

Civil War Poetry & Music

Length: 90 Minutes

Anticipatory Set: Read the *Artilleryman's Vision*, by Walt Whitman. Discuss the tone of the poem, the circumstances and perspective of the narrator, and answer the questions that accompany it.

Behavioral Objective(s): Students will be able to draw meaning out of primary source materials such as song and poetry. Students will be able to answer questions regarding specific pieces of poetry and music and relate these resources to the civil war.

Purpose: By reading poetry and listening to music of the time, students will gain a greater understanding of American culture during the 1860's and how this culture was affected by the American Civil War. By singing along with the music, students may achieve a stronger sense of empathy with those who actually went through the trauma of civil war and understand better how music often reflects the values or conditions of the times.

Materials: *Songs of the Civil War* CD (Columbia), *Original Soundtrack Recording: The Civil War* CD (Elektra Nonesuch), Accompanying worksheets with lyrics and questions.

Body:

1. Students examine the list of poems and songs popular during the 1860's and briefly debate, based on their own knowledge of the war era, the songs that were listed (or any that were not).
2. Students listen (and sing!) to two versions of the song *Dixie* (*Dixie's Land* and *Union Dixie*), then two versions of the *Battle Cry of Freedom* (USA and CSA). They then compare and contrast, and answer the questions.
3. Students listen (and sing!) to the song *Marching Through Georgia* and discuss what the song meant, both during and after the war, to people from the North and the South.
4. "Civil War Sing-a-long:" Students are given lyrics to a number of Civil War era songs and sing along to the lyrics. At the end of each song, they answer the appropriate question. This is a fun way for students to be exposed to primary source material and learn something about the war and American culture.

Guided Practice (model): Students answer questions that accompany all activity packets, and discuss their answers with one another and with the teacher (to enrich and focus the learning that should occur during the lesson).

Independent Practice: Students are to look up (online or at the library) a Civil War era poem outside of class and thoroughly explain its meaning and connection to the war.

Closure: At the end of the block, the students and teacher discuss whether or not music today still reflects the values, issues, & events of American society using examples.

***The Artilleryman's Vision* by Walt Whitman**

While my wife at my side lies slumbering, and the wars are over long,
And my head on the pillow rests at home, and the vacant midnight passes,
And through the stillness, through the dark, I hear, just hear, the breath of my infant,
There in the room as I wake from sleep this vision presses upon me;
The engagement opens there and then in fantasy unreal,
The skirmishers begin, they crawl cautiously ahead, I hear the irregular snap! snap!
I hear the sounds of the different missiles, the short *t-h-t! t-h-t!* of the rifle-balls,
I see the shells exploding leaving small white clouds, I hear the great shells shrieking as
they pass,
The grape like the hum and whirr of wind through the trees, (tumultuous now the contest
rages,)
All the scenes at the batteries rise in detail before me again,
The crashing and smoking, the pride of the men in their pieces,
The chief-gunner ranges and sights his piece and selects a fuse of the right time,
After firing I see him lean aside and look eagerly off to note the effect;
Elsewhere I hear the cry of a regiment charging, (the young colonel leads himself this
time with brandish'd sword,)
I see the gaps cut by the enemy's volleys, (quickly fill'd up, no delay,)
I breathe the suffocating smoke, then the flat clouds hover low concealing all;
Now a strange lull for a few seconds, not a shot fired on either side,
Then resumed the chaos louder than ever, with eager calls and orders of officers,
While from some distant part of the field the wind wafts to my ears a shout of applause,
(some special success,)
And ever the sound of the cannon far or near, (rousing even in dreams a devilish
exultation
and all the old mad joy in the depths of my soul,)
And ever the hastening of infantry shifting positions, batteries, cavalry, moving hither
and thither,
(The falling, dying, I heed not, the wounded dripping and red I heed not, some to the
rear are hobbling,)
Grime, heat, rush, aide-de-camps galloping by or on a full run,
With the patter of small arms, the warning *s-s-t* of the rifles, (these in my vision I hear or
see,)
And bombs bursting in air, and at night the vari-color'd rockets.

