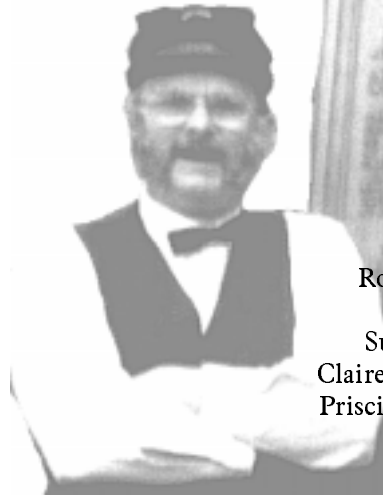


# MARCHING ON!

Civil War Songs and Music from the North and South



## Hardtack & Homespun

Robert W. Allen, arranger and pianist

Bob Small, vocals and spoons

Susan Reid, vocals, violin, and guitar

Claire Manfredonia, recorders and vocals

Priscilla Farnham, vocals and costuming

*Marching On! Civil Wars Songs and Music from the North and South.*

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# MARCHING ON!

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Robert W. Allen, piano: 1-4, 7-17; bodhran, 16

Bob Small, vocals: 1-3, 5, 7, 9, 11-12, 14-17; spoons: 7, 13

Susan Reid, vocals: 1-3, 5-8, 10-12, 14-15; violin: 9-10, 13, 16; guitar: 5

Claire Manfredonia, vocals: 12, 14-15; recorder: 1, 3, 10-11, 13, 16-17

Priscilla Farnham, vocals: 1-3, 7-12, 14-15

Scott Paulsen, snare drum: 11

**Amazing Grace**

John Newton, 1725-1807  
Early American Melody  
Arranged by Robert W. Allen

*This hymn was written by John Newton, formerly captain of a slave ship, then a minister in the Church of England. Late in life, Newton became convinced that slavery was wrong, and fought for the rest of his days to end slavery and slave trading in the British Empire.*

Amazing Grace! how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed!

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

Shall we be wafted to the skies

On flow'ry beds of ease  
While others strive to win the prize  
And sail on bloody seas.

Thro' many dangers toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace that bro't me safe thus far  
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand  
years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we first begun.



**Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow**

Words: Charles Wesley, 1707-1788  
Music: Lewis Edson, 1748-1820  
From the *Chorister's Companion*, c. 1782

*This was John Brown's favorite hymn. It was sung at his funeral in North Elba, New York, in 1859.*

Blow ye the trumpet, blow! the gladly  
solemn sound

Let all the nations know, to earth's  
remotest bound.  
Chorus: The year of jubilee is come!  
The year of jubilee is come!  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Ye slaves of sin and hell, your liberty  
receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell, and blest in  
Jesus live:  
(Chorus)

Ye who have sold for nought your  
heritage above  
Shall have it back unbought, the gift of  
Jesus' love:  
(Chorus)

The gospel trumpet hear, the news of  
heavenly grace;  
And, saved from earth, appear before  
your Savior's face.  
Chorus: The year of jubilee is come!  
The year of jubilee is come!  
Return to your eternal home.



## ***Lincoln and Liberty***

Words: Jesse Hutchinson

Music: "Rosin the Beau"

Source: *Hutchinson's Republican Songster for  
the Campaign of 1860* (New York: O.  
Hutchinson, 1860).

Arranged by Robert W. Allen

*The Hutchinson Family Singers were  
outspoken about abolishing slavery. In 1860,  
they supported Lincoln for president because of  
his stand on outlawing slavery in the unsettled  
western territories.*

Hurrah for the choice of the nation,  
Our chieftain so brave and so true,  
We'll go for the great reformation,  
For Lincoln and Liberty, too!

Chorus: We'll go for the son of  
Kentucky

The hero of Hoosierdom through,  
The pride of the "Suckers" so lucky,  
For Lincoln and Liberty too!

They'll find what by felling and  
mauling,

Our railmaker statesman can do;  
For the people are everywhere calling  
For Lincoln and Liberty too!

(Chorus)

Our David's good sling is unerring,  
The Slaveocrat's giant he slew,  
Then shout for the freedom preferring,  
For Lincoln and Liberty too!

(Chorus)

Then up with the banner so glorious,  
The star-spangled red, white, and blue,  
We'll fight till our banner's victorious,  
For Lincoln and Liberty too!

