

# **WAR VERSE AND OTHER VERSE**

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War Verse and Other Verse by Philip Cornelius Hayes

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**PHILIP CORNELIUS HAYES**

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P. C. HAYES  
JOLIET, ILLINOIS

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# WAR VERSE

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## WRITE OUT THE FULL RECORD.

[The question has often been asked, "Why have we never yet had a full and complete history of our great Civil War?" But such a question can receive only this answer: "It is utterly impossible to write a full and complete history either of our Civil War or of any other war." To furnish such a history of our Civil War we must have the full and complete experiences of every soldier and sailor who served in that war either for or against the Union, of every person who was connected with that War in any capacity whatever, of every man, woman or child who had a relative, friend or acquaintance serving in that War, and of every human being who was in any manner affected by that War. To secure a record of such experiences is an absolute impossibility, and hence we shall never have a full and complete history of our Civil War. These facts were being considered when the following was written:]

Write out the full record! Let no one be missed  
Of all the proud names on our Civil-War list;  
Two millions and more went forth to the fight  
And were ready to die for the Union and Right.  
Remember them all, pass none of them by  
From the humblest of private to officer high,  
For as each did his duty both bravely and well,  
So each has a story that's worthy to tell.

Write out the full record! Paint specially bright  
The names of those heroes who've passed from our sight;  
The hundreds, the thousands, the million and more,  
Who are safe in the camp on Eternity's shore.  
The list is a long one—their names who can tell  
Save the few who had known them and marked where they fell,  
Yet their deeds are immortal, their fame will but grow  
The brighter and brighter as years come and go.

Write out the full record! The father, the son,  
The husband, the lover, each name one by one;  
Recount their long marches by day and by night,  
And the courage they showed in the thick of the fight.  
'Twill be a sad story, and many who hear,  
Or read it, will sigh and perhaps drop a tear,  
But 'twill come to each heart as a grand inspiration  
To do and to dare for the Flag and the Nation.

Write out the full record! All names should be there,  
The feeble, the aged, the young and the fair,  
Those fallen in battle in youth's early time,  
And the older who fell in their manhood's full prime.  
Some sleep their last sleep in their graves all unknown,  
Some sleep near their friends under marble or stone,  
But all sleep as heroes profoundly and deep,  
While their ashes make holy the ground where they sleep.

Write out the full record! Our heroes have writ  
A record in blood—many died writing it.  
It is covered with glory which lights every page  
And makes it enduring through age after age.  
No centuries passing, no eons of time  
Can dim its bright luster—its glory sublime,  
But as men come to know and more value the right  
It will gather fresh luster, increasingly bright.

Write out the full record! Not half has been told  
Of our Civil-War heroes, the brave and the bold;  
Our history tells of a portion who fought,  
Our poets praise highly some deeds that were wrought,  
Our orators dwell in most eloquent strain  
On some gallant deeds both on land and on main,  
Yet these all recount but a part of the story,  
How courage won victory, honor and glory.

Write out the full record! Give each man his due;  
Tell of parting from loved ones and friends that were true,  
Of the camp with its discipline rigid, the drill,  
And the duties imposed which were hard to fulfill,  
Of life at the front—marching, picket and guard—  
With the mud ankle deep and the rain falling hard,  
Of the bivouac at night on the cold, frozen ground  
With the sky frowning dark and the winds howling round.

Write out the full record! Tell all that was done  
By which the great fight for the Union was won;  
Tell of skirmish, of charge, of battle, of shout  
When the victory was won and the foe put to rout,  
Of the terrible wound with the pain and the fear,  
Of the hospital sickness with no loved one near,  
Of the prisons of hell with their pestilent breath  
Driving hope from the heart mid starvation and death,  
But telling of these, and of each valiant deed,  
The story would take half a life-time to read.

Write out the full record! Name proudly the true  
Who did duty at home all war's bloody years through—  
The father, the mother, the sweetheart, the wife,  
Who gave money and time, and, what's dearer than life,  
Their loved ones—then waited, with anxious concern,  
For the loved ones who went and might never return,  
While their agony, heart-ache and harrowing fears  
Found expression, but faintly, in prayers and in tears.

Write out the full record! Tell how many sore needs  
Of the soldiers were met by the generous deeds  
Of these home friends and how, with their messages kind  
And words full of comfort, they sought to remind  
The soldier on duty that friends in the rear  
Remembered him ever with love most sincere;  
And tell how this kindness cheered each soldier heart  
And led him more bravely to do his full part  
Toward winning a victory signal and grand  
For Union and Freedom and Right in our land.

Write out the full record? It cannot be done,  
For too short is the time which our mortal lives run.  
Let writers, and poets and orators too  
Through all a long lifetime their labors pursue,  
Let them gather their data and work with a will  
To make a full record—the best of their skill,  
And when all is finished—their facts all enrolled—  
Still half of the story will yet be untold.

