

W. J. Roy Poetry and Files

Total Losses in Civil War

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, 1861.

Mississippi, January 9th, 1861.

Alabama, January 11th, 1861.

Florida, January 11th, 1861.

Georgia, January 19th, 1861.

Louisiana, January 26th, 1861.

Texas, February 1st, 1861.

Virginia, April 17th, 1861.

Arkansas, May 6th, 1861. 4-20 [illegible] James Lacy [text cut off]

North Carolina, May 20th, 1861.

Tennessee, June 8th, 1861.

Song

Brightly The Southern Cross is Gleaming

Air Rally round the flag

With the fierce terrific war

Of five hundred guns or more,

A doom over Sumpter [sic] long was seeming;

But they gave up in despair

For our Beuregard [sic] 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 sheen
Brightly the southern cross is gleaming.

2.

The miscreant Dahlgreen thought
As he lead his base cohort
That with blood the streets of Richmond would be streaming
But he tasted southern lead
[illegible] above his gay head
Brightly the southern cross was gleaming!

Chorus.

3.

When Gilmore's mongrel horde
Into Florida was poured
Fondly of triumph he was dreaming
But his columns backward reeled
From Olustees [sic] bloody field
Where brightly the southern cross was gleaming.

Chorus.

4.

Brave Forrest once again
With his gallant mounted men
Has filled the yankee [sic] breast with terror teaming
At Fort Pillow he has paid
The full price of Sherman's raid

Brightly the Southern Cross is gleaming.

Chorus.

5.

Since Banks quit keeping store

For Stonewall Jackson's corps

Louisiana's ruin he's been scheming

But his stan [sic] at Grand Ecore

Has sit to rise no more

And brightly the Southern Cross is gleaming

6.

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 Rebellionians [sic] Johnson's Island April 14th 1864.

Composed by Lt. Wright New Orleans La

Home

Man, through all ages of vivid wary times,

Unchanging man, in Evry [sic] varying Clime,

Deemes [sic] his own land of evry [sic] land he loved

Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside

His home, the Spot of Earth supremely blest,

A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest

Feb. 21st 1866

Capt. Mc. and Mess 8

1.

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

2.

Yes captain, when if you ponder o'er,
This book, And think of days of gore;
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 Mc And old Mess Eight."

[written in left margin: This piece was written by J.R. Hix at the age of 18, for the benefit
of my mess of 8 men

[illegible line of text]

[illegible] K. 17 Tenn [sic] inf

Captured at Chickamauga 19/Sep 1863.

3.

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 Mc. And old Mess Eight
4.

Sigh - mocking waves Oh wintery blasts!
Life's summer dawns, and they have fast!
No more we'll fine, mid Erie's Isles!
From "Southern Homes" banished Exile!
But now we're with the loved again!
The war is o'er, the tyrants slain!
Our God and country, now doth bless,
Captain Mc, and his veteran Mess.

Your friends,

[illegible initials]

United States Military Prison

Johnson's Island Ohio

April 23rd 1864.

[written in left margin: Tennessee [illegible] will please publish and oblige G.W.
McDonald.

The Officers Funeral.

1.

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 drums muffled notes roll around;

He hears not the voice of the mourning,
Nor awakes to the bugle sound.

2.

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

Chorus

Friend they tell in wreaths of Glory
Evermore will deck his brow,
But it soothes the auguistic [sic] only
Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now.
Sleep to day, O! only fallen,
In thy green and narrow groove [crossed out] bed,
Dirges from the Pine and cypress
Mingled with the tears we shed.

Feb. 18th 1865

Her Bright Smile Haunts Me

1.

Tis 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.

2.

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

Do they miss me at Home?
Do they miss me at home! Do they miss me?
'Twould [sic] 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 groop [sic] at the fireside
Ever thinking of me as I roam
Oh yes 'twould [sic] be far 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 [sic]
Regret at my wearysome [sic] stay
Do they sit my chair near the table
When evenings [sic] home pleasures are nigh!
When the candles are lit in the parlor
And the Stars in the calm azure Sky
And when the good nights are repeated
And all lay theirs down to their sleep
Do they think of the absent and waft and
A whisper good night whilst thy 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 days less invitingly welcome?
And pleasures less hail [sic] than before
Because one is missing from the circle
Because I am with them no more.

Juanita
Far o'er the fountain,
Lingering falls the silver moon;
Far o'er the mountain,
Breaks the day [illegible] soon.
In thy dark lyes [sic] splendor [sic],
Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Wry looks yet tender,
Speaks a fond farewell.

Chorus

Aeda, Juanita

Let me linger by thy side,

Aeda, Juanita,

Be my own fair bride.

When in thy dreaming,

Moons like these shal [sic] shine again,

And daylight burning,

Proovs [sic] thy dreams are vain.

