

I go in a righteous cause;
I go for the rights of man;
I go to sustain our laws,
Or to fall in freedom's van.

I go where my country calls;
Where heroes engage in the strife;
Where the soldier nobly falls,
And the patriot yields his life.

I go—from loved ones I roam—
Strong are the ties I must sever—
My country! my kindred! my home!
Jehovah protect them forever!

THE VOLUNTEER'S RETURN.

I went, at my country's call,
To fight for our Flag you know;
On Freedom's altar laid my all,
When I volunteered to go.

I went where the southern skies,
Like a brazen furnace burn;
Where the miasmata rise,
And thousands to dust return.

I went where the serried ranks
Of the rebel hosts were seen
On the river's wooded banks,
With their deadly weapons keen.

On the rocky mountain's side—
In the winding vales below—
By the rolling ocean's tide—
Went where'er our foes did go.

I went where the battle loud,
With it thunders, rent the sky;
Where no winding sheet or shroud
Clad the hero called to die:

Where zip of the minnie ball,
And howl of the shrieking shell,
On the ear with death-like call,
And with doleful accents fell.

Where the dashing horseman's blade
The blade of his foeman met,
And the deadly charge was made,
With the glitt'ring bayonet;