Poetry

W. J. Fitzroy

Total Federal losses. 552.260.

Confederate losses in battle, during the war — 217.565.

" by sickness, " " " — 130.000.

Total Confederate losses. — 347.565 = 347.565.

Excess of Federal loss. 205.085.

When the States Seceded.

South Carolina, December 20th, 1860.

Mississippi, January 9th, 1861.

Alabama, " 11th, "

Florida, " " "

Georgia, " 19th, "

Louisiana, " 26th, "

Texas, February 1st, "

Virginia, April 17th, "

Arkansas, May 6th " 4.20 inst. James Doyle

North Carolina, May 20th, "

Tennessee, June 8th, "

Song.

Brightly the Southern Cross is Gleaming
Sir Rally round the flag.
With the fierce terrific war
Of five hundred guns or more,
A doom over sumpter long was seeming;
But they gave up in despair
For our Banner was there
And brightly the Southern Cross was gleaming

Chorus.

Shoulder to Shoulder, with hearts firm and true
We never can be conquered by an abolition crew
For wherever is seen
Our bayonets shew
Brightly the southern cross is gleaming.

II.

The miscreant Dahlgren thought
As he lead his base cohort
That with blood the streets of Richmond would be streaming
But he tasted southern lead
While above his gory head
Brightly the southern cross was gleaming:

Chorus.

III.

When Gilmore's mongrel horde
Into Florida was poured
Fondly of triumph he was dreaming
But his columns backward reeled
From Olustee's bloody field
When brightly the Southern cross was gleaming
Chorus.

IV.

Brave Forrest once again
With his gallant mounted men,
Has filled the yankee heart with terror keening
At Fort Pillow he has paid
The full price of Sherman's raid
Brightly the Southern Cross is gleaming.
Chorus.

V.

Since Banks quit keeping store
For Stonewall Jackson's corps
Louisiana's pride has been screaming
But his star at Grand-Ecore
Has set to rise no more
And brightly the Southern Cross is gleaming

VI.

With Lee in the East
And Johnson in the West.
Brightly the Star of hope is beaming
Our success in '64
Will end a glorious war
Proudly the Southern Cross is gleaming.
Chorus

Sung by the Rebelconians
Johnson's Island. April 14th 1864.
Composed by Lt. Wright
New Orleans. La.

Home

Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his native land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home, this spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

Feb. 21st 1866

No. 10

This piece was written by J. R. Hix at the age of 18, for the [illegible] of my mess of 8 [illegible]

Captain J. Hix, K. 17 Tenn. Inf.

19 Sep 1863

Capt. McC. & Mess 8

I

When future years come rolling on,
When war, and rumors all are gone;
And Summer's gentle zephyrs fan,
Our blooming flowers, And freemans' land.
I then will think of Johnson's Oslo,
Yes, many happy hours will while!
In thinking, what has been the fate,
Of "Captain McC. And old Mess Eight".

III

Yes captain, when you ponder o'er,
This book, And think of days of yore;
Will not you then remember me?
I'm sure I'll kindly think of thee!
When at my hearth-stone I sit down,
And those I love all seated round;
The story I will then relate,
Of "Captain McC. And old Mess Eight".

"Tennessee Farmer" Well Release
Free Circle, G. M. McDonald

IIII

Where are you Captain, in this life?
At what Stage? Have you a wife?
Are you gathering Southern flowers?
Telling your love, of Erie's hours?
But these have past on with life's tide,
I leave you happy, with your Bride!
The God of love, has changed the fate,
Of "Captain McS. And old Mess Eight"

III

Sigh-mocking waves Oh wintery blasts!
Life's Summer dawns, and they have past!
No more we'll pine, mid Erie's Isles!
From "Southern Homes" banished Exiles!
But now we'er with the loved again!
The war is o'er, the tyrants Slain!
Our God & country, now doth bless,
Captain McS. and his veteran Mess.

Your Friend,
D. L. P.

United States Military Prison
Johnson's Island Ohio
April 23rd 1864

The Officers Funeral.

I.

Hark! to the shrill trumpet calling,
As it pierces the soft summer air;
Tears from each comrade are falling,
For the widow and orphan are there.
The bayonets are earthward turning,
And the drum's muffled notes roll around;
He hears not the voice of the mourning,
Nor awakes to the bugle sound.

II.

Sleep, soldier! tho' many regret thee,
Who stand by the cold bier to-day,
Soon, soon shall thy kindred forget thee,
And thy name from the earth pass away.
And the man thou did'st love as a brother,
Some friend in thy place shall have gained,
And thy dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy bed by a stranger be reined.

Chorus

Truly they tell us wreaths of Glory
Evermore will deck his brow,
But it soothes the anguish only
Sweeping o'er our heart strings now.
Sleep to day, O! only fallen,
In thy green & narrow ~~grave~~ bed,
Dirges from the Pine & Cypress
Mingled with the tears we shed.

Feb. 18th 1865

Her Bright Smile Haunts Me

I.