Wilt thou not relenting,

[illegible] thy absent lover sigh;

In thy heart consenting

To a prayer gone by.

Goober Peas

Sitting by the road side on a summer day

Chatting with my messmate passing time away

Laying in the shaddow [sic] underneath the tree

Goodness how delicious eating Goober Peas.

Peas! Peas! Peas! Peas! Eating Goober peas.

Goodness how delicious eating Goober peas.

2nd

I loved a Georgia Girl once, she was bright and fair

In fact she was as beautiful as Georgia girls are

We passed the hours together, what happy hours were these

And in the night we, roasted [sic] and eat up the Goober peas.

Peas! Peas! Peas! Peas! etc.

3rd

Tell me not of glory, Chatter not of fame
Of men living its story, winning them a name
I'm contented to sit down wholly [sic] at my ease
Free from care care and sorrow eating Goober peas.
Peas! Peas! Peas! Peas! Etc

4th

Sometime before a battle the Genl. hears a row
He says the Yankees ar [sic] 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! Etc.

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 and fleas
We'll kiss our wives and sweethearts and Gobble Goober Peas.
Peas! Peas! Peas! Peas! Etc.

6th

And now we're here in prison and likely long to stay
They've got us closely guarded no chance to get away
The rations they are short and its [sic] cold enough to freeze
I wish I was back in Georgia Gobbling Goober Peas.
Peas! Peas! Peas! Peas! Gobbling Goober Peas.
Goodness how delicious eating Goober Peas.

"Weins"

Gentle Kate

1.

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 [sic] shine,
"Gentle Kate," I'll softly whisper,
"Gentle Kate be mine, be mine."

2

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.

3.

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 [sic] willing 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 [sic] shine,
“Gentle Kate,” I’ll softly whisper,
“Gentle Kate be mine, be mine.”

Sunset in Prison

by Lt. J.C. Dooley of Va! [sic]
Gentle sunbeams brightly fall
Oer [sic] my heated Prison wall;
Smiling sun beams full of love,
Kindly cheer us from above.
Evening sunshine hither darts
Yellow glances on our hearts.
Lovely glows the western sky
Tinged with gorgeous crimson dye.
Changing clouds their splendor lose
Fainter grow the crimson hues,
Phoebus seeks his welcome bed,
Twilight comes with stealthy tread.
Hazy forms surround us all,
Darkning [sic] shadows ‘round us fall,
Night descending fills the room
Bringing sadness with its gloom.

Lone Rock by the Sea
Oh, tell ~~me not the~~ woods are fair,
Now Spring is on her way.
Yes, yes – I know how brightly there,
In joy the young leaves play.
How bright on wings of eve or morn
The violet's breath may be,
Yet ask me, vow me not to leave
My lone rock by the sea.
The wild waves thunder 'gainst ~~the~~ shore,
The curlues' ~~restless~~ cries,
Unto my watching heart are more
Than all earth's melodies.
Come back, my ocean rover, come;
There's but one place for me,
'Till I can greet thy swift sails home,
My lone rock by the sea.

Lone Cottage Oct 10th 1864.
Capt ~~G.W.~~ McDonald

I take pleasure this morning in answering your interesting letter of August the 20th. I was glad to learn that you were blesed ~~with~~ good health. I sincerely regret your long confinement, However patiently, heroically endured, it is not a desirable way of spending youth – there is tuching ~~melancolly~~ in such a fate. After all, it all goes in life time there is no situation in life free from sorrow. There is none necessarily ~~wholly~~ devoid of comfort. On this sinful world ~~our path~~ cannot always be gladdened by the sunshine of Earthly bliss – the immortal spirit was never destined to find on earth the perfect gratification of its hopes. If our lot appears ~~dark and~~ Cheerless there are prechous ~~promises~~, which shine like brilliant stars, through the night of sorrow. The path of gloom so often trod by weary feet has been Consecrated by the footsteps of our savor ~~and~~; and the rainbow of his love illuminates the darkes ~~Hand~~ and although weeping many endure for a

night, joy Cometh in the morning The [illegible] Apples are well, and would send you some word if they knew I was writing.

Respectfully your friend

C.W.

L.C.S.C.Y.

“Don’t be discouraged.

It is a fine remark of first love “Bear with yourself in correcting faults as you would with others.” We can not do all at once. But by constant pruning of little faults, and cultivating humble virtues, we shal [sic] grow towards perfection. This simple rule not to be discouraged at slow progress, but to persivere [sic], overcoming evil or bad temper; and adding one excellence after another – to faith, virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge Temperance; and to Temperance patience; And to patience godliness; And to godliness brotherly kindness, charity – will conduct the slowest Christian at last to high religious attainments.

Johnsons Island Ohio

May the 30th 1865.

