

The Blue and the Gray

Clare Grundman
(Civil War Suite)

Kingdom Coming



Henry Clay Work

A printer and an inventor by trade, Henry Clay Work was also the author of a number of popular wartime tunes, written for composer George Root's music publishing house, Root & Cady of Chicago. A diehard abolitionist whose father was rumored to have worked with the Underground Railroad, Work's best-known composition is "Marching Through Georgia".

Despite the fact that it appears to chronicle the final phase of the War Between the States, "Kingdom Coming" was written early in 1862 and released on April 23 of that same year, following a week-long promotional blitz by its Chicago publishers, Root & Cady. Given its premier performance by Christy's Minstrels, the song was an overnight sensation. It was as well received by blacks as it was by whites and was said to have been sung by black troops as they marched into Richmond during the final days of the conflict.

Oddly enough, as the war ground down to its conclusion, the song became popular in the South as well and remained so for some years after Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

"Linkum" is Lincoln rendered in the minstrel-stage black dialect used by Work and others writing for the genre. The mention of massa's being tanned enough to pass for contraband refers to the U.S. Army's wartime policy of treating any blacks who made it to the safety of Union lines as the property the South claimed they were and "confiscating" them as contraband.

This song is also known as "The Year of Jubilo," a Biblical reference to the longed-for day on which all people will be set free.

KINGDOM COMING (YEAR OF JUBILO)

By Henry Clay Work

Say, darkies, hab you seen de massa, wid de muffstash on his face,
Go long de road some time dis mornin', like he gwine to leab de place?
He seen a smoke way up de ribber, whar de Linkum gunboats lay;
He took his hat, and lef' berry sudden, and I spec' he's run away!

CHORUS: De massa run, ha, ha! De darkey stay, ho, ho!
It mus' be now de kindom coming, an' de year ob Jubilo!

He six foot one way, two foot tudder, and he weigh tree hundred pound,
His coat so big, he couldn't pay the tailor, an' it won't go halfway round.
He drill so much dey call him Cap'n, an' he got so drefful tanned,
I spec' he try an' fool dem Yankees for to tink he's contraband.

CHORUS

De darkeys feel so lonesome libbing in de loghouse on de lawn,
Dey move dar tings into massa's parlor for to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen, an' de darkeys dey'll have some;
I s'pose dey'll all be cornfiscated when de Linkum sojers come.

CHORUS

De obserseer he make us trouble, an' he drike us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smokehouse cellar, wid de key trown in de well.
De whip is lost, de han'cuff broken, but de massa'll hab his pay;
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to known better dan to went an' run away.

CHORUS

Marching Through Georgia

Late in 1864, in keeping with General Ulysses S. Grant's desire to bring the War to the civilian population of the South and thereby demoralize the troops in the field, William Tecumseh Sherman and the Union Army marched "from Atlanta to the sea" and up through the Carolinas, destroying everything in their path and leaving behind a trail of devastation that is remembered in the South even today.

"Marching Through Georgia" became one of the most hated songs in the post-War South. Even Sherman himself was said to have preferred Samuel Byers' "When Sherman Marched Down to the Sea". More than a century later, the song is still wildly unpopular below the Mason-Dixon Line, particularly in Georgia.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

by Henry Clay Work

Ring the good ol' bugle, boys, we'll sing another song,
Sing it with the spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as we used to sing it 50,000 strong
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS: Hurrah, hurrah, we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah, hurrah, the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea
While we were marching through Georgia!

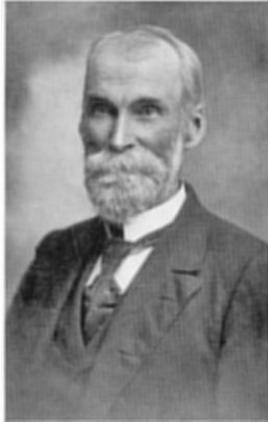
How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground
While we were marching through Georgia!--CHORUS

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years.
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers
While we were marching through Georgia!--CHORUS

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas, to reckon with the host
While we were marching through Georgia!--CHORUS

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude, 300 to the main.
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain
While we were marching through Georgia!--CHORUS

Tenting On the Old Campground



In 1863, the Union Army called on concert singer Walter Kittredge to lay aside his music and serve his country on the battlefield. On the eve of his departure for induction, the young man from New Hampshire sat down and composed a song that expressed his sentiments about the war and echoed the desire of many throughout the country for a swift end to the conflict.

