

Composed and written by Mrs. Betsy Howdell.  
on the death of Berzilia and Alva Merrill, who  
died at the battle of Chancellorsville in May, 1863

381  
1st  
in show

years  
from Gen.

They sleep afar from their cherished home,  
The flowing wreaths can we place on their tombs,  
But angels stand centry around their remains,  
They will safely arise with the sanctified slain.

two crad.

2. Oh! could we but kneel on the cold sod there,  
And bathe it with tears and breathe one prayer  
I would be a sad pleasure to treasure the scene,  
In future days its memory to glean.

we  
must

3. The dark clouds of war are gathering o'er  
From the Mexican Gulf to the northern main  
Our national banner is trailed in the dust  
In the great God of battles we firmly will trust

to

we,

4. This father and son to their country were true,  
They loved the old banner of red, white and blue  
The cannon has thundered the bugle has blown,  
They fear not the summons they fight not alone.

se  
old.

5. They left their loved homes in the month of Sept.  
And many dear ones the time will remember  
A few minutes elapsed and they were called unto battle  
To meet the proud foe when the loud cannons rattle

and

6 And when the spring again returned  
With buds and blossoms bright  
We knew loved ones must do and dare  
And battle for the right

11.

7 But oh too soon the tidings came  
A terrible battle fought  
And ah twas sad indeed to know  
The havoc that was wrought

12.

8 Our noble boys fought long and well  
But at last the rebels beat  
And many many loved ones fell  
In that awful "last retreat"

9 And then a few sad weeks went by  
While thinking of the past  
When to our <sup>horror</sup> came the news  
Rob. Lee is coming fast

10 Then oh! the sorrow of those days  
No pen can write the cost,  
The precious blood twas freely shed  
The noble lives twas lost.

11. At Gellesburg Rob took his stand;  
Determined not to yield,  
And when he did at last retreat,  
He left a bloody field.

12. Taking with him as prisoners  
Many of our brave and true,  
Confining them in filthy dens  
To starve and perish to.