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Songs of the Civil War

By Charles Hamm

The Civil War of 1861-65 was the single most dramatic event in the history of the United States, with the possible exception of World War II. The fighting, the carnage, the brutal effects on soldier and civilian were unmatched by any other war in American history. In his preface to *Flawed Victory; a New Perspective on the Civil War,* James P. Shenton writes:

> No event in American history had more devastating results than the Civil War. For four years the nation was wracked by a seemingly endless blood letting. When the guns finally fell silent in the spring of 1865, more than 630,000 Americans had died. Americans had inflicted upon one another more casualties than had ever been sustained in a previous, or subsequent, foreign war. (In comparison, some 606,000 Americans were killed in all other conflicts from the French and Indian Wars through Korea.) In the course of the struggle, a war of limited objectives had been translated into total war. The enemy was no longer armies but entire civilian populations....When final defeat engulfed the South, its economy was in shambles; vast stretches of its territory were ruined; and its social institutions rooted in slavery had been smashed....As one contemporary noted, the boundary between the two sections was drawn in blood.

Such Northern states as Illinois and Connecticut sent almost fifteen percent of their population to fight the Civil War, and the percentage was even higher in most of the South. It was total war indeed, particularly for less populated areas. E. D. Fite, in *Social and Industrial Conditions During the Civil War,* gives instances of how such mobilization was felt in small towns: of 147 men of military age in one township, 117 were away at war; 111 of 250 eligible voters in a Wisconsin town volunteered early in the war. A visit even today, more than a century later, to towns in Virginia, Vermont, Mississippi, Maine, Georgia, with their statues of Confederate or Union soldiers and their cannon in town squares, their cemeteries with rows of graves still marked with flags, their memorials to men lost in the Civil War far outnumbering those from any other conflict, will suggest what this ferocious struggle meant in human terms.

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the war was the depth and intensity of feelings that were aroused—feelings that remained strong, and an important part of American life, for over three quarters of a century. As Bruce Catton wrote in “For An Emotional Understanding”:

> For above and beyond everything else, the Civil War was a matter of emotions. It came about because men's emotions ran away with them; it was borne, North and South, for four mortal years because these emotions remained strong; and its final significance, nowadays, is often more a matter for the heart than the head.

Emotions were strongest in the South, certainly at the beginning of the war, and it was this that enabled the Confederate States—outnumbered, inferior in arms and other military equipment, soon virtually cut off from supplies from outside —to prolong the war for four desperate years, when by all military and economic logic it should have ended in quick victory for the North. Although slavery was a crucial issue in the war, large areas of

the South did not depend on slavery, and the majority of Rebel soldiers were from nonslaveholding families; but the entire region had a fierce conviction that states, towns, and individuals—not the federal government —should determine how their lives were to be led. This attitude was expressed with clarity and conviction in a letter that Charles C. Jones, Jr., a Georgian and an officer in the Confederate Army,wrote to his father early in the war:

> Surely we are passing through harsh times, and are beset with perils which humanity in its worst phases has not encountered for centuries. The Age of Gold has yielded to the Age of Iron; and the North furnishes an example of refined barbarity, moral degeneracy, religious impiety, soulless honor, and absolute degradation almost beyond belief. *Omnia vestigia retrorsum* ["all footsteps turn back upon themselves"]....We can only make a proper use of those means which He has placed in our power, and with a firm reliance on the justice of our cause, and with earnest supplication of His aid who saves not by many nor by few, offer every resistance to the inroads of this inhuman enemy, and illustrate every virtue which pertains to a brave, God-fearing people engaged in an awful struggle, against wonderful odds, for personal, civil, and religious freedom.

The writer was not some provincial fanatic but rather a successful lawyer, historian, and archaeologist who held degrees from Princeton and the Harvard Law School.

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The Civil War, one of the most deeply felt episodes in our history, has left a heritage of music that reflects those feelings in the most vivid way. Indeed, this music was so intimately involved with events of the time that it became part of those events.

In 1905, the Chapple Publishing Company of Boston announced plans to publish an anthology of "heart songs, dear to the American people." In response to an invitation to nominate songs for the volume, more than twenty thousand people sent copies of their favorite songs, with letters telling how these pieces had been "interwoven with the story of their own lives." In the words of the editor, Joe Mitchell Chapple:

> Songs that have entertained thousands from childhood to the grave and have voiced the pleasure and pain, the love and longing, the despair and delight, the sorrow and resignation, and the consolation of the plain people—who found in these an utterance for emotions which they felt but could not express—came in by the thousands.The yellow sheets of music bear evidence of constant use; in times of war and peace, victory and defeat, good and evil fortune, these sweet strains have blended with the coarser thread of human life and offered to the joyful or saddened soul a suggestion of uplift, sympathy and hope.

Heart Songs, published in 1909, tells us not only which songs were most popular in nineteenth century America but also how we felt about music then. It reminds us that emotions were expressed openly and, by today's taste, naïvely, and that music often served the function of intensifying verbal expression. And fully a quarter of the songs in the volume were sung during the brief period of the Civil War.

Most music published during the war—and all the music in this album—appeared as single pieces of sheet music, as songs for solo voice and keyboard (or occasionally guitar) accompaniment. This was music for performance in the home, by people of modest musical ability.

Such songs followed an Anglo-American tradition of more than a century, which can be traced back to Vauxhall Gardens and other places in eighteenth- century London where people gathered for relaxation and entertainment. Thomas Arne, James Hook, Henry Bishop, and other composers, commissioned by popular singers of the day, wrote songs for performance at these pleasure haunts. Many were published, sometimes in yearly collections of the best-received pieces of the previous season, for performance at home by those who had enough musical skill to play and sing them. Texts were pastoral, moralizing, impersonal; the music was similar in style to classical music of the time, but simplified for a wider audience.

Some of these songs were exported to the Colonies for sale among musically literate persons here, and they proved popular enough for American publishers to bring out their own editions.

The repertory of American sheet music was enlarged in the first decades of the nineteenth century by the songs of English-born musicians living in America (Benjamin Carr, James Hewitt, Raynor Taylor), by popular airs from ballad operas, by Irish songs, and by songs arranged from favorite Italian operas of Donizetti, Bellini, and their contemporaries. Many of the hundreds of Irish songs brought a new dimension to popular song in their natural, first-person way of speaking of such things as patriotism, joy, sadness, and love.

The Hutchinsons, a family singing group from New Hampshire who were widely popular for more than thirty years after their debut in the early 1840s, declared early in their career that they considered themselves social reformers, not entertainers. In their early concerts up and down the eastern seaboard they sang about the evils of alcohol (“King Alcohol,” “Cold Water”) and slavery (“The Bereaved Slave Mother,” “Gone, Sold and Gone”). They sang their abolitionist songs even to hostile audiences in Baltimore, Washington, and St. Louis, and their rousing “Get Off the Track” was considered so inflammatory that no major publisher would bring it out. They traveled to England with the ex-slave Frederick Douglass in an attempt to arouse more abolitionist sentiment in that country, and on their return they went to 2 Kansas to take part in the violent prewar controversy inflaming that state. The Hutchinsons popularized “John Brown's Body,” a song that probably enlisted more people in the antislavery crusade than did all the sermons, lectures, and essays. They campaigned for Lincoln, visited an Indian reservation in Minnesota and afterward wrote “The Indian's Lament,” sang at the National Convention for Woman Suffrage Association (presided over by Susan B. Anthony), and traveled to the South after the war to visit ex-slaves; the Hutchinsons found black music so exciting that they arranged and sang spirituals such as “My Jesus Says There's Room Enough” on their programs.