(Chorus)



### ***Dixie / Bonnie Blue Flag***

Based on songs by Daniel Decatur,  
Emmett and Harry McCarthy  
Arranged for solo piano by Robert W.  
Allen

*Although Dan Emmett was a Northerner, the South adopted his song, "Dixie," during the Civil War. Harry McCarthy's song, "The Bonnie Blue Flag," is based on a tune called "The Irish Jaunting Car."*



### ***John Brown's Body***

Arranged for guitar and voice by  
Susan Reid

1<sup>st</sup> v.: 2nd Battalion, Boston Light  
Infantry, 1861

2<sup>nd</sup> v.: Rev. William W. Patton, 1861

3<sup>rd</sup> v.: Edna Dean Proctor, c. 1863

4<sup>th</sup> v.: Len Chandler, 1960's

*The verses used here span a century from the 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion's original to Len Chandler's "Move on Over."*

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in  
the grave.

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in  
the grave.

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in  
the grave.

His soul is marching on!

Chorus: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

His soul is marching on!

He captured Harper's Ferry, with his  
nineteen men so few,

And he frightened "Old Virginy" till  
she trembled thru and thru;

They hung him for a traitor, themselves  
the traitor crew,  
But his soul is marching on. (Chorus)

John Brown sowed and his harvesters  
are we;  
Honor to him who has made the  
bondman free;  
Loved evermore shall our noble Ruler  
be;  
Freedom reigns today! (Chorus)

You conspire to keep us silent in the  
fields and in the slums.  
You promise us the vote then sing us  
“We shall overcome.”  
But John Brown knew what freedom  
was and died to win us some.  
That’s why we keep marching on.  
Chorus: Move on over, or we’ll move  
on over you.  
Solidarity forever!  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on!



### **“E Pluribus Unum”**

Words: John Pierpont, 1861

Music: The Star Spangled Banner

Source: Richard Grant White, *National Hymns, How They Are Written and How They Are Not Written* (New York: Rudd & Carleton, 1861).

*The New England poet John Pierpont submitted this poem to the national anthem contest held in 1861. Unfortunately, Pierpont set the piece to the tune used for “The Star Spangled Banner,” a tune the members of the committee had already proclaimed unsuitable for consideration.*

The harp of the minstrel with melody  
rings,  
When the Muses have taught him to  
touch and to tune it;  
And although it may have a full octave  
of strings,  
To both maker and minstrel the harp  
is a unit.  
So, the power that creates  
Our Republic of States,  
To harmony tunes them at different  
dates;

And, many or few, when the Union is  
done,  
Be they thirteen or thirty, the nation is  
one.

The science that measures and numbers  
the spheres,  
And has done so since first the  
Chaldean began it,  
Now and then, as she counts them and  
measures their years,  
Brings into the system and names a  
new planet.

Yet the old and new stars  
Venus, Neptune, and Mars,  
As they drive round the sun their  
invisible cars,  
Whether faster or slower their races are  
run,  
Are "E Pluribus Unum"—of many  
made one.

Let the Demon of discord our melody  
mar,  
Or treason's red hand rend our system  
asunder,  
Break one string from our harp, or  
extinguish one star,

The whole system's ablaze with its  
lightning and thunder.

Let the discord be hushed!  
Let the traitors be crushed,  
Though "Legion" their name, all with  
victory flushed;  
For aye must our motto stand, fronting  
the sun,  
"E Pluribus Unum"—The many are  
one.



***Hardtack, Come Again No More***

Words: Anonymous

Music: "Hard Times, Come Again No  
More" by Stephen C. Foster, 1851

Arranged by Robert W. Allen

*Hardtack was a biscuit or cracker made from  
flour, salt, and water (same as the recipe for  
playdough, only playdough uses more salt and  
is therefore inedible). I once held a piece of  
hardtack in my hand and slammed it up  
against the side of a wooden table to try to break  
it. I nearly destroyed the table, but the hardtack  
was undamaged.*



Let us close our game of poker, take our  
tin cups in our hands,  
As we all stand by the cook's tent door,  
As dried mummies of hard crackers are  
passed to every man;  
Oh, hardtack, come again no more!  
Chorus: 'Tis the song, the sigh of the  
hungry,  
"Hardtack, hardtack, come again no  
more!  
Many days have you lingered upon  
our stomachs sore;  
Oh, hardtack, come again no more!"

