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My Northern Boy to the War has gone!

By JOHN ROSS DIX.

Air: The M. astrel Boy.

My Northern Boy to the war has gone
 In the loyal ranks you'll find him,
 His Grandsire's sword he has girded on
 And he's left his love behind him!
 "Oh! the land I prize," cried the hero boy —
 "Though Southern hate betrays thee,
 My faithful arm thy rights shall guard,
 My grateful voice shall praise thee!"

His Puritan Grandsire's sword gleamed bright
 Where hosts were in strife engaging;
 And many a Rebel eye clos'd in night,
 While the contest fierce was raging!
 That blade struck for Freedom years before,
 When Washington praised its bravery,
 But old as it was it struck one blow more
 To sever the chains of slavery.—

The Northern Boy fell on Antietam's field
 But he saw the enemy flying,
 Contented to perish but not to yield,
 He prayed for his land while dying!
 They laid him low in his soldier's grave
 On the spot where his comrades found him;
 Now over him Southern Magnolias wave
 And the flag of his country's 'round him!