American songs written just before and during the Civil War were concerned with the entire range of events of this momentous time. Antislavery songs helped arouse and unify the North—”John Brown's Body” (with a tune written, ironically, by William Steffe, a Richmonder), “Kingdom Coming” by Henry Clay Work. The great political rallying songs fanned the enthusiasm, fervor, and fanaticism of both North and South—Julia Ward Howe's “Battle Hymn of the Republic,” Dan Emmett's “Dixie,” George F. Root's “The Battle Cry of Freedom,” Harry Macarthy's “The Bonnie Blue Flag” (the semiofficial Southern anthem). There were songs about heroes and political leaders— Jesse Hutchinson's “Lincoln and Liberty,” John W. Palmer's “Stonewall Jackson's Way,”

Charles and J. E. Haynes's “Sherman the Brave.” Almost every battle and campaign inspired songs, from J. Harry Hayward and Thomas D. Sullivan's “The Flag of Fort Sumter” through Will S. Hays's “The Drummer Boy of Shiloh” and “A Life on the Vicksburg Bluff” to Henry Clay Work's “Marching Through Georgia.” There were songs, many of them humorous, about conscription and the soldiers' life in camps— Work's “Grafted into the Army,”“Goober Peas” by a composer identifying himself as “P. Nutt, Esq.,” Septimus Winner's “Johnny Is Gone for a Soldier,” the anonymous “The Army Bean” to the tune of “Sweet By and By.” Some songs remind us that immigrants from various countries fought in the war—Work's “Corporal Schnapps,” the anonymous “Pat Murphy of the Irish Brigade.” Others, such as the anonymous “Treasury Rats,” deal with political and financial corruption during the war.

The largest number of songs deal with the emotions of individuals caught up in the events and tragedies of the war. J. P.Webster's “Lorena,” one of the most popular songs in the South, touches on the sadness of separation from a loved one. Hundreds of songs deal with the death of a son, brother, or friend.

These songs were sung in homes, North and South, but the war carried them elsewhere as well. The patriotic and political songs in this repertory were sung at rallies, political gatherings, and mass meetings, and in no other war in American history has music played such an important role among the men involved in campaigns and battles. “I don't believe we can have an army without music,” wrote General Robert E. Lee in 1864, and even the most casual browsing through Civil War literature leads quickly to mentions of music and what it meant to the men under arms.

Though most of the soldiers sang from memory or by ear, many carried “songsters,” pocket collections of favorite lyrics, The most popular of these among Southern troops were *Hopkins' New Orleans 5 Cent Song-Book, The Soldier Boy's Songster,* and *The Stonewall Song Book*, which was published in at least eleven editions. Union soldiers carried *Beadle's Dime Songs for the War, The Camp Fire Songster, War Songs for Freedom,* or one of a dozen similar collections. The songsters were often retrospective, with words to songs popular before the war, which the publishers believed would be known to most of the men who bought these books. Thus songsters published early in the war contained texts for “Annie Laurie,” “Yankee Doodle,” “Auld Lang Syne,” “Pop Goes the Weasel,” Stephen Foster songs, prewar minstrel favorites, and the ubiquitous “Home, Sweet Home.”

Fraternization of soldiers between battles was a curious phenomenon of this bloody war that extended to music. In 1863 Lieutenant W. J Kinchelos of the 49th Virginia Regiment wrote to his father of one such episode: “We are on one side of the Rappahannock, the enemy on the other.... Our boys will sing a Southern song, the Yankees will reply by singing the same tune to Yankee words.” Another instance occurred when a Confederate soldier was “saved” by some of his more religious comrades, agreed to be baptized, and was taken to the bank of the Rapidan River, in northern Virginia, by some fifty troops for this purpose. Yankee soldiers appeared on the opposite bank to witness, and to join in the singing of the hymn “There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood.” Again, rival armies were camped within earshot of one another the night before the Battle of Murfreesboro. At one point the Northern band played “Yankee Doodle,” and the Southern band responded with a patriotic Rebel tune; the two bands alternated this way for some time, then they played “Home, Sweet Home” together. The next morning the armies slaughtered one another by the thousands.

The texts and music of these songs were written by hundreds of Americans in all parts of the country and published in many cities. Large numbers of war songs were brought out by such publishers as Oliver Ditson in Boston; John Church in Cincinnati; Firth, Pond & Co. in New York; H. Kleber and Brother in Pittsburgh; J. F. Gould in Philadelphia; W. F. Sherwin in Albany; Joseph P. Shaw in Rochester; E. W. Billings in Providence; A. E. Blackmar & Brother in Augusta, Georgia, and New Orleans; J. Schreiner & Son in Macon; P. P. Werlein in New Orleans; and G. Dunn & Co. in Richmond, Virginia. If there was a single most important publisher in the North, it was Root & Cady, founded in 1858 by E.T. Root and C. T. Cady in Chicago. It employed the two most prolific and popular composers of the war years, George Frederick Root (1820-1895) and Henry Clay Work (1832-1884).

Root, brother of one of the founders, was a native of Sheffield, Maine, and had taught music classes in Boston from 1839 to 1844 and New York during 1844-45 before going to Paris for a year of study, after which he continued to teach in the East until joining his brother in Chicago in 1859. Some of his religious and children's compositions had enjoyed modest success, but nothing approaching that of his first war song, “The Battle Cry of Freedom” (1862), which swept the country within a few weeks of its publication and sold at least 350,000 copies before the war ended. Its effect on troops was so electric that some commanders ordered their soldiers to sing it while going into battle. In 1889, at a testimonial banquet honoring Root, J.W. Fifer—a former Union soldier—said:

> The true and correct history of the war for the maintenance of the Union will place George F. Root's name alongside of our great generals. Only those who were at the front, camping, marching, battling for the flag, can fully realize how often we were cheered, revived, and inspired by the songs of him who sent forth the “Battle Cry of Freedom.”

Henry Clay Work was even more prolific. Born in Middletown, Connecticut, he lived in Illinois as a child when his father moved to Quincy to assist runaway slaves escape to the North by the underground railway. The family returned east after the father was jailed for his activities and released only on the promise that he would leave the state. Henry returned to Illinois in 1855. He took a job in Chicago as a printer and wrote songs in his spare time. A self-taught composer, he had several songs performed and published before the war, including “We're Coming, Sister Mary,” sung by Christy's Minstrels. The turning point in his career came in 1861, when he decided to bring one of his new songs “Kingdom Coming” to the offices of Root & Cady. He was sent to George Root, who, after examining the composition, immediately offered him a job as a songwriter. Work wrote more than thirty war songs including “Babylon Is Falling,” “Wake Nicodemus,” “Marching Through Georgia,” and “When Our Boys Come Home.” His success as a songwriter did not end with the war: such later pieces as “Come Home Father” and “Grandfather’s Clock” rank with the most popular songs of the entire nineteenth century.

