



# Lincoln Lore

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## Lincoln Song Sheets

The Civil War was a singing war and literally thousands of song sheets were widely distributed throughout the Northern States during the conflict. The usual song sheet measured 8" x 5" and carried at the top a colored illustration, and sometimes more than one illustration. Song sheets were lithographed and printed on one side in colored ink. The largest quantities were distributed by Charles Magnus, No. 12 Frankfort Street, New York, with a branch office at 520 7th Street, Washington, D.C. Advertisements reveal that the Magnus firm had for sale some 500 illustrated ballads.

While quite a number of song sheets bear no imprint, some of the publishers of this type of Civil War ephemera were:

Horace Partridge  
27 Hanover Street  
Boston, Mass.

E. F. Rollins  
117 Hanover Street  
Boston, Mass.

H. De Marson  
54 Chatham Street  
New York, N. Y.

H. J. Wehman  
50 Chatham Street  
New York, N. Y.

A. W. Auner  
Philadelphia, Pa.

James D. Gay  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Johnson Song Publisher  
7 North Tenth Street  
Philadelphia, Pa.

J. Magee  
316 Chestnut Street  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Mason & Company  
58 North 6th Street  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sep. Winner's Music Store  
933 Spring Garden Street  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Theodore B. Stayner  
22 Wickenden Street  
Providence, R. I.

**LINCOLN & HAMLIN.**  
Air: Wait for the Wagon.

Come, all ye friends of freedom,  
And rally in each State,  
For Honest Old Abe Lincoln,  
The people's candidate!  
With Lincoln as our champion,  
We'll battle for the Right,  
And beat the foes of Freedom,  
In next November's fight.

Chorus—Hurrah! boys, for Lincoln!  
Hurrah! boys, for Lincoln!  
Hurrah! boys, for Lincoln!  
Hurrah! for Hamlin, too!

The people want an honest man—  
They're tired of fools and knaves;  
They're sick of imbecile "J. B.,"  
That in the White House raves.  
They want a man for President  
Of firm, unyielding will,  
That is both honest, brave and true,  
And Ood Am! He that bill! Hurrah! boys, &c.

Old Pegies down at Baltimore  
In solemn conclave met,  
The "Union-Saving" faces to play,  
With Bell and Everett.  
But the people, next November,  
Will put them all to rest,  
And make them long remember  
That the Fillmore game's "played out." Hurrah!

The Democrats are in a "fix,"  
No wonder that they shiver;  
For they all feel it in their bones,  
That they're going up Salt River!  
With their party split asunder,  
The truth is plain to all,  
That though united once they stood,  
Divided, now, they fall! Hurrah! boys, &c.

Oh, Douglas, you can't win this race,  
You'd better clear the way—  
Your humbug doctrines won't go down;  
At home you'll have to stay.  
The Wide-Awakes are on the march,  
O'er all our hills and vales—  
Our Giant-Killer's after you,  
With one of those old ralls! Hurrah! boys, &c.

And Breckinridge will soon find out  
The people he can't fool:  
They've had enough, these last four years,  
Of Democratic rule.  
But Latham is their favorite,  
And he is bound to win,  
When Buck steps out, next Fourth of March,  
Old Abe will then step in! Hurrah! boys, &c.

H. DE MARSON  
DEALER IN SONGS, TOY BOOKS, ETC.  
54 CHATHAM ST. N.Y.

Published by the Western. 27 Front Street N. Y.

## "NOBODY HURT"

(OLD ABE.)

— Columbia the song of the South —  
By JOHN W. BELL.

Mr. Lincoln a great speech was making,  
And all around each auditor he looked,  
The color of his beard was shining,  
Sunset and dew around him shone,  
But his face was much more than looked,  
'T was as if some angel had looked,  
Who, although the land was in a shiver,  
That really there — "Nobody Hurt!"

They all have been better in health,  
They all have been better in health,  
They all have been better in health,  
They all have been better in health,  
In a manner both bright and good,  
That had all in health, really and true,  
(OLD) — but fight — "Nobody Hurt!"

Mr. Lincoln was taken in his lifetime,  
And toward and toward they "went"  
But whether they are mourning,  
It is "O' What's The Matter" with it,  
That follows in his "O' What's The Matter" with it,  
That — "Nobody Hurt" and "Nobody Hurt" with it,  
With all "Nobody Hurt" — "Nobody Hurt!"

Revised according to 2nd Edition, by the author, in the year 1864, by James B. Cox, in the Clerk's Office of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

## OLD UNION WAGON.

The eagle of Columbia in majesty and pride,  
Will never cease to glory the nation have guided,  
The flag we proudly cherish the nation of our will,  
Rejoice in honor of her a way down on Buckle Side.