Kittredge's military career would be short lived. A run-in with rheumatic fever as a child had damaged his heart, and he was pronounced unfit for duty. Finding himself once more a free man, Kittredge decided to see if he could interest a music house in what he had thought would be his "farewell to civilian life" (Irwin Silber, *Songs of the Civil War*, 1960, p. 167). When the song was rejected by a Boston publisher because of its melancholy nature, Kittredge offered it to Asa Hutchinson, the patriarch of the Hutchinson Family singing groups, with whom Kittredge had at one time performed. Hutchinson, recognizing a hit when he saw one, gladly added it to his repertoire and began performing it in concert. The song quickly became so popular in Union and Confederate military camps alike that officers had to forbid its singing at night for fear that their positions on the battlefield would be revealed to the enemy. Civilians longing for the return of their loved ones took to the song as well.

With Hutchinson's backing and support, the song was eventually published in the North by the Oliver Dittson Company; Kittredge and Hutchinson shared the royalties. Although just as well loved below the Mason-Dixon line, the song was never published in the South because of wartime exigencies. In the years following the end of the War, it became a staple at Grand Army of the Republic reunions.

Kittredge was destined to become a "one-hit wonder." Nothing else he wrote ever enjoyed the widespread public acclaim of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMPGROUND

By Walter Kittredge

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

Chorus: Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts that are looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight, tenting on the old camp ground

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand
And the tear that said "Goodbye!"

Chorus

We are tired of war on the old camp ground,
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who've left their homes,
Others been wounded long.

Chorus

We've been fighting today on the old camp ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

Final Chorus: Many are the heart that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts that are looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace
Dying tonight, dying tonight, dying on the old camp ground.

The Yellow Rose of Texas

Originally sung during the Mexican War, "The Yellow Rose of Texas" was extremely popular with General John Bell Hood's Texas troops, who substituted the word "soldier" for the original "darkey" and added the final verse as a commentary on their General's disastrous tenure as commander of the Army of Tennessee.

The "Uncle Joe" referred to in the last verse is Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston, who was relieved of his command and replaced by General Hood during the Atlanta campaign in 1864.

The author is unknown; the publisher (Phillips) only gives the author's initials as "J.K."

THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS

There's a yellow rose in Texas
That I am going to see.
No other soldier knows her --
No soldier, only me.
She cried so when I left her,
It like to broke my heart,
And if I ever find her,
We never more shall part.

CHORUS: She's the sweetest rose of color
This soldier ever knew.
Her eyes are bright as diamonds,
They sparkle like the dew.
You may talk about your dearest May
And sing of Rosa Lee,
But the Yellow Rose of Texas
Beats the belles of Tennessee.

Where the Rio Grande is flowing
And the starry skies are bright,
She walks along the river
In the quiet summer night.
She thinks, if I remember,
When we parted long ago,
I promised to come back again
And not to leave her so.--CHORUS

Oh, now I'm going to find her,
For my heart is full of woe,
And we'll sing the song together
That we sang so long ago.
We'll play the banjo gaily,
And we'll sing the songs of yore,
And the Yellow Rose of Texas
Shall be mine forever more.--CHORUS

Oh, now I'm headed southward,
For my heart is full of woe.
I'm going back to Georgia
To find my Uncle Joe.
You may talk about your Beauregard
And sing of Bobby Lee,
But the gallant Hood of Texas,
He played hell in Tennessee!—CHORUS



“Uncle Joe”



“The Gallant Hood of Texas”

The Bonnie Blue Flag

Harry Macarthy was an English-born vaudeville entertainer who emigrated to the United States in 1849 and settled in Arkansas. He billed himself the "Arkansas Comedian" and traveled widely throughout the South in company with his wife, Lottie, putting on "personation concerts." These performances featured Macarthy singing in the dialect of other cultures, dancing to ethnic-sounding music, and dressing in flamboyant costumes. Stephen Currie, in *Music in the Civil War*, reports that one of Macarthy's traveling companions during the war years was a cockatoo who had been trained to squawk "Three cheers for Jeff Davis!" on stage.

Macarthy premiered "The Bonnie Blue Flag" during a concert in Jackson, Mississippi, in the spring of 1861. He performed it a second time in September of that same year at the New Orleans Academy of Music in front of an audience of soldiers headed for the Virginia front. Again, the response was enthusiastic, and Macarthy was suddenly in demand as he had never been before. He traveled throughout the South during the war years, performing to packed houses of appreciative listeners, and although he continued to compose patriotic songs (among them "Missouri and The Volunteer" or "It Is My Country's Call." "The Bonnie Blue Flag" was his greatest success.

Although some claim that Macarthy was more interested in attracting audiences and making money than he was in supporting the Southern cause, the song was an undeniable hit with Confederate soldiers and civilians alike and remains one of the classic Southern War songs.

