We are coming Father Abra'am
300,000
MORE
Wm. Cullen Bryant,
Music by
L.O. Emerson.

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WE ARE COMING FATHER ABRÅ‘AM.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. We are coming, Father Abra'am, three hundred thousand more, From

2. If you look across the hill tops that meet the northern sky, Long

3. If you look all up our valleys, Where the growing harvests shine, You may

4. You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide, To

Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore; We leave our plows and moving lines of rising dust your vision may desire; And now the wind, and see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line; And children from their lay us down for freedom's sake, our brothers' bones beside; Or from foul treason's
workshops our wives and children dear, With hearts too full for utterance, with
instant, tears the cloudy veil aside, And floats aloft our spangled flag in
mother's knees are pulling at the weeds, And learning how to reap and sow, a-
savage group, to wrench the murderous blade, And in the face of foreign foes its

but a silent tear; We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly be-
glory and in pride; And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music
gainst their country's needs; And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage
fragments to parade; Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone be-

fore -
pour -
door -
fore -

We are coming, Father Abra'am — three hundred thousand more!
Chorus

We are coming, we are coming, Our Union to restore; We are coming, Father

Abraham with three hundred thousand more, We are coming Father Abraham With three hundred thousand more.