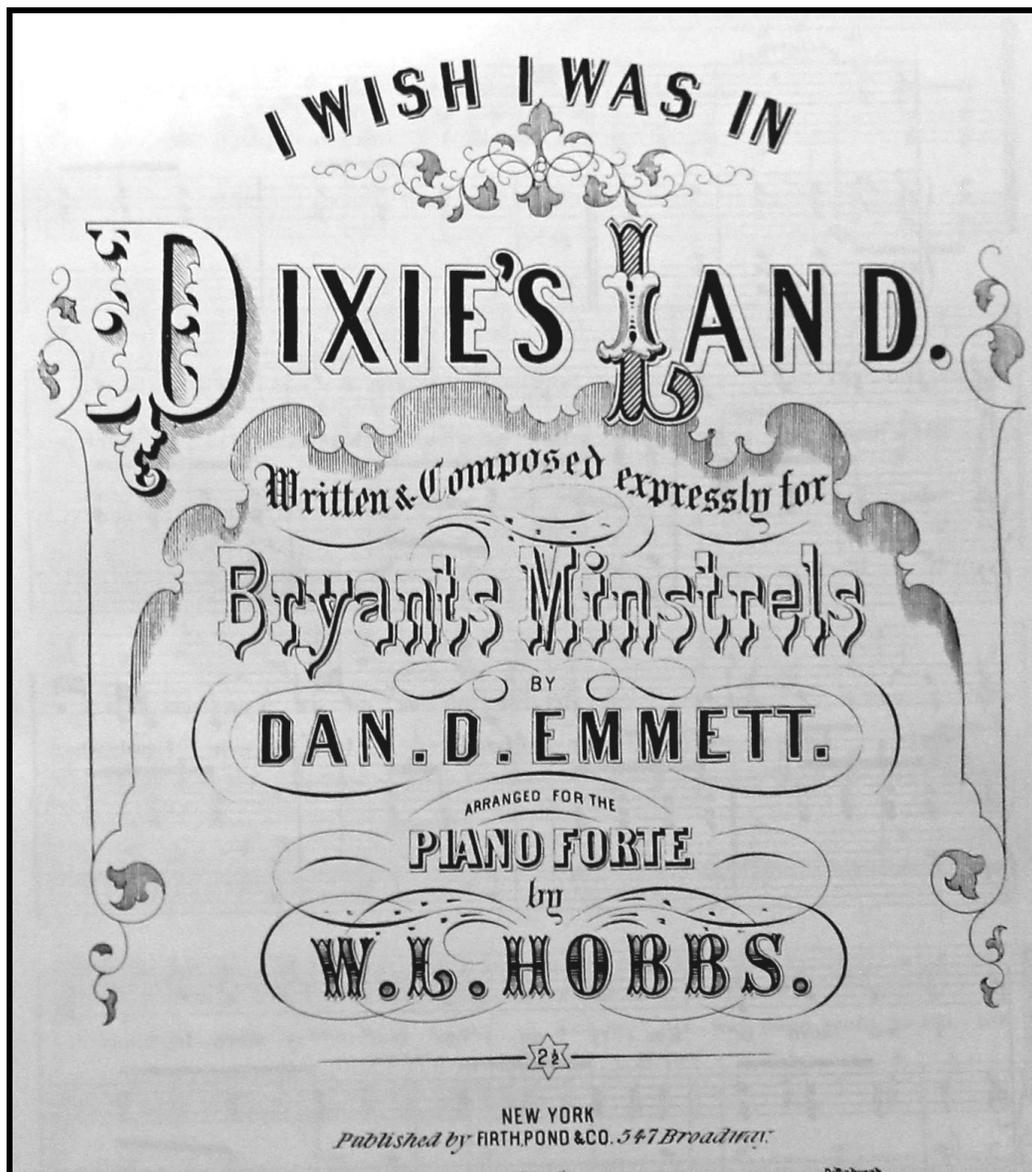


The Bugle



Quarterly Journal of the
Camp Curtin Historical Society
and Civil War Round Table, Inc.

Winter 2020
Volume 30, Number 4



Confederate Civil War Songs

"The field upon which we now stand will be known as classic ground, for here has been the great central point of the organization of our military forces. When my administration of public affairs will have been forgotten and the good and evil will be only known to the investigation of the antiquarian, Camp Curtin, with its memories and associations, will be immortal."

