

## THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

### AN ACROSTIC.

By J. BYRON BROWN, OF CO. B, 154TH REGIMENT.

(Tune—Coronation.)

While traitors walk Columbia's soil,  
 Resolved on evil deeds,  
 I should be first to quit my toil,  
 To fight where Country needs.

To Friends at home I fondly love,  
 Each one I bid farewell ;  
 No painful thought my heart shall move,  
 I'll serve my Coutry well !

No other land is like my own,  
 Columbia's lengthened shores ;  
 All men, if true, come forth, be known,  
 Move down to DIXIE'S shores.

Put trust in God, I will, and fight,  
 Jehovah'll nerve my arm ;  
 My hand shall wield the steel for right—  
 Break down the traitor's form.

Roll on the anthem through the land,  
 O'er hill and verdant plain ;  
 With joyous shout our warlike band  
 Now rush to States reclaim.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1862.