Civil War Song lyrics—

Bonnie Blue Flag

We are a band of brothers and native to the soil
Fighting for our Liberty, With treasure, blood and toil
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star!

Chorus:
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Southern rights, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

2. As long as the Union was faithful to her trust
Like friends and like brethren, kind were we, and just
But now, when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Chorus

3. First gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand
Then came Alabama and took her by the hand
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida
All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Chorus

4. Ye men of valor gather round the banner of the right
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens statesmen rare
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Chorus

5. Now here's to brave Virginia, the old Dominion State,
With the young Confederacy at last has sealed her fate,
And spurred by her example, now other states prepare
To hoist high the bonnie blue flag that bears a single star.

Chorus[3]

6. Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise a joyous shout
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out,
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given,
The single star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be eleven.

Chorus

7. Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old we'll fight, our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer,
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Chorus[4]
Richmond is a Hard Road to Travel  
by Anonymous

Would you like to hear my song? I'm afraid it's rather long,  
Of the famous "On to Richmond" double trouble;  
Of the half a dozen trips and half a dozen slips  
And the very latest bursting of the bubble.  
'Tis pretty hard to sing and, like a round, round ring,  
'Tis a dreadful knotty puzzle to unravel;  
Though all the papers swore, when we touched Virginia's shore,  
That Richmond was a hard road to travel.  
Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeve,  
For Richmond is a hard road to travel.  
Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeve,  
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe.

First McDowell, bold and gay, set forth the shortest way  
By Manassas in the pleasant summer weather  
But unfortunately ran on a Stonewall (foolish man!)  
And had a rocky journey altogether.  
AnBd he found it rather hard to ride over Beauregard  
And Johnston proved a deuce of a bother.  
'Twas clear beyond a doubt that he didn't like the route  
And a second time would have to try another.  
Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeve,  
For Manassas is a hard road to travel.  
Manassas gave us fits, and Bull Run made us grieve,  
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe.

Next came the Wooly Horse with an overwhelming force  
To march down to Richmond by the Valley,  
But he couldn't find the road, and his onward movement showed  
His campaigning was a mere shilly-shally.  
Then Commissary Banks, with his motley foreign ranks  
Kicking up a great noise, fuss, and flurry,  
Lost the whole of his supplies and with tears in his eyes  
From the Stonewall ran away in a hurry.  
Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeve,  
For the Valley is a hard road to travel.  
The Valley wouldn't do, and we all had to leave,  
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe.

Then the great Galena came, with her portholes all aflame,  
And the Monitor, that famous naval wonder,  
But the guns at Drury's Bluff gave them speedily enough  
The loudest sort of reg'lar Rebel thunder.
The Galena was astonished and the Monitor admonished,
Our patent shot and shell were mocked at,
While the dreadful Naugatuck, by the hardest kind of luck,
Was knocked into an ugly cocked hat.
    Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeve,
    For James River is a hard road to travel.
    The gunboats gave up in terror and despair,
    For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I declare.

Then McClellan followed soon, both with spade and balloon,
To try the Peninsular approaches,
But one and all agreed that his best rate of speed
Was no faster than the slowest of slow coaches.
Instead of easy ground, at Williamsburg he found
A Longstreet indeed and nothing shorter.
And it put him in the dumps that spades wasn't trumps
And the Hills he couldn't level "as he orter!"
    Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeve,
    For Longstreet is a hard road to travel.
    Lay down the shovel and throw away the spade,
    For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I'm afraid.

Then said Lincoln unto Pope, "You can make the trip, I hope."
"I will save the universal Yankee nation!
"To make sure of no defeat, I'll leave no lines of retreat,
"And issue a famous proclamation!"
But that same dreaded Jackson, this fella laid his whacks on
And made him, by compulsion, a seceder.
Pope took rapid flight from Manassas' second fight,
'Twas his very last appearance as a leader.
    Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeve,
    Stonewall is a hard road to travel.
    Pope did his very best but was evidently sold,
    For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I am told.