If there was a song the Confederate soldier loved almost as much as "Dixie," it was "The Bonnie Blue Flag." Sung to the folk melody "The Irish Jaunting Car," it lays out the order in which the Southern states seceded along with the grievances that caused their departure. The song was premiered by lyricist Harry Macarthy during a concert in Jackson, Mississippi, in the spring of 1861 and performed again in September of that same year at the New Orleans Academy of Music in front of an audience of soldiers headed for the Virginia front. The response was enthusiastic, and Macarthy had one of the first "hits" of the War on his hands.

The New Orleans music publishing house of A.E. Blackmar issued six editions of "The Bonnie Blue Flag" between 1861 and 1864 along with three additional arrangements. The tune was so popular that Union General Benjamin Butler was said to have arrested and fined Blackmar for daring to publish it.

According to Mark Boatner's *Civil War Dictionary*, the Bonnie Blue Flag was "the blue field of the United States flag bearing first a single star for South Carolina (which seceded first), joined later...by the other ten, and was used before the adoption of the now-familiar Confederate flags." Another account claims that the flag made its first appearance at the Mississippi Secession Convention in January of 1861, having been sewn by the wife of a convention delegate.



Whatever its origins, the flag was often carried by Texas troops, and its design served as the basis for the state flags of both Virginia and South Carolina.

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG

Lyrics by Harry Macarthy (d. 1880)

We are a band of brothers
And native to the soil,
Fighting for the property
We gained by honest toil;
And when our rights were threatened,
The cry rose near and far--
"Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star!"

CHORUS: Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Southern rights hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star.

As long as the Union
Was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brothers
Both kind were we and just;
But now, when Northern treachery
Attempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star.--CHORUS

First gallant South Carolina
Nobly made the stand,
Then came Alabama,
Who took her by the hand.
Next quickly Mississippi,
Georgia and Florida
All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star.--CHORUS

Ye men of valor, gather round
The banner of the right;
Texas and fair Louisiana
Join us in the fight.
Davis, our loved president,
And Stephens statesman are;
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star.--CHORUS
And here's to old Virginia--
The Old Dominion State--
Who with the young Confederacy
At length has linked her fate;
Impelled by her example,
Now other states prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star.--CHORUS

Then cheer, boys, cheer;
Raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina
Now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer
For Tennessee be given,
The single star of the Bonnie Blue Flag
Has grown to be eleven.--CHORUS

Then here's to our Confederacy,
Strong are we and brave;
Like patriots of old we'll fight
Our heritage to save.
And rather than submit to shame,
To die we would prefer;
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star.--CHORUS

AURA LEA

Words by W.W. Fosdick

Music by G.R. Poulton

When the blackbird in the spring, on the willow tree,
Sat and rocked, I heard him sing, singing Aura Lea
Aura Lea, Aura Lea, maid of golden hair;
Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.

Chorus:

Aura Lea, Aura Lea, maid of golden hair;
Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.

In thy blush the rose was born, music when you spake,
Through thine azure eye the morn, sparkling seemed to break.
Aura Lea, Aura Lea, bird of crimson wing,
Never song have sung to me, as in that sweet spring.

Chorus

Aura Lea! The bird may flee, the willow's golden hair
Swing through winter fitfully, on the stormy air.
Yet if thy blue eyes I see, gloom will soon depart;
For to me, sweet Aura Lea is sunshine through the heart.

Chorus

When the mistletoe was green, midst the winter's snows,
Sunshine in thy face was seen, kissing lips of rose.
Aura Lea, Aura Lea, take my golden ring;
Love and light return with thee, and swallows with the spring.

Dixie



Daniel Decatur Emmett was born in Mount Vernon, Ohio, on October 29, 1815. A self-taught fiddler, he began writing music early on and performed his first original composition, Old Dan Tucker, at an 1830 Fourth of July celebration in his home town. At the age of seventeen, he left Mount Vernon to join the U.S. Army, becoming the lead fifer at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. His military career, however, was terminated abruptly on July 8, 1835, when officials discovered that Emmett had been less than truthful about his age at the time of his enlistment. Undaunted -- and unwilling to return home -- he signed on with several circus bands and continued to perform in public.

The winter of 1842-43 would prove to be a pivotal point in the young musician's life. Emmett joined forces with three other minstrels -- Frank Brower, Billy Whitlock, and Dick Pelham -- to form a group known as "The Original Virginia Minstrels" (Emmett on fiddle, Brower on bones, Whitlock on banjo, Pelham on tambourine). Their public debut came at New York's Bowery Amphitheater on February 6, 1843. Dressed in bizarre outfits, sporting blackface, and performing original songs such as Emmett's Old Dan Tucker, the group's unique musical style and appearance were an immediate hit and were being copied nationwide within a matter of months. Unfortunately, the genre that they spawned lived longer than the group itself. A year later, following a concert tour of Great Britain that brought in next to no money, members of the band went their separate ways.