QUESTIONS FOR WALT WHITMAN'S *THE ARTILLERY MAN'S VISION*

1. When and where does this scene take place? What about the vision?
2. What is a flashback? Why do you think so many soldiers suffer from them?
3. What is the “snap!” referred to in line six? What kinds of weapons are described?
4. How did officers distinguish themselves on the battlefield (what identified them)?
5. What effect does the use of heavy artillery have on the conditions of the battlefield?
6. What role does each of the following play in combat: artillery, infantry, and cavalry?
7. What emotions does the man feel as he remembers the battle from long ago? Why?
8. Walt Whitman never fought in the Civil War, but did assist as a nurse in some battlefield hospitals. Why do you think the subject became so important to him?

The Eight Most Popular Confederate Songs of the Civil War
(in no particular order)

Dixie
The Bonnie Blue Flag
Lorena
Maryland, My Maryland
All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight
When This Cruel War is Over
Tenting On the Old Camp Ground
Just Before the Battle, Mother

The Dozen Most Popular Union Songs of the Civil War
(in no particular order)

All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight
The Battle Cry of Freedom
The Battle Hymn of the Republic
Lorena
Marching Along
Marching Through Georgia
Tenting On the Old Camp Ground
We are Coming Father Abraham
Just Before the Battle, Mother
John Brown's Body
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp
When This Cruel War is Over

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1. Which songs did both the Union and the Confederates like? Why do you think this is?
 2. Define "morale." In what ways did music affect the morale of soldiers? Why?
 3. Are American soldiers today escorted into battle by musical bands? Why or why not?

Ten Notable Civil War Poems NOT Written By Walt Whitman
(in no particular order)

Barbara Fritchie, by John Greenleaf Whittier
Brother Jonathan's Lament to Sister Caroline, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr.
Only a Soldier's Grave, by S.A. Jones
Only One Killed, by Julia L. Keyes
Somebody's Darling, by Marie Ravenel de la Coste
Stonewall Jackson's Way, by John W. Palmer
The Picket Guard, by Ethel Lynn Beers, later set to music as "*All Quiet Along...*"
The Portent, by Herman Melville
Running the Batteries, by Herman Melville
Shiloh, A Requiem, by Herman Melville

Ten Notable Civil War Poems By Walt Whitman
(in no particular order)

An Army Corps on the March
Bivouac on a Mountainside
Cavalry Crossing a Ford
Come Up From the Fields, Father
Oh Captain, My Captain
Over the Carnage Rose Prophetic a Voice
When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed
Eighteen Sixty-One
I Saw an Old General at Bay
Hush'd be the Camp Today

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1. What literary work is Herman Melville best known for writing?
 2. What job(s) did O.W. Holmes, Sr. hold? What about his son, O.W. Holmes, Jr.?
 3. Choose one poem by Whitman or another poet and look that poem up. Describe the meanings behind it thoroughly (to show you read and understand it). Print a copy.

DIXIE'S LAND by Daniel Decatur Emmett

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times there are not forgotten;
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!
In Dixie's Land where I was born in,
Early on one frosty morning,
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!

CHORUS: Then I wish I was in Dixie! Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie's Land I'll take my stand, to live and die in Dixie!
Away! Away! Away down South in Dixie!
Away! Away! Away down South in Dixie!

Old Missus married "Will the Weaver";
William was a gay deceiver!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!
But when he put his arm around her,
Smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!--**CHORUS**

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver;
But that did not seem to grieve her!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!
Old Missus acted the foolish part
And died for a man that broke her heart!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!--**CHORUS**

Now here's a health to the next old missus
And all the gals that want to kiss us!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!
But if you want to drive away sorrow,
Come and hear this song tomorrow!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!--**CHORUS**

There's buckwheat cakes and Injin batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!
Then hoe it down and scratch your gravel,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to travel!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!—**CHORUS**

***UNION DIXIE*, Music: Daniel Decatur Emmett, Words: Anonymous**

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: Then they'll wish they were in 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.