Write out the full record? The task is too great,  
Though all of our heroes their stories should state;  
Let the soldiers on land and the sailors on sea  
All write what they can for this great history—  
What they saw, what they did, what they felt, what they knew,  
During all the long years they were wearing the blue,  
But these, all compiled, with their views manifold,  
Will leave a great story which cannot be told.

Write out the full record? The long roll of fame  
Is not for us mortals to know or to name;  
The trials and suffering, the hardship and woe,  
The sacrifice, heartaches and blood's fearful flow,  
The agony, death and heroic endeavor  
Will escape in their fulness earth's records forever,  
Yet they all will appear in the book of God's love  
When the angels shall open that volume above.



Write out the full record! If not the grand whole,  
 Enough can be writ of that long, honored roll  
 Of glory-crowned heroes in battle array,  
 To be read and remembered and cherished alway.  
 The record, in part, from its glittering page  
 Will give inspiration to each coming age,  
 And will lead generations that yet are to be  
 To keep this great nation the land of the free.

#### COMRADESHIP.

You ask why I gave the name "Comrade"  
 To the man whom we met over there,  
 Who seemed very plain and scarce worthy  
 Of any one's notice or care.  
 Well, I will proceed to inform you  
 And when all my story you hear,  
 Perhaps you will never more wonder  
 Or think that my greeting was queer.

When the war of the Southern rebellion  
 Burst forth in its terrible might  
 And the armies of treason rushed forward  
 To fight against Union and Right,  
 That man took his gun and his knapsack,  
 Marched out with our patriots true,  
 To defend with his might and his manhood  
 "Old Glory"—the Red, White and Blue.

Four years in the grand Union army  
 He proved faithful by day and by night.  
 Did duty with loyal endeavor,  
 Stood firm by the cause he deemed right,  
 And ever both true and heroic,  
 With heart always loyal and brave,  
 He labored and battled and suffered  
 In seeking the Union to save.

In camp life he shared, uncomplaining,  
 Privations and hardships severe,  
 Put up with short rations and ever  
 Spoke words of inspiring good cheer;  
 He felt that his life in the army  
 Was all for his country, and so  
 He was willing to labor and suffer  
 For treason's complete overthrow.

On guard he knew nothing but duty  
Though his legs might grow weary with pain;  
On the march 'mid the heat of the summer  
And oft through the fierce falling rain,  
He ever moved forward, undaunted,  
Wherever his duty was found,  
And often at night, worn and weary,  
Bivouacked on the cold, frozen ground.

He stood true at his post when on picket,  
'Mid the storm, or the cold, or the heat,  
Though often wet through and though shivering,  
While facing the rain and the sleet.  
He knew he was there as the guardian  
Of all the vast hosts in the rear,  
And that failure to do his full duty  
Might cause them a loss most severe.

On the skirmish he ever proved faithful,  
Pushing on with a resolute will,  
Engaging the foe if he met him,  
Resolved every task to fulfill.  
Sometimes he was called to face danger,  
Might even be wounded or slain,  
Yet he failed not to do his full duty  
In the cause he had sworn to maintain.

Ofttimes on the field of fierce battle  
He stood firm and would never retreat,  
'Mid the hailstorm of thick-falling bullets,  
'Mid the wounded and dead at his feet.  
By danger and death all undaunted  
He fought 'till his duty was done—  
Till the foe was forced back and defeated  
And a glorious victory won.

In hospital, shattered and wounded,  
And racked with some terrible pain,  
Or tossing with some raging fever  
That burned through his every vein,  
With friends far away and but strangers  
To give him attention and care,  
He worried and struggled and suffered  
But never gave way to despair.

And thus as a typical soldier  
 He labored and wrought with a will,  
 Asking only the question of duty,  
 While seeking his part to fulfill.  
 Giving ever to God and his country  
 The best he could possibly give,  
 That the foe might be promptly defeated  
 And the Union continue to live.

He may have been only a private,  
 Or perhaps was an officer high,  
 But, if he was valiant and loyal,  
 And ready for country to die,  
 If he marched, or stood guard, or did battle,  
 Whate'er his position might be,  
 He's a hero that's won recognition  
 As a friend and a "comrade" from me.

For "comrade" means love for one's country,  
 Devotion to duty and right.  
 Means friendship among us old soldiers,  
 A word bringing constant delight.  
 Means charity—that which endureth—  
 The one greatest virtue of all,  
 And loyalty which answers promptly  
 Whenever one's country may call.

And these meanings, when joined and cemented,  
 Give us "comrade" that capital word,  
 Which wakens the tenderest feelings  
 Whenever or wherever heard,  
 And the soldier, who knows its full meaning,  
 Finds, in all of our language apart,  
 No word which so fully expresses  
 The generous warmth of the heart.

And so, every old Union soldier  
 Is a "comrade" to me evermore,  
 For I served in the grand Union army  
 And I know what he suffered and bore;  
 And I should be false to my duty  
 If, knowing all this, I should not  
 Always give him the greeting of "comrade"  
 Whatever his station or lot.