

THE CHILDREN OF THE BATTLE FIELD.



POETRY AND MUSIC
BY

JAMES G. CLARK

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

J. FRANCIS BOURNS, M.D.
OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.

*honored for his living patriotism and philanthropy,
this song is most cordially and respectfully dedicated by*

THE AUTHOR.

Philadelphia LEE & WALKER 722 Chestnut St.



T. J. CLARK & CO. PHILA.



THE CHILDREN OF THE BATTLE FIELD.

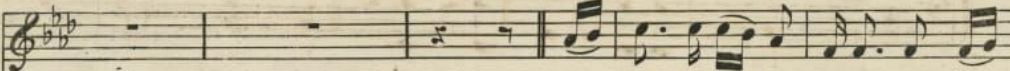
POETRY & MUSIC

BY J. G. CLARK.

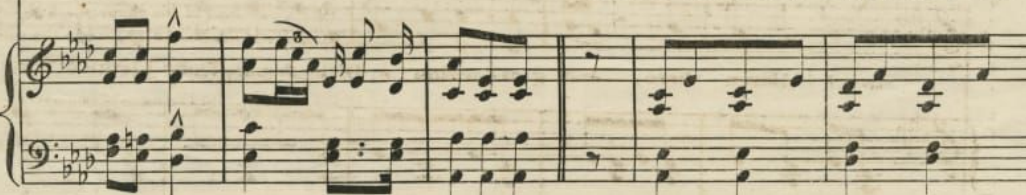
*
AS SUNG BY THE AUTHOR, AT HIS BALLAD ENTERTAINMENTS.

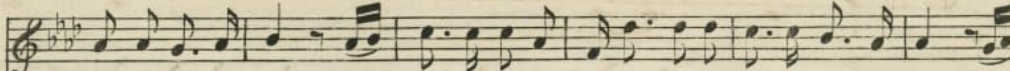
VOICE. 

PIANO. 




Up - on the field of Gettys-burg The





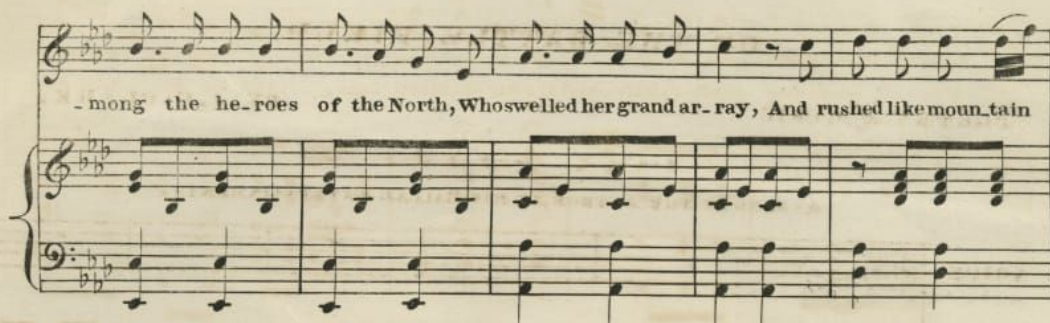
summer sun was high, When freedom met her haughty foe, Beneath a northern sky; A



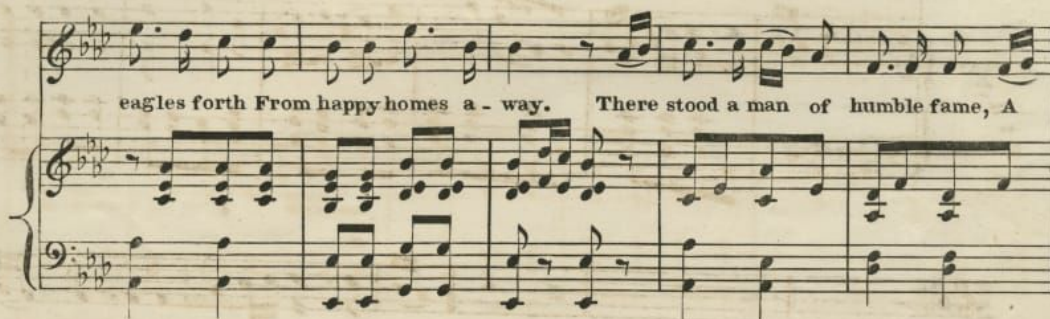
9031. 3.