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: Then they'll wish they were in 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.

***THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM*, by George F. Root (CSA Version)**

Our flag is proudly floating
On the land and on the main,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
Beneath it oft we've conquered,
And we'll conquer oft again!
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!

CHORUS:Our Dixie forever!
She's never at a loss!
Down with the eagle
And up with the cross!
We'll rally 'round the bonny flag,
We'll rally once again,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!

Our gallant boys have marched
To the rolling of the drums,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
And the leaders in charge cry out,
"Come, boys, come!"
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!--**CHORUS**

They have laid down their lives
On the bloody battle field,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
Their motto is resistance --
"To tyrants we'll not yield!"
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!--**CHORUS**

While our boys have responded
And to the fields have gone,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
Our noble women also
Have aided them at home,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!--**CHORUS**

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM by George F. Root

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
Of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
And we'll fill our vacant ranks with
A million free men more,
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 they may be poor,
Not a man shall 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**

Question Sheet for Civil War Music

Compare the lyrics for "Battle Cry of Freedom" and answer the following questions.

1. In the first stanzas of the two versions of the song, what seems to be the main difference between them?
2. What does the Southern version mean by "Down with the Eagle, And Up with the Cross"?
3. Summarize the meaning of the third stanza of the Northern version of the song, which begins, *"We will welcome to our numbers..."*
4. How do you think the Southern version of the song symbolizes the Confederate cause?
5. How do you think the Northern version of the song symbolizes the Union cause?

Compare the lyrics for "Dixie's Land (Dixie)" and "Union Dixie" and answer the following questions.

6. While the Confederate States of America did not have an official "national anthem" (even the North did not recognize the "Star Spangled Banner" as the nation's anthem until 1931), "Dixie's Land" (or "Dixie", as it is more commonly known) was truly a "national song". What aspects of the song might make it significant in regard to the Confederate cause?
7. How does the song "Union Dixie" (in the first stanza) describe the South?
8. While the first verse and chorus of "Dixie" are well known, the rest of the song is not. Frequently, the tune is used without lyrics. Why do you think the rest of the song is obscure?
9. How could the song, "Union Dixie" be used to rally troops as a school fight song might rally the student body or athletes? Give at least three examples.
10. "Dixie" is still a well-known song in the 21st Century, while the "Union Dixie" has generally been forgotten. Speculate why this is so.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA by Henry Clay Work

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!--**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, 300 to the main.
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain
While we were marching through Georgia!--**CHORUS**

Question Sheet for *Marching Through Georgia*

1. What officer was commanded the army that marched from Atlanta to the sea (Atlantic Ocean)? What side did this army serve, Union or Confederate?
2. To what flag does the author refer when he writes “the flag that makes you free?” Who is being set free as the army moves toward the Atlantic Ocean?
3. “Darkies” is a derogatory term used for what group of people? Why would they have been overjoyed at the sound of the army’s bugles calling?
4. Why would finding turkeys or sweet potatoes be so important as to mention it in a song? Why do you think the army wasn’t well supplied from the North?
5. There were some Southerners who wept joyfully upon seeing the American flag – why do you think this is, and what were they called?
6. Who are the Yankees referred to in the song? Who threatened to stop them? Who might the writer of the song meant when he wrote, “to reckon with the host?”
7. What is meant by thoroughfare? How do we know what the final result was of the March to the Sea based on the reading (or singing) of the last stanza?