"Chorus" —

The old Union Wagon,  
The old Union Wagon,  
To give the boys a ride.

The war march of that eagle is heard from shore to shore,  
From clouds of dark rebellion our flag is covered o'er,  
But freedom and its brightness still look the glory will  
And march the crew of freedom with position still and back.

"Verse" —

King Children were the nation of those who had the life,  
The nation were a people who ever shall be free,  
As are the wings of heaven above every thought and sin,  
That nation were justice and not from their end.

"Chorus" —

The old "Abe" — it is the Wagon and "War" is by his side,  
While "War" is by his side, the nation is by his side,  
While "War" is by his side, the nation is by his side,  
While "War" is by his side, the nation is by his side,  
We'll all march together with "Nobody Hurt" with it.

"Chorus" —

There is never one such like Wagon, "O' What's The Matter" with it,  
The nation are made of freedom which nation were,  
And the Spirit which rightly around just number thirty less.

"Chorus" —

Stick to the Wagon,  
The old Union Wagon,  
The Union Wagon,  
While millions take a ride.

— Old Illustrated Bulletin Whittier and printed by  
CHARLES BACCHUS, No. 13 Front Street, New York  
South Office, No. 221 1/2 St. Washington, D. C.

## JOHNNY, FILL UP THE BOWL!

Published and sung by James B. Cox, in the year 1864, by James B. Cox, in the Clerk's Office of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Abraham Lincoln, who got "Abe"  
Was taken in his lifetime,  
And toward and toward they "went"  
But whether they are mourning,  
It is "O' What's The Matter" with it,  
That follows in his "O' What's The Matter" with it,  
That — "Nobody Hurt" and "Nobody Hurt" with it,  
With all "Nobody Hurt" — "Nobody Hurt!"

This sheet will change in Keokuk, Iowa, in the year 1864, by James B. Cox, in the Clerk's Office of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

## THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

As when the Rebels first attempted to make our Keystone State,  
They thought they were to fighting men, in every one's name,  
They thought they were to fighting men, in every one's name,  
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Revised according to 2nd Edition, by the author, in the year 1864, by James B. Cox, in the Clerk's Office of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

The Lincoln Library-Museum of the Lincoln National Life Foundation has acquired a sizeable collection of Civil War song sheets; however, our efforts have been directed primarily toward the building of a collection of Lincoln song sheets. Our total count is sixty-two different items. In making such a collection any item that mentions the Lincoln name (given or surname) or any song sheet that mentions the President by implication is considered eligible for inclusion. An alphabetical list of the titles follows; however, we do not wish to infer that the Foundation's collection is complete:

1. Abraham Lincoln
2. A Hundred Years Hence
3. (Variant of No. 2)
4. A Nation Mourns Her Martyr'd Son

5. A Patriotic Song
6. Booth Is Dead
7. Campaign Song
8. Campaign Song — O' What's The Matter
9. Cotton Is King
10. Death and Burial of Abraham Lincoln
11. General Grant's Boys
12. Give Us Back Our Old Commander
13. God Save The President!
14. Good Morning Master Lincoln!
15. He's Gone To the Arms of Abraham
16. (Variant of No. 15)
17. Hold On Abraham!
18. How Are You Green-Backs?
19. Hurrah for Abraham Lincoln
20. Hymn

21. Hymn For The National Funeral
22. Illinois
23. In Memoriam
24. Johnny Fill Up The Bowl
25. (Variant of No. 24)
26. (Variant of No. 24 and 25)
27. Keystone Brigade
28. Kingdom Coming
29. Lee's Surrender Or The Yankee Doodle Dandy For The Times
30. Lincoln And Hamlin
31. Lincoln Lies Sleeping
32. (Variant of No. 31)
33. Lincoln, The Pride of The Nation
34. McClellan Will Be President
35. Nobody Hurt
36. Old Abe, The Railsplitter





# A PATRIOTIC SONG.



BY

REV. BENJAMIN DANFORTH,  
PROVIDENCE, R. I.



The following was composed by seeing a vision of the army encampment at Washington. I then saw a great grey Eagle come flying from the north-west near to where I stood. He then turned and flew toward the South, and alighted on the top of a tree, folded his wings, cast a look over the fields as if to view the country; then turning, opened his wings, (his feathers appeared to have been washed with gold,) and flew near to where I stood, then vanished out of my sight. My impression was that the eagle meant to represent President Lincoln.

In eighteen hundred sixty-one,  
A rebel war we could not shun;  
In South Carolina, Moultrie's Fort,  
The cannons made their first report.

One thing to me is sure enough,  
That Anderson is the right stuff,  
And his first shot he made it tell,  
His soldiers done their duty well.

