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AND FOR THE

VETERANS.



SONS OF

Including Initiatory Odes by

S. H. BIRDSALL,

Phil. Kearney Post, No. 19 G. A. R.

Dept. Colorado.

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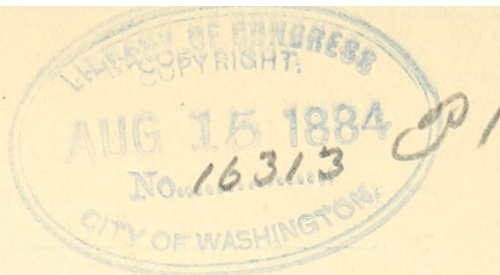
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GRAND ARMY SONGS.

Tune, "Marching Along."

Comrades are gath'ring from near and afar,
To meet with the vet'rans who fought in the war.
Thousands on thousands all gallant and strong,
And all to the North-west they're marching along.

CHORUS.

Marching along, they are marching along.
Toward Minneapolis, they are marching along.
Reunion the watchword, and this is their song—
To meet with "the boys," we are marching along.

Hark to the call, 'tis our leader's behest,
The bugle note sounds from the East to the West.
Here's Kansas, Nebraska, and brave Illinois,
Buckeye's and Hawkeye's, the old soldier boys.

From ocean to ocean an army so grand,
Are marching along to the far famed land;
"Bucktails" and "Badgers," and brave "Wolverines,"
All, all are welcome to help eat the beans.

Get the old banners, we'll bring them along,
Feeble the tatters, the staff it is strong.
Then rise in your might, come with shout and with song;
They'll know we are "vets" when we're marching along.

We stood by the flag, and we stand by it now;
No tyrant or traitor shall cause us to bow.
Hundreds of thousands our columns will lack,
But memory will bring all the dead faces back.

—S. H. B.

Tune, "Bonnie Blue Flag."

Many a year has passed and gone,
 My comrades brave and true,
 Since we hung up the cartridge box,
 And bid the "vets" adieu.
 And now we form our ranks again;
 The boys that wore the blue—
 The "vets" that showed what loyal men
 For truth and right could do.

CHORUS.

Hurrah, hurrah, for the G. A. R. hurrah,
 Hurrah for the glorious flag
 That bears the stripes and stars.

Through four long years, 'mid wounds and death,
 We fought the "stars and bars,"
 And kept on high the Union flag,
 And brightly shown its stars.
 When traitors thought to pull it down,
 The cry rose near and far,
 To keep on high that brave old flag,
 Nor let it lose a star.

Our ranks were thinned on many a field,
 Under the sod and dew
 We laid our heroes down to rest,
 The noble and the true.
 And should our rights be threatened
 By any, near or far,
 We'll show the "vets" know how to fight
 That form the G. A. R.

—Pierce, *Chicago Inter Ocean.*

To "Auld Lang Syne."

Should comrade soldiers be forgot,
And never brought to mind ;
Should soldier pleasures be forgot,
And the days of auld Lang Syne ?"

CHORUS.

Around our campfires comrades, dear,
We meet from time to time ;
We'll meet and greet each other yet,
And sing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Columbia, our native home,
Our pride shall ever be,
And though in foreign lands we roam,
Our hearts shall cling to thee.

Columbia, no other land
Is half so good, so free !
No other land with sunny skies
Can half compare with thee.

Columbia, where'er I go,
My heart shall ever be,
Thro' joy or grief, thro' weal or woe,
United unto thee.

—S. H. B.

The Red White and Blue.

Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free;
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee!
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the brave, tried and true.

CHORUS.

When borne by the Brave, Tried and True,
When borne by the Brave, Tried and True,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Brave, Tried and True.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark then of Freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm.
With her garland of vict'ry o'er her,
When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
With her Flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the Brave, Tried and True.

AMERICA.

Our country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee we sing;
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let Freedom ring.

Our native country, thee,
Land of the noble free—
Thy name we love;
We love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
Our hearts with rapture thrill,
Like those above.

