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THE VETERAN'S SONG.

By JOHN ROSS DIX.

Air: Old Virginia Low Lands.

Come gather 'round the Camp-fire—and till the break of day
I'll sing a song, my comrades, to pass the time away—
I've been in many a battle—you may see it by my scars—
And this old arm has failed not through all this weary war.

CHORUS: For the sake of the old Union—Union—Union,
For the sake of the old Union, grand!

I was wounded at Bull Run—when the Rebels bloody host
Came down in all their pride—and the stream in haste we cross'd.
'T was the first time I smelled powder—but I knew not how to yield.
And at Fair Oaks I contested another bloody field.

CHORUS: For the sake of &c.

This scar upon my cheek I got when a dashing charge we made
Upon the Traitors—I was one of fighting Joe's Brigade!
I was left for dead upon the field, but when the former ran
With Averill at Culpepper I cross'd the Rapidan.

CHORUS: For the sake of &c.

When the cry was "On to Richmond"—I was in McClellan's track.
I put my face into the front and *could not* show my back.
On Antietam's bloody field, all hack'd and gash'd, I fell,
But not before some score of foes found I could smite as well!

CHORUS: For the sake of &c.

I got at Fredericksburgh a grape-shot in my knee,
But fought on for the Union till I saw the traitors flee!
I grasp'd one Rebel by the throat, who tried to seize our flag
And choked the cheer that to his lip arose for General Bragg.

CHORUS: For the sake of &c.

Three fingers of my left hand a sharpshooter destroyed
As I was out on picket—but my bullet *him* annoyed—
I got his body in exchange—and my revenge was full,
For I've a few more fingers—which can still a trigger pull!

CHORUS: For the sake of &c.

But what care I for wounds or death? With all a Patriot's might
As a good and faithful soldier for the *Un on* still I'll fight!
And will not sheathe my sword until from Florida to Maine
The stars and stripes shall proudly float all over our land again!

CHORUS: For the sake of &c