Last of all Burnside, with his pontoon bridges, tried
A road no one had thought of before him,
With two hundred thousand men for the Rebel slaughter pen
And the blessed Union flag waving o'er him.
He met a fire like hell of canister and shell
That mowed down his men with great slaughter.
'Twas a shocking sight to view, that second Waterloo,
And the river ran with more blood than water.
    Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeve,
    Rappahannock is a hard road to travel.
    Burnside got in a trap, which caused for him to grieve,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe.

We are very much perplexed to know who is the next
To command the new Richmond expedition,
For the capital must blaze, and that in ninety days,
And Jeff and his men be sent to perdition.
We’ll take the cursed town, and then we’ll burn it down
And plunder and hang each cursed Rebel.
Yet the contraband was right when he told us they would fight:
"Oh, yes, massa, dey will fight like the debil!"
    Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel.
    Then pull off your overcoat and roll up your sleeves,
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe.
Grafted into the Army
by Henry C. Work

Our Jimmy has gone for to live in a tent,
They have grafted him into the Army,
He finally puckered up courage and went,
When they grafted him into the Army.
I told them the child was too young, alas!
At the captains forequarters, they said he would pass,
They'd train him up well in the Infantry class,
So they grafted him into the Army.

(Chorus)
Oh, Jimmy, farewell!
Your brothers fell
Way down in Alabammy,
I though they would spare
A lone widder's heir,
But they grafted him into the Army.

Dressed up in his unicorn, dear little chap,
They have grafted him into the Army,
It seems but a day since he sot in my lap,
But they grafted him into the Army.
And these are the trouies he used to wear,
Them very same buttons, the patch and the tear,
But Uncle Sam gave him a bran' new pair
When they grafted him into the Army.
(Chorus)

Now in my provisions I see him revealed,
They have grafted him into the Army;
A picket beside the contented field,
They have grafted him into the Army.
He looks kinder sickish -- begins to cry,
A big volunteer standing right in his eye!
Oh, what if the ducky should up and die,
Now they've grafted him into the Army.
We Are Coming, Father Abr'am
by James Sloan Gibbons

We are coming, Father Abr'am,
Three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream
And from New England's shore;
We leave our plows and workshops,
Our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance,
With but a silent tear,
We dare not look behind us,
But steadfastly before,
We are coming Father Abr'am,
Three hundred thousand more!

(Chorus)
We are coming, we are coming,
Our Union to restore,
We are coming Father Abr'am,
With three hundred thousand more,
We are coming Father Abr'am,
With three hundred thousand more,

If you look across the hilltops
That meet the Northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust
Your vision may descry;
And now the wind, an instant,
Tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag
In glory and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam,
And bands brave music pour.
We are coming, Father Abr'am,
Three hundred thousand more!
(Chorus)

If you look all up our valleys
Where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys
Fast forming into line;
And children from their mother's knees
Are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow
Against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping
At every cottage door.
We are coming, Father Abr'am,
Three hundred thousand more!
(Chorus)

You have called us and we're coming,
By Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for Freedom's sake,
Our brothers' bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage group,
To wrench the murderous blade;
And in the face of foreign foes
Its fragments to parade;
Six hundred thousand loyal men
And true have gone before.
We are coming Father Abr'am,
Three hundred thousand more!
Maryland, My Maryland

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

II

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother State! to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird they beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

III

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,-
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

IV

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!
V

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own anointed throng,
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chaunt thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

VI

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain-
"Sic semper!" 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back again,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

VII

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek-
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

VIII

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll, Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

IX
I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb-
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! she burns! she'll come! she'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!
"The Homespun Dress"
by Carrie Belle Sinclair (born 1839)

Oh, yes, I am a Southern girl,
And glory in the name,
And boast it with far greater pride
Than glittering wealth and fame.
We envy not the Northern girl
Her robes of beauty rare,
Though diamonds grace her snowy neck
And pearls bedeck her hair.

CHORUS: Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the sunny South so dear;
Three cheers for the homespun dress
The Southern ladies wear!