Lincoln and Liberty

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 man of Kentucky
The hero of hoosierdom through
The pride of the "suckers" so lucky
For Lincoln and liberty too

Then up with the banner so glorious
The star-spangled red, white, and blue
We'll fight 'til our banner's victorious
For Lincoln and liberty too

Come all you true friends of the nation
Attend to humanity's call
Come aid in the slaves' liberation
And roll on the liberty ball

We'll finish the temple of freedom
And make it capacious within
That all who seek shelter may find it
Whatever the hue of their skin

Success to the old-fashioned doctrine
That men are created all free
And down with the power of the despot
Wherever his stronghold may be

{ They'll find what by felling and mauling
Our railmaker statesman can do
For the people are everywhere calling
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 }

Rebel Soldier

Oh Polly, Oh Polly, it's for your sake alone
I've left my old father, my country, my home
I've left my old mother to weep and to mourn
I am a rebel soldier and far from my home

The grapeshot and musket and the cannons lumber loud
It's many a mangled body, the blanket for the shroud
It's many a mangled body left on the fields alone
I am a rebel soldier and far from my home

Here's a good old cup of brandy and a glass of wine
You can drink to your true love and I will drink to mine
You can drink to your true love and I'll lament and moan
I am a rebel soldier and far from my home

I'll build me a castle on some green mountain high
Where I can see Polly when she is passing by
Where I can see Polly and help her to mourn
I am a rebel soldier and far from my home

Yellow Rose of Texas

There's a yellow rose in Texas that I am going to see
No other soldier knows her, no soldier only me
She cried so when I left her, it like to broke my heart
And if I ever find her, we never more will part

She's the sweetest rose of color this soldier ever knew
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew
You can talk about your dearest Mae and sing of Rosalee
But the yellow rose of Texas is the only one for me

Oh now I'm going to find her, for my heart is full of woe
And we'll sing the songs together that we sung so long ago
We'll play the banjo gaily and we'll sing the songs of yore
And the yellow rose of Texas shall be mine forever more

Now I'm going Southward, for my heart is full of woe
I'm going back to Georgia to find my Uncle Joe
You may talk about your Beauregard, sing of General Lee
But the gallant Hood of Texas played hell in Tennessee

Give Us a Flag

Oh, Fremont he told them when the war it first begun
How to save the Union and the way it should be done
But old Kentucky swore so hard and Abe he had his fears
Till every hope was lost but the colored volunteers

Oh, give us a flag, all free without a slave
We'll fight to defend it as our fathers did so brave
The gallant Company A will make the Rebels dance
And we'll stand by the Union if we only have a chance

McClellan went to Richmond with two hundred thousand brave
He said, "Keep back the n***ers" and the Union he would save
Little Mac he had his way, still the Union is in tears
Now they call for the help of the colored volunteers

Old Jeff says he'll hang us if we dare to meet him armed
A very big thing, but we are not at all alarmed
For he first has got to catch us before the way is clear
That is "what's the matter" with the colored volunteer

So rally, boys, rally, let us never mind the past
We had a hard road to travel, but our day has come at last
For God is for the right, and we have no need to fear
The Union must be saved by the colored volunteer

{ Then here is to the 54th, which has been nobly tried
They were willing, they were ready, with their bayonets by their side
Colonel Shaw led them on and he had no cause to fear
About the courage of the colored volunteer }

Somebody's Darling

Into the ward of the clean white-washed halls
Where the dead slept and the dying lay
Wounded by bayonets, sabres and balls
Somebody's darling was born one day
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave
Wearing still on his sweet yet pale face
Soon to be hid in the dust of the grave
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace

CHORUS:

Somebody's darling, somebody's pride
Who'll tell his mother where her boy died?

Matted and damp are his tresses of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow
Pale are the lips of most delicate mould
Somebody's darlin' is dying now
Back from his beautiful, purple veined brow
Brush off the wandering waves of gold
Cross his white hands on his broad bosom now
Somebody's darling is still and cold

CHORUS

Somebody's watching and waiting for him
Yearning to hold him again to her breast
Yet there he lies with his blue eyes so dim
And purple, child-like lips half apart
Tenderly bury the fair, unknown dead
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear
Carve on the wooden slab over his head
"Somebody's darling is slumbering here"

CHORUS

An Old Reconstructed

I rode with old Jeb Stuart and his band of Southern horse
And there never were no Yankees who could meet us force to force
No they never did defeat us but we could never evade
Their dirty foreign politics and cowardly blockade

