



Original Poems,

By

HORACE L. TRIM.

MUSICIAN OF PRESCOTT POST No.1 G. A. R.

Providence, R. I.



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To my dear Comrads of Prescott  
Post No.1 G. A. R. and the  
Centredale Veteran Association,  
I respectfully dedicate these  
Poems.

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All's quiet along the Potomac's  
banks,  
No more the stirring drum,  
No more the bugles call's to arms,  
In peace her waters run.

H. L. TRIM.

## An Old Drummers Lament.

---

I went into the service in 1863,  
I staid right with the other boys  
Some fighting I did see;

I was looking for promotion,  
I was'nt any bummer,  
When I came out in '65,  
I was just a common drummer.

I was not contented with my lot,  
Promotion was my aim,  
I joined the regulars in '66,  
And was sent out on the plains,  
Against old Squating Bear, and Bull,  
I was fighting all one summer,  
And when discharged in '69,  
Well, I was just a common drummer.

After that I settled down,  
And staid to home with Pa,  
I took unto myself a wife  
And joined the G. A. R.  
They said I'd get promoted sure,  
There was offices without number,  
I belonged to that just eleven weeks,  
When I was made old Prescotts drummer.

And when the war with Spain broke out,  
And the country sprang to arms,  
I joined the old united train,  
And shared the rude alarms,  
Yes while they fought at San Juan,  
And Deweys guns did thunder,  
I still was in the rank and file,  
As company "B's" old drummer.

Now I think its time to call a halt,  
and from soldiering take a rest,  
There are no stripes, or bars, for me,  
I have done my level best,  
And age is coming on quite fast,  
I am feeling lame and sore,  
I think I've had my last campaign,  
I won't drum any more.

Memorial Day 1903.  
Intervale Cemetery,  
and Greenville, R. I.

---

Memorial day again is here,  
Another year has gone  
We meet once more in Jesus' name  
Our duty to perform.  
Old comrades dear, you stand it well,  
Although so aged and gray,  
Your steps are light, your eyes grow bright,  
Upon this holy day.  
Sweet flowers we'll place upon the graves,  
Of those gone on before,  
Their spirits sure will smile on us  
From that celestial shore.  
For in that camp above the skies  
Where angel sentries stand,  
We soon will get the grand pass-word,  
And join that heavenly band.  
Tread lightly comrades o'er the mounds  
Of those who have passed away,  
Disturb them not, but sweet flowers bring  
On this Memorial Day.  
And the grand old flag with mourning drape,  
Let a silent prayer be said  
For the brave ones that were loved so well,  
Our noble Patriot dead.  
And when we too are laid away  
Our friends will gather near,  
And decorate our graves as well  
With the flowers we loved so dear.  
Then grasp my hand old boy in blue,  
And you too, faithful Sons,  
Ere long this task we leave to you  
And say God's will be done.



## Black Tom.

---

Hunted by his rebel master;

Over hills, and through the glades:  
Black Tom with his wife and children  
Found his way to our brigade.

Tom had sense, and truth, and courage,  
Often tried when danger rose,  
Once our flag, his strong arm rescued  
From the grasp of rebel foes

One day Tom was marching with us  
Through the forest as our guide,  
When a ball from a traitors rifle;  
Broke his arm and pierced his side.

On a litter white men bore him,  
Through the forest, drear and damp,  
Laid him dying where our banners  
Brightly fluttered o'er our camp.

Pointing to his wife, and children  
While he suffered dreadful pain,  
Said he to our soldiers round him,  
Dont let them be slaves again.

No by heavens, spoke a soldier  
And that oath was not in vain,  
Our brigade will still protect them  
They shall not be slaves again.

Over Black Toms dusky features,  
Came and staid a joyous ray,  
And with saddened friends around him  
His free spirit passed away.

Memorial Day 1904.  
Intervale Cemetery.

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My comrades dear once more we stand,  
Within these sacred grounds,  
Where sleeps our noble patriot dead,  
Beneath these lonely mounds.  
And as we gaze upon these flags,  
Our thoughts are with the past,  
When these brave men stood side by side.  
Beneath that fiery blast.

When hissing shot tore through their ranks,  
And the deadly minnies fell,  
When bursting shell, crouched human bones,  
And the fight was worse than hell.  
Oh it was that what tried mens very souls,  
It was that what made our band,  
It was that what made this comradeship  
Throughout this freedoms land.