Did years since last we met,
And we may not meet again,
I have struggled to forget,
But the struggle was in vain.
For her voice lives on the breeze,
And her spirit comes at will;
In the midnight on the seas,
Her bright smile haunts me still.

II.

At the first sweet dawn of day,
As I gaze upon the deep,
Her form still greets my sight
While the stars their watch keep.
When I close my aching eyes
Sweet dreams my senses fill,
And from sleep forbears I arise,
Her bright smile haunts me still.

Do they sit me chair near the table—
When evenings home pleasures are nigh?
When the candles are lit in the parlor—
And the stars in the calm arrive sky—
And when the good nights are repeated—
And all lay them down to their sleep—
Do they think of the absent and waft me—
A whisper good night whilst they weep—

Do they miss me at home? do they miss me—
At morning at noon or at night
And lingers one gloomy shade 'round them
That only my presence can light—
Are joys less invitingly welcome?
And pleasures less hail them before—
Because one is missed from the circle
Because I am with them no more—

Johnsons Island
Ohio
May 20th 63—

Do they miss me at Home?

M B J
D.C

Do they miss me at home? do they miss me?
'Twould be an assurance most dear.
To know that this moment some loved ones,
Were saying that I wish he were here—
To feel that the group at the fire side.
Wer thinking of me as I roam—
Oh yes 'twould be joy beyond measure—
To know that they missed me at home—

When twilight approaches the season—
That ever is sacred to song;
Does some one repeat my name over—
And sigh that I tarry so long—
And is there a chord in the music—
That's missed when my voice is away
Or a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearysom stay—

Iwanita

Far o'er the fountain,
Lingering falls the silver moon;
Far o'er the mountain,
Breaks the day two soon.
In thy dark lyes splender,
Where the warm light loves to dwell,—
—Very looks yet tender,
Speeks a fond farewell.

Chorus

Nela, Iwanita,
Let me linger by thy side,
Nela, Iwanita,
Be my own fair bride.
When in thy dreaming,
Moons like these shal shine again;
And daylight burning,
Proves thy dreams are vain.
Wilt thou not relenting,
For thy absent lover sigh;
In thy heart consenting
Lo a Prayer gone by,

"Goobr Peas"

Sitting by the road side on a summer day
Chatting with my messmate passing time away
Laying in the shaddow undurneath the tree
Goodness how delicious eating Goobr Peas.
Peas; Peas; Peas; Peas! Eating Goobr Peas.
Goodness how delicious eating Goobr peas.

2nd

I loved a Georgia Gill once; she was bright and fair
Infact she was as beautiful as Georgia girls are
We passed the hours together, what happy hours were those
An in the night we, Courted and eat up the Goobr peas.
Peas; Peas; Peas; Peas; &c

3rd

Tell me not of glory, Chatter not of fame
Of mine living its story, winning them a name
I'm Contented to sit down wholy at my ease
Free from Care Care and sorrow eating Goobr peas,
Peas; Peas; Peas; Peas; &c

4th

Sometime before a battle the Gent, hears a row
He says the Yankees a Coming, I hear their rifles now,
He looks about in wonder and what do you think he sees
The Georgia Militia eating Goober Peas.
Peas, Peas, Peas, Peas &c

5th

I think my song has lasted almost long enough
The subject interesting, the rhymes are very rough
I wish the war was over, when free from grays & fleas
We'll kiss our wives & sweet hearts & Gobble Goober Peas.
Peas, Peas, Peas, Peas, &c

6th

And now we're here in prison and likly long to stay
They've got us closly guarded no Chance to get away
The rations they are short & its cold enough to freeze
I wish I was back in Georgia Gobbling Goober Peas.
Peas, Peas, Peas, Peas, Gobbling Goober Peas
Gracious how delicious eating Goober Peas,

"Weiss"

Gentle Kate.

I.

Gentle Kate, Oh! do not leave me,
Let us linger yet awhile,
I'd not for worlds deceive thee,
Or thy trusting heart beguile;
Linger, then, and listen to me,
As we wander side by side,
While I thus in truth would woo thee,
Gentle Kate, to be my bride.

Chorus.—

Then, while bells are chiming Vespers
And the twilight starbeams shine,
"Gentle Kate," I'll softly whisper,
"Gentle Kate be mine, be mine."

II.

Gentle Kate, Oh! do not leave me,
Do not draw thy hand away,
I have loved you long, believe me,
Loved and waited many a day,
Till at last the spell is broken

That so long my lips have sealed,
Till my heart's fond wish is spoken
And its cherished hopes revealed.

Chorus.

III.

Gentle Kate, Oh! do not tremble,
You must answer ere you go;
If you love me, don't dissemble,
If you love me, tell me so;
If so fast your heart is beating
That your willing ~~tongue~~ tongue is tied,
Let one glance, however fleeting,
Say my suit is not denied.

Chorus.

Then, while bells are chiming Vespers
And the twilight starbeams shine,
"Gentle Kate," I'll softly whisper,
"Gentle Kate, be mine, be mine."