Ah! in this battle none will tell  
How many at Fort Moultrie fell;  
But one thing fills us with surprise,  
That telegraphs will tell such lies.

Then Abraham from Illinois,  
Sent out a trumpet sounding voice;  
In times of danger he alarms,  
All calls the Nation to their arms.

Our sons and daughters hear the call,  
With gun and sword, powder and ball;  
They onward march with bayonets bright,  
And with their leaders take delight.

There's Rhoda, she's a little State,  
She has one son, we think him great;  
One Gov'nor Sprague—O, let his name  
Be enrolled in history's book of fame.

When this excitement first began,  
Our Gov'nor Sprague, took cars and ran;  
Laid down his all in a good cause,  
To help sustain his country's laws.

The old Bay State—noble and true,  
Led on by one Gov'nor Andrew;  
Their mighty men of wealth and power,  
Assisted in this trying hour.

There's great New York, she's turned out well,  
One leader of the Zouaves fell;  
She's left a mighty host behind,  
Her soldiers those of the right kind.

Ohio and that Illinois,  
Our brother States will all rejoice,  
When such a mighty host they send,  
Our country's honor to defend.

This country, what a mighty host  
Of noble men along the coast;  
From Minnesota, down in Maine,  
Unitely we still shall reign.

The Northern States united are,  
They neither sons or money spare;  
Husband leaves wife and children too,  
That he may soldiers duty do.

Now, if the South would like to see  
Their States in full prosperity;  
Let them return with smiling face,  
And they will find a warm embrace.

There is one sound which strikes my ear,  
The death knell of a volunteer;  
Who in his last expiring breath  
All hail the Stars and Stripes, he saith.

Luther C. Ladd, still sound his name,  
No soldier can have greater fame;  
It pains my heart to think he fell,  
He loved his native country well.

In Baltimore his blood was shed,  
It stained the earth a crimson red;  
His voice still crieth from the ground,  
O, mark the man, I hear the sound.

Virginia's soil shall it be said!  
That Ellsworth's blood has made it red!  
Ah, yes we say, truly we tell  
He served his native country well.

Colonel Ellsworth, a noble son,  
The rebels flag he downward run;  
A song of praise to him we'll give,  
And let his name forever live.

When Father Lincoln heard his fate,  
The loss of Ellsworth was so great,  
He turned aside and veil'd his face,  
To find a quiet weeping place.

There's Brownell too, made well his shot,  
And killed the assassin on the spot;  
That rebel Jackson, what a knave,  
Has gone to fill a traitors grave.

Poor Davis, he has been deceived,  
The Northern Tories he believed;  
And Beauregard, who served him well,  
At Sumter's battle fired his shell.

Alas, those noble sons out South,  
Heed not the voice from Lincoln's mouth;  
They vainly think if they rebel  
That all things yet will turn out well.

Those rebel sons, O, let them live,  
Let us be Godlike and forgive,  
And when their folly is made plain,  
Receive them in our arms again.

Now when these subjects lend an ear,  
And demagogues are struck with fear;  
'Tis then this rebel war shall cease  
And Soldier's Joy will be release.

And then our wives will read this song,  
And will be happy all day long;  
Yes, then our children we shall see,  
And toss the baby on the knee.

I have three sons enlisted too,  
That they may soldier's duty do,  
May they their rations never lack,  
Or have a shot hole in their back.

If I am wanted I will run,  
Take sword and pistol, rifle and gun;  
Will stand on duty all the day,  
And in the night will watch and pray.

Amos and Stephen, they are right,  
With gun and sword ready to fight;  
And if the Gov'nor gives the call,  
May take my daughter, wife and all.

I have one son named La Fayette,  
That will not flee though foes should meet;  
And Samuel too, will do his part,  
He never had a coward's heart.

Can christians offer up their sons!  
To go to war with swords and guns!  
Yes, 'tis their duty when assail'd,  
By rebels who ought to be jail'd.

The eagle out of the northwest,  
Is on the wing—stops not to rest;  
Now to the South he takes his flight  
And on the palm tree soon will light.

Our President from Illinois,  
Let all the sons now hear his voice;  
Soon he will light on the palm tree  
And reunite America—hurrah—

There is one Hero, General Scott,  
He makes those Southern rebels trot,  
Throw down their knapsacks and their gun,  
It makes us laugh to see them run.

There's many Generals in the field,  
And soldiers strict obedience yield,  
And O, how noble is the sight,  
When soldiers for their country fight.

The White House, Oh, that glorious seat,  
Where mighty Statesmen often meet,  
Where noblemen—men of renown,  
Will ever keep rebellion down.

May God give wisdom to direct,  
President Lincoln well protect,  
The council of this nation save,  
That none may fill a traitor's grave.