

But a sadness comes o'er our hearts Boys
That our son has so suddenly left
A name by our courage made more Boys
So bright, so proud, and so pure
That none they never can take Boys
Of that we are certain and true;

Oh! the great times coming Boys
When peace o'er the land shall reign
When the thousands of cannon shall cease Boys
And all of us home once again
There round our fire side we'll gather Boys
And talk of the desperate fight
But we'll ever remember the time Boys
When our Regt. they did not see right.

So to our gallant old Col. goodbye Boys
Good bye to our brave little band
We'll oft think of the dear ones at home Boys
As we still fight for our dear native land
Farewell to the hundred and fifth Boys
 midst a halo of glory. We die
No better men charge on the foe Boys
As time on his onward course flies,

M. S. Capt Philola
March 10th 63
Waller Snipe

I got a letter from
Pete the other day he
says the log is all packed
up & consigned with the
94 Regt & most all the
officers have been relieved from
duty Capt. Shackman and
Lieut. Bushnell are both gone
they must be a consoling
set of boys. I feel the poor
Devils. I am feeling good
now a days I have got well

I was a going to apply for
a discharge when I got well
But they are a going to send
us a way from here to some
other place I think the
Regt. will be sent
to Regt. we shall be
sent off to day as to morrow

It is a hard matter, for
a King, falls to get a
discharge in Pa they look
out for their own Bays

If they send me away
I will write as soon
as I get there.

Is there any fault in
shintamen?

What do you think of
my great splurge?

I wish I say

The hundred and fiftieth no more

The storm gathering over our heads Boys
I feel its coming breath.

The air is thick and heavy Boys
Our Regiment's doomed to death.

~~That Rome we have been so long Boys~~

Through many a bloody fight

We must lay for ever on side Boys

Can it be that this is right?

The news have turned our backs Boys

Unless by that command

And our men would have done it then Boys

Had our Col. just back us stand.

But the storm that hursting over our heads Boys

So dark, so dark, and cold

Will cloud our spirits in sadness Boys

The men can fight as of old.

Our swords are bright as the sun Boys

Dishonored we never was yet