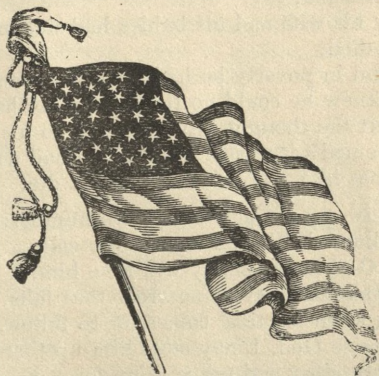
It is well we have a day like this,  
It is well we are here to day,  
To place sweet flowers upon the graves  
Of those who have passed away.  
Of those who in the battle front  
Stood with us side by side,  
Who kept that starry flag aloft  
Who like brave soldiers died.

And you our friends, God bless you all,  
To us you have been so true,  
Your christian influence and kindly aid  
Cheers up us boys in blue.  
It makes our task seem far more light,  
It makes our hearts more gay,  
To have your presence here with us  
On these memorial days.



We are failing fast old comrades dear,  
Our ranks grow less and less,  
Only a few more decorations  
When we'll all be laid to rest.  
For since we met a year ago  
How many have passed away,  
Oh how many more vacant chairs,  
They have crossed the lines,  
To that great camp ground,  
To glories bright and fair.

Sleep on, oh grand old boys in blue,  
Your earthly toils are o'er,  
No bugles blast, no drums long roll  
Will wake you ever more.  
Sleep on in heavenly peace, sleep on.  
Old comrades loved by all,  
You have passed the guard,  
You have won the crown,  
You have answered that last call



## My Old Pard.

---

On a cot in a lonely attic,  
Lay an old man racked with pain;  
He had served all through the civil war,  
And was with Custer on the plains.  
He was always ready when danger called;  
Was fearless kind and true,  
No better man I ever met  
That wore a suit of blue.

I long had thought my old chum dead,  
For years we'd been dwelt apart,  
And to find him thus, so friendless and sick,  
Was enough to break any mans heart.  
He feebly took my hand in his,  
And tried to tell me all;  
Of the joys and grief, hardships and toils,  
Since we parted that time in St Paul.

How he had given up soldiring for the sake  
of peace,  
How he had married and a nice home had  
owned;  
How his wife and his babies had sickened and  
died,  
And in poverty he had been left alone.  
He knew he could go to the soldiers home,  
But the thought brought tears to his eyes,  
It seemed very hard. after all he had done,  
That he among strangers must die.

I know my old pards days are numbered,  
I know he'll soon answer the call;  
But God in his mercy will take him,  
Who marks every sparrow that falls,  
And when my time comes for to follow,  
Praise God, I may meet him up there,  
Where glory and peace reign forever,  
With the angels so radiant and fair.

## The Dead Drummer Boy.

---

Midst tangled roots, that lined the wild ravine,  
Where the fierce fight raged hottest through  
the day,  
And where the dead, in scattered heaps were seen;  
Amid the darkling forest shades and sun,  
Speechless in death he lay.

The setting orb which glanced athwart the place,  
In slanting rays like amber tinted rain,  
Fell sideways on the drummers upturned face,  
Where death, had left its gor'y fingers trace;  
In one bright crimson stain.

The silken fringes of his once bright eye,  
Lay like a shadow on his cheek so fair;  
His lips were parted by a long drawn sigh,  
That with his soul, had mounted to the sky,  
On some wild martial air.

No more his hands, the fierce Tattoo shall beat,  
Nor shrill reveille, or the long roll call,  
Or sound the charge, when in smoke, and heat,  
Of fir'ey onset foe shall meet,  
And gallant men shall fall.

Yet maybe in some happy home that one,  
A Mother reading from the list of dead,  
Shall chance to view the name of her dead son.  
And move her lips to say Gods will be done;  
And bow in grief her head.

But more than this what tongue shall tell the story,  
Of that dear boy who died there all alone,  
Upon that field so dark and gor'y,  
Perhaps in a grave thats marked unknown.



Dedication of the Soldiers and  
Sailors Monument at  
Centredale, R. I.  
May 30th. 1904.

---

Where are the men who left this town  
When their country called to arms,  
Who left their mothers, sweethearts, wives,  
The workshops, schools, and farms;  
Who sacrificed their very lives  
That this nation may be free,  
Who kept that starry flag aloft  
On the land, and on the sea.

