

## IV.

In January, twenty-seventh day,  
 Of the year eighteen hundred sixty four,  
 Two Rebels met in Rome, to plan a way  
 To cross the Yankee lines, and then explore  
 The country where their mighty armies lay,  
 And having learned their status, there was more,  
 By orders they should go, whate'er their portion,  
 To Liverpool across the dark blue ocean.

## V.

One was a Captain, who was somewhat bold,  
 The other Doctor both in peace and war,  
 Who finding that the retail trade was old,  
 Resolved to cut and slay beneath the star  
 Of Mars, and there increase his fame four fold,  
 And yet a slight wound just to show the scar,  
 Besides the wholesale business's more extensive,  
 And in the army not at all expensive.

## VI.

So having bundled up what wordly goods  
 Was necessary for a trip like this,  
 They sallied forth to see what "fields and floods,"  
 The fickle Goddess might think not amiss  
 To vex them with through mountains, glens and woods,  
 Before their case was ready to dismiss,  
 And then be ranked among the things that were,  
 But whether for good or ill was not her care.

## VII.

The first day's travel brought them to the spot,  
 Where Fate and Fortune favored once the brave,  
 Where Streight and all his Yankey forces got.  
 The devil in short order, and to save  
 His neck, and the necks of quite a lot  
 From welcome to a hospitable grave,  
 Surrendered to a squad two thousand men,  
 And swore he'd ne'er do such a thing again.

## VIII.

In looking on the "field" they could but think  
 How strangely just seem all of Nature's laws;  
 The vile and vicious though quintuple shrink  
 Before the champions of a proper cause,  
 Who stand, when others falter on the brink  
 Of ruin, but conscience from the Invader draws  
 The essence of chivalry; if that's not right,  
 Explain the reason why the Yanks won't fight.