

S O N G .

WE are home once again in our bowers of sweet peace,
And the Olive-branch rests on our dwelling ;
Now the din and the tumult of warfare must cease—
Now no longer shrill trumpet-tones swelling.

We are clasping our home-treasures close to our breast,
And the hot tears are silently falling,
As we think of the brave spirits gone to their rest,
And their lov'd ones so hopelessly calling.

Like the flowers that we trampled, our brave heroes fell,
'Till the green earth was strewn with the dying ;
And in triumph and anguish we heard their farewell,
While before us the Rebels were flying.

We planted our standard on Southern soil,
Free from slavery's foul stain forever ;
And around it are gath'ring the dark sons of toil,
Never more from the Union to sever.

Oh ! fair, sunny South, with thy Paradise bloom,
Stand erect, for thy fetters are broken !
No more dark scenes of terror, oppression and gloom,
No more harsh words of tyranny spoken.

We'll join hand in hand in the Conqueror's praise,—
Brave in battle, yet mild and forbearing ;
All undaunted he* stands, while in wonder we gaze
At the bright crown of glory he's wearing.

*General U. S. GRANT, United States Army.

St. John, 1865.