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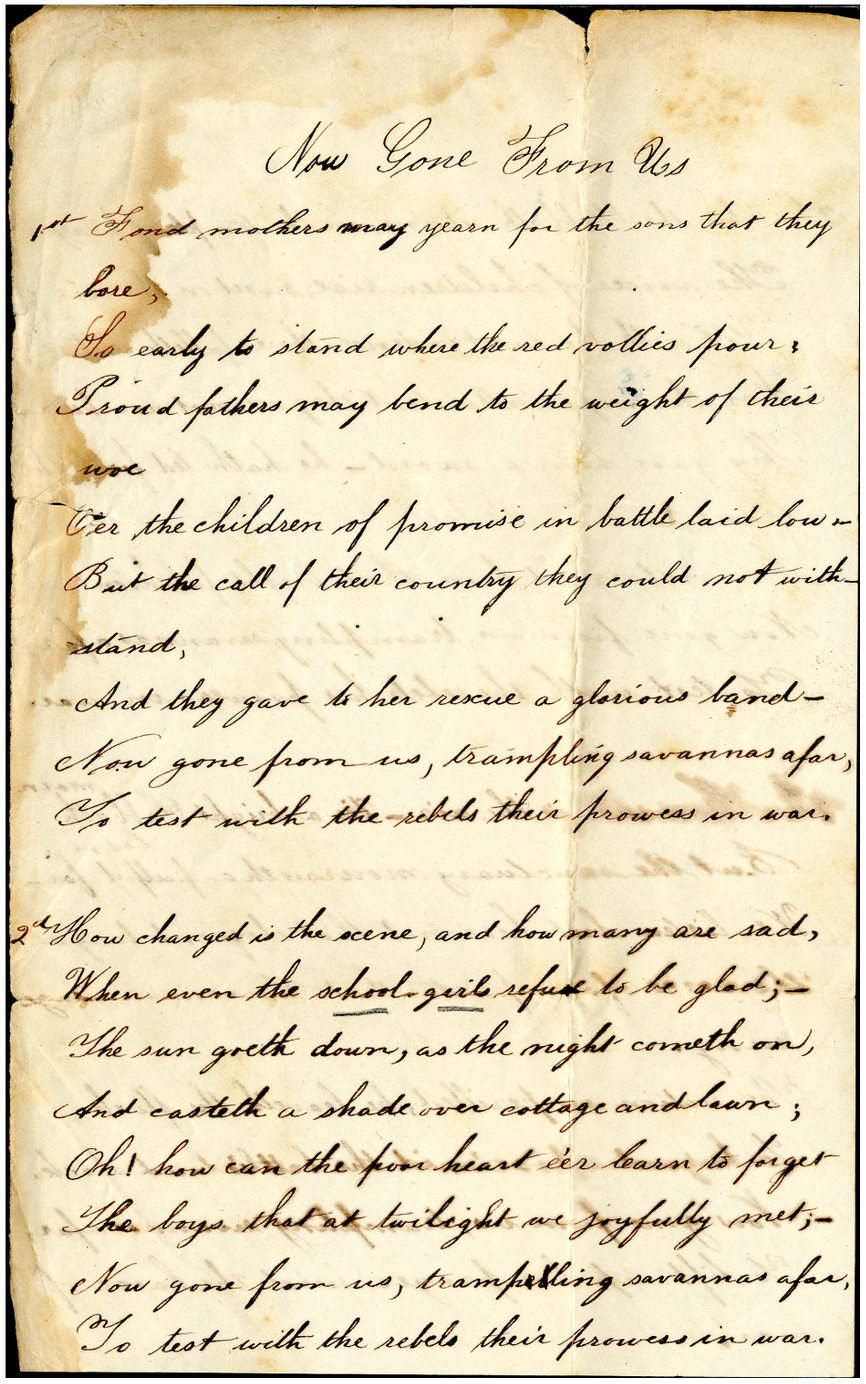
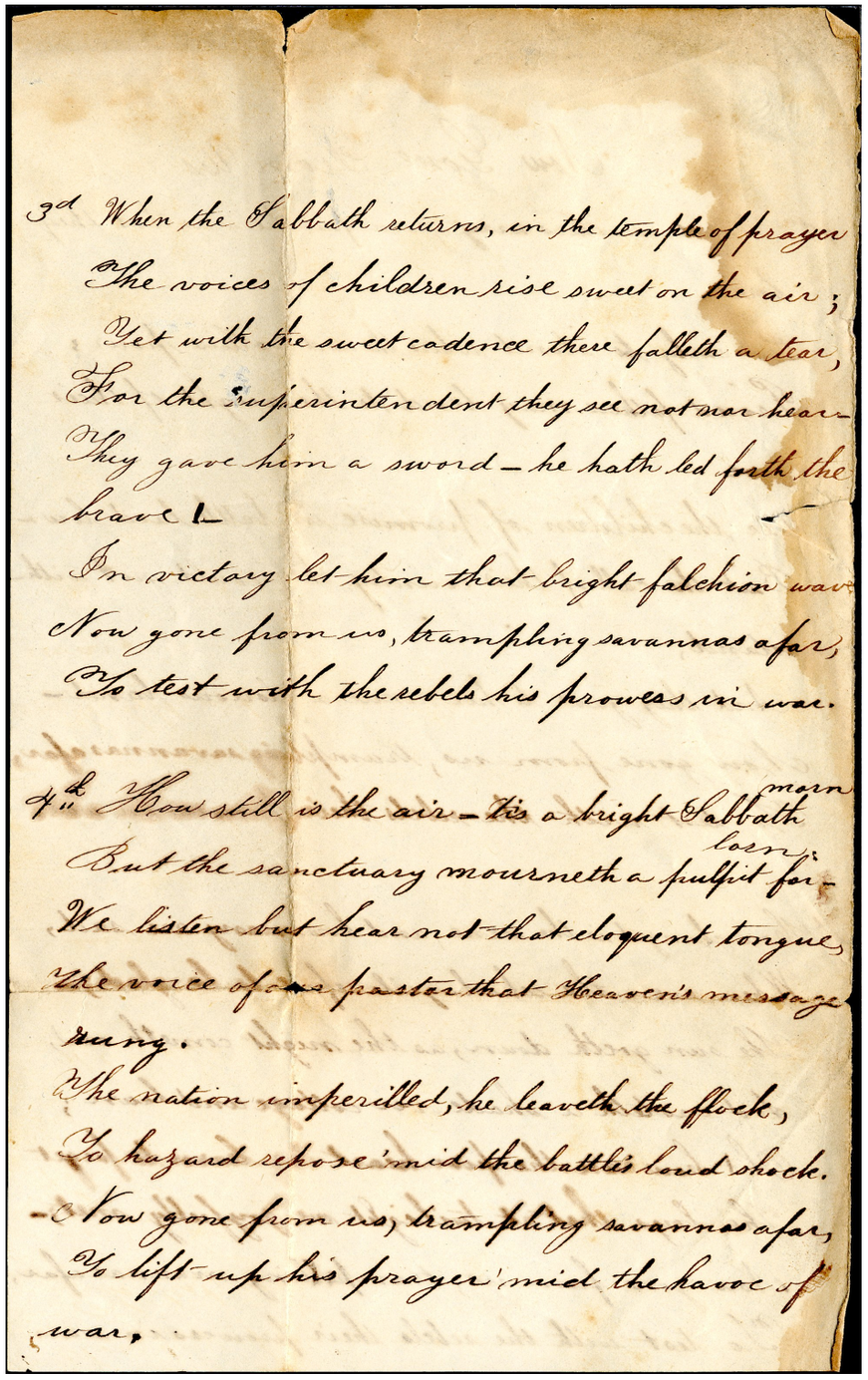