- Governor Andrew Curtin, 1865

The Bugle • Winter 2019, Volume 29, Number 4

GNMP Winter Lecture Series

As most of you know, the Gettysburg National Military Park usually presents an outstanding lecture program from January to March.

Unfortunately, these in-person lectures will not be possible this year because of the pandemic. Like other organizations, the Park will be going virtual. This year's lectures will concentrate on the stories behind various artifacts on display in the GNMP Museum and the Eisenhower Historic Site.

The presentations will be available on Facebook, YouTube and the Park's Website. Each lecture will initially be posted on Saturdays, from January 16 to March. 6. The program is still in the planning stage. For updates, visit the Park's website at www.nps.gov/gett.

Dues Reminder

In November we mailed out 2021 dues notices. If you have not already "reenlisted" we hope you will. You can find the enlistment form on our website at www.campcurtin.org/enlistment-form.

COVER – Our lead article in this issue looks at Confederate Civil War Songs. This is a follow up to our article on Union songs in the winter 2019 issue of *The Bugle*. *Dixie* is perhaps the song most associated with the South but oddly it was composed by a Northerner for a minstrel show.

The Camp Curtin Historical Society and Civil War Round Table, Inc., is a non-profit corporation chartered by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Contributions are tax deductible under IRC Section 501(c)(3). The Society is properly registered with the Pennsylvania Department of State as a charitable organization. A copy of the registration and financial information may be obtained by telephoning toll free within Pennsylvania 1-800-732-0999. Registration does not imply endorsement.

Camp Curtin Historical Society and Civil War Round Table

*Post Office Box 5601
Harrisburg, PA 17110
Telephone: 717-732-5330*

*Home Page:
www.campcurtin.org*

Board of Directors

*James Schmick
President*

*Lawrence Keener-Farley
Vice-President*

*Annette Keener-Farley
Treasurer*

*Jeff Witmer
Secretary*

Directors:

Frank Barrella

Jeanne Bobish

Sandra Gusler

Thomas Hilbish

P. Eugene Mascioli, II

Jared Mike

Timothy Pastula

*Send articles and
photographs to:*

*Lawrence Keener-Farley
Editor*

Camp Curtin Historical Society

*P. O. Box 5601
Harrisburg, PA 17110*

*Email:
CampCurtin@verizon.net*

Confederate Civil War Songs

The Civil War inspired Southern amateurs and professionals to write songs expressing various feelings about the conflict. Rallying songs urged soldiers and citizens to support the cause of the Confederacy. Sometimes the lyrics were added to popular tunes of earlier times rather than composing new music. Singing and music were common diversions in military camps. The music was played by regimental bands, fife and drum corps, or individual musicians with a banjo or fiddle. Here are the lyrics of a few popular Confederate songs.

Dixie

Dixie, also known as *Dixie Land*, is the song most associated with the South during the Civil War. Oddly, it was written by a Northerner, Daniel Emmett, for a minstrel show in 1859. The original lyrics told the story of William, a weaver, and his "Old Missus." During the war, more militant verses were composed by some Southern lyricists and the song was parodied in the North.

Oh, I wish I was in the land of cotton
Old times there are not forgotten
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land

CHORUS

Oh, I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie 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

In Dixie land where I was born in
Early on one frosty mornin'
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land
CHORUS

Old Missus marry Will, the weaver
William was a gay deceiver
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land
CHORUS

But when he put his arm around her
He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie 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 Land
CHORUS

Old Missus acted the foolish part
And died for a man that broke her heart
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie 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 Land
CHORUS

But if you want to drive away sorrow
Come and hear this song tomorrow
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land
CHORUS

Wartime version of *Dixie* written by Gen. Albert Pike

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up! lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Lo! the beacon fire's lighted!
Let our hearts be now united!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

CHORUS

Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixie's land we'll take our stand
To live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

How the South's great heart rejoices
 At your cannons' ringing voices!
 To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
 For faith betrayed and pledges broken,
 Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken.
 To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
 CHORUS



If the loved ones weep in sadness,
 Victory shall bring them gladness;
 To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
 Exultant pride soon banish sorrow;
 Smiles chase tears away to-morrow,
 To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
 CHORUS

Northern parody version of *Dixie*

Away down South in the land of traitors,
 Rattlesnakes and alligators,
 Right away, come away, right away, come away.
 Where cotton's king and men are chattels,
 Union boys will win the battles,
 Right away, come away, right away, come away.

