



SONGS

from the Civil War

In previous periods of United States history, whenever our country was in a military conflict, the attention of the civilian public was fully captivated by the events that required the sweat and blood of its youth. If this were not enough, civilians often had to make sacrifices that imposed on their standards of living.

One way that the Civil War permeated everyday life was through entertainment—more specifically, music. This was because by the mid-nineteenth century, any family who had aspirations of moving up the social ladder had a piano. Further, with fewer forms of entertainment available to people, families engaged in home-based entertainment, which included playing and singing music more than merely listening to it, as we do today. Consequently, it was much more common for a family in the 1800s to have at least one family member who played some sort of instrument. Added to this mix were much more lenient copyright laws that enabled multiple sheet music publishing houses to produce the same song as long as they printed their own versions of illustrations. Consequently, some tunes “went viral” nearly as quickly as any modern song does today through the Internet.

On these pages appear selections from *The Coronet*, a book of music and singing instruction published in the year after the end of the Civil War, now in the collection of the Mary Ambler Archives at Lindenwood University. Included are patriotic songs extolling the achievements of Union generals, celebrating Union victories, and mourning the death of the martyred President Abraham Lincoln. These songs tell another story of Northerners’ views of the war and its impact on the lives of individuals who made it what historian Drew Gilpin Faust called “This republic of suffering.”

—Paul Huffman

The Coronet.

BY
GEO. F. ROOT.

CHICAGO.

PUBLISHED BY ROOT & CADY, No. 67 WASHINGTON STREET.

Music books such as *The Coronet*, published immediately following the Civil War, reflected much about people's views of the war. *The Coronet* was published in Chicago and reflects the pro-Union sympathies of the original owner; today, it is in the collections of Lindenwood University. (Image: Mary Ambler Archives, Lindenwood University)



174 *Andante.* U-LYSSES GRANT. Words by G. W. Bledsso, Esq.

Alto.
1. Give us your hand, Gen'-ral Grant— You're a man! You were not the cow-ard to say "I can't," Nor the

Tenor.
2. Hon-er to you, Gen'-ral Grant! You have made The hearts of the na-tion with joy to pant, That were

boast-er to say "I can't," But you went to your work with a will, and won, To prove that the thing could be done. O

ly-ing so cold in shade.— And they bless you for-er for what you've done, For glo-ri-ous vic-tories won— And

U-LYSSES GRANT.—Concluded. 175

When it gave us a man like U-lysses Grant; When it gave us a man like you.

pray that fito may grant a few More such brave fighting men as U-lysses Grant, More such brave fighting men as you.

Ulysses Grant (1822-1885) became a war hero after the fall of Vicksburg and his victories in the eastern theater later in the war, fame that catapulted him to win the Republican nomination and election as President in 1868. When the commander at Fort Donelson asked Grant for terms of surrender, Grant replied that, "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted," earning him the nickname "Unconditional Surrender Grant." This portrait of Grant is from *The Most Complete and Authentic History of the Life and Public Services of General U.S. Grant, "The Napoleon of America,"* by Colonel Herman Dieck. (Image: Mary Ambler Archives, Lindenwood University)

DARE TO BE RIGHT.

Air. 1st time. 2d time.

1. Dare to be right!..... dare to be true! O you have a work that no other can do; Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well, (omit)..... Angels will hasten the sto-ry to tell.

Alto.

Tenor.

2. Dare to be right!..... dare to be true! The failings of others can never save you; Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith, (omit)..... Stand like a he-ro and battle till death.

Bass.



"Siege of Vicksburg—13, 15, & 17 Corps, Commanded by Gen. U.S. Grant, (Assisted by the Navy Under Admiral Porter—Surrender, July 4, 1863," 1888. (Image: Prints and Photographs Division, Library of Congress)

78 *Allegretto* **VICKSBURG. — Song and Chorus.** *Words G. Hays.*

1. All hon - or and fame to the gal - lant and brave, Who have faced the rebel host of their fate—
 2. That he, now be-gone! with the out - rage of war, Grown let - ter and pre - ce - dent with sin;
 3. Being out the ques - tion for and for the big game, The rebel are our pri - mes at the bay;
 4. Yes, Vicksburg is ours!... O, Gl - ri - ous Hurray! Won't all these loud talk - ers feel gay!
 5. His great C. S. A. is now over - er - and in vain, And look of them short - ly mean de -

Flourish the old ban - ner, (round let it wave) With the sun shin - ing bright on its folds.
 For - ever in val - ley there - by each star From the roof of op - pres - sion and crime
 Co - lon - li - ev's by - al and true - hearted man Here has - ord' this coun - try's Birth - Day
 And the great - est con - stit - ution the world ev - er saw! Oh! Jee - will feel that led to - day!
 But he'll not for - get, in the end of his days, That we - der - ful Fourth of Ju - ly!