John Hill Hewitt (1801-1890), called “the Bard of the Stars and Bars,” was the most successful Southern songwriter of the war. Born in New York City, the son of the British immigrant musician James Hewitt, he spent his early years in the East, but after being stranded in Augusta, Georgia, in 1823 when his father's theatrical troupe had an engagement cut short by a theater fire, he spent most of the rest of his life in the South. Hewitt was a successful composer as early as 1825, when his song “The Minstrel's Return from the War” was published in Greenville, South Carolina; this piece has been

called the first truly successful popular song by an American-born composer. He offered his services to the Confederacy in 1861 and, after a year in Richmond, returned to Augusta, where he wrote and produced pro-Southern stage works. The melodrama *The Scouts; or, The Plains of Manassas* (1861) celebrated the first great Confederate victory of the war; *The Battle of Leesburg* (1862) was another melodrama; *The Exempt; or, Beware of the Conscript Officer* (1863) was a comedy with interpolated music; one of Hewitt's most ambitious works for the musical stage was the “musical burletta” *King Linkum the First* (1863), a vicious satire of Lincoln, his cabinet, and his generals. Among Hewitt's songs of the war years were “All Quiet Along the Potomac,” one of the most poignant antiwar songs of all time; “Somebody's Darling” (which Margaret Mitchell quoted with striking effect in *Gone with the Wind);* “Rock Me to Sleep, Mother”; and “The Young Volunteer.” Eight of his songs were published as *The Musical Olio; or, Favorite Gems of That Popular Southern Composer, John H. Hewitt.*

Root, Work, and Hewitt had written music before the war, and would continue to do so after. Other experienced songwriters contributed successful war songs. But just as typical were the people who, though completely unknown in American music or letters otherwise, wrote tunes and verses that became dear to millions of people. J. C. Wallace, Mrs. Ethel Lynn Eliot Beers, and Benedict Roefs 4 scarcely rate even footnotes in histories of American culture, yet—as this album demonstrates —each made some telling contribution to the lives of countless Americans during the Civil War. This was a war of the people, in that almost everyone in the country was profoundly involved in its events or was affected by them. Completely unknown military or civilian actors in the drama became famous overnight by some act of daring or defiance. Likewise in song: minor characters could produce a poem or a tune that struck a sympathetic response in masses of Americans.

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Track 1
I Wish I Was in Dixie’s Land

“I Wish I Was in Dixie’s Land” was “Written and Composed expressly for Bryant’s Minstrels by Dan D. Emmett,” we are told on the cover of the first edition, published in 1860 by Firth, Pond & Co. in New York. The composer’s autograph copy, reproduced in facsimile in *The Confederate Veteran* of September, 1895, bears the title “Dixie’s Land,” identifies the piece as a “Walk ’Round,” and is dated 1859. A letter from Emmett identifies the autograph as “The original copy of ‘Dixie,’ made on that rainy Sunday in 1859.”

Emmett was born in Mount Vernon, Ohio, in 1815 and as a youth ran away from home twice, to become an army fifer and to play in a circus band. He wrote his first minstrel song, “Old Dan Tucker,” when he was seventeen. In 1843 he helped organize the Virginia Minstrels, and traveled with them to England. He joined Bryant’s Minstrels in 1857 as a composer, singer, and comedian. Asked to write a new lively piece early in

1859, he sat down one day in his room and wrote a simple, strophic song for the ensemble, with an instrumental interlude between stanzas to allow the company to do their version of a Negro dance. A playbill dated Monday, April 4, 1859, from a performance of Bryant's Minstrels in Mechanics Hall in New York lists "Mr. Dan Emmett's new Plantation Song and Dance *Dixie's Land"* as part of the program.

The song reached the South in 1860, when it was sung by Mrs. John Wood in a production of John Brougham's *Pocahontas* in New Orleans, and was published in that city by P. P. Werlein in an edition that did not mention Emmett as the composer. Henry Hotze, a Confederate agent in London for most of the war, wrote of its reception in the South:

> It is marvelous with what wild-fire rapidity this tune of "Dixie" has spread over the whole South. Considered as an intolerable nuisance when first the streets re-echoed with it from the repertoire of wandering minstrels, it now bids fair to become the musical symbol of a new nationality, and we shall be fortunate if it does not impose its very name on our country.

"Dixie" was played for the inauguration of Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederate States of America in early 1861, and from that time on no political rally, band concert, parade of Southern troops, or singing session around campfires was complete without at least one rendition.

Emmett's claim to the authorship of the song did not go unchallenged. The Louisville publisher D. P. Faulds said that two of his clerks, Charles Ward and William Shakespear Hays, wrote the words in 1857 or 1858, fitting them to a tune widely known among Southern blacks, and it was this version that first reached New Orleans and then the entire South. Other reports identify the song as having been sung by blacks, particularly stevedores on the Mississippi River, and the word "Dixie" does seem to have been used to refer to the South before this song was published. Emmett probably appropriated tunes from oral tradition for some of his earlier songs such as "Old Dan Tucker," and it is possible that he did the same for "Dixie." But no published version has been found before Firth & Pond's 1860 edition.

Whatever its origin, there is no denying the critical role this "wild refrain, that brings the faint heart back to life again," as John Hill Hewitt called it, played in rallying, unifying, and sustaining the South during and after the war.

Emmett was in Chicago after the war, working as orchestra leader and musical director in several theaters. He retired to his birthplace in 1888. In 1895 he was persuaded by an old friend, Al Field, to make a farewell tour of both North and South. The aging musician received ovations, particularly in the South. Apparently both he and his audiences had forgotten his statement that had he known the use to which "Dixie" would be put by the South, he would never have written it. He died on June 28, 1904.

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin';
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

Chorus
Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land, I'll took my stand,
To lib an' die in Dixie,
Away, away,
Away down south in Dixie.

Old Missus marry "Will-de-weaber,"
Willium was a gay deceaber;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

But when he put his arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder.
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
(Chorus)

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

Old Missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart.
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
(Chorus)

Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
An all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
(Chorus)

Track 2

All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight

After its surprising defeat at the first battle of Bull Run, the Union army withdrew to a position outside Washington on the north bank of the Potomac River. Southern pickets were posted on the opposite bank, and months passed with only an occasional skirmish between the two lines. A familiar War Department announcement was "All quiet along the Potomac," a phrase frequently telegraphed to Northern newspapers by their Washington correspondents, causing growing impatience in the North with the tactics of the commander of the Army of the Potomac, General George B. McClellan.

On November 30, 1861, an anonymous poem, "The Picket Guard," was published in *Harper's Weekly;* it told the story of a picket who was shot, but since "not an officer [was] lost, only one of the men," the official report read as usual: "All quiet along the Potomac

tonight."

Major Lamar Fontaine, a Confederate cavalry leader, claimed that he wrote the poem after he had visited a friend on picket duty; the soldier had stirred the fire to warm them, revealing his position to a Union soldier on the opposite bank who had shot him, and as Fontaine attempted to help his dying friend, his eyes fell on a newspaper with the headline "All Quiet Along the Potomac." This melodramatic story was apparently fictitious, since it now seems certain that the poem was by Mrs. Ethel Lynn Eliot Beers of Goshen, New York, whose only contact with picket lines and the Potomac was through newspaper accounts. James Wood Davidson, the Southern author of *The Living Writers of the South* (New York, 1869), said that even though he would like to claim it for the South, he was convinced that Mrs. Beers had indeed written this poem, which would be appreciated "as long as wars and the memories of wars continue—as long as bloody deaths in distant lands break loving hearts at home."

In the North, musical settings of the poem, still titled "The Picket Guard," were made by H. Coyle, W. H. Goodwin, J. Dayton, and David A. Warden. By far the most successful, popular in both South and North, was that by John Hill Hewitt. The music, like that of so many effective songs, is deceptively simple. The main melodic phrase, outlining a major triad, hints at a bugle call; harmonic progressions are confined to the fundamental chords of B flat major; the only obviously expressive melodic device is the appoggiatura on the penultimate note of most of the phrases (in the first stanza on the words "picket," "thicket," "battle," and "rattle"). One is tempted to suggest that the song works so well precisely because the musical means are so limited, allowing the poem to be heard with little interference from the music. That this is not the case can be demonstrated by listening to the other settings of the poem, which use equally limited means but do not make the same impression. Hewitt was a skillful and experienced songwriter who understood, as did Schubert, Stephen Foster, and the Beatles, that the best songs have music that allows the verse to be understood with no competition from the music, but that the music must nevertheless intensify the words through its own distinctive character.

