TO
Miss Nellie Chittenden.
(Buffalo, N.Y.)

Chanson Guerrière

by


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CHANSON GUERRIÈRE.

By J. W. LONG.

Marcato.
Swiftly darting from the skies,
Our devoted eagle flies
'Ger our country, rent in twain
From the wide ocean to the broad main;

Can we wait and sit and linger,
And see wars cruel
Will you sit still ye men of clay
And let your comrades lose the day?
Have you forgotten Washington
Now that his work of life is done!
Will you rend his wreathes of glory
And disgrace bright history's story?
Will ye be men, awake! arise!
And victory's shout shall rend the skies.

Hundreds are going, will you stay?
Honor awaits you, in the fierce fray!
Say have you souls that you sit here—
Pale are your faces,—is it with fear?
Look and see the battle plain,
Hear the cries of anguish'd pain—
Hear the young martyrs call for aid,
Will ye not go now—are ye afraid?

Hark! on the tempest comes the cry:
For Columbia's safety gladly we'll die!
And from the brave West, East and North
Millions of freemen, proudly march forth!
We've seen afar the battle plain,
We've heard the cries of anguish'd pain,
And to avenge them will we fight
Trusting in God to save the right.