The homespun dress is plain, I know,
My hat's palmetto, too;
But then it shows what Southern girls
For Southern rights will do.
We send the bravest of our land
To battle with the foe,
And we will lend a helping hand--
We love the South, you know.--CHORUS

Now Northern goods are out of date;
And since old Abe's blockade,
We Southern girls can be content
With goods that's Southern made.
We send our sweethearts to the war;
But, dear girls, never mind--
Your soldier-love will ne'er forget
The girl he left behind.--CHORUS

The soldier is the lad for me--
A brave heart I adore;
And when the sunny South is free,
And when fighting is no more,
I'll choose me then a lover brave
From all that gallant band;
The soldier lad I love the best
Shall have my heart and hand.--CHORUS

The Southern land's a glorious land,
And has a glorious cause;
Then cheer, three cheers for Southern rights,
And for the Southern boys!
We scorn to wear a bit of silk,
A bit of Northern lace,
But make our homespun dresses up,
And wear them with a grace.--CHORUS

And now, young man, a word to you:
If you would win the fair,
Go to the field where honor calls,
And win your lady there.
Remember that our brightest smiles
Are for the true and brave,
And that our tears are all for those
Who fill a soldier's grave.--CHORUS
Just Before the Battle Mother
by George F. Root, 1862

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching
With the enemy in view.
Comrades brave are 'round me lying,
Filled with thoughts of home and God
For well they know that on the morrow,
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

Chorus:
Farewell, mother, you may never
Press me to your breast again,
But, oh, you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain.

Additional Verses:
Oh, I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
But I'll never leave our banner,
Till in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors all around you
That their cruel words we know,
In every battle kill our soldiers
By the help they give the foe.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight,
Now, may God protect us, mother,
As He ever does the right.
Hear the "Battle-Cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air,
Oh, yes, we'll rally 'round the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there.
The Vacant Chair

We shall meet but we shall miss him.  
There will be one vacant chair.  
We shall linger to caress him,  
While we breathe our ev’ning prayer.

When a year ago we gathered,  
Joy was in his mild blue eye.  
But a golden cord is severed.  
And our hopes in ruin lie.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him.  
There will be one vacant chair.  
We shall linger to caress him,  
While we breathe our ev’ning prayer.

At our fireside, sad and lonely,  
Often will the bosom swell,  
At remembrance of the story,  
How our noble Willie fell.  
How he strove to bear our banner,  
Thro’ the thickest of the fight,  
And uphold our country’s honor  
In the strength of manhood’s might.

True they tell us wreaths of glory,  
Evermore will deck his brow,  
But this soothes the anguish only,  
Sweeping o’er our heartstrings now.  
Sleep today o’ early fallen,  
In thy green and narrow bed.  
Dirges from the pine and cypress  
Mingle with the tears we shed.
When This Cruel War is Over
by Charles Carroll Sawyer

Dearest Love, do you remember, when we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me, kneeling at my feet?
Oh! How proud you stood before me, in your suit of gray,
When you vow'd to me and country to be true throughout the fray.

CHORUS: Weeping, sad and lonely, hopes and fears how vain!
When this cruel war is over, praying that we meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing, mournfully along,
Or when autumn leaves are falling, sadly breathes the song.
Oft in dreams I see thee lying on the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying, calling but in vain.--CHORUS

If amid the din of battle, nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you, none to hear you call --
Who would whisper words of comfort, who would soothe your pain?
Ah! The many cruel fancies, ever in my brain.--CHORUS

But our Country called you, Darling, angels cheer your way;
While our nation's sons are fighting, we can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and Liberty, let all nations see
How we loved the starry banner, emblem of the free.--CHORUS
THE ARMY BEAN
There's a spot that the soldiers all love
The mess tent's the place that we mean,
And the dish that we like best to see
Is the old-fashioned white army bean.
cho: 'Tis the bean that we mean
And we'll eat as we ne'er ate before;
The army bean, nice and clean
We'll stick to our beans evermore.
Now the bean in its primitive state
Is a plant we have all often met;
And when cooked in the old army style,
It has charms we can never forget.
The German is fond of sauerkraut
The potato is loved by the Mick;
But the soldiers have long since found out
That through life to our beans we should stick.
Goober Peas
by A. Pindar

Sittin' by the roadside on a summer's day,
Chattin' with my messmates, passing time away,
Lying in the shadow, underneath the trees,
Goodness, how delicious, eating goober peas!