All quiet along the Potomac tonight,
Except here and there a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket:
'Tis nothing, a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle:
Not an officer lost, only one of the men,
Moaning out all alone the death rattle.
All quiet along the Potomac tonight.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
And their mother—"may Heaven defend her."

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off the tears that are welling;
And gathers his gun close up to his breast,
As if to keep down the heart's swelling.
He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
And his footstep is lagging and weary:
Yet onward he goes, thro' the broad belt of light
Towards the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind that rustles the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle! "Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
And his life-blood is ebbing and plashing.
"All quiet along the Potomac tonight."
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead.
"The Picket's" off duty forever.

Track 3
We Are Coming, Father Abra'am

The summer of 1862 was a dark time for the Union. After failing to capture Richmond with a frontal advance in the first year of the war, the Union army was taken by water to the mouth of the James River and advanced toward the Confederate capital from the east. But the Peninsula Campaign was no more successful than the attack from the north had been, and after a prolonged and discouraging battle the Northern forces once more withdrew to Washington. Casualties had been great, morale among troops and civilians was bad, and Lincoln, realizing that more force would be needed to continue the war and swing the balance in favor of the North, issued a call for 300,000 more troops.

An interested reader of Lincoln's call for volunteers was John Sloan Gibbons, a resident of New York. Born in Wilmington, Delaware, the son of a physician who was a Quaker and abolitionist, Gibbons himself had worked for the cause of abolition, becoming friendly with William Lloyd Garrison and other radical leaders. He was a successful banker, wrote several important books on this subject, had an interest in forest preservation (he led the movement that resulted in the establishment of Arbor Day), and with his wife had edited the *National Anti-Slavery Standard.* Realizing the need for support of Lincoln's call, he dashed off a patriotic poem and sent it to the New York *Evening Post*, which published it, anonymously, on July 16, 1862.The Boston *Daily Journal* printed it two days later, and the music publisher Oliver Ditson, recognizing its potential as a popular rallying song, clipped it out and sent it to Luther O. Emerson, a composer of popular gospel hymns, with a terse note:"Set these words instanter."

Emerson did the job quickly. By this time the poem—assumed to be by William Cullen Bryant, editor of the *Evening Post*—had been read at a war rally on Boston Commons and reprinted in other parts of the North. Emerson's song sold well from the beginning, and soon other settings of the poem appeared, including those by the Hutchinsons, Stephen Foster, and Patrick Gilmore. By the end of 1862, some twenty different editions of musical settings were available, and it has been estimated that two million copies of these were sold by the end of the war.

There is an ironic postscript to the story of this song. Far more people sang it than responded to its message: only nineteen thousand men volunteered. As a result, the North was forced to resort to its first forced draft, in March, 1863. This widely unpopular action led to demonstrations and riots in many cities. In New York a mob, knowing of Gibbons' activities, ransacked his house, destroying papers, books, and documents, and daubing the interior with tar to show what they thought of his championing of the blacks. His wife and daughter were off nursing in army hospitals, and Gibbons himself escaped possible physical harm by mingling with the mob and evading detection.

We are coming, Father Abra'am, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore;
We leave our plows and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before—
We are coming, Father Abra'am—three hundred thousand more!

Chorus
We are coming,we are coming, our Union to restore;
We are coming, Father Abra'am, with three hundred thousand more,
We are coming, Father Abra'am, with three hundred thousand more.

If you look across the hilltops that meet the northern sky,
Long,moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour—
We are coming, Father Abra'am—three hundred thousand more!
(Chorus)

If you look all up our valleys, where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;
And children from their mother's knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door—
We are coming, Father Abra'am—three hundred thousand more!
(Chorus)

You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom's sake, our brothers' bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage group, to wrench the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade;
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before—
We are coming, Father Abra'am—three hundred thousand more!
(Chorus)

Track 4
Mother, Is the Battle Over?

The apparent first edition of this song, published by Blackmar & Brother in Augusta in 1862 or 1863, notes that it was composed by Benedict Roefs. Several other editions, published in Columbia, South Carolina, and Richmond, attribute words and music to Joseph Hart Denck of Columbia. Denck was a prodigy who never fulfilled his early promise. During the war years he wrote “Keep Me Awake, Mother” to a text by Mrs. M.W. Stratton, also of Columbia, a “reply song” to John Hill Hewitt’s popular “Rock Me to Sleep, Mother”; and a “Magnolia Polka” for piano. But little was heard of him after the war.

Even less is known of Roefs—except that he (or Denck) must have loved Italian opera. This song begins with dramatically declaimed text against an arpeggiated accompaniment, continues with dramatic recitative on the words “Is my Father coming? tell me, Has our army gain’d the day?,” and moves to an arioso-like treatment of the text beginning with “Is he well, or is he wounded?,” and would not be out of place as a small *scena* in an opera by Donizetti or one of his contemporaries. Even the details are right—the dramatic punctuation of the text with chromatic chords, the pause on a note just before the final chord. Music in the style of Italian opera in the context of the American Civil War? Once one knows what to listen for, there are many examples.

Mother, is the battle over?
Thousands have been kill’d, they say,
Is my Father coming? tell me,
Has our army gain’d the day?
Is he well, or is he wounded?
Mother, do you think he’s slain?
If you know, I pray you, tell me,
Will my father come again?

Mother, dear, you’re always sighing,
Since you last the paper read,
Tell me why you now are crying,
Why that cap is on your head.
Ah! I see you cannot tell me,
Father’s one among the slain;
Altho’ he lov’d us very dearly,
He will never come again!

Track 5
Tenting on the Old Camp Ground

Early in the war, a group of villagers from Merrimack, New Hampshire, traveled to Concord to enlist in the Union army. Among them was Walter Kittredge, who gave his birth date as October 8, 1832, and his occupation as “concert ballad singer.” Rejected by the recruiters for “feebleness of constitution,” he nevertheless contributed to the war effort by singing at army camps.

A favorite with the troops was “Tenting on the Old Camp Ground,” which Kittredge wrote in 1862. It had been rejected by at least one publisher in Boston, but the young musician persuaded the Hutchinson Family to sing it on their programs. The Hutchinsons were giving a series of torchlight rallies at High Rock, Massachusetts; thousands of people

came every night, and the new song was an immediate favorite. The Oliver Ditson Company of Boston soon published it, and it became one of the most successful sheet-music items of the time. Ten thousand copies sold in the first two months, a hundred thousand by the time the war was over, and the song's popularity continued until the end of the century, due in part to its association with reunions and encampments of the Grand Army of the Republic. Kittredge sang it as late as 1892 at an encampment of the GAR in Washington, D.C., and in 1896 royalties from the song were greater than in any previous year. Kittredge, who died in 1905, never wrote another song that approached the popularity of this early work.

Its musical means are straightforward and simple, like many of the best songs of Stephen Foster, and its chorus after each stanza makes it excellent for group singing.

We're tenting tonight 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 tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease,
Many are the hearts looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,
Tenting on the old Camp ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old Camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by.
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said,"Good bye!"
(Chorus)

We are tired of war on the old Camp ground,
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who've left their homes,
Others been wounded long.
(Chorus)

We've been fighting today on the old Camp ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead and some are dying,
Many are in tears.
(Chorus)

Dying tonight, dying tonight,
Dying on the old Camp ground.

Track 6
The Drummer Boy of Shiloh

More than 100,000 members of the opposing armies were under sixteen, and some were as young as thirteen. The youngest boys often enlisted as drummers; their duties were to drum for drills, parades, and marches and to give various signals once a battle was in progress. A “long roll” was a signal to assemble for action, and sometimes they would “beat the rally” to instruct troops scattered in battle to reform around the colors, near the drummer. In the confusion, excitement, and panic of battle they would often put aside their drums, take up the arms of a fallen comrade, and become part of the fighting. And they were often killed. The death of any man was horrible, but even seasoned veterans were shaken and sickened by the sight of maimed and slaughtered children lying on a battlefield. Poets and songwriters commented on this aspect of the war, as they did on so many of the dramatic and horrible facets of the conflict; and if their poems and songs strike us today as maudlin and sentimental, we should at least be thankful that the conditions that prompted them are no longer part of our life—at least in the United States.