Well we hadn't any powder and we hadn't any shot
And we hadn't any money to buy what we ain't got
So we rode our worn-out horses and we ate on plain cornmeal
And we licked 'em where we caught 'em with Southern guts and steel

We sunk the ship at Sumter and we broke her plumb in two
We showed them bully Yankees just what we aimed to do
At a little creek called Bull Run, we took their starry rag
To wipe our horses down with, and I ain't here to brag

There aren't as many left of us who rode out at the start
And then there are the weary, weak in body, sad of heart
We fought a fight to be proud of, and I am here to say
I'll climb my horse and follow Marse to hell, come any day

The Secesh (Shiloh)

CHORUS:

I'll put my knapsack on my back
My rifle on my shoulder
I'm a goin' away to Shiloh
And there I'll be a soldier

Repeat CHORUS

Vacant Chair

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 eyes
But a 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 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

CHORUS

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, o early fallen
In thy green and narrow bed
Dirges from the pine and cypress
Mingle with the tears we shed

CHORUS

Lorena

Oh the years slip slowly by Lorena
The snow is on the ground again
The sun's low down in the sky Lorena
The frost gleams where the flowers have been

But the heart beats on as warmly now
As when the summer days were nigh
Oh the sun can never dip so low
To be down in Affection's cloudless sky

A hundred months have passed Lorena
Since last I held that hand in mine
And felt the pulse beat fast Lorena
Though mine beat faster far than thine

A hundred months 'twas flowery May
When up that hilly slope we'd climb
To watch the dying of the day
And hear the distant church bells chime

We loved each other then, Lorena
Far more than we ever dared to tell
And what we might have been Lorena
Had our lovings prospered well

Then 'tis part the years roll on
I'll not call up their shadowy form
I'll say to them, lost years sleep on!
Sleep on, heed life's pelting storms

Marching Through Georgia

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

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

Oh, I'm A Good Old Rebel

Oh, I'm a good old rebel, now that's just what I am
And for this Yankee nation, I do not give a damn
I'm glad I fought again' her, I only wish we'd won
'N I don't ask any pardon for anything I've done

I hates the Yankee nation and everything they do
I hates the Declaration of Independence too
I hates the glorious union, 'Tis dripping with our blood
I hates their strip'ed banner, I fit it all I could

I rode with Robert E. Lee for three years, thereabout
Gut wounded in four places, and I starved at Point Lookout
I caught the rheumatism a-campin' in the snow
But I killed a chance of Yankees and I'd like to kill some mo'

Three hundred thousand Yankees is a-stiff in Southern dust
We got three hundred thousand, before they conquered us
They died of Southern fever, and Southern steel and shot
I wish they were three million instead of what we got

I can't take up my musket and fight 'em now no more
But I ain't gonna love 'em, now that is certain sure
And I don't want no pardon for what I was and am
I won't be reconstructed, and I do not give a damn

Battle Hymn Of The Republic

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 live to make men free
His truth is marching on

CHORUS:

Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
His truth is marching on...

Was My Brother In The Battle?

Tell me tell me weary soldier from the rude and stirring wars
Was my brother in the battle where you gained those noble scars?
He was ever brave and valiant and I know he never fled
Was his name among the wounded or numbered with the dead?

Was my brother in the battle when the tide of war ran high?
You would know him in a moment by his dark and flashing eyes

Tell me tell me weary soldier will he never come again?
Did he suffer with the wounded or die among the slain?

Was my brother in the battle when the noble highland host
Were so wrongfully outnumbered on the Carolina coast?
Did he struggle for the Union mid the thunder and the rain
Till he fell among the brave on a bleak Virginia plain?

Oh I'm sure that he was dauntless and his courage never lagged
By contending for the honor of a dear and cherished flag

Was my brother in the battle when the flag of Erin came
To the rescue of our banner and protection of our fame
While the fleet from off the water poured out terror and dismay
Till the bold and wearying foe fell like leaves of autumn day?