'Tis a hungry thirsty soldier who wears  
his life away  
In torn clothes whose better days are  
o'er;  
And he's sighing now for whiskey in a  
voice as dry as hay,  
Oh, hardtack, come again no more!  
(Chorus)

'Tis the wail that is heard in the camp  
both night and day,  
'Tis the murmur that's mingled with  
each snore;

'Tis the sighing of the soul for spring  
chickens far away;  
Oh, hardtack, come again no more!  
(Chorus)

But to all these cries and murmurs there  
comes a sudden hush,  
As frail forms are fainting by the door;  
For they feed us now on horse-feed that  
the cooks call mush—  
MUSH?!!! Hardtack, come again once  
more!  
Chorus: 'Tis the dying wail of the  
starving,  
Hardtack, hardtack, come again once  
more;  
You were old and very wormy, but we  
pass your failing o'er;  
Oh, hardtack, come again once more!



## ***The Homespun Dress***

Words attributed to Carrie Bell  
Sinclair

Music: "The Bonnie Blue Flag"

Arranged by Robert W. Allen

Source: *The Jack Morgan Songster*,  
compiled by a captain in General Lee's  
Army (Raleigh, North Carolina:  
Bronson & Farrar, 1864).

*Thanks to the U.S. naval blockade of southern  
ports in 1861, the South had a hard time getting  
goods from overseas, a situation which inspired  
the song below.*

Oh, yes, I am a Southern girl, and glory  
in the name,

And boast it with far greater pride than  
glittering wealth or 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  
that Southern ladies wear.

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 sent our sweethearts to the war, but  
dear girls, never mind,

Your soldier-love will ne'er forget the  
girl he left behind.

(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 such grace.

(Chorus)



## **Lorena**

Words: Rev. H. D. L. Webster

Music: J. P. Webster

Arranged by Robert W. Allen

Source: From sheet music published by J.  
C. Schreiner, Macon, Georgia, n.d.

*This song was very popular with Confederate troops, but it made the men so homesick that General Robert E. Lee ordered his men not to sing it. J. P. Webster also wrote the music for the gospel hymn "In the Sweet By and By."*

The years creep slowly by, Lorena;  
The snow is on the grass again.  
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena;  
The frost gleams where the flowers have  
been.

But the heart throbs on as warmly now,  
As when the summer days were nigh;  
Oh! the sun can never dip so low,  
A-down affection's cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed,  
Lorena,  
Since last I held that hand in mine,  
And felt the pulse beat fast, Lorena,  
Though mine beat faster far than thine.  
A hundred months, 'twas flowery May,

When up the hilly slope we climbed  
To watch the dying of the day  
And hear the distant church bells  
chime.

We loved each other then, Lorena,  
More than we ever dared to tell;  
And what we might have been, Lorena,  
Had but our lovings prospered well.  
But then, 'tis past; the years are gone;  
I'll not call up their shadowy forms.  
I'll say to them, "Lost years, sleep on!  
Sleep on! Nor heed life's pelting  
storms."



***Weeping Sad and Lonely /  
Scarlett's Waltz***

Words: Charles C. Sawyer

Music: Henry Tucker

Arranged by Robert W. Allen

Source: Sheet music published by Sawyer &  
Thompson (Brooklyn, New York, 1863).

*In Margaret Mitchell's book, *Gone with the Wind*, Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara dance for the first time in Atlanta to a waltz which Scarlett identifies as "Weeping Sad and Lonely." This tune is not really a waltz. But, ah, I thought, what if it was? The result is this arrangement with Scarlett and Rhett tucked neatly between the second and third verses.*

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 blue,  
When you vowed to me and country  
ever to be true.

Chorus: Weeping, sad and lonely,  
Hopes and fears how vain! (Yet  
praying)

When this cruel war is over,

Praying that we meet again!

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 love our starry banner, emblem  
of the free.  
(Chorus)



***The Vermont Volunteers***

Words & Music: Rev. William Ford,  
c. 1862

Revised and Arranged by Robert W. Allen  
and Howard Coffin  
2<sup>nd</sup> verse created by Robert W. Allen

*This song is by an abolitionist from Brandon, Vermont. Robert Krick, historian for the Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania National Parks, discovered the song sheet in Virginia. It has been altered to make it presentable to modern audiences.*

Three cheers for thy Green Mountain  
Boys, old Vermont,  
Who fought for our country so dear.  
When dangers were thickest, they  
rushed to the field.  
Three cheers! for the brave Volunteers!  
The thunder of Sumter aroused all their  
pride,  
As its echoes fell sad on the ear;  
And to join in the conflict the young  
heroes sighed.  
Huzzah! for the brave Volunteers!

