

A SONG OF THE HEROES
OF THE
BATTLE FIELD.



POETRY AND MUSIC

BY

JAMES G. CLARK

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

J. FRANCIS BOURNS, M.D.

OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.

*honored for his living patriotism and philanthropy,
this song is most ardently and respectfully dedicated by*

THE AUTHOR.

Philadelphia LEE & WALKER 722 Chestnut St.



SKETCH.

Few readers of the public journals will fail to remember that, after the battle of Gettysburg, a dead soldier was found on the field, clasping in his hand an ambrotype of his three little children. No other incident of the present fratricidal war is known to have so touched the heart of the nation. For months after the battle, the soldier's name, and the home of his family, were a mystery. The ambrotype found within his clasped hands was obtained by J. FRANCIS BOURNS, M.D., of Philadelphia, who had the picture photographed, in the hope that its circulation might lead to the discovery of the family, and the soldier's own recognition, and, at the same time, that the sales of the copies might result in a fund for the support and education of the little ones thus left fatherless. Publicity was also given to the incident in many newspapers throughout the country. From various quarters letters of affecting inquiry were soon received; but still the mystery of the soldier was unsolved. At length, in the month of November, a letter arrived with the intelligence that a soldier's wife at a little town on the Allegheny River, in Western New York, had seen the account of the picture in a religious paper, the *American Presbyterian*, of Philadelphia,—a single copy of which was taken in the place. She had sent her husband such a picture, and had not heard from him since the sanguinary struggle at Gettysburg. With trembling anxiety she awaited the reply and the coming of the picture. A copy of it came, and was the identical likeness of her own children, and told the painful story that she was a widow and her little ones were orphans. The unknown soldier was thus ascertained to be AMOS HUMISTON, late of Portville, Cattaraugus county, New York, sergeant in the 154th N.Y. Volunteers.

Rev. ISAAC G. OGDEN, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Portville, wrote respecting the deceased, that "he was a man of noble impulses, a quiet citizen, a kind neighbor, and devotedly attached to his family. When the rebellion first took the form of open war upon the country, he was anxious to enlist; but his duty to his family seemed then to be paramount to his duty to his country. But after the disastrous Peninsular campaign, when there was a call for

three hundred thousand more volunteers, and when he received assurance from responsible citizens that his family should be cared for during his absence, then, without the prospect of a large bounty, he enlisted as a private in the 154th N.Y. State Volunteers. He was with his regiment in the battle of Chancellorsville, and was promoted to the office of orderly sergeant. At Gettysburg he fought with great gallantry, and on its bloody field laid down his life for his country."

His children—FRANK, FREDERICK, and ALICE—are bright, active, and intelligent, and, with their widowed mother, are left a legacy to the country for which their patriot-father died. It was certainly a remarkable providence which made Sergeant HUMISTON's attachment to his children the means of his recognition, and likewise the means of awakening so lively an interest in his bereaved family, if not also in many families similarly stricken and cast upon the country.

The fine lithograph on the title-page is an accurate copy of the original picture which was found in the hands of the dead hero, and a correct likeness of his children. The following simple, sweet verses originally appeared in the religious paper referred to above, having received the premium awarded for a poem on the subject by the publisher. The music, as well as the song, is from the same gifted author.

COMMENDATION FROM THE REV. JOHN W. MEARS.


PHILADELPHIA, March 23, 1864.

In view of the very humane and worthy object contemplated in this publication, and in the hope that its wide circulation may stimulate patriotism and help to keep alive in the national heart a sense of our unspeakable indebtedness to the families who have been reduced to dependence by the heroic devotion and martyrdom of fathers, husbands, and sons, in the service of our common country, I cheerfully give my testimony to the correctness of the foregoing statement, and commend the "Children of the Battle-Field" to the patronage of the loyal people.

JOHN W. MEARS,

Editor of the *American Presbyterian*.

No. 1334 Chestnut Street.

 The net proceeds of the sales of this Music are reserved for the support and education of the Orphan Children.

OF THE BATTLE FIELD.

POETRY & MUSIC

BY J. G. CLARK.



AS SUNG BY THE AUTHOR, AT HIS BALLAD ENTERTAINMENTS.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Up - on the field of Gettys-burg The

summer sun was high, When freedom met her haughty foe, Beneath a northern sky; A

- mong the he- roes of the North, Who swelled her grand ar- ray, And rushed like moun- tain

eagles forth From happy homes a - way. There stood a man of humble fame, A

sire of children three, And gazed within a little frame, Their pictured form to

see. And blame him not, if in the strife, He breathed a soldier's prayer: O

FATHER, shield the soldier's wife, And for his children care, And for his chil-dren

care.

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Upon the field of Gettysburg
 When morning shone again,
 The crimson cloud of battle burst
 In streams of fiery rain;
 Our legions quelled the awful flood
 Of shot, and steel, and shell,
 While banners, marked with ball and blood,
 Around them rose and fell;
 And none more nobly won the name
 Of Champion of the Free,
 Than he who pressed the little frame
 That held his children three;
 And none were braver in the strife
 Than he who breathed the prayer:
 O! FATHER, shield the soldier's wife,
 And for his children care.

Upon the Field of Gettysburg
 The full moon slowly rose,
 She looked, and saw ten thousand brows
 All pale in death's repose,
 And down beside a silver stream,
 From other forms away,
 Calm as a warrior in a dream,
 Our fallen comrade lay;
 His limbs were cold, his sightless eyes
 Were fixed upon the three
 Sweet stars that rose in mem'ry's skies
 To light him o'er death's sea.
 Then honored be the soldier's life,
 And hallowed be his prayer,
 O! FATHER, shield the soldiers wife,
 And for his children care.