VICKSBURG. — Continued.

CHORUS

Hur - rah! boys, Hur - rah! shout glo - ry, and sing, For the trait - tors in
 Hur - rah! boys, Hur - rah! shout glo - ry, and sing, For the trait - tors look sad - ly for - sak - en,
 Hur - rah! boys, Hur - rah! shout glo - ry, and sing, For the trait - tors look sad - ly for - sak - en,
 Hur - rah! boys, Hur - rah! shout glo - ry, and sing, For the trait - tors look sad - ly for - sak - en,

Our glo - ri - ous old En - gle is yet on the wing, And Vicksburg is in - ken, boys, in - ken.
 Our glo - ri - ous old En - gle is yet on the wing, And Vicksburg is in - ken, boys, in - ken.
 Our glo - ri - ous old En - gle is yet on the wing, And Vicksburg is in - ken, boys, in - ken.

Vicksburg's surrender to Grant on July 4, 1863, opened the lower Mississippi River to the Union and isolated the western part of the Confederacy from Richmond. As the chorus here states, "the traitors look sadly forsaken." (Image: Mary Ambler Archives, Lindenwood University)



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THE PRESIDENT'S GRAVE.

Words by EDWIN S. HARRIS. ©1865 This Song is published by sheet form. Made by L. W. MULLER.

1. Be at hand! there com-eth an eagle with wings spread, The wall of a nation in grief for the dead; Tho'
 2. A deep bond-ing sin-ner comes o-ver the heart, A woe like the sun-set, when sun-sets de-part, A
 3. Be at hand! our Fa-ther hath laid him to rest, A ho-ly of-fice hath yield-ed his rest, A

strong and the slight-y, from glo-ry and light, Hath wand'rd in his bright-ness and left us in night, Tho'
 quak-ing at our guid-ance, un-der his hand and still, As tall-est the re-qui-em o'er val-ley and hill, Tho'
 states-man hath fall-en his coun-sels are o'er, His firm-ness and wis-dom shall guide us no more; Let

THE PRESIDENT'S GRAVE.—Continued.

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weep-ing-ly wail, And the wild winds are hush'd round the Pres-i-dent's grave, And the
 see that you bright o'er the tree and the leaves Not to rest in gloom o'er the Pres-i-dent's grave, Now is
 sin-ner born fresh and the bus-ness all o'er, While we mid-gle our tears o'er the Pres-i-dent's grave, While we
 wild winds are hush'd round the Pres-i-dent's grave, Trem' light-ly! speak soft-ly! o'er the Pres-i-dent's grave.
 not-thing is gloom o'er the Pres-i-dent's grave, Trem' light-ly! speak soft-ly! o'er the Pres-i-dent's grave.
 mid-gle our tears o'er the Pres-i-dent's grave, Trem' light-ly! speak soft-ly! o'er the Pres-i-dent's grave.

Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865) was the first President to be assassinated. His death and funeral created not only the image of Lincoln as national martyr, but also reflected Victorian views about death and mourning, as reflected in both this romanticized view of Lincoln's final moments, as well as this music. (Image top: State Historical Society of Missouri Photo Collection. Images below: Mary Ambler Archives, Lindenwood University)



Fall of Richmond, May 6, 1865, Harper's Weekly. (Image: Mary Ambler Archives, Lindenwood University)

164 **RICHMOND IS TAKEN!** Words by E. W. HICKS, Esq.

Allegretto

1. Yes, Rich-mond is tak-en, is tak-en, at last, And Treas-on has fled to the rear! The watch-ing and wait-ing and

2. Lo, ty-ran-ny trem-bles and tot-ters, and dies, While ju-bi-lant Lib-er-ty sings! And high o-ver all the re-

3. Yes, Rich-mond is tak-en, the trait-tors all flee To search out the caves of the earth, While still the old ban-ner, the

4. They wan-der a-broad with a blight on their brow, Pur-sued by the ter-rors of law, The migh-ty re-bel-lion is

CHORUS

weep-ing is past, And now the red morn-ing is here. Hur-rah! boys, hur-rah! the ban-ners are out! And the

deemed ea-gle flies, And proud-ly he stretch-es his wings! Hur-rah! boys, hur-rah! the ban-ners are out! And the

flag of the free, Floats o-ver the land of their birth. Hur-rah! boys, hur-rah! the ban-ners are out! And the

fin-ish-ed, and now The Un-ion for-ev-er, hur-rah!

RICHMOND IS TAKEN—Concluded.

can-non are fir-ing a-way! The voice of the na-tion goes up in a shout,

can-non are fir-ing a-way! The voice of the na-tion goes up in a shout, For Rich-mond is tak-en to day!

can-non are fir-ing a-way! The voice of the na-tion goes up in a shout, For Rich-mond is tak-en to day!

