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Poem, 1862. M94-394 [unpublished]

Francois, Jules

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Poem Composed by Jules Francois while in Camp Utly, Racine, Wisconsin
March 1862

We come from the valleys of the young Badger state

Where the prairies are so grand, so magnificent and great.
We have rallied round the banner of the brave and the free,
Around our own starry banner in Dillon's battery.
We have left our homes and kindred the scenes we will scan
While we snuff the pure air of old Lake Michigan.
To perfect ourselves in drill for a time we can be seen
On our daily rounds of duty in Camp Utly in Racine.
We have got a noble company with officers true blue
We will deal out blood and thunder to Jeff Davis and his crew.
We will gather round our banner and stand by it to a man
When we leave the peaceful shores of old Lake Michigan.
We have banded all together in a just and righteous cause
We never will knock under till we make them own the corn
And pay homage to the flag they now so meanly scorn.
Their forts shall be blockaded, their cities we will shell
We will teach the bloody villains there is a place called hell.
On them we will sight our cannon and try and hold it level
May God have mercy on them, we will blow them to the devil.
There is Price and Ben McCulloch we would like to try their metal
And a host of other traitors with whom we have to settle
And as we never can expect that the rebel scamps will love us
We would like to see them dangle in the atmosphere above us.
By the prowess of our army and skill of our profession
We will rid the land of Dixie of the spirit of secession.
Let the war cry ring out clearly and the hosts of freedom rally
Through the length and the breadth of the Mississippi valley.
To the friends we leave behind us we will now bid adieu.
We will fight our country's battles with the danger full in view.
And should it be decreed in the higher courts above
It is a noble boon to die for the country that we love.
Know ye then Wisconsin maidens that to traitors we won't bow
So gather up your laurels to deck the victors brow.
Ere long we will return and our flag shall be unfurled
The banner of the free and the ages of the world.
O we come from the prairies of the young Badger state
Where the girls are so pretty, so amiable and sweet.
We have rallied around the banner of the brave and the free
Around our own starry banner in Dillon's battery.