight the ear.
Art thou a minstrel and a prophet true,
Whose message needs no skilled interpreter,
Suggesting armies, robed like thee in blue,
Sent here our patriot souls to stir ?
We know our nation has renewed its lease
Of life, and thy song is the song of peace.

THE NATION'S JUBILEE.

The day our fathers waited for is dawning on us now ;
I see the mantle falling on the prophet at the plough ;
I hear the trumpet ringing where the victors strike the blow.

Niagara shouts the chorus of the rivers to the sea,
Each wave swells like the bosom that is panting to be free,
The stars are lit in heaven for the nation's jubilee.

Sweet promises are written on the soft leaves of the flowers ;
The birds of spring are jubilant within their leafy towers ;
A rainbow has been woven with the shuttle of the showers.

THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN.

“Forward!” the brave old captain said ;
Then through rough storms of fire and lead
Marched the true men with gallant tread ;
 Then the terrific fight began !
Onward fresh troops of stalwart men,
Across the valley, through the glen,
Up the round hill, over the plain,
 To the battle of Inkerman !

Cannon thundered in the rent air ;
Muskets poured out incessant glare ;
Sabre clashed sabre everywhere —
 ’Mid shouts of rank, squadron and clan !
Old England brightened her great name,
Gay France honored her lofty fame,
Only the Cossack bowed with shame,
 At the battle of Inkerman !

Swiftly the currents foam and swell ;
The sky seems a Plutonian bell,
Loud tolling the sad funeral knell
 Of the dead soldier, stained and wan.
On neighing steeds, strong, fierce and fleet,
Through smoke and fire and leaden sleet,
Like angry waves the squadrons meet,
 At the battle of Inkerman !

The strong battalions falter, wheel,
And fly before the hedge of steel ;
Thunders the last loud cannon’s peal
 O’er the slaughtered steed and lifeless man !
Brave hearts that ne’er shall beat again,
Sleep on the far Crimean plain,
Whose rivulets once wore the stain
 Of the battle of Inkerman !

Long will the blood-stained laurels won
On red turf smoking in the sun,
Tell of the gallant fight begun
 So long ago, and of its plan.
When rolls were called, none made reply
Of those on furlough in the sky ;
Souls mustered out can never die,
 Fighting their foes at Inkerman !

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

NOTE 1.

In 1813, the flag of the United States was changed at the suggestion of the Hon. Mr. Wendover, of New York. A return was made to the thirteen stripes, as it was anticipated the flag would become unwieldy should a stripe be added on the admission of each new State. He also proposed the arrangement of all the stars in the form of a single star, and a lady present cut a pattern for the star. The resolution of 1813 was as follows:

Resolved, That from and after the Fourth of July, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate white and red; that the union be twenty stars, white in a blue field; and that on the admission of a new State, one star be added to the flag.

NOTE 2.

During the war and after, I often met the "Drummer Boy of the Rappahannock,"—once at the office of the *New York Tribune* where he was presented with a silver drum. Prof. H. G. Eastman took charge of him at the close of the war, and made him conspicuous at public meetings in his (Eastman's) Commercial College in Poughkeepsie. The last time I heard from the "Hero of the Drum," he was a railroad conductor out west.

NOTE 3.

The Governor of Massachusetts sent the following dispatch to the Mayor of Baltimore:

"I pray you cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers, dead in Baltimore, to be immediately laid out, preserved in ice, and tenderly sent forward by express to me. All expenses will be paid by this Commonwealth.

JOHN A. ANDREW, Governor of Massachusetts."

NOTE 4.

This sonnet was written a short time before the death of the distinguished preacher and orator.

NOTE 5.

Harry Lee was a member of the Lee Avenue Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., an active worker in the Sunday School, and a friend to every humane and religious enterprise.

NOTE 6.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held at the Church of the Puritans, on Union Square, to witness the presentation of a stand of colors to the Seventh Regiment, Corps D'Afrique, (formerly the 2d colored regiment of Louisiana volunteers), whose gallantry at Port Hudson is so well known. These impromptu stanzas were pencilled on the occasion and handed to Dr. Cheever in the course of the services, and were read by him at the close of the meeting. They were written by G. W. Bungay, and are worthy to be set to music.

NOTE 7.

This poem was published in the *St. James' Magazine*, one of the most fastidious and exacting in London, Eng. It appeared with the following editorial comments: "As a tribute to John C. Paget's admirable article "Inkerman and its Lessons," in our April number, we have received from New York the following verses, which we print with great pleasure, convinced that the sentiments enunciated are as sincere on the part of our American friends, as they are strongly expressed. Remembering the bitter jealousy Hawthorne recorded in his note book on witnessing our public rejoicing for the fall of Sebastopol, we are sure even Mr. Bungay's lines will be gratifying to Englishmen, and show that one American can at least in the Empire City, feel nothing but generous sympathy and enthusiastic admiration for a glorious victory, dearly won by the soldiers of "Old England." It is true that heroism is of no nationality, but fires the heart and wins the homage of every chivalrous man, who reads its records. Nevertheless, we believe that if Mr. Bungay's feelings toward this country and its military and naval renown were more extensively shared by his fellow countrymen, the friendship between the two Anglo Saxon peoples would be strengthened, and the Atlantic, indeed become in very fact, what it is often called, the "American Ferry." It remains for us only to add that Mr. Bungay is the literary editor of the *Metropolitan*, an extremely well edited, well written and well got up magazine.





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