



# Musical Composition,

ENTITLED

## WAR OF THE REBELLION,

*PENNSYLVANIA MILITIA 1862.*

*Dedicated to Co. G, 14th Regiment.*

BY WALTER L. GRAHAM.

Come, boys, the time has come  
When your country calls you  
And brave men with loyal hearts,  
You, will lay aside your corn-stalks,  
And with shining muskets and fixed bay-  
onets; march at your country's call.

CHORUS.

The Rebel invader threatens your fireside,  
So march, march away,  
Hard-tack is coming,  
So march, march away.

So at Harrisburg we formed in line,  
On State street so gay,  
You would have thought  
We were school-boys on holiday;  
But the order came to march.

CHORUS.

The Rebel invader threatens your fireside,  
So march, march away,  
For hard-tack is coming,  
March, march away.

We marched, how far, it is not for us to  
say,  
But in time we arrived  
At the train that was to take us away,  
And our marching ceased,  
Until into Maryland we arrived,  
Not quite so gay.

CHORUS.

For the order was given—  
We must fight,  
So march, march away,  
Hard-tack is coming,  
March, march away,

At Hagerstown we formed,  
And round, and round we marched;  
Toward the battle-field we turned,  
For the cannon's roar as heard.

CHORUS.

So march, march away,  
We must fight, is the order,  
Have brave hearts boys, we will fight—  
Hard tack is needed—march, march  
away.

Towards Antietam we went,  
One thousand strong.  
With shining muskets and glittering  
bayonets,

EAGLE PRINT.

To meet the invading throng.

CHORUS.

With brave hearts and determined will,  
We marched, marched along,  
But when the brow of the hill was reached,  
The enemy we were to meet  
Had disappeared, for they knew  
the foe they had to fight.

CHORUS.

Come boys, march, march away,  
Hard-tack is coming,  
March, march away.

The order was given, about face!  
The enemy are driven,  
The emergency is over,  
And we are all living.

CHORUS.

So march, march away,  
Hard-tack is coming,  
March, march away.

Then homeward we marched,  
Each with a thought  
That war is a scourge,  
Although not a man was shot.

CHORUS.

So march, march away,  
Hard-tack is coming, march march away.

The campaign is over,  
Be it long or short,  
Our duty was done,  
And we were not shot.

CHORUS.

For hard-tack is going,  
March, march away,  
Hard-tack is gone, march, march away.

At Greencastle we halted,  
And into camp we went,  
For green corn and mutton chop  
Took the place of hard-tack,

CHORUS,

As our marching was over.

And there the cars we took,  
To our homes then we went  
For to them we were sent,

CHORUS,

Where we were paid off.

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WAR OF THE REBELLION  
REGISTERED IN A  
BY WALTER

When your country calls you  
And brave you will be bold  
You will be side your own  
And with a steady hand  
You will be side your own  
The Rebel invader  
No march we will  
Hard task is given  
At the battle we fought  
And now we march  
Toward the battle field  
For the nation's best  
No march we will  
We must fight  
So march we will  
Hard task is given  
March we will  
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PS 1759  
G65 M8  
Walter