When Fairbanks sent forth Volunteers  
from Vermont,  
He said, "Their full duty they'll do."

On Bull Run, Antietam, and  
Gettysburg's hills  
Their courage was tested and proved.  
The valor of Stannard and Wells filled  
their souls,  
And Ripley has witnessed the years  
That the Hemlocks stood strong in the  
grim battle's roar.  
Huzzah! for the brave Volunteers!

Thy valleys shall shout to their praise,  
old Vermont,  
And hilltops reecho the cheer;  
And granite and marble proclaim o'er  
their dust,  
Thy love for the brave volunteers.  
The spirit of Allen and Stark strung  
their nerves;  
They neither knew failure nor fear;  
And a grand love of freedom burned  
bright in the souls  
of the gallant and brave Volunteers!

Then hurrah! for the Green Mountain  
Boys, old Vermont,  
Their days shall grow green with the  
years;  
With patriot soldiers from each loyal  
state,

Side by side, stood thy brave  
Volunteers;  
They struck for their Country, for  
freedom and right;  
And God for their help did appear;  
And a country united when Victory's  
ours,  
Shall huzzah! for the brave Volunteers!



***We Wait Beneath the Furnace  
Blast***

Words: John Greenleaf Whittier

Music: *Ein Feste Burg* by Martin

Luther, c. 1529

Harmonization from *The New Hymnal for  
American Youth*, 1930

*This song caused a near riot in 1862 when the  
Hutchins Family Singers performed it for soldiers  
in the Army of the Potomac stationed in Virginia.  
After General McClellan revoked the family's pass  
for singing emancipation songs, John Hutchins  
appealed to Lincoln to allow him to sing this song to  
the soldiers. Lincoln agreed.*

We wait beneath the furnace blast,  
The pangs of transformation.  
Not painlessly doth God recast

And mould anew the nation.  
Hot burns the fire  
Where wrongs expire  
Nor spares the hand  
That from the land  
Uproots the ancient evil.

What gives the wheat fields blades of  
steel?

What points the rebel cannon?

What sets the roaring rabble's heel

On the old star-spangled pennon?

What breaks the oath

Of the men of the South?

What whets the knife

For the Union's life?—

Hark to the answer: SLAVERY!

In vain the bells of war shall ring

Of triumphs and revenges,

While still is spared the evil thing

That severs and estranges.

But blest the ear

That yet shall hear

The jubilant bell

That rings the knell

Of Slavery forever!



### ***Kingdom Coming***

Words & Music by Henry Clay Work

Arranged by Robert W. Allen

Source: Sheet music published by Root & Cady (Chicago, 1862).

*This song was written when slaves could only become free by being declared “contraband of war.” The text describes a master who has fled his plantation in anticipation of the arrival of Union gunboats. His slaves speculate that their master is so darkly tanned that he might try to pass himself off to the Yankees as “contraband.”*



### ***Song of a Thousand Years***

Words & Music by Henry Clay Work

Arranged by Robert W. Allen

Source: Sheet music published by Root & Cady (Chicago, 1862).

*This naive song is based on the common belief among abolitionists that, once the slaves were freed, all their problems would be over. We perform this song as evidence of a promise made to African Americans that has not been kept, but we pray that it will.*

Lift up your eyes, desponding freemen!  
Fling to the winds your needless fears!

He who unflur'd your beauteous  
banner,

Says it shall wave a thousand years!

Chorus: “A thousand years!” my own  
Columbia!

‘Tis the glad day so long foretold!

‘Tis the glad morn whose early  
twilight

Washington saw in times of old.

What if the clouds, one little moment,  
Hide the blue sky where morn appears—  
When the bright sun, that tints them  
crimson,

Rises to shine a thousand years. (Chor.)

Tell the great world these blessed tidings!

Yes, and be sure the bondman hears;

Tell the oppress'd of ev'ry nation,

Jubilee lasts a thousand years! (Chorus)

Haste thee along, thou glorious

Noonday!