No stranger to career reversals, Emmett bounced back almost immediately, joining Bryant's Minstrels in New York. It was during his stint with Bryant's in 1859 that he composed Dixie's Land, his most enduring and controversial song. Written as a walkaround (a section of the show during which each performer walked several times around the inside of a semicircle in which his fellow performers were seated and then did his particular specialty in the center of the stage), it was an instant hit on both sides of the Mason-Dixon Line. Once it was played at Jefferson Davis's first inauguration in Montgomery, Alabama, however, it became inextricably identified with the South and was no longer heard in Northern music halls except as an anti-Southern parody. Needless to say, Emmett -- a thoroughgoing Unionist -- was not pleased.

After the war, Dixie's Land regained its old popularity up north, and Emmett resumed performing his signature tune before wildly enthusiastic crowds in the early 1880's with Leavitt's Gigantean Minstrels. Emmett continued to make public appearances until the age of 80; following a final tour through the South with Al Field's troupe, he returned to Mount Vernon, where he died on June 28, 1904.

DIXIE'S LAND

by Daniel Decatur Emmett
(1815-1904)

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times there are not forgotten;
 Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!
In Dixie's Land where I was born in,
Early on one frosty morning,
 Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!

CHORUS: Then I wish I was in Dixie! Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie's Land I'll take my stand, to live and die in Dixie!
Away! Away! Away down South in Dixie!
Away! Away! Away down South in Dixie!

Old Missus married "Will the Weaver";
William was a gay deceiver!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!
But when he put his arm around her,
Smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!--CHORUS

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver;
But that did not seem to grieve her!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!
Old Missus acted the foolish part
And died for a man that broke her heart!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!--CHORUS

Now here's a health to the next old missus
And all the gals that want to kiss us!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!
But if you want to drive away sorrow,
Come and hear this song tomorrow!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!--CHORUS

There's buckwheat cakes and Injin batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!
Then hoe it down and scratch your gravel,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to travel!
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie's Land!--CHORUS

The Battle Cry of Freedom



George Frederick Root was born in Sheffield, Massachusetts in 1820. From an early age, he showed remarkable musical abilities, mastering no fewer than thirteen different instruments by the age of 12. Although not gifted with vocal abilities to match his instrumental prowess, he nevertheless became a voice instructor in Boston, teaching both privately and in schools. Root eventually began composing, writing in the classical genre. He also became a partner in the Chicago-based music publishing firm of Root and Cady, sold instruments and songbooks, and published *The Song Messenger of the Northwest*, a music-oriented periodical.

When the War Between the States broke out, Root began to write patriotic songs for the Union war effort. Although his earlier attempts at popular

pieces had so embarrassed him that he signed them with the name "Wurzel" (German for "root"), so as not to compromise his reputation as a serious composer, he showed no hesitation in turning out song after song. Classics such as "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!" established him as perhaps the most popular and certainly the most prolific of wartime composer/songwriters.

Although "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" is today considered the preeminent Northern War song, Union soldiers would have been more likely to bestow that honor upon "The Battle Cry of Freedom." Willard A. and Porter W. Heaps, writing in "The Singing Sixties," call "The Battle Cry of Freedom" "the type of rousing tune which appears seldom during a period of war and but once in a generation."

Composed in haste in a single day in response to President Abraham Lincoln's July 1862 call for 300,000 volunteers to fill the shrinking ranks of the Union Army, the song was first performed on July 24 and again on July 26 at a massive war rally. Composer-lyricist George F. Root recalled years later, "From there the song went into the army, and the testimony in regard to its use in the camp and on the march, and even on the field of battle, from soldiers and officers, up to the good President himself, made me thankful that if I could not shoulder a musket in defense of my country I could serve her in this way."

Public response to "The Battle Cry of Freedom" was overwhelming. When the sheet music was published that fall, fourteen printing presses working round the clock were unable to keep up with the demand for copies. Between 500,000 and 700,000 copies were produced.

What made Root's song so compelling? According to Kenneth A. Bernard, author of "Lincoln and the Music of the Civil War," the tune appeared at just the right time, "expressing just the sentiments that were needed, with music that was singable and words that were appropriate" and played "an immeasurably important part in restoring and sustaining morale at home and at the front throughout the entire war."

