

**THE GOOD OLD SONGS WE
USED TO SING, '61 TO '65:
DEDICATED TO THE VETERANS
OF THE WAR OF THE REBELLION**

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The Good Old Songs We Used to Sing, '61 to '65: Dedicated to the Veterans of the War of the Rebellion by O. H. Oldroyd

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O. H. OLDROYD

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The Good Old

SONGS

WE USED TO SING

'61 to '65.

DEDICATED TO THE VETERANS OF THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1882.

TEN CENTS.

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SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

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MAJ. GEN'L W. T. SHERMAN.

Our camp firestone bright on the mountain
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe,
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountains and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea."

When cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugle re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men,
For we knew that the stars on our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would
greet us
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys: forward, to battle,
We marched on our wearysome way,
And we strewed the wild hills of Resaca—
God bless those who fell on that day,
Then Kennesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standard
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Still onward we pressed till our banner
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where traitor's flag falls,
But we paused not to weep for the fallen
Who slept by each river and tree;
Yet we twined them wreaths of the laurel
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Proud, proud was our army that morning
That stood by the cypress and pine
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary;
This day fair Savannah is thine."
Then sang we a song for our chieftain
That echoed o'er river and sea,
And the stars on our banner shone brighter
When Sherman marched on to the sea.



Miss Anne Sage

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

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2D CORPS.

Bring the good old 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, fifty thousand
strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.

“Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you
free!”

So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the
sea

While we were marching through Georgia.

How the 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 rebel said, and 'twas a handsome boast;
Had they not forgotten, alas! to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.—CHORUS.

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



A THOUSAND YEARS.

KEY OF C.

Lift up your eyes, desponding freemen!
Fling to the winds your needless fears!
He who unfurled your beauteous banner
Says it shall wave a thousand years.

CHORUS.

"A thousand years!" my own Columbia!
'Tis the glad day so long foretold!
'Tis the glad morn whose early twilight
Washington saw in times of old.

What if the clouds one little moment
Hid the blue sky where morn appears
When the bright sun that tints them crimson
Rises to shine a thousand years!—CHORUS.

Tell the great world these blessed tidings!
Yes, and be sure the bondman hears;
Tell the oppress'd of ev'ry nation
Jubilee lasts a thousand years.—CHORUS.

Envious foes beyond the ocean!
Little we heed your threat'ning sneers;
Little will they—our children's children—
When you are gone a thousand years.—CHORUS.

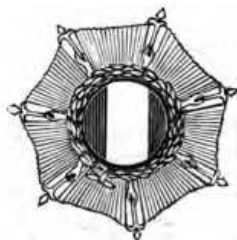
Rebels at home! go hide your faces—
Weep for your crimes with bitter tears;
You could not bind the blessed daylight,
Though you should strive a thousand years.
—CHORUS.

Back to your dens, ye secret traitors!
Down to your own degraded spheres!
Ere the first blaze of dazzling sunshine
Shortens your lives a thousand years.
—CHORUS.

Haste thee along, thou glorious noonday!
Oh! for the eyes of ancient seers!
Oh! for the faith of Him who reckons
Each of His days a thousand years.—CHORUS.



SOLID SHOT.



SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY CORPS.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

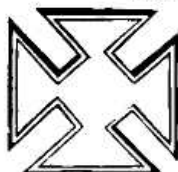
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Hail Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let Independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.



MAJ. GEN'L. JOHN A. M'CLERNAND.

Immortal patriots, rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your shore,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm united let us be, etc.



19TH CORPS.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Sound Washington's great name,
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill and godlike power,
He governed in the fearful hour
Of horrid war! or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace,
Firm united let us be, etc.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

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KEY OF B.



BRIG. GEN'L. M. M. CROCKER.

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view.
Comrades brave are round me lying,
Fill'd with tho'ts of home and God,
For well they know that on the mor-
row
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS.

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

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

Hark ! I hear the bugle sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight !
Now, may God protect me, mother,
As He ever does the right.
Hear the " Battle Cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air !
Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there.—CHORUS.



6TH CORPS.

WE'VE DRUNK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN.

By Maj. Charles G. Halpine (Private Miles O'Relley), 47th N. Y. Vol. Inf.



ENGINEERS AND MECHANICS.

KEY OF C.

There are bonds of all sorts in this
world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flow-
ers,
And true lovers' knots, I ween.
The boys and the girls are bound by
a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend,
like this :
We have drunk from the same can-
teen !

The same canteen, my soldier friend,
The same canteen ;
There's never a bond like this :
We have drunk from the same canteen !

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
Sometimes apple-jack as fine as silk ;
But, whatever the tippie has been,
We shared it together in bane or in bliss,
And I warn you, friend, when I think of this :
We have drunk from the same canteen.

We've shared our blankets and tents together,
And marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we've been ;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best :
We've drunk from the same canteen.

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast and but little hope
On which my faint spirit might lean,
Oh ! then, I remember, you crawled to my side,
And bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
We have drunk from the same canteen !