

01 AFTER THE BATTLE

Night's dark shades are 'round me
Father, hear my groan
On the field of battle
Wounded and alone.

See the fitful moonbeams
Struggling through the dark,
Fall on ghastly faces
Figures stiff and stark.

Hearts that but this morning
Beat with life elate
Stilled their earthly throbbings
Here in silence wait.

Farewell, valiant comrades,
Dead before your time,
Grateful hearts shall bless you,
And the minstrel's rhyme.

Hushed the muskets' rattle;
Hushed the cannons' roar;
Hushed the sounds of battle;
Stillness reigns once more.

Stillness, ah how deathly;
Hark, a smothered groan!
There is life here somewhere,
Somewhere save my own.

List! — a distant church-bell
Strikes — I think 'tis two!
Four long hours till morning,
Would that they were through.

Night's dark shades are 'round me
Father hear me moan
On the field of battle
Wounded and alone!

Sources:

The Wide World, October 31, 1863.

Dime Novel Round-Up, April, 1990.

Bootblack, Vol. III, 1991.

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