The Bonnie Blue Flag

This song was written in 1861 by Harry Macarthy and sung to the tune of *The Irish Jaunting Car*. It lists the eleven states that seceded from the Union to form the Confederate States of America. In some versions, especially after the war, the third and fourth lines were changed to "Fighting for our liberty with treasure, blood, and toil" to avoid the reference to slaves ("property"). A blue flag with a single white star was raised over the Mississippi capitol building when the state left the Union. The flag had a history of association with popular independence movements, having been used in Mississippi against Spain and by Texas against Mexico. It was never an official flag of the Confederacy. During the Civil War, a parody version of the song - *The Bonnie Flag With Stripes and Stars* - was composed in the North; see *The Bugle*, Vol. 29, No. 4, Winter 2019).

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 statesmen 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

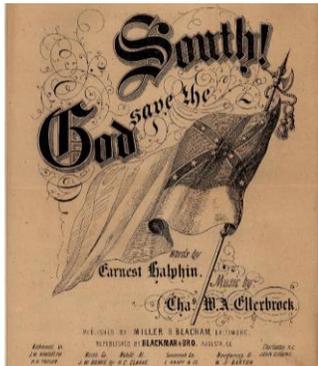
Then cheer, boys, cheer;
 Raise the joyous shout,
 For Arkansas and North Carolina
 Now have both gone out;
 And let another rousing cheer

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

God Save the South

This song is perhaps the closest thing the South had to a national anthem. It was more serious and stately than *Dixie* or *The Bonnie Blue Flag*. The lyrics were written by George H. Miles (using the pseudonym Earnest Halpin) and the music was composed by Charles Ellerbrock. It referred to George Washington and the Revolutionary War as inspiration for Southern secession from the Union.



God save the South, God save the South,
Her altars and firesides, God save the South!
Now that the war is nigh, now that we arm to die,
Chanting our battle cry, "Freedom or death!"
Chanting our battle cry, "Freedom or death!"

God be our shield, at home or afield,
Stretch Thine arm over us, strengthen and save.
What tho' they're three to one, forward each sire and son,
Strike till the war is won, strike to the grave!
Strike till the war is won, strike to the grave!

God made the right stronger than might,
Millions would trample us down in their pride.
Lay Thou their legions low, roll back the ruthless foe,
Let the proud spoiler know God's on our side.
Let the proud spoiler know God's on our side.

Hark honor's call, summoning all.
Summoning all of us unto the strife.
Sons of the South, awake! Strike till the brand shall break,
Strike for dear Honor's sake, Freedom and Life!
Strike for dear Honor's sake, Freedom and Life!

Rebels before, our fathers of yore.
Rebel's the righteous name Washington bore.
Why, then, be ours the same, the name that he snatched
from shame,
Making it first in fame, foremost in war.
Making it first in fame, foremost in war.

War to the hilt, theirs be the guilt,
Who fetter the free man to ransom the slave.
Up then, and undismay'd, sheathe not the battle blade,
Till the last foe is laid low in the grave!
Till the last foe is laid low in the grave!

God save the South, God save the South,
Dry the dim eyes that now follow our path.
Still let the light feet rove safe through the orange grove,
Still keep the land we love safe from Thy wrath.
Still keep the land we love safe from Thy wrath.

God save the South, God save the South,
Her altars and firesides, God save the South!
For the great war is nigh, and we will win or die,
Chanting our battle cry, "Freedom or death!"
Chanting our battle cry, "Freedom or death!"

Stonewall Jackson's Way

This song was originally written as a poem by John Palmer around the time of the Battle of Antietam in 1862. It honors Lt. Gen. Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson. It was later put to music and became very popular in Southern Camps, especially among Jackson's units.

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a rousing night!
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
And burly Blue-Ridge echoes strong,
To swell our brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."



We see him now, - the old slouched hat,
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile, - the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-Light Elder," his foe knows well.

Says he, "that's Banks, - he don't like shell;
Lord save his soul! we'll give him hell!"
In Stonewall Jackson's way.

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old "Blue Light's" going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God,
Say "tare Thine arm; stretch forth thy rod,
Amen!" "That's Stonewall Jackson's way."

He's in the saddle now, Fall in!
Steady the whole brigade;
Hill's at the ford, cut off, we'll win
His way out, ball and blade!
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick-step! we're with him before morn!
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances, rout the mists,
Of morning, and by George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Yankees, fierce before,
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;
"Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!"
In "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah! Maiden, wait and watch and yearn
For news of Jackson's band!
Ah! Widow, read, with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand;
Ah! Wife, sew on, pray on, hope on;
Thy life shall not be all forlorn
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in "Stonewall's way."