Oh, for the eyes of ancient seers!

Oh, for the faith of Him who reckons

Each of his days a thousand years!

(Chorus)



***Battle Hymn of the Republic***

Words: Julia Ward Howe  
Music attributed to William Steffe of  
Philadelphia

Arranged by Robert W. Allen  
Source: Sheet music published by Oliver  
Ditson & Co. (Boston, 1862).

*In 1861, Julia Ward Howe wrote this poem  
inspired by passages from the Bible and the  
sights and sounds of wartime Washington, D.C.*

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the  
coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where  
the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of  
His terrible swift sword,  
His truth is marching on.  
Chorus: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a  
hundred circling camps;  
They have builded Him an altar in the  
evening dews and damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the  
dim and flaring lamps,

His day is marching on. (Chorus)

I have read a fiery gospel writ in  
burnished rows of steel;  
“As ye deal with My contemnners, so  
with you My grace shall deal;  
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the  
serpent with his heel,  
Since God is marching on.” (Chorus)

He has sounded forth the trumpet that  
shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men  
before His Judgment Seat:  
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him,  
be jubilant my feet!  
Our God is marching on. (Chorus)

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was  
born across the sea,  
With a glory in his bosom that  
transfigures you and me;  
As he died to make men holy, let us die  
to make men free,  
While God is marching on. (Chorus)





### ***The Rebel Soldier***

Words and music anonymous

Arranged by Robert W. Allen

Source: *Allan's Lone Star Ballads* compiled  
by Francis D. Allan (Galveston, Texas:  
J. D. Sawyer, 1874).

*Although this song has been traced to the  
southern Appalachians, it is thought the tune  
may be of Celtic origin.*

O Polly, O Polly, it's for your sake alone,  
I've left my old father, my country and  
my home.

I've left my old mother to weep and to  
mourn.

I am a Rebel soldier and far from my  
home.

Here's a good old cup of brandy, and a  
glass of wine,

You drink to your true love, and I will  
drink to mine;

You drink to your true love, and I'll  
lament and mourn,

I am a Rebel soldier and far from my  
home.



### ***The Blue and the Gray***

Words: Francis Miles Finch

Music: Felix Schelling

Arranged by Robert W. Allen

Source: Sheet music published by Reed  
Meyer (Philadelphia, 1869).

*On April 25, 1866, four women in Columbus,  
Mississippi, decorated the graves of  
Confederates buried in Friendship Cemetery.  
That same day, they also decorated the graves of  
40 Union soldiers buried on the site. This act of  
generosity, reported in many of the nation's  
newspapers, inspired Francis Miles Finch, a  
lawyer from Ithaca, New York, to write the  
poem below.*

By the flow of the inland river,  
Where the fleet of iron has fled,  
Where the blades of the grave grass  
quiver,

Asleep are the ranks of the dead.

Under the sod and the dew

Waiting the Judgement Day

Under the one the blue,

Under the other the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,  
The desolate mourners go,

Lovingly laden with flowers,  
Alike for the friend and the foe,  
Under the sod and the dew  
Waiting the Judgement Day,  
Under the roses, the Blue,  
Under the lilies, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,  
The generous deed was done,  
In the storm of the years that are fading,  
No braver battle was won.  
Under the sod and the dew  
Waiting the Judgement Day,

Under the blossoms, the Blue,  
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red;  
They banish our anger forever,  
When they laurel the graves of our  
dead.

Under the sod and the dew  
Waiting the Judgement Day,  
Love and tears for the blue,  
Tears and love for the Gray.



*The music group **Hardtack & Homespun** performs a wide variety of music from the Civil War era. They present songs of both the Union and Confederacy, as well as dance music and instrumentals of the period. They specialize in songs of emancipation. Songs arranged for piano, voice, recorder, and violin are performed with energy and appreciation for the historical context of the music.*

**Robert W. Allen**, arranger and pianist

**Bob Small**, vocals and spoons

**Susan Reid**, vocals, violin, and guitar

**Claire Manfredonia**, recorders and vocals

**Priscilla Farnham**, vocals and costuming

Recorded at the Roxbury United Church of Christ,  
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Recording Engineer: David Gunn  
Editing and Mastering: Dennis Báthory-Kitsz  
Design and Artwork: The Transitive Empire