

ARMY SONG

OF THE CHAUTAUGUA BOYS

By J. BYRON BROWN
OF CO. B, 154TH REGIMENT

(Tune Marching Along.)

A Song for our own, for our brave noble boys,
A greeting to those Chautauqua employs:
So come all ye Freemen and join in our song,
We'll shout o'er the hills while our voices are strong.

CHORUS.- Friends whom we love must leave them at home,
And rush on our Foemen to fix now their doom.
And save to the Nation fair Freedom's high dome,
Taht the clanking of chains may no longer be known.

We'll stand by each other and fight till we fall,
United in mind we'll strike terror to all:
And turn not like cowards our backs on the foe,
For the God of our battles shall guide as we go.

CHORUS.- Friends whom we love, etc.

We honor each Soldier, and should we return,
We hope in our bosons forever may burn
The fires of affection for comrades in war,
Who fight 'neath the stars that shall float evermore.

CHORUS.- Friends whom we love, etc.

Our deeds shall be known and the world made to feel
Our nation is mighty - no sceptre of steel:
Her throne is erected forever to stand,
Her Monarch the People to rule all the land.

CHORUS.- Friends whom we love we must leave them at home,
And rush on our Foemen to fix there their doom;
And save our Nation fair Freedom's high dome,
And the clanking of chains shall no longer be known.

September 18, 1862.

Courtesy of the Local History Collection
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OF THE CHAUTAUQUA BOYS.

By J. BYRON BROWN, of Co. B, 164TH REGIMENT.

(Tune *Marching Along.*)

A Song for our own, for our brave noble boys,
A greeting to those Chautauqua employs :
So come all ye Freemen and join in our song,
We'll shout o'er the hills while our voices are strong.

Chorus.— Friends whom we love we must leave them at home,
And rush on our Foemen to fix now their doom.
And save to the Nation fair Freedom's high dome,
That the clanking of chains may no longer be known.

We'll stand by each other and fight till we fall,
United in mind we'll strike terror to all :
And turn not like cowards our backs on the foe,
For the God of our battles shall guide us we go.

Chorus.— Friends whom we love, &c.

We honor each Soldier, and should we return,
We hope in our bosoms forever may burn
The fires of affection for comrades in war,
Who fight 'neath the stars that shall float evermore.

Chorus.— Friends whom we love, &c.

Our deeds shall be known and the world made to feel
Our nation is mighty—no sceptre of steel ;
Her throne is erected forever to stand,
Her Monarch the People to rule all the land.

Chorus.— Friends whom we love we must leave them at home.
And rush on our Foemen to fix there their doom ;
And save to our Nation fair Freedom's high dome
And the clanking of chains shall no longer be known.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1862.

Local History Reed Library

SVC Fredonia, N.Y. 14063

(Courtesy of Wm. A. Petersen)

Keep Choice Fruit.

Orchardists understood well of a fine apple, peach or pear, say of handling such fruit, not much to learn of modern with all its labor-saving must draw its refinements of careful art from more leisure. Some of the traditional ways fruit may be of use to those no fruit rooms. The best pack it in stone or earthen a layer of bran, dried in the sun, in the bottom of the jar. A perfect fruit should be either apple or pears, and not directly from the branch dry as possible. Put a layer the wide jar, handling very pour bran over to fill the jar cover all an inch, then more bran, shaking the jar softly to contents. Have the bran top, lay in a piece of bladder paper to keep the air out, and seal. Keep in a cool, dry place. Better than canning, and keeps better for dessert fruit. All imbruised apples can be pared and put once into apple butter, and canned for pies. I never saw apples at \$1 a barrel when pears are 30 cents a gallon and apples are 8 cents a pound. Orchardists need their canneries and fruit makers as regularly as dairy farmers have their creameries and dairies.—*Vick's Monthly.*

ACCIDENT AT WESLEY, N. Y.

...ing accident, and one which directly interested in can truly that the consequences, or reverse, happened at Wesley, Friday morning, May 24th. The circumstances of the affair we have gathered from hearsay, and may be true, as near as we can learn

... Park, a farmer and Commissioner of Wesley, had been clearing a part of his farm and using dynamites to elevate the pine stumps

ARMY SONG,

OF THE CATTARAUGUS BOYS.

BY J. BYRON FROWN, 1ST CO. B, 154TH REGIMENT.

(Tune Marching Along.)

A Song for our own, for our brave noble boys,
A greeting to those Cattaraugus emloys:
So come all ye Freemen and join in our song,
We'll shout o'er the hills while our voices are strong.

Chorus.— Friends whom we love we must leave them at home,
And rush on our Foemen to fix now their doom,
And save to the Nation fair Freedom's high dome,
That the clanking of chains may no longer be known.

We'll stand by each other and fight till we fall,
United in mind we'll strike terror to all;
And turn not like cowards our backs on the foe,
For the God of our battles shall guide as we go.

Chorus.— Friends whom we love, &c.

We honor each Soldier, and should we return,
We hope in our bosoms forever may burn
The fires of affection for comrades in war,
Who fight 'neath the stars that shall float evermore.

Chorus.— Friends whom we love, &c.

Our deeds shall be known and the world made to feel
Our nation is mighty—no sceptre of steel;
Her throne is erected forever to stand,
Her Monarch the People to rule all the land.

Chorus.— Friends whom we love we must leave them at home,
And rush on our Foemen to fix there their doom;
And save to our Nation fair Freedom's high dome
And the clanking of chains shall no longer be known.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1862.

...eye there was an explosion, similar to the explosion of Mine Run in the time of the war, blowing off two fingers and thumb of the left hand and filling the face and body of Mrs. Parks with minute pieces of the exploded cartridge. Dr. Howard of Dayton was summoned, who assisted by Mr. Henry Fuller dressed the wounds and removed from the face and body of Mrs.

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...s and few:

Army Song.

By J. Byron Brown, of Co. B. 154 Reg.

True - Marching Along

A Song for our own, for our brave noble boys,
A greeting to those whom Chautauqua employs;
So come all ye Freeman, and join in our song,
We'll shout o'er the hills while our voices are strong.

Chorus — " " " leave
Friends whom we love, we must, them at home,
And rush on our Foes now to fix now their down,
And save to the Nation fair Freedom's high dome,
That the clanking of chains may no longer be known.

" " " "
We'll stand by each other, and fight till we fall,
United in mind we'll strike terror to all,
And turn not like cowards our backs on the foe,
For the God of our battles shall guide as we go.

Chorus — " " " "
Friends whom we love &c.

We honor each soldier, and should we return,
We hope in our bosoms forever may burn;
The fires of affection for comrades in war,
Who fight neath the stars that shall float evermore
Chorus —

Friends whom we love &c. (to feel)
Our deeds shall be known, and the world made
Our nation is mighty — no sceptre of steel;
For ~~our~~ throne is erected forever to stand;
Our Monarch the People to rule all the land.
Chorus —

Friends whom we love, we must leave them at home,
And rustle on our fowen to fix there their doom;
And save to our nation fair freedom's high dome,
And the clanking of chains shall no longer be known
Sept. 18, 1863.

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