William Shakespear Hays, a Kentuckian who turned out more than three hundred songs, wrote the first successful portrait, published in Louisville in 1862, of a dying drummer boy. The style is eclectic, with echoes of Irish melody and Italian opera giving the song a flavor that by now was characteristically American—and appropriately poignant for the sad tale of the wounded boy who “prayed before he died.” Later editions, published by Blackmar & Brother in Augusta, Georgia, gave the music “as sung by the First Tennessee concert troupe, arranged for the piano forte by E. Clarke Isley. ”The song’s success caused a flood of similar pieces, including “Little Major” by Henry Clay Work,“The Drummer Boy of Antietam” by Albert Fleming, and “If I Sleep,Will Mother Come?,” the mournful saga of the drummer boy of the 1st Minnesota Regiment.

Hays was a border Unionist with no strong loyalties to either North or South, able to have his songs published by both sides. Many of them are somewhat pro-South: the subject of “The Old Sergeant” rallies Southern troops around his colors, turning defeat into victory before he is killed; “The Unhappy Contraband” is about an escaped slave who wishes he was back in Louisiana (“I’se a-libin’ in de Norf among de strangers, / An’ dey ain’t agwine to gib me work to do”...).Yet he supported and voted for George B. McClellan in the 1864 election, and wrote a campaign song for him (“The North and South have acted wrong, / And they will wrong remain, / Till honest old-line Democrats / Will make them right again....Let Abolition find its graves, / Secession sleep beside— / And give our ‘Little Mac’ the helm”).

On Shiloh’s dark and bloody ground,
The dead and wounded lay;
Amongst them was a drummer boy,
Who beat the drum that day.
A wounded soldier held him up—
His drum was by his side;
He clasp’d his hands, then rais’d his eyes,
And prayed before he died.

“Oh, mother,” said the dying boy,
“Look down from heaven on me,
Receive me to thy fond embrace—
Oh, take me home to thee.
I’ve loved my country as my God;

To serve them both I've tried,"
He smiled, shook hands—death seized the boy
Who prayed before he died.

Each soldier wept, then, like a child,
Stout hearts were they, and brave;
The flag his winding-sheet—God's Book
The key unto his grave.
They wrote upon a simple board
These words:"This is a guide
To those who'd mourn the drummer boy
Who prayed before he died."

Ye angels 'round the Throne of Grace,
Look down upon the braves,
Who fought and died on Shiloh's plain,
Now slumb'ring in their graves!
How many hearts made desolate—
How many hearts have sighed—
How many, like that drummer boy,
Who prayed before they died!

Track 7
Beauregard's Retreat from Shiloh

The Battle of Shiloh took place when the Confederate army under General Albert Sidney Johnston attempted to prevent the North from occupying western Kentucky and seizing control of the Mississippi River, a vital communications line. In the early spring of 1862, General Ulysses S. Grant, moving up the Tennessee River with forty-five thousand Union troops to link up with General Don Carlos Buell and his twenty-five thousand men coming down from Nashville, camped around Shiloh Church, a country meeting house no more than twenty miles from the Confederate army camped at Corinth, Mississippi. Johnston decided on a surprise attack before the two enemy forces linked up, and early on the morning of April 6 the Southerners struck, routing much of the Northern army. At first it seemed to be an overwhelming victory for the Rebels; but Grant finally succeeded in improvising a defense line, and Southern morale suffered when the popular General Johnston was mortally wounded. General Pierre G.T. Beauregard took command of the Confederate force. During the night, Buell arrived after a forced march with his men, and the second day was a reversal of the first, with the North recapturing all ground lost in the initial attack and forcing the enemy to withdraw to Corinth. The South had failed in its objective; the North had gained a morale-raising victory to offset defeats in Virginia and had found a winning general in Grant.

Casualties were high, some thirteen thousand for the North and ten thousand for the South. Most of the men on both sides were in their first major battle; one observer called it "a fight between mobs of armed boys." Even in this most horrible of wars, Shiloh stands out as a nightmare. Most of the wounded lay all night on the battlefield unattended, drenched by a cold rain, crying for help or death. At the end of the second day, the Confederate wounded were hauled twenty miles over rough roads in wagons without springs to inadequate medical care in Corinth. A Northern nurse, one of the first

to reach the wounded on the battlefield, wrote, “The foul air from this mass of human beings at first made me giddy and sick. When we give the men anything, we kneel in blood and water. ”There was slaughter and heroism and panic; when Union General William Nelson arrived with his men during the first day’s battle, he found “cowering under the river bank...from 7,000 to 10,000 men frantic with fright and demoralized.”

The anonymously composed (with “a running accompaniment by Skedaddles”) *Beauregard’s Retreat from Shiloh* mostly ignores these human aspects of the battle in favor of objective, if caustically humorous, narration of the chief military events. It is an interesting mixture of two nineteenth- century types of composition. As a battle piece, it continues a tradition dating back to the late eighteenth century. One of the most widely published piano pieces in America at the turn of the century and into the nineteenth was *The Battle of Prague* by the Czech-English composer Franz Kotzwara, who died in England in 1791. A descriptive, episodic work for piano, it features trumpet calls, patriotic airs, low bass rumbles in imitation of cannon fire, spirited passages for marching and attacking armies; each section bears a title or a description of what aspect of the battle is depicted in those measures. James Hewitt wrote a similar *Battle of Trenton* in 1797, and battle pieces continued to be written and played well into the nineteenth century. An unusual feature of *Beauregard’s Retreat* is that in addition to descriptive comments for each section there is a narrative to be recited while the music is being played. It is thus also a melodrama, the technical term for vocal recitation against music. Melodrama was sometimes used to good effect by nineteenth-century composers of art music (in Weber’s opera *Der Freischíütz* and Berlioz’ monodrama, *Lelio,* for example). And scattered throughout the nineteenth- century popular repertory are pieces for parlor recitation with piano accompaniment, which made it possible for people with training in dramatics or elocution, but no ability in music, to take part in home entertainment. Richard Strauss’s *Enoch Arden* is a survival of melodrama as late as the turn of the century.

(Beauregard’s March.) Beauregard marches from his entrenchments at Corinth. Beauregard expects to reach our lines in time to attack our Army on Saturday, April 5th, 1862. Beauregard’s men, however, are unused to marching. A severe rain storm, on the night of the 4th, drenches his troops in bivouac. Beauregard reaches the intersection of the roads from Pittsburgh—and Hamburg on Saturday evening.