(Chorus)
Peas! Peas! Peas! Peas! 
Eating goober peas!
Goodness, how delicious,
Eating goober peas!

When a horseman passes, the soldiers have a rule
To cry out at their loudest "Mister, here's your mule!"
But still another pleasure enchantinger than these
Is wearing out your grinders, eating goober peas!
(Chorus)

Just before the battle, the Gen'ral hears a row,
He says "The Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles now!"
He turns around in wonder, and what do you think he sees?
The Georgia Militia -- eating goober peas!
(Chorus)

I think my song had lasted almost long enough,
The subject's interesting, but rhymes are mighty rough!
I wish this war was over, when free from rags and fleas,
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts and gobble goober peas!
(Chorus)
The Battle Cry of Freedom
by George F. Root

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

(Chorus)
The Union forever,
Hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitors,
Up with the stars,
While we rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
And we'll fill our vacant ranks with a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
(Chorus)

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
And although they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
(Chorus)

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
And we'll hurl the Rebel crew from the land that we love best,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
(Chorus)
WEARING OF THE GRAY
(Sung to the tune of, "Wearing of the Green")

The fearful struggle's ended now and peace smiles on our land,
And though we've yielded we have proved ourselves a faithful band.
We fought them long, we fought them well, we fought them night and day,
And bravely struggled for our rights while wearing of the gray.

And now that we have ceased to fight and pledged our sacred word,
That we against the Union's might no more will draw the sword,
We feel despite the sneers of those who never smelt the fray,
That we've a manly, honest right to wearing of the gray.

Our cause is lost the more we fight 'gainst o'erwhelming power,
All wearied are our limbs and drenched with many a battle shower.
We feign we rest for want of strength in yielding up the day,
And lower the flag so proudly born while wearing of the gray.

Defeat is not dishonor, our honor not bereft,
We thank God that in our hearts this priceless boon was left.
And though we weep just for those braves who stood in proud array,
Beneath our flag and nobly died while wearing of the gray.

When in the ranks of war we stood and faced the deadly hail,
Our simple suits of gray composed our only coats of mail.
And on the awful hours that marked the bloody battle day,
In memories we'll still be seen wearing of the gray.

Oh! should we reach that glorious place where waits a sparklin' crown,
For everyone who for the right his soldier life lay down.
God grant to us the privilege upon that happy day,
Of claspin' hands with those who fell while wearing of the gray.
I'm A Good Old Rebel

Oh, I'm a good old Rebel, now that's just what I am,
For this "Fair Land of Freedom" I do not give a damn!
I'm glad I fit against it, I only wish we'd won,
And I don't want no pardon for anything I done.

I hates the Constitution, this Great Republic, too,
I hates the Freedman's Buro in uniforms of blue,
I hates the nasty eagle with all his brag and fuss,
The lying, thieving Yankees, I hates 'em wuss and wuss!

I hates the Yankee nation and everything they do,
I hates the Declaration of Independence, too,
I hates the "Glorious Union", 'tis dripping with our blood,
I hates their striped banner, I fit it all I could.

I followed old Marse Robert for four years, near about,
Got wounded in three places, and starved at P'int Lookout;
I cotched the "roomatism" a'campin' in the snow,
But I killed a chance o' Yankees, and I'd like to kill some mo'.

Three hundred thousand Yankees is stiff in Southern dust!
We got three hundred thousand before they conquered us.
They died of Southern fever and Southern steel and shot,
I wish they was three million instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket and fight 'em now no more,
But I ain't a'gonna love 'em, now that is sarten sure;
And I don't want no pardon for what I was and am,
I won't be reconstructed, and I do not care a damn!