Our father's God to thee,
Author of Liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light:
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah! hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah! hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout!
The ladies, they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peel with joy, hurrah! hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy, hurrah! hurrah!
The village lads and lasses say,
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee, hurrah! hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three, hurrah! hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now,
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship, on that day, hurrah! hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display, hurrah! hurrah!
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night
Wishing for the war to cease,
Many are the hearts looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand
And the tear that said "good-bye."

We are tired of war on the old camp ground,
Many are dead and gone
Of the brave and true who left their homes,
Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp ground,
Many are lying near,
Some are dead and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle boy's, 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 us 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.

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 off in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

“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.

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.

HUSHED O'ER THIS SACRED FIELD OF MOUNDS

Hushed o'er this sacred field of mounds ;
And all the conflict's distant sounds,
Nor roll of drums, nor cannon's roar,
Alarm our silent comrades more !

From darkened homes in sadness borne ;
From southern plains all battle torn ;
From mountain march, and midnight tramp,
They reached at last this peaceful camp.

By this pure lake, where bud and leaf
Surround the symbols of our grief,
Their graves we strew with May's fair flowers,
Whose lives went out to sweeten ours.

So as the spring-times come and end,
And early blossoms blush and bend,
Shall loving footsteps, year by year,
With fresh memorials linger here.

Oh, may some happy spring-time bring
Heaven's blessed calm upon its wing,
When peace shall reign from shore to shore,
And war's red ensign float no more.

 SONGS AND ODES FOR THE SONS OF VETERANS.

Glory Hallelujah.

Sons we are of soldier sires and patriots one and all,
 We sing to cheer the veterans who flew at country's call,
 To keep on high our banner brave, and never let it fall,
 As truth went marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 As truth went marching on.

The sons shall lift our banner up, unfurl it wide and free,
 Over every valley, hill, and over every sea,
 And victory shall crown the boys wherever they may be,
 As they go marching on.

We shout aloud for freedom and for Union in our land,
 Defending thus the stars and stripes unfurled on every hand,
 And hand in hand united, thus forever firmly stand
 As time goes marching on. —S. H. B.

ODE.—Tune, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

Oh, the day has come at last
 That the boys of soldiers dead,
 Yes the boys, come marching fifty thousand strong;
 And they grasp each others' hands,
 Singing songs in sweetest words
 As the patriotic Order presses on.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
 Onward pressing like the sea;
 And they dash away the cup, dash it down forevermore,
 And they stand beneath the starry banner free.

CAMP-FIRE ODE.

Clasp hand in hand, like brothers,
 Let heart with heart unite,
 To pledge our faith and honor,
 To hold and guard the right;
 Each voice and heart obeying,
 Bursts forth in glowing song,
 Through all the land resounding
 In echoes loud and long—
 In echoes loud and long.

Our sacred cause and Order
 No distance shall undo;
 But rolling time shall twine them,
 More binding, firm and true.
 Clasp hand in hand, like brothers,
 Let heart with heart unite,
 To pledge our faith and honor,
 To hold and guard the right—
 To hold and guard the right.

ODE.—Tune, ‘Gather at the River.’

Here we march around the altar,
 Stepping where our Fathers trod,
 And we pledge our lives forever
 Unto Freedom’s home and God.

CHORUS.

Yes, we here surround the altar
 Neatly decorated altar,
 And we pledge our lives forever
 Unto Freedom’s home and God.

’Round and ’round our sacred altar,
 As our Fathers led the way,
 We will walk in friendship ever,
 All the happy golden day.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

Yes, we'll rally 'round the flag boys, 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 fathers gone before,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
 And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and brave,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
 And although he may be poor, he shall never be a slave,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle, boys, We'll sing another song;
 Sing it full of spirit, sing with voices loud and strong,
 Sing it as our Fathers sang it, fifty thousand strong,
 While they were marching through Georgia.

Hurrah! Hurrah! our hearts are filled with glee;
 Hurrah! Hurrah! the nation now is free.
 Our fathers sang before us from Atlanta to the sea,
 While they were marching through Georgia.

So we sing the chorus now with cheerful hearts again;
 Sing it from our western coast all o'er the land to Maine.
 "Our Fathers made a thoroughfare for Freedmen and
 her train,
 While they were marching through Georgia."

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