(The Assembly.Word of Command! The Assembly call of the National Troops. To Arms! Drums! Response of the enemy in the distance.Drums!) (Prayer of the National Soldiers.) Previous to the fight, the National Troops offer up an Invocation to the God of Hosts for strength to defend the right, and scatter the enemies of the Union. *(Forward Skirmishers by the right flank.)*

(The Attack!) Beauregard drives in our pickets. Beauregard advances on the division of General Prentiss. The regiments of Prentiss’ division are taken prisoners. Beauregard falls on our advance lines. Our entire advanced lines, under Generals Sherman and McClernand, are driven in. Generals W. H. L. Wallace and Hurlburt gallantly defend the reserve line for nearly six hours. General Wallace is mortally wounded, and Beauregard’s forces occupy nearly all our camps. General Grant takes command. A. S. Johnston, the rebel commander, is killed. Beauregard comes within range of our gunboats. The *Tyler* and *Lexington* belch forth thunders with terrible effect while Colonel Webster places our guns in the best possible position for our protection. The National

troops perceive the advance guard of General Buell under General Nelson.The 6th Ohio cross the Tennessee and form in line of battle. Beauregard is told of the arrival of Generals Buell's and Lew Wallace's* divisions. Beauregard withdraws his forces for the night. During the night the fire from our gunboats compels Beauregard to fall back. Beauregard's forces are dispirited. Our brave troops sleep on their arms amid the cries and groans of the wounded. The morning dawns, Monday, April 7th. Beauregard is attacked by Generals Nelson and Lew Wallace. Beauregard has drawn back, and we have resumed the positions we occupied on Sunday morning. Beauregard in full retreat to Corinth. Our cavalry pursue the retreating columns of the enemy until night prevents further progress. Beauregard enters Corinth with his beaten troops.

(Recall of Cavalry.) At the sound of the Recall, our gallant Cavalry give up the pursuit of Beauregard's scattered forces. On nearing their former position at Shiloh, our Cavalry hear the Bands playing our National Melodies previous to the Tattoo. Tattoo in the distance. At Tattoo all lights and fires are extinguished and the men retire to their tents.

(Previous to retiring to their Tents, the troops sing Jefferson Davis' Requiem to the tune of the New Dixie.)

(The New Dixie.) Beauregard and Jeff Davis having "died in the last ditch" are carried down the stream until they reach the ford of a dark river, where they make the acquaintance of Old Charon, an ancient Ferryman, from whom they beg a cup of the waters of Lethe to enable them to drown the remembrance of their inordinate pride and ambition. Charon—acting under instructions —declines their request, but rows them gently over the Styx and conducts them to his majesty King Pluto in whose "Old Dominion" it is hoped they will ever "be let alone" and never be tormented by the presence of a Hessian, Lincolnite, or Yankee. At all events, this being the place farthest removed from unity, is the proper one for the establishment of a Kingdom in which the Yankees leave Jeff and Co. alone in their glory.

❋The author of *Ben-Hur*.

Note: The ability to recite poetry and dramatic texts effectively was a desirable social skill among educated people in mid-nineteenth century America. Young men and women often took instruction in elocution, learning proper diction, posture, and dramatic poses for various types of texts. Just as amateur singing reflected the styles of famous artists, so recitations given as part of home entertainment mirrored the styles of actors and orators of the time. By our standards, this style was stilted, unrealistic, often overly melodramatic.

Track 8
Jeff in Petticoats

Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, was obviously an unpopular figure in the North. Regarded as an almost comic character in the early days of the war, when few people took the Confederacy seriously, he became a symbol of the frustration and anger that grew in the North as one Union general after another failed to maneuver that tantalizingly short distance between Washington and Richmond. Many Northerners had grudging respect and even admiration for the Southern soldiers, particularly such leaders as Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, but these feelings never extended to Jeff Davis, during 11 *The author of *Ben-Hur.* or after the war. He was

the subject of satirical and often derisive poems and songs, such as Bernard Covert's "Jeff Davis' Dream," and the entire North seemed to chortle over the ignominious end to his career. While Lee was agonizing through the last days of the war, deciding that further resistance was foolish and then surrendering with such dignity and good sense that he earned the respect of even his most bitter enemies, Jeff Davis fled to the Deep South, taking with him at least some portion of the Confederate gold reserve. He was captured by Union cavalry near Irwinsville, Georgia, on May 10, 1865, reportedly disguised in his wife's dress and shawl. Whether the story was true or not was unimportant in the North: it was too good to be questioned. Within days, poems and songs commemorating the incident poured from the press. Among them were "Jeff Davis in Crinoline" by Charles and James E. Haynes, "A Confederate Transposed to a Petticoat" by E. L. Kurtz, and J.W. Turner's "The Sour Apple Tree; or Jeff Davis' Last Ditch" ("O, when our soldiers found him, / I'll bet he did look rich, /With petticoats around him / As he stood in his last ditch!"—a fair sample of the literary level of these effusions).

The song selected for this album, by George Cooper and Henry Tucker,was subtitled "A Song for the Times" and published by Wm. A. Pond & Co. of New York.

Jeff Davis was a hero bold, you've heard of him I know,
He tried to make himself a King where southern breezes blow;
But "Uncle Sam," He laid the youth across his mighty knee,
And spanked him well, and that's the end of brave old Jeffy D.

Chorus
Oh! Jeffy D! you "flow'r of chivalree,"
Oh royal Jeffy D!
Your Empire's but a tinclad skirt,
Oh, charming Jeffy D.

This Davis, he was always full of bluster and of brag
He swore, on all our Northern walls he'd plant his rebel rag;
But when to battle he did go, he said,"I'm not so green,
To dodge the bullets, I will wear my tinclad Crinoline."
(Chorus)

Now when he saw the game was up, he started for the woods,
His band-box hung upon his arm quite full of fancy goods:
Said Jeff,"They'll never take me now, I'm sure I'll not be seen.
They'd never think to look for me beneath my Crinoline."
(Chorus)

Jeff took with him, the people say, a mine of golden coin,
Which he from banks and other places, managed to purloin;
But while he ran, like every thief, he had to drop the spoons,
And may-be that's the reason, why he dropped his pantaloons!
(Chorus)

Our Union boys were on his track for many nights and days,
His palpitating heart it beat, enough to burst his stays,
O! what a dash he must have cut with form so tall and lean;
Just fancy now the "What is it," dressed up in Crinoline!

(Chorus)

The Ditch that Jeff was hunting for, he found was very near;
He tried to “shift” his base again, his neck felt rather queer;
Just on the out-”skirts” of a wood his dainty shape was seen,
His boots stuck out, and now they’ll hang old Jeff in Crinoline.
(Chorus)

Track 9
Weeping, Sad and Lonely; or, When
This Cruel War Is Over

The enormous success of this “tearjerker” puzzled critics, one of whom admitted his inability to come to terms with it:

> There is nothing in this sentimental song that enables one to read the riddle of its remarkable popularity during the Civil War. It has no poetic merit; its rhythm is commonplace, and the tune to which it was sung was of the flimsiest musical structure, without even a trick of melody to commend it. The thing was heard in every camp every day many times every day. Men chanted it on the march, and women sang it to piano accompaniment in all houses. A song which so strongly appealed to two great armies and to an entire people is worthy of a place in all collections of war poetry, even though criticism is baffled in an attempt to discover the reason of its popularity.

Popular it certainly was. Sales approached a million copies after its publication in 1863 by Sawyer & Thompson in Brooklyn. Its popularity was as great in the South, where it appeared in four different editions, as in the North. It was said that certain generals forbade their troops to sing it, because it was so destructive of morale. The editor of *Singing Soldiers* wrote, “If any single song may be said to have expressed the emotions of millions in the 1860s, it was *Weeping, Sad and Lonely.”*

Charles Carroll Sawyer (a native of Connecticut), who wrote the words, was more concerned with emotions generated by the war than with any political or military aspects of it. “He touched the hearts of all, regardless of loyalty,” commented a contemporary; the cover of this song bears the dedication “Inscribed to Sorrowing Hearts at Home. ”The mere titles of some of Sawyer’s other successful songs give the flavor of his creations: “Who Will Care for Mother Now?,” “Mother Would Comfort Me,” “I Dreamed My Boy Was Home Again.” As though to alleviate the black mood created by his greatest hit, Sawyer wrote his own “reply song,” “Coming Home; or, The Cruel War Is Over.”