To [missing]

By Lieut. McCarthy 30th La!

In future years “my darling” think

When brighter scens [sic] surround thee;

Of one who lived his dreary way,

Nor knew the glory of the day,

Nor lived it; till he found thee.

And when the record of the years,

Still faithful shall have proved me;

[illegible] the hour that saw us part,

And whisper softly to your heart,

“He loved me”

And O my love should sorrow come,

And shower tears about thee;

Should falsehood and suspicion smart
Think 'mid that "winter of the heart,"
Of one who ne'er could doubt thee.
And where a sad unhappy fate,
A far from thee hath moved me;
Think all our friendship o'er again
And whisper softly, softly there
"He loved me".

Fragment of Unnamed Poem
2

Meet me by moonlight alone;
And then I will tell you a tale:
Must be told by the moonlight alone;
In the groove at the end of the vale.
You must promise to come for I said;
I would show the night flowers their queen:
Nay! turn not away that sweet head;
Tis the loveliest [sic] ever was seen,
Then meet me by moonlight alone.

2

Daylight may do for the gay:
The heartless, the thoughtless, the free;
But there is something about the moons [sic] ray,
That is sweeter to you and to me.
Oh! remember be sure to be there:
For though dearly a moonlight I prize: [sic]
I can not for all in the air.

If it wants the sweet light of your eyes.

Then meet me by moonlight alone,

Meet me by moonlight alone.

2nd May 1865.

Poem to Theo Hearn by Lt. McCarthy

To Theo. C. Hearn Lt. 3rd Fla:

By – Lt. C.E. McCarthy 30th La:

Had language but a holier name,

Had earth a dearer spell

Thou aught that mitred [sic] priests proclaim

Or Cupids [sic] carols tell

To Friendship steadfast firm and true

Which emanates from Heaven

To Friendship such as mine for you,

Should that sweet term be given.

Johnsons Island Ohio

May 29th 1865.

Hard Times

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count the many tears

While we all sup sorrow with the poor,

There's a song that will linger for ever in our ears,

Oh! hard times come again no more.

Chorus

Tis the sigh the song of the wery [sic]

Hard times! hard times come again no more

Many days you have lingered around [illegible word crosse out] my cabin door

Oh! hard times come again no more.

There's a pale[illegible] maiden who toils her life away
With a warm heart whose bitter days are over,
Though her voice would be [illegible word crossed out] merry tis sighing all the day
Oh! hard times come again no more.
Tis a sigh that is wafted across the noble wave
Tis a mourn that is hard upon the shore;
Tis a dirg [sic] that is murmered [sic] around the lonely grave
Oh! hard times come again no more.

"Farewell to Johnson's Island."

By Capt. McDonnell 1st Fla.

[illegible line of text]

Hoarse sounding billows of the white capped Lake
That 'gainst [sic] the barriers of my hated prison break
Farewell – Farewell with joy thou giant inland sea
Thou too subserve [sic] the seed of Tyranny.
Guarding this isle, crashing its lonely shore
With moaning echoes of thy melancholy roar
Farewell with joy, farewell inhospitable land
Thou hast the curces [sic] of this patriot band,
All save that spot, the holy, sacred bed
Where rest in peace our Southern warriors dead.

Johnson Island Ohio

March 1865.

Untitled Poem

When Death, dread monarch! hurls the sintheis [sic] dart,
And lays in dust the wise, the good, the great,
Deep streams of sorrow flow from every heart,

And nations mourn beneath the stroke of Fate.
When the dark tomb its jaws insatiate close
On those dear forms whose souls were twined with ours,
No Stone's self could blame the tear that flows,
Or chace [sic] the memory from those painful hours.
Then let the muse indulge in sight and tears.
O'er love that's past and joys forever flown –
Oh, why so short our bliss! it but appears,
Charms our fond hearts, and is forever gone.
Frail are our joys as is yon opening flower
That spreads its fragrant bosom to the skies;
Plucked by the intruder's hand, in one short hour
Its bloom is withered and its fragrance dies.
Swift pass the hours where friendship spreads her charms,
In dreams of bliss the months unheeded roll;
Nor dream we aught that tear from our fond arms
Those dear delights that turn around the soul.
Oh, happy moments! Still I think I view
That tender bosom, and that wild blue eye
Melting in love – then blame the joys that flew
With winged haste to pass away and die.
Their deaths dread monarch
written at bottom of poem:
Here within these dying walls-
Find we in friendship met-
Our [illegible] amid its dirty halls-
Are scens [sic] we cant [sic] forget-
When deepest gloom shroud thy soul

remember there is one that will lend a hand
and breathe a prayr [sic] for thee and time-
when but did truest friends are
gathered around – remember the absent-
you can ever claim a truer friend
[illegible signature]

The Lone Tomb of Erie
No 26.