When the bugle called to battle and the cannon deeply roared
Oh I wish I could have seen him draw his sharp and glittering sword

The Southern Soldier Boy

Bob Roebuck is my sweetheart's name
He's off to the wars and gone
He's fighting for his Nannie dear
His sword is buckled on

He's fighting for his own true love
His foes he does defy
He is the darling of my heart
My Southern soldier boy

{ When Bob comes home from war's alarms
We'll start anew in life
I'll give myself right up to him
A dutiful, loving wife

I'll try my best to please my dear
For he is my only joy
He is the darling of my heart
My Southern soldier boy }

Oh if in battle he was slain
I'm sure that I would die
But I'm sure he'll come again
And cheer my weeping eye

But should he fall, in this our glorious cause
He still would be my joy
For many a sweetheart mourns the loss
Of a Southern soldier boy

I hope for the best, and so do all
Whose hopes are in the field
I know that we shall win the day
For Southernns never yield

And when we think of those who are away
We'll look above for joy
And I'm mighty glad that my Bobby is
A Southern soldier boy

<p><i>Lincoln And Liberty</i></p> <p>Union Confederate Neutral</p> <p>Prewar War Postwar</p> <p>Q: Who or what is the despot referred to in this particular song? Where is his/its stronghold?</p>	<p><i>Somebody's Darling</i></p> <p>Union Confederate Neutral</p> <p>Prewar War Postwar</p> <p>Q: Where does this song take place? To hold to one's breast is another way of saying what?</p>
<p><i>Rebel Soldier</i></p> <p>Union Confederate Neutral</p> <p>Prewar War Postwar</p> <p>Q: What is meant by building a castle on some green mountain high? What is grapeshot?</p>	<p><i>An Old Reconstructed</i></p> <p>Union Confederate Neutral</p> <p>Prewar War Postwar</p> <p>Q: In what branch of the army did this soldier serve? How do you know? Who is Marse?</p>
<p><i>Yellow Rose Of Texas</i></p> <p>Union Confederate Neutral</p> <p>Prewar War Postwar</p> <p>Q: Which four generals of the war are named in this song? Which one seems most favored?</p>	<p><i>The Secesh (Shiloh)</i></p> <p>Union Confederate Neutral</p> <p>Prewar War Postwar</p> <p>Q: The term Secesh refers to what or whom? Why was Shiloh a measure of men's courage?</p>
<p><i>Give Us A Flag</i></p> <p>Union Confederate Neutral</p> <p>Prewar War Postwar</p> <p>Q: Which historical figures are named here? What is meant by them having their day at last?</p>	<p><i>Vacant Chair</i></p> <p>Union Confederate Neutral</p> <p>Prewar War Postwar</p> <p>Q: What happened to the subject of this song? What clue(s) reveal the side he fought for?</p>

<p><i>Lorena</i></p> <p>Union Confederate Neutral</p> <p>Prewar War Postwar</p> <p>Q: Why was Lorena so popular on both sides? How might it have lowered fighting morale?</p>	<p><i>Battle Hymn Of The Republic</i></p> <p>Union Confederate Neutral</p> <p>Prewar War Postwar</p> <p>Q: What does it mean to transfigure something? How could the soldiers live to make men free?</p>
<p><i>Marching Through Georgia</i></p> <p>Union Confederate Neutral</p> <p>Prewar War Postwar</p> <p>Q: Why do you think this song is still so unpopular in the South, especially Georgia?</p>	<p><i>Was My Brother In The Battle?</i></p> <p>Union Confederate Neutral</p> <p>Prewar War Postwar</p> <p>Q: What perspective does this song convey? Who or what is represented by the flag of Erin?</p>
<p><i>Oh, I'm A Good Old Rebel</i></p> <p>Union Confederate Neutral</p> <p>Prewar War Postwar</p> <p>Q: Where was Point Lookout? What are this soldier's feelings toward Reconstruction?</p>	<p><i>The Southern Soldier Boy</i></p> <p>Union Confederate Neutral</p> <p>Prewar War Postwar</p> <p>Q: How would this woman feel should her beau die in battle? What is their glorious cause?</p>