Henry Tucker’s music would seem singularly inappropriate for such a gloomy text: it is in major throughout, remarkably simple and straightforward in harmony and melodic structure. But somehow it fits the words perfectly, and once text and music have been heard together, the music heard alone creates the same sentiments as when the words are sung to it. Critics will probably always be baffled in attempts to analyze the success of a song like this, which uses precisely the same musical materials as countless songs that have failed to reach the hearts of listeners.

Tucker’s other war songs mostly deal also with Mother and Home:“I Know My Mother’s

Hand" and "Dear Mother, I've Come Home to Die" are among them. He and Sawyer combined their talents to produce one of the most popular postwar hits, "Sweet Genevieve."

Dearest love, do you remember
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh, how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vow'd to me and country,
Ever to be true.

Chorus
Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears, how vain.
When this cruel war is over,
Praying! that we meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing,
Mournfully, along!
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely,wounded, even dying;
Calling. but in vain.
(Chorus)

If amid the din of battle,
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call,
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain.
(Chorus)

But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way,
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love our starry banner,
Emblem of the free.
(Chorus)

Track 10

I'm a Good Old Rebel

Many Southerners refused to be "reconstructed." Some went west after the war, a few went abroad, and many of those who stayed in the South nursed a deep hatred for the North for the remainder of their lives while outwardly conforming to the realities of postwar life. These intense feelings brought about a political climate that unified the South against the Republican party for almost a century. Rarely has hatred been so directly and convincingly expressed as in these lyrics.

A number of mysteries surround the present song. A*merican War Songs* claims that it was entered for copyright by A. C. Blackmar in Louisiana in 1864, yet the words were clearly written after the war. The earliest edition gives "J.R.T." as the author, yet most historians of song agree that the tune was known as "Joe Bowers" and was by R. Bishop Buckley of Buckley's Minstrels, the text by either Adelbert Volck or Major Innes Randolph, a "cultivated Southerner of letters. "This edition (used for the present recording) appears to have been published in New Orleans in 1866 and bears an ironic dedication to "the Honorable Thad. Stevens." The first musical phrase differs from the version printed in such anthologies as *Songs of the Civil War* and *Singing Soldiers,* though the remainder of the music is almost identical.

It may well be that most of these allegations are true, that the many contradictions in this story can be resolved. The tune may have been known in oral tradition before the Civil War: many of its melodic turns, and its use of a "gapped" or incomplete scale (the fourth note is absent, and the seventh is barely touched on), are characteristic of much Scotch-Irish traditional music. Buckley may have appropriated the tune, perhaps polishing it to make it conform more nearly to the tastes of minstrel-show audiences; a certain number of minstrel songs, including "Old Dan Tucker" and "De Boatman's Dance," show similar evidence of having been adapted from oral tradition tunes. Volck, or Innes, or both may have fitted a new topical text to a tune they knew either from folk tradition or the minstrel repertory. This text was probably too extreme to be widely circulated in a printed version, even in the postwar South, and its chief popularity was as a song passed on by ear through several generations. It seems not to have appeared in print between the one edition in 1866 and the several versions taken down from oral tradition in the middle of the present century, and the differences between the nineteenth- and twentieth-century versions are not unusual for a song that has bounced back and forth between written and oral versions. On this album it is sung in an unaccompanied version.

Whatever the case, the song in all its versions is yet another demonstration of the intensity of feeling aroused by the war.

O I'm a good old Rebel,
Now that's just what I am,
For this "Fair Land of Freedom"
I do not care AT ALL;
I'm glad I fit against it,
I only wish we'd won,
And I don't want no pardon
For anything I done.

I hates the Constitution,
This great Republic, too,

I hates the Freedman's Buro,
In uniforms of blue;
I hates the nasty Eagle,
With all his braggs and fuss,
The lyin', thievin'Yankees,
I hates 'em wuss and wuss.

I hates the Yankee nation
And everything they do,
I hates the Declaration
Of Independence, too;
I hates the glorious Union—
'Tis dripping with our blood—
I hates their striped banner,
I fit it all I could.

I followed old mas' Robert
For four year near about,
Got wounded in three places
And starved at Pint Lookout.
I cotch the roomatism
A campin' in the snow,
But I killed a chance o'Yankees,
I'd like to kill some mo'.

Three hundred thousand Yankees
Is still in Southern dust;
We got three hundred thousand
Before they conquered us;
They died of Southern fever
And Southern steel and shot,
I wish they was three million
Instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket
And fight 'em now no more,
But I ain't going to love 'em,
Now that is sarten sure;
And I don't want no pardon
For what I was and am,
I won't be reconstructed
And I don't care a dam.

Track 11
When Johnny Comes Marching Home

The earliest known edition of this song, brought out in 1863 in Boston by Henry Tolman & Co., attributes it to "Louis Lambert" and adds that it was introduced by Gilmore's band in the "Soldier's Return March." The dedication is to the "Army and Navy of the Union."

“Louis Lambert” was a pseudonym for Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, the most famous bandmaster of the war. Born in Ballygar, County Galway, Ireland, he came with his family to Boston in the 1840s, one of thousands of Irish fleeing the Famine. Director of the 24th Massachusetts Band from 1861 to 1863, he was then put in charge of all bands in the Department of the Gulf and was stationed in New Orleans for the remainder of the war. In 1864 he assembled gigantic instrumental and vocal forces for a mammoth concert on the occasion of the inauguration of Governor Hahn; this event was a forerunner of the Peace Jubilee Celebration he organized in Boston in 1869.

Gilmore composed only rarely, and there has long been question whether he “composed” this song or adapted it from some tune he knew. Resemblances have been noted to the Irish antiwar ballad “Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye,” but there is no evidence that the latter dates from before the Civil War. Another similar tune,“Johnny, Fill Up the Bowl,” is almost certainly a parody of the present song; Gilmore himself 14 was evasive about the origin of the tune, saying on one occasion that he learned it from a black singer, but this remark must be more Irish humor than historical fact, since everyone who has ever written about “Johnny” agrees that in rhythm and melody it is characteristically Irish. *Heart Songs* gives an alternate text, “There Were Three Crows,” with the refrain “O Billy McGee, McGaw,” which has an authentic folk flavor and could well be an oral-tradition song from which “Johnny”was derived.

Whatever its origin, the song achieved immediate popularity, and its robust, rollicking nature and its minor (or modal) tonality make it quite a relief from the more “refined” songs favored by wives and mothers back home in their parlors. Its popularity has proved to be lasting. It was widely sung during the Spanish-American War, revived on numerous occasions during the twentieth century, published in countless arrangements for chorus, and used by the American composer Roy Harris for his orchestral *Overture: When Johnny Comes Marching Home* (1934).

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 peal with joy, Hurrah, hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy, Hurrah, hurrah!
The village lads and lassies 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.

Track 12
We Are Coming from the Cotton Fields

On July 17, 1862—half a year before the Emancipation Proclamation—the Congress of the United States passed the Confiscation Act, freeing all escaped slaves and further stating "that the President of the United States is authorized to employ as many persons of African descent as he may deem necessary and proper for the suppression of the rebellion, and for this purpose he may organize and use them in such manner as he may judge best for the public welfare." This cleared the way for the recruitment of former slaves into the Union army; some 185,000 blacks enlisted. Many fought in skirmishes and such major battles as Port Hudson and the Crater. There were some seventy thousand casualties among them, including almost thirty thousand killed; the last soldier shot in the war was black, a Sergeant Crockett.

Like every other event of this period, the use of black soldiers was commented on in song. Stephen Foster wrote one of the first of these, to words by George Cooper:

> Old Uncle Abram wants us and we're coming right along
> I tell you what it is, we're gwine to muster mighty strong.
> Then fare you well,my honey dear! now don't be afraid.
> I'se bound to be a soldier in de Colored Brigade!