1

I look with regret on the low tomb of Erie,
Sad! Sad, yet how sacred the spot!
I'll muse on the fate of the brave and ne'er weary,
The honored shall ne'er be forgot.

2

No, son of the South, though I gage now in boyhood,
An exile from home, on thy tomb,
If e'er more I do stand, where for once with Joy stood
I'll weep as I tell of the doom!

3

Yes, soon I shall go from this drear bit of high land,
Your Mother will then make her quests;
I sadly will point her to Johnson's low Island,
The tomb where her lost loved one rests!

4

Though proudly in death, have fell legions before these,
They sleep in their own [illegible] Valis [sic].
Thou curscd [sic] be our flag, if droop'd [sic] not to deplore thee,

While Mother and Lover bewails!

5

Vaild [sic] by the lyme [sic] that mourns for thee sadly

In Southland's Vine-clad cottage walls;

And soft be the strains thou did'st [sic] once heed so gladly

In Native Proud National Halls!

6

Though far from his land, Sleeps her gallant adorer,

He spoke in his pride e'er he slept,

"Though miss (Soon will dawn o'er his freedom's [illegible])

The low tomb of Erie, we wept!"

7

Proud billows may loud as Heavn's [sic] thunder endeavor,

Thy fate from my memory to chase,

Though they mock while I muse, I will muse of thee ever;

Thy conqueror alone can efface.

8

Long years may have flown, old Erie that revels

Regardles [sic] of thee proud thy grave,

Thy mound with the sands of its beach may have leveled

[illegible] Memory 'll stand o'er thee, [illegible] by life's [illegible]

Johnson's Island

20th Oct 1864

Vacant Chair

We will meet, but we shall miss him,

There will be one vacant chair;

We will linger to cares [sic] him,

While we breathe our evening [sic] Prayer.

A year ago we [illegible word crossed out] gathered,

Joy was in his mild blue eye;

But the golden cord is severed,

And our hopes in ruins lie.

Chorus

We will meet, but ever shall miss him,

There will be one vacant chair;

We will linger to caress him,

While we breathe our evening [sic] Prayer.

At our firesides, sad and lonely,

Often will our bosoms swell,

At remembrance of the story,

How our noble Willie fell;

How he strove to bear our banner

Through in the thickest of the fight,

And up hold our country's union

In the strength of manhood's might

The Troubadour

Gayly the Troubadour, he held his guitar

As he has hastening [sic] home from the war -

Singing from Palestine [sic], hither I come -

Lady love, Lady love, welcome me home -

She for the Troubadour hopelessly wept

Sadly she thought of him whilst others slept.

Singing in search [sic] of this would I on night [sic] roam

Troubadour! Troubadour, come to thy home -

Hark it ever the Troubadour breathing her name
Under the battle merit, Softly he came
Singing from Palistine [sic] Hither I come –
Lady love, Lady love, welcome me home-
Johnsons Island, Ohio
[illegible month] 12 '65
Ben [illegible]
Spencer Tenn

Fragment of Untitled Poem
3rd.

“Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age
And I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage
For my father was a soldier, and were as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild
And when he died and left us to divide his scanty [illegible]
I let them take what e'er they would, but kept my father's [missing]
And with boyish love I bring it, where the bright light [missing]
On the cottage wall at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine
4th.

“Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooped [missing]
When the troops are marching home again, with glad [missing]
But look upon them proudly, with a calm and [missing]
For her brother was a soldier and not afraid to [missing]
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in [missing]
To listen to him kindly, without regret or [missing]
And hang the old sword in its place (any [missing]
For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen [missing]

5th.

“There’s another, not a sister- In the happy [missing]
You have known her by the merriment that sparkles [missing]
[illegible] [illegible] for coquetry, too fond for idle [illegible]
[missing] and, I fear the lightest heart makes some[missing]
Tell her the last night of my life for ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison –
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sun-light shine
[illegible] the vine-clad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine

6th.

[missing] the blue Rhine sweeps along; I heard or seemed to hear
[missing] songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear
[missing] the pleasant river, and up the standing hill
[missing] [illegible] sounded through the evening calm and still;
[missing] blue eyes were on me as we passed with fondly [sic] talk,
[missing] hath beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk;
[missing] heard [illegible] lightly, confidingly in mine –
[missing] us more at Bingen, loved Bingen on the Rhine

7th.

[missing] and [illegible] his grasp was childish weak
[missing] a dying look laughed and ceased to speak;
[missing] to left him, but the spark of life had fled –
[missing] [illegible] in a foreign land was dead!
[missing] rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
[missing] the little field with bloody [illegible]
[missing] dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine
[missing] fair Birgen, fair Birgen, on the Rhine