

THE BRAVE SOLDIER.

WRITTEN IN CAMP JAMES M. BROWN, BY ANDREW G. PARK, OF
Co. "B." 154TH, REGIMENT, N. Y. S. V.

Now my dear friends, I am ~~going~~ away
To fight for my country, how long shall I stay.
How long shall I stay? Why, I've no feelings of dread?
I'll stay till rebellion is crushed out and dead

And I will assure you, that it will not be long,
If our Generals are true, for our army is strong;
Our arms they are mighty, and able to save
This Union forever, and dig traitors a grave.

We have enlisted for a term of three years,
To go boldly forth to victory, with cheers;
To rush on the foeman, wherever they are,
To drive, take and slaughter, and give utter despair.

For 'tis true that no mercy by rebels is shown,
And now we will pay them in coin of their own.
It will not be in darkies, whom they call their slaves,
But in digging and filling the confederate graves.

When this is accomplished, and rebellion put down,
Then I will haste back to my friends and sweet home;
You'll hear the steps of a Soldier, in the yard or front door,
And a cheer for the Union and close of the war.

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