

Not long they waited for the sound
 That told the strife begun,
 Hark! from the river's other side
 It is the signal gun.
 A thousand cannons from the hills
 Bellowed in fierce acclaim,
 And all the mighty line of blue
 Swept upward through the scene.

Of what avail are words to paint
 The strife that none can tell,
 The hurrah from the union host,
 The wild confederate yell.
 The sabres' clank, the horsemen's tramp;
 The scream of shot and shell,
 And groans of dying men that went
 To make the mimic hell.

All day against those awful heights,
 Our lines were hurled in vain,
 All day the shattered ranks closed up
 But to be torn again.
 Until the sun withdrew its light,
 As if for very shame,
 And night came down upon the field
 To end the bloody game.

The morning wakes all fair and bright
 Upon the dead array,
 And lovingly on hill and plain
 The blessed sunbeams lay.
 The fight was done, the field was won
 The blues had lost the day,
 And from their works all curiously
 Swarmed down the men in gray.

Thick lay the slain like sheaves of grain
 Ripened by battle suns,
 But one had died beyond the rest
 A stone cast from the guns,
 They raised him softly——for the brave
 Respect the brave I ween,
 And in his cap unwithered still
 They found the sprig of green.

Of all the thousands laying round
 Close packed in death's embrace,
 That one—though all were brave and true
 From death had got such grace.