Some sleeps beneath Virginias, hills,  
And some on Georgiars strand,  
Some, rests in nearby burial grounds;  
In there own dear native lands,  
And some thank God, though aged, and worn  
Are with us here to day  
To dedicate this glorious gift,  
To those that have passed away.

What grander gift, could be bestowed  
To the memory of those brave men,  
Who died on southern battle fields  
And in the prison pens,  
Or who contracted dread disease,  
In the feaver stricken camps,  
Who marched and slept, for days and weeks,  
In the swamps so drear and damp.

It will stand there my comrads  
For ages to come, a tribute of honor,  
To this towns noble sons,  
Who proved to there sires, and country so  
true,  
Who upheld to the last  
That grand "Red, White and Blue.

And as long as on earth, the green grass grows,  
The names of these heroes, will be told in  
story;  
There deeds are emblazoned on the records of  
fame;  
Of a nation whose flag floats in freedom and  
glory,  
Yes, as long as the bay dispels the night  
That flag will wave in the beauty bright  
As an emblem of purity o'er land and on sea  
Of a country, whose brave sons  
Will still keep it free.

---

### Memorial Day 1904.

---

Oh veterans of the civil war,  
Once more memorial day has come,  
Once more the dear old flag is draped,  
Once more the muffled drum,  
Once more with flowers, and softly tread;  
With loving hearts, and bowed down head,  
We place sweet garlands on these graves  
Where sleeps our honored heroic dead.  
It is grand to think as we gather here,  
And listen to these solemn prayers,  
That they rest in peace in that heavenly camp  
Free from all sorrow grief and care.  
And when we are called to follow on,  
Oh grant we may meet them over there,  
Where joy and peace forever reigns,  
With the holy angels bright and fair.

---

## A One Armed Veteran's Story.

---

What's that you ask? my little friends,

Was I in the Civil war?

Was I in the camps and marched?

Did I hear the cannons roar?

Well, yes, I was out a little while

When the rebels done their best

To trail the old flag in the dust

And the Union from us wrest.

I was at Antietam's bloody fight,

Where the dead was piled in heaps,

It was there I got this empty sleeve;

It is there my brother sleeps.

He was younger, some two years, than me,

Was loyal, brave and true;

He gave his life for the flag he loved,

That grand "Red, White and Blue."

It broke my poor old mother's heart

When the news to her was read.

She cried and moaned for many a day

For her wounded and her dead.

And father he soon pined away;

Side by side they are laid to rest,

In the orchard where we used to play,

Where the robins build their nest.

Our country asked and she received;

Her sons were staunch and true;

From East to West they left their all,

And donned the "suit of blue."

They fought for what they knew was right,

And freedom's flag sustained;

Sweet liberty throughout the land.

That burst the black man's chains.



I thank you all, my little friends,  
For listening to my story;  
Of how we marched and how we fought  
For freedom and "Old Glory,"  
And how we kept that flag aloft  
In many a hard campaign;  
How proud it was brought back again  
Without a single stain.

---

### One More Veterans Grave.

---

Once more the dear old flag is draped,  
Once more the muffled drum,  
Another comrade has passed away;  
Oh God thy will be done.  
It means one less of us old boys,  
It means another flag,  
It means another veterans grave,  
And a household dark and sad.  
He has passed beyond the picket lines,  
To that camp ground over there,  
Where holy peace does reign supreme,  
With the angels bright and fair.  
Sleep on, oh! grand old boy in blue,  
Your earthly toils are o'er,  
No bugles blast no drums long roll,  
Will wake you ever more.  
Sleep on, in heavenly peace, sleep on,  
Old comrad loved by all.  
You have passed the guard,  
You have won the crown,  
You have answered that last call

---

## Our Battle Flags.

Respectfully dedicated to the Fourth Rhode  
Island Volunteers. Infantry.

---

O! grand old flags! Once more we stand  
Beneath your silken folds;  
More precious far to us old boys  
Than diamonds, pearls or gold.  
Our bosom swells with joyous pride,  
Our eyes grow bright once more,  
Our steps take on that swinging gait  
As they did in days of yore.  
As they did, when, in our youth and strength,  
We bore you at the front;  
When face to face with rebel bands,  
We stood the battles' brunt;  
When cannons belched their cursed flame,  
And their deadly bursting shells;  
When bullets sang like maddened bees,  
When the fight was a perfect hell.  
You are battered and worn just like ourselves,  
And the scars of your battles show plain;  
In triumph we'll bear you to your new home,  
And never disturb you again.  
Let them rest there, my comrades,  
It is well that they should;  
With their folds draped in glory and pride,  
Under which for three years,  
We struggled and fought,  
Under which many a brave comrade died.