"ONLY A LITTLE CHILD." P. P. BASS.

Tenderly. "For whom is the bell tolling?" I asked a man at the church door. He replied "only a little child."

Air

1. "On-ly a lit-tle Child," Pause not here to weep; Scarce-ly on earth she smiled, Ere she fell a-sleep. Fall a-sleep.

2. "On-ly a lit-tle Child," God to us had giv-en; Pure and un-de-fled, On-ly fit for heav-en. Fit for heav-en.

3. "On-ly a lit-tle Child," That our love pos-sessed, That our cares be-guil-ed, That is now at rest, now at Yes.

4. "On-ly a lit-tle Child," Such as Jesus blessed, We were un-re-con-cil-ed, On-ly He thought best! He thought best.

When the Confederate government evacuated its capital, Richmond, Virginia, and Union forces took control of it on April 2, 1865, regaining control of the city was a symbol to many that the Civil War was nearly over, as this song suggests. (Image: Mary Ambler Archives, Lindenwood University)

Lyrics to the Songs

Want to hear the how these songs really sounded? All of these have been recorded by “Voices Only,” the a cappella singing group at Lindenwood University. You can hear them by going to our website and clicking on the “Hear the Music” icon at <http://www.lindenwood.edu/confluence>

The President’s Grave

Be Silent! There cometh on spirit wings sped,
The wail of a nation in grief for the dead;
The strong and the mighty, from glory and light,
Hath waned in his brightness and left us in the night;
The proud eagle banners all droopingly wave,
And the wild winds are hushed round the President’s grave,
And the wild winds are hushed round the President’s grave.
Tread lightly! Speak softly! Oer the President’s grave.

A deep brooding sorrow comes over the heart,
A moan like the tempest, when summers depart,
A gushing of anguish, unbroken and still,
As tolleth the requiem oer valley and hill;
The dun that rose bright oer the free and the brave
Now is setting in gloom oer the President’s grave,
Now is setting in gloom oer the President’s grave.
Tread lightly! Speak softly! Oer the President’s grave.

Be silent! Our Father hath laid him to rest,
A hero of battles hath yielded his crest,
A states man hath fallen his counsels are oer,
His firmness and wisdom shall guide us no more;
Let cannon boom forth and then banners all wave,
While we mingle our tears oer the President’s grave,
While we mingle our tears oer the President’s grave.
Tread lightly! Speak softly! Oer the President’s grave.

Richmond is Taken!

Yes, Richmond is taken, is taken, at last,
And Treason has fled to the rear!
The watching and waiting and weeping is past,
And now the red morning is here.

Chorus:
Hurrah! Boys, hurrah! The banners are out!
And The cannon are firing away!
The voice of the nation goes up in a shout,
For Richmond is taken to day!

Lo, tyranny trembles and totters, and dies,
While jubilant liberty sings!
And high over all the redeemed eagle flies,
And proudly he stretches his wings!

Yes, Richmond is taken the traitors all flee
To search out the caves of the earth,
While still the old banner, the flag of the free,
Floats over the land of their birth.

The wander abroad with a blight on their brow,
Pursued by the terrors of law,
The mighty rebellion is finished and now
The Union forever hurrah!

Vicksburg

All honor and fame to the gallant and brave,
Who have forced the rebs. Out of their holes
Fling out the old banner, boys, proud let it wave
With the sun shining bright on its folds

Chorus:
Hurrah! Boys, Hurrah! Shout glory and sing,
for the traitors look sadly forsaken;
Our glorious old Eagle is yet on the wing,
And Vicksburg is taken, boys, taken.

That flag, now begrim’d with the carnage of war,
Grows better and purer with time,
For Freedom is polishing slowly each star
From the rust of oppression and crime

Bring out the spar powder and fire the big guns,
The rebs are surprised at the way
Columbia’s loyal and true hearted sons
Have honor’d their country’s Birth Day

Yes, Vicksburg is ours! O, Glory! Hurrah!
Won’t all these head rebels feel gay!
And the greatest arch traitor the world ever saw
Old Jeff will feel tickled today!

His great C. S. A. is now severed in twain,
And both of them shortly must die
But he’ll no forget, to the end of his reign,
That wonderful Fourth of July!

U-lysses Grant

Give us your hand, Gen’ral Grant You’re a man!
You were not the coward to say “I can’t,”
Nor the boaster to say “I can;”
But you went to your work with a will, and won,
To prove that the thing could be done.
O fortune was most kind and true
When it gave us a man like Ulysses Grant;
When it gave us a man like you.

Honor to you, Gen’ral Grant! You have made
The hearts of the nation with joy to pant,
That were lying so cold in shade.
And they bless you forever for what you’ve done,
For glorious victories won
And pray that fate may grant a few
More such brave fighting men as Ulysses Grant,
More such brave fighting men as you.