

The
UNKNOWN SOLDIER
 (WHO IS HE?)

Respectfully dedicated to the
ORPHANS OF THE BRAVE SOLDIERS

who have fallen in defence of their Country.

SONG

WORDS BY

GEN. W. H. HAYWARD.

Music by

MAJ. WILSON G. HORNER.

NEW-YORK.

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Stuckels, Jr.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER!

(Who is he?)

"After the battles of Gettysburg, July, 1st, 2d and 3d, 1863, a Union Soldier was found, in a secluded spot on the field, where, wounded, he had laid himself down to die. In his hands, tightly clasped, was an ambrotype containing the portraits of three small children, and upon this picture his eyes, set in death, rested. The last object upon which the dying father looked was the image of his children, and as he silently gazed upon them, his soul passed away. How touching! How solemn! What pen can describe the emotions of this patriot father as he gazed upon the children, so soon to be made orphans? Wounded and alone, the din of battle still sounding in his ears, he lies down to die. His last thoughts and prayers are for his family. He has finished his work on earth; his last battle has been fought; he has freely given his life to his country; and now, while his life's blood is ebbing, he clasps in his hands the image of his children, and commending them to the God of the fatherless, rests his last lingering look upon them."

When, after the battle, the dead were being buried, this soldier was thus found. The ambrotype was taken from his embrace, and has since been sent to Philadelphia for recognition. Nothing else was found upon his person by which he might be identified. His grave has been marked, however, and if by any means this ambrotype will lead to his recognition, he can be disinterred. This picture is now in the possession of Dr. Bourns, No. 1104 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, who can be called upon or addressed in reference to it. The children, two boys and a girl, are apparently nine, seven and five years of age; the boys being respectively the oldest and youngest of the three. The youngest boy is sitting in a high chair, and on each side of him are his brother and sister. The oldest boys jacket is made from the same material as his sister's dress. These are the most prominent features of the group. Of what inestimable value will it be to these children, proving, as it does, that the last thoughts of their dying father was for them and them only.



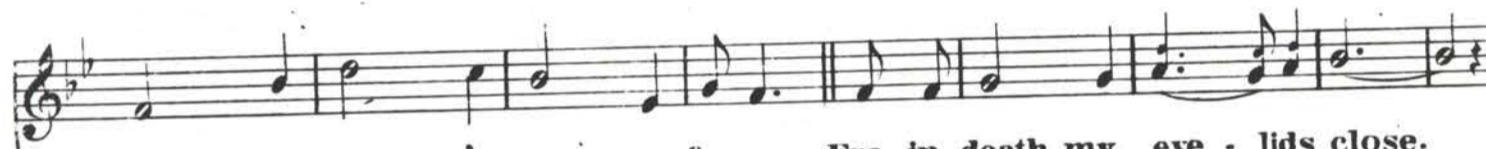
Words by Gen. W. H. Hayward.

Music by Maj. Wilson G. Horner.

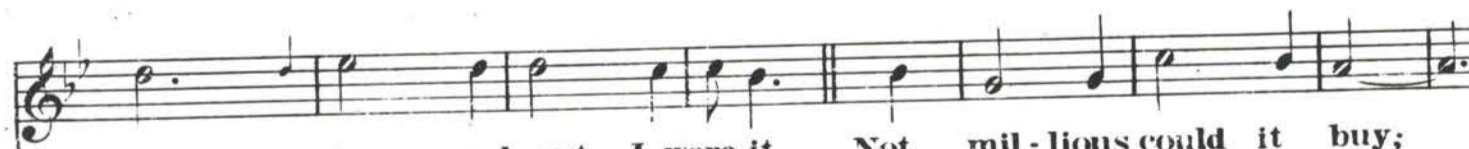




I. Let me gaze up - on this picture, Whilst my life-blood from me flows;
 II. Here up - on the cold ground lying— The earth my last lone bed;



On these dear lov'd hap - py faces, Ere in death my eye - lids close.
 No kind friend to watch me dying— Or know me when I'm dead.



Next to my heart I wore it— Not mil - lions could it buy;
 A ten - der wife and mother, Doth for my chil - dren care,





Let me see my heart's own treasures, And kiss them as I die.
And night - ly bend - ing o'er them, To God breathes forth her prayer.



3

That we all may meet together
In peace again once more ;
That around the happy fire - side
Kind Heav'n will me restore.
But I feel my pulse grows weaker ;
My eyes - I scarce can see !
Still I recognize the features
Of my little boy - 'tis he !

4

My darling boys and loving daughter,
Let none their image tear
From this poor dying, bleeding heart,
Now offering up this prayer -
Oh, God ! protect the mother
And these my orphans - dear ;
I die alone - none near me -
No one to shed a tear.

5

Some stranger hand will find me -
For me a grave prepare ;
On my breast they'll place this picture,
And say they found it there.
Let *the Flag* be wrapped around me -
The Stars and Stripes I love !
I die a Union soldier,
True as the heavens above.

6

The flowers will bloom as sweetly
O'er the unknown soldier's grave,
With his heart's loved idols near him,
And *the Flag* he died to save.
No stone will mark the spot
Of the stranger 'neath the sod ;
Where so peacefully he slumbers,
Unknown - save to his God.