At The Graniteville School.  
March 25th. 1904.

---

I remember when I was a little boy,  
Before I had learned to drum,  
Before I had dreamed of a soldiers life,  
Before the war had begun.  
Of the village school where I used to go,  
Where I learned to read and spell,  
Of my school mate friends and teacher true,  
That we all did love so well.

Oh those happy days my little friends,  
Were without one thought of care,  
In that peacefull village beneath those hills  
With the fields so bright and fair.  
But the war came on, like a mighty cloud,  
It called for the brave and true,  
There was seven that went to school with me  
Who wore the union blue.

For we loved the old flag children dear,  
Just as you love it now;  
It was our guidance by day, and night,  
On the weary march, and in the bitter fight,  
When cannons belched their cursed flame,  
And the deadly bursting shells,  
When bullets sang like maddened bees,  
When hundreds of brave men fell.

Of that great war my little friends,  
We are a remnant old and gray,  
And only a few more years will come,  
When all have passed away.  
So I ask you now each boy and girl,  
To pledge yourselves again,  
To keep that old flag pure and free,  
Without one blot or stain.



Flag Day at Enfield School,  
Feb. 12th. 1904.



Oh! Children dear of Endfield School,  
My bosom swells with joy,  
My heart is filled with love and pride,  
For every girl and boy,  
I'ts because you love that dear old flag,  
That floats so pure and free,  
With I'ts heavenly stars and glorious stripes,  
That we love so well to see.

To us old veterans gathered here,  
You have nobly done your part,  
And the patriotism you have shown this night  
Touches deeply every heart,  
God bless you Children every one,  
God bless your teacher too,  
May you always love that dear old flag,  
That grand "Red, White and Blue."



To William F. Allison.  
Past Commander Centredale Veteran Association.

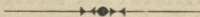
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I thank you dear comrade, and brother,  
For the poem dedicated to me;  
May the friendship we hold last forever.  
For, my thoughts are often of the,  
And when we are called over the river  
May we meet on that beautifull shore,  
In the camp that the angels are guarding  
With Jesus, our lord evermore.

For years we've been true to each other,  
And in sorrow each other have cheered,  
My trials at times have seemed lighter,  
When I knew that your presence was near.  
God grant that our friendship continues,  
And you enjoy health, comfort, and joy,  
May no contentions, ever come in between us,  
God bless you my comrade old boy.



## Where Are The Grand Old Boys In Blue.



Where are the Grand Old Boys in blue,  
Who fought in sixty-one,  
Who left their fathers, mothers, all,  
At the long roll of the drum',  
Who dared to face that traitor band  
On many a bloody field,  
Who held that starry flag aloft,  
Who would die before they'd yield,  
Throughout the land on hill and dale  
Their silent tents are spread.  
And once a year sweet flowers are placed,  
Upon each grassy bed,  
Oh! comrades of the G. A. R.  
Our ranks are growing small,  
Soon with our brothers that are gone,  
We'll answer that last call,  
Soon the last taps on our graves will sound  
The last roll of the drum,  
The last one gone, who saved our flag,  
Who fought in sixty-one.





In Memory of Comrade  
Remington Sherman  
of Prescott Post.

---

Another dear one has passed away!

There is one more vacant chair!

He has crossed the lines,

To that grand camp ground,

So glorious, bright and fair.

Sleep on, oh grand old boy in blue,

Your earthly toils are o'er,

No bugles blast, no drums long roll  
Will wake you ever more.

Sleep on in heavenly peace, sleep on,  
Old comrad, loved by all,

You have passed the guard,

You have won the crown,

You have answered that last call.



THE  
LIFE OF  
JAMES  
MILN

Another edition has appeared  
The first was published in 1811  
The second in 1812  
The third in 1813  
The fourth in 1814  
The fifth in 1815  
The sixth in 1816  
The seventh in 1817  
The eighth in 1818  
The ninth in 1819  
The tenth in 1820  
The eleventh in 1821  
The twelfth in 1822  
The thirteenth in 1823  
The fourteenth in 1824  
The fifteenth in 1825  
The sixteenth in 1826  
The seventeenth in 1827  
The eighteenth in 1828  
The nineteenth in 1829  
The twentieth in 1830

