

**CAMP-FIRE,  
MEMORIAL-DAY,  
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Camp-fire, Memorial-day, and other poems by Kate Brownlee Sherwood

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**KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD**

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AND

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BY

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

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1885.

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IN THE SPIRIT OF  
FRATERNITY, CHARITY, AND LOYALTY,  
TO WHOSE MAJESTIC MEASURES THE  
VETERANS OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC  
HAVE TINED THEIR STEPS,  
I BRING THESE SIMPLE RECITALS OF FEALTY AND VALOR  
IN HONOR OF THE LIVING AND IN REVERENT MEMORY OF THE DEAD,  
AND LAY THEM ON THE ALTAR OF  
MY COUNTRY—REUNITED, REGENERATED,  
AND AT PEACE.

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PART I.

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CAMP-FIRE AND MEMORIAL-DAY  
POEMS.

## MEMORIES OF THE WAR.

WHENEVER I hear the fife and the drum,  
And the bugle wildly play,  
My heart is stirred like a frightened bird,  
And struggles to break away ;  
For the tramp of the Volunteers I hear,  
And the Captain's sharp command :  
"*Left! Left! Left!*" He is near  
And drilling his eager band.

For the women and men were at one that day,  
In a purpose grand and great ;  
But the men are away in a stormy fray,  
And the women must watch and wait.

And some were as brown as the tawny South,  
And some like the dawn were fair ;  
And here was the lad with his girlish mouth,  
And there was the beard of care.  
But whether from farm or from fold they drew,  
From the shop or the school-boy's seat,

Each shouldered his musket and donned the blue,  
And the time with his brogans beat.

And the mother put motherly fears to flight,  
And the wife hid her tears away ;  
For men must fight when their cause is right,  
While the women in patience pray.

And now 'tis the discipline hard and sore  
Of the camp and the march and the chase,  
And now 'tis the flash and the crash and the roar,  
As the battle creeps on apace.  
O God ! it is hard when a comrade falls,  
With his head at your very feet,  
While "*Forward!*" the voice of your Captain calls,  
And the enemy beats retreat.

And O for the mother or wife who must see,  
When the news of the battle is known :  
"*Killed, Private C. of Company G.*"  
While she sits in her grief like stone.

Here, the pitiless siege and the hunger that mocks ;  
There, the hell of Resaca waits ;