A measure of the song's success can be seen in the flurry of imitations that appeared soon after its publication. William H. Barnes, the manager of the Atlanta Amateurs, a group of volunteer musicians who performed for the benefit of various soldiers' relief funds, penned a set of Confederate lyrics that were adapted to Root's tune (with some rhythmic changes) by composer Hermann L. Schreiner. Another knock-off, "Rally Round the Flag," had mundane lyrics and was produced by James T. Fields and William B. Bradbury.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

by George F. Root (1820-1895)

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
We will rally from the hillside,
We'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

CHORUS: The Union forever,
Hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitors,
Up with the stars;
While we rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

We are springing to the call
Of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
And we'll fill our vacant ranks with
A million free men more,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
--CHORUS

We will welcome to our numbers
The loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
And although they may be poor,
Not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
--CHORUS

So we're springing to the call
From the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
And we'll hurl the rebel crew
From the land that we love best,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
--CHORUS

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

(Southern Version)

Music by George F. Root (1820-1895)

Our flag is proudly floating
On the land and on the main,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
Beneath it oft we've conquered,
And we'll conquer oft again!
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!

CHORUS: Our Dixie forever!
She's never at a loss!
Down with the eagle
And up with the cross!
We'll rally 'round the bonny flag,
We'll rally once again,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!

Our gallant boys have marched
To the rolling of the drums,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
And the leaders in charge cry out,
"Come, boys, come!"
Shout, shout the battle cry of
Freedom!--CHORUS

They have laid down their lives
On the bloody battle field,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
Their motto is resistance --
"To tyrants we'll not yield!"
Shout, shout the battle cry of
Freedom!--CHORUS

While our boys have responded
And to the fields have gone,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
Our noble women also
Have aided them at home,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!--
CHORUS

The Battle Hymn of the Republic



Julia Ward was born on May 27, 1819, in New York City to Samuel Ward, a well-to-do banker, and his wife Julia Cutler Ward. Mrs. Ward died of tuberculosis when Julia was five, and the children were raised by an aunt, Eliza Cutler. In 1843, when she was 23, Julia married 42-year-old Bostonian Samuel Gridley Howe, a fervent supporter of the abolitionist cause but not of women leading active public lives. The marriage was not a happy one, and although Julia considered divorce, she ultimately chose to stay the course.

After the War, Mrs. Howe was active in the women's suffrage movement. In 1868, she founded the New England Women's Club and was one of the founders of the New England Women's Suffrage Association. She continued her writing, although nothing she produced ever achieved the popularity of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and was much in demand as a lecturer. She died October 17, 1910, at the age of 91.

Surprisingly, not everyone knows that the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was written during the War Between the States. What is not surprising is that many who are aware of its origins are not familiar with the circumstances surrounding its composition.

In the early days of the War, the song "John Brown's Body" was wildly popular. Although in its original incarnation it had nothing to do with the notorious abolitionist leader hanged at Harpers's Ferry on December 2, 1859, it became inextricably identified with him and acquired new verses that were sung by Federal troops and Union sympathizers alike. The tune was borrowed from an old Methodist hymn, "Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us?" by William Steffe.

In November of 1861, Julia Ward Howe was touring Union army camps in the vicinity of Washington, D.C., with her husband, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, a member of President Lincoln's Military Sanitary Commission. With them was Reverend James Freeman Clarke. During the course of their visit, the group began to sing some of the currently popular war songs, among them "John Brown's Body." In one of those rare flashes of inspiration that leave their mark on the history of a nation, Reverend Clarke was moved to suggest that Mrs. Howe pen new lyrics to the familiar tune. She replied that she had often thought of doing exactly that. The following morning, as Mrs. Howe later described it, she "awoke...in the gray of the early dawn, and to my astonishment found that the wished-for lines were arranging themselves in my brain. I lay quite still until the last verse had completed itself in my thoughts, then hastily arose, saying to myself, 'I shall lose this if I don't write it down immediately.'"

Mrs. Howe's lyrics first appeared on the front page of the Atlantic Monthly in February of 1862. Editor James T. Fields, who paid her \$5 for the piece, is credited with having given the song the name by which it is known today.

Modern hymnals occasionally add a sixth verse:

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave,
He is wisdom to the mighty, he is succor to the brave,
So the world shall be his footstool, and the soul of Time his slave,
Our God is marching on.

Although this final verse was written at the same time as the first (and more familiar) five, it was not published in the original Atlantic Monthly version.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

by Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS: Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on. --CHORUS

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My Grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on." --CHORUS

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His Judgement Seat.
Oh! Be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on. --CHORUS

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on. --CHORUS