June 1862

Lines

Suggested by General Beauregards addreſs directing the attention of his army to Gen Butlers infamous proclamation in New Orleans. Tuscumbia June 1862

Wife of Judge Jno E. Moore
of Tuscumbia - Ala.

Inscribed to Gen Beauregard.

Hark to the bugle sounding,
O'er hill and vale afar!
Hark! tis the call to battle –
Tis the blast of Beauregard.
That stirring, startling summons
Each manly bosom fires –
HE summons husbands, brothers,
HE calls to sons and sires

No stalwart arm may falter,
No manly foot may stay,
But speed them to the tented field,
Each panting for the fray.
Woe to the hapleſs maidens;
Woe to the gentle wife;
Woe to the spotleſs name and fame
Dearer than lands or life,
If the strong arms that defend them,
If the life blood of the brave,
Should prove too weak to shield them
Or flowing – fail to save.

Now by the God of justice!
By our dear native land,
And by the sacred honor
Our demon foes would brand;
By the holy ties which bind us
To mothers, sisters, wives
By our firesides, and altars
Our liberties and lives –

~~By our country's Flag, we swear it~~
By our Country's Flag, we swear it,
Our brutal foes shall feel
The fires of Southern vengeance,
And the power of Southern steel.

Upon the Western waters;
On far Atlantic's shore;
Along our Southern gulfs and bays
The swarming hirelings pour.
Virginia — where the ashes
Of Washington repose!
Is desecrated by the heel
Of worse than Vandal foes;
Their serried ranks are marching
To her very Temple gate,
Beneath a gory ensign, of
Of tyranny and hate.

Let age forego its well earned ease
To till the fruitful soil;
Let boys forget their games and sports,
In stern, unwonted toil;
Let maidens twirl the busy wheel;
Let matrons ply the loom,
While manhood gathers up its strength
To avert their threaten'd doom;
And the aged of another age,
The thrilling tale shall tell,
Of how their fathers fought and died,
For the land they loved so well.

Hark to the bugle sounding
O'er hill and vale afar!
Hark! tis the call to battle
Of the peerleſs Beauregard.
From city, town and hamlet,
From forest, field and plain
From mountain and from valley
The tide heaves up amain;
A living tide of patriots,
Whose blood is all on fire,
To meet th' invading Heſsians
Who rob, and kill for hire;
Who close our sacred temple doors
With sacrilegious hand;
And threaten dark and nameleſs deeds
To the fairest in our land.

Ye anguish'd and down trodden
There is balm for all your woes,
Deliverance is near at hand
From your dreaded, mortal foes.
Look up ye broken hearted,
And banish all your fears —
Recording angels witneſs
And the God in heaven hears.
Fell vengeance is preparing
For deeds our foes have wrought,
And the ears that hear shall tingle,
When the fight at last is fought;
For the Southern Sword is gleaming,
And the scabbard thrown away,
And hands and hearts are eager
For the long expected fray,
With pulses beating steadily
With stern resolve, and high
To drive the invader from our soil
To conquer or to die

L. L. M.

Lines
of Mrs L. D. Moore
June 1862

Dedicated to Genl
G. T. Beauregard

General G. T. Beauregard

D.H.

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