In dialect and mode of expression, these songs are direct descendants of the minstrel show; only the subject matter is different. J. C. Wallace, the composer of "We Are Coming from the Cotton Fields," made a musical setting that, with its syncopations, melodic features like the prominent leap of a sixth, and characteristic cadence patterns, would itself be very much at home in a minstrel show.

We are coming from the cotton fields, we're coming from afar;
We have left the plow, the hoe and ax and we are going to the war;
We have left the old plantation seat, the sugar and the cane,
Where we work'd and toil'd with weary feet, in sun and wind and rain.

Chorus
Then come along my boys, Oh, come, come along,
Then come along my brothers, Oh, come, come along.
We are coming from the cotton fields,
We're coming from afar;
We have left the plow, the hoe and ax,
And we are going to the war.

We have digg'd our last pertater here in old Carliner State,
And we'll leave these sandy diggins now for the true Confederate;

We have left the frogs within the slough to sing alone and hop
In the swamplands and the meadows where we reap'd old Massa's crop.
(Chorus)

We will leave our chains behind us, boys, the prison, and the rack;
And we'll hide beneath a soldier's coat, the scars upon our backs;
And we'll teach the world a lesson soon, if taken by the hand,
How the night shall come before 'tis noon, upon old Pharaoh's land.
(Chorus)

By the heavy chains that bound our hands thro' centuries of wrong,
We have learn'd the hard bought lesson well, how to suffer and be strong;
And we only ask the power to show, what Freedom does for man;
And we'll give a sign to friend and foe, as none beside us can.
(Chorus)

ERA OF THE CIVIL WAR, 1859-1865

1859 October 16-18. John Brown's raid on Harpers Ferry,Virginia, an attempt to seize arms from the government arsenal and stir up slave revolt. Brown executed for treason against Virginia, December 2, 1859.

1860 November 6. Election of Republican candidate Abraham Lincoln to presidency led to increasing advocacy of secession in the South.

1860 December 20. South Carolina Convention unanimously passed ordinance of secession from the Union, the first of eleven southern states to do so.

1861 February 8.Convention of Confederate States, held at Montgomery,Alabama, elected Jefferson Davis president, set up provisional government and constitution.

1861 April 12. Confederate bombardment of Fort Sumter, South Carolina, began Civil War.

1861 July 21. Confederate General Thomas J. ("Stonewall") Jackson's courageous stand led to Union defeat at First Battle of Bull Run (Manassas Junction,Virginia), ending immediate threat of Northern attack on Richmond, the Confederate capital.

1862 April 6-7. Union General Ulysses S. Grant repulsed Confederate attack at the Battle of Shiloh.

1862 June 1. Robert E. Lee appointed Commander of Army of Northern Virginia.

1862 September 17. Battle of Antietam, bloodiest battle of war, fought at Sharpsburg, Maryland, resulted in Lee's retreat to Virginia.

1863 January 1. President Lincoln issued Emancipation Proclamation, freeing all slaves in areas in rebellion against the United States.

1863 June 27-July 4. Gettysburg Campaign. Lee's invasion of the North failed.This was the war's turning point.

1863 July 4. After six-week siege and bombardment, Grant captured Vicksburg, Mississippi, splitting
Confederacy in half.

1864 May 12. Grant unsuccessfully pitted his forces against Lee in Battle of Spotsylvania Court House,Virginia, suffering overwhelming losses.

1864 November 14-December 22. General William T. Sherman's March to the Sea, from Atlanta to Savannah, devastated Georgia.

1865 March 20. Confederate Congress approved arming of slaves to fight against North.

1865 April 9. Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox Courthouse,Virginia.

1865 April 15. Abraham Lincoln assassinated by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's Theatre,Washington,D.C.
1865 May 10. Jefferson Davis captured by Union forces in Georgia.
1865 May 26. Confederate General Kirby Smith's surrender at New Orleans marked war's end.

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SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

The Civil War Through Its Ballads and Songs. Phonodisc, Heirloom HL-503.
Johnny Reb & Billy Yank Sing Songs of the War Between the States. Golden GLP-50.
Who Shall Rule This American Nation? Songs of the Civil War Era by Henry Clay Work. Nonesuch H-71317.

Tony Randall is equally famed for his incisive and acerbic interpretations on the Broadway stage, in Hollywood motion pictures, and on national television. He is perhaps best known as the co-star of the television version of Neil Simon's comedy *The Odd Couple.* Mr. Randall is an ardent and eloquent opera buff, and is often a lively participant on the intermission features of the Metropolitan Opera Saturday afternoon broadcasts. He recorded the Edith Sitwell/William Walton "entertainment," *Facade,* under the baton of Arthur Fiedler (released in 1976 by Columbia Records); earlier that year he performed the work on NET with Fiedler and the Boston Pops.

John Aler is first prize-winner of the National Arts Club Competition and of the International Contest for Singers in Vigna del Mar, Chile. He has appeared with the Baltimore, San Francisco, and Washington Opera companies and with several major orchestras, including the Boston Symphony.

Alan Baker has sung with major American orchestras, opera companies, and choral ensembles. He has also appeared with the New York City Opera.Mr. Baker has recorded for Decca,Vanguard, and Westminster.

Bonnie Hamilon attended Florida State University and then joined the American Opera Center at The Juilliard School. She joined the Metropolitan Opera Studio, where she sang Belinda in the Forum's production of *Dido and Aeneas* and the Strawberry Girl in the American premiere of Britten's *Death in Venice.*

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1 I WISH I WAS IN DIXIE'S LAND
(Dan D. Emmett) 2:58
Alan Baker, baritone,The Harmoneion Singers, and Lawrence Skrobacs, piano

2 ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TONIGHT
(John Hill Hewitt) 5:30
John Aler, tenor, Lawrence Skrobacs, piano

3 WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRA'AM
(Luther O. Emerson) 4:13
Alan Baker, baritone,The Harmoneion Singers, and Lawrence Skrobacs, piano

4 MOTHER, IS THE BATTLE OVER?
(attrib. Benedict Roefs) 3:14
Bonnie Hamilton, soprano, Lawrence Skrobacs, piano

5 TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND
(Walter Kittredge) 4:54
Alan Baker, baritone,The Harmoneion Singers, and Lawrence Skrobacs, piano

6 THE DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH
(William Shakespear Hays) 7:41
John Aler, tenor, Lawrence Skrobacs, piano

7 BEAUREGARD'S RETREAT FROM SHILOH
(Anon.) 7:12
Tony Randall, narrator,The Harmoneion Singers, and Lawrence Shrobacs, piano

8 JEFF IN PETTICOATS
(Henry Tucker) 4:00
John Aler, tenor,The Harmoneion Singers, and Lawrence Skrobacs, piano
9 WEEPING, SAD AND LONELY
(Henry Tucker) 5:29
Bonnie Hamilton, soprano,The Harmoneion Singers, and Lawrence Skrobacs, piano

10 I'M A GOOD OLD REBEL
(attrib. R. Bishop Buckley) 1:53
Alan Baker, baritone

11 WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME
(Louis Lambert, pseud. of Patrick S. Gilmore) 1:57
Bonnie Hamilton, soprano,The Harmoneion Singers, and Lawrence Skrobacs, piano

12 WE ARE COMING FROM THE COTTON FIELDS
(J. C.Wallace) 4:11
Alan Baker, baritone,The Harmoneion Singers, and Lawrence Skrobacs, piano

With the exception of "Beauregard's Retreat from Shiloh," performing editions, in facsimile, of all the music in
this album may be found in Richard Crawford's *The Civil War Songbook: Complete Original Sheet Music for 37 Songs* (Dover Press, 1970).

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