Entered according to Act of Congress A. D. 1864 by Lee & Walker at the Clerk's Office of the Dt. Ct. of the En. Dt. of Pa.

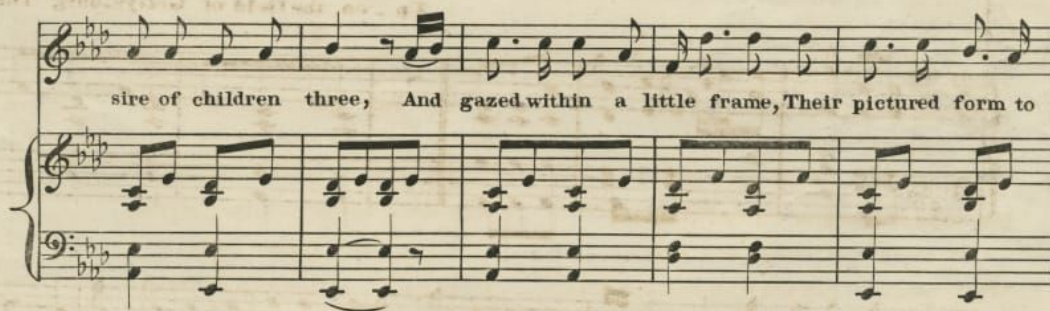
-mong the he-roes of the North, Whoswelled her grand ar-ray, And rushed like moun-tain



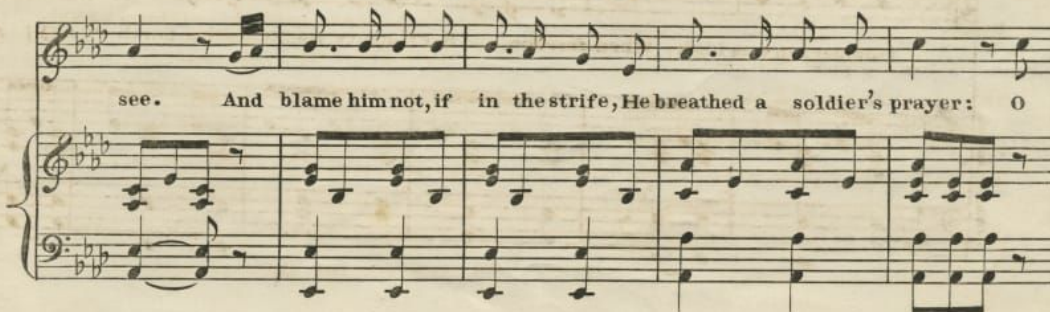
eagles forth From happy homes a-way. There stood a man of humble fame, A



sire of children three, And gazed within a little frame, Their pictured form to



see. And blame him not, if in the strife, He breathed a soldier's prayer: O



AD LIB:

FATHER, shield the soldier's wife, And for his children care, And for his chil- dren

col: voce. pp

care.

2

Upon the field of Gettysburg
 When morning shone again,
 The crimson cloud of battle burst
 In streams of fiery rain;
 Our legions quelled the awful flood
 Of shot, and steel, and shell,
 While banners, marked with ball and blood,
 Around them rose and fell;
 And none more nobly won the name
 Of Champion of the Free,
 Than he who pressed the little frame
 That held his children three;
 And none were braver in the strife
 Than he who breathed the prayer:
 O! FATHER, shield the soldier's wife,
 And for his children care.

3

Upon the Field of Gettysburg
 The full moon slowly rose,
 She looked, and saw ten thousand brows
 All pale in death's repose,
 And down beside a silver stream,
 From other forms away,
 Calm as a warrior in a dream,
 Our fallen comrade lay;
 His limbs were cold, his sightless eyes
 Were fixed upon the three
 Sweet stars that rose in mem'ry's skies
 To light him o'er death's sea.
 Then honored be the soldier's life,
 And hallowed be his prayer,
 O! FATHER, shield the soldier's wife,
 And for his children care.