The Southern Girl

This song, also known as *The Homespun Dress*, looks at the Civil War from the viewpoint of Southern ladies. With the Union blockade stopping imports from Europe and Southern production geared for the military, civilians had a hard time. This song is meant to inspire loyalty to the Confederate cause by making do with homemade products. The composer of this song is unknown. Like *The Bonnie Blue Flag*, it was sung to *The Irish Jaunting Car* tune.

Oh, yes, I am a Southern girl,
And glory in the name,
And boast it with far greater pride
Than glittering wealth or fame.
I envy not the Northern girl,
Her robes of beauty rare,
Though diamonds grace her snowy neck,
And pearls bedeck her hair.

CHORUS
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the sunny South so dear;
Three cheers for the homespun dress
The Southern ladies wear.

My homespun dress is plain, I know,
My hat's palmetto, too;
But then it shows what Southern girls
For Southern rights will do.
We have sent the bravest of our land
To battle with the foe,
And we will lend a helping hand;
We love the South, you know.
CHORUS

Now, Northern goods are out of date;
And since old Abe's blockade,
We Southern girls can be content
With goods that Southrons made.
We sent our sweethearts to the war
But dear girls, never mind,
Your soldier-boy will ne'er forget
The girl he left behind.
CHORUS

The soldier is the lad for me --
A brave heart I adore;
And when the sunny South is free,
And fighting is no more,
I'll choose me then a lover brave
From out the gallant band,
The soldier lad I love the best
Shall have my heart and hand.
CHORUS

The Southern land's a glorious land,
And has a glorious cause;
Then cheer three cheers for Southern rights
And for the Southern boys.
We scorn to wear a bit of silk,
A bit of Northern lace;
But make our homespun dresses up,
And wear them with such grace
CHORUS.

CCHS SHIRTS

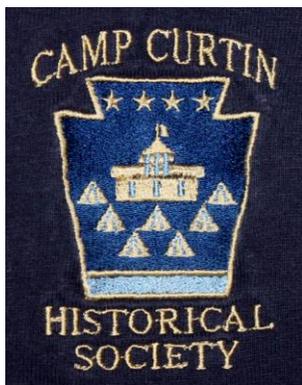
**Show your support for the
Camp Curtin Historical Society**



Polo Shirt
with collar
\$25.00 each



Henley Shirt
without collar
\$10.00 each



**The CCHS logo is embroidered
(not printed) so it will last longer**

**Shirt Colors: dark blue, tan, gray,
cream and white**

Sizes: S, M, L, XL, and XXL

**QUANTITIES ARE LIMITED
NOT ALL COLORS IN ALL SIZES**



Camp Curtin Historical Society

*in cooperation with the Christian Life Assembly Church
presents*

The Battle of Gettysburg Anniversary Reunions of 1888, 1913 and 1938

by

Randy Drais



There were three major Battle of Gettysburg Anniversary Reunions --- in 1888, 1913, and 1938 --- and each one had a certain focus, style, atmosphere, and highlights. The number of attendees, variety of events, and the special guests, including Presidents at two of them, changed, but for the most part, the camaraderie was the major common theme. But was it really? Join amateur historian Randy Drais for a PowerPoint presentation and discussion about the Battle of Gettysburg Anniversary Reunions of 1888, 1913 and 1938, including the dedication of the Eternal Light Peace Memorial, fireworks, tank maneuvers, an airshow, Medal of Honor recipients, the Gettysburg Cyclorama, the Great Tent, and much more.

2:00PM, Sunday, March 7

at the Christian Life Assembly Church

The Women's Plaza Room, 2645 Lisburn Road, Camp Hill, Pennsylvania

DIRECTIONS: From U.S. Route 15, take Slate Hill Road Exit, go south on Slate Hill Road, turn left at second traffic light onto Lisburn Road. Church is down the road on the right.

Use the West Parking Entrance across from the blue water tower.

The entrance to the room is to the left of the main entrance to the church. A flag will be near the door.

This presentation is free. Bring a friend. We will hold the CCHS annual meeting before the presentation.

MASKS ARE REQUIRED AND SEATING WILL BE SPREAD OUT.

If the presentation is cancelled, we will post a notice on our Website www.campcurtin.org, our Facebook page <https://www.facebook.com/CampCurtinHistoricalSociety/>, and send an email to all members for whom we have an email address. For more information, telephone 717-732-5115 or email genjenkins@aol.com.