Now Gone From Us

1st Fond mothers may yearn for the sons that they love,
So early to stand where the red vollies pour;
Proud fathers may bend to the weight of the their woe
O'er the children of promise in battle laid low, -
But the call of their country they could not withstand,
And they gave to her rescue a glorious band-
Now gone from us, trampling savannas afar,
To test with the rebels their prowess in war.

2d How changed is the scene, and how many are sad,
When even the [underline]school girls[underline] refuse to be glad;-
The sun goeth down, as the night cometh on,
And casteth a shade over cottage and lawn;
Oh! how can the poor heart e'er learn to forget
The boys that at twilight we joyfully met;-
Now gone from us,
tramp[strike-through]el[strike-through]ling savannas afar,
To test with the rebels their prowess in war.



3d When the Sabbath returns, in the temple of prayer
The voices of children rise sweet on the air;
Yet with the sweet cadence these falleth a tear,
For the superintendent they see not nor hear -
They gave him a sword - hath led forth the brave!_
In victory let him that bright falchion wave
Now gone from us, trampelling savannas afar,
To test with the rebels his prowess in war.

4th How still is the air - tis a bright Sabbath morn
But the sanctuary mourneth a pulpit forlorn:
We listen but hear not that eloquent tongue,
The voice of our pastor that Heaven's message sung,
The nation imperilled, he leaveth the flock,
To hazard repose 'mid the battle's loud shock.
Now gone from us, trampling savannas afar,
To lift up his prayer 'mid the havoc of war.