

Mom's  
Soprano  
Ma  
Ashley  
Toumaer

# Georgia Volunteer

wrote as from  
clipping's music by  
Sara Cleveland

Far up the lonely mountain <sup>path</sup>side, My wand'ring footsteps led. The  
moss lay thick be-neath my feet, the pines sighed overhead. The trace of a  
dis mantled fort lay in the forest <sup>grave</sup> ~~grave~~, And in the shadow near my  
path I saw a soldier's grave.

2) The brambles wrestled with the weeds  
Upon the lowly mound.  
The simple headboard, rudely writ,  
Had totted to the ground.  
I raised it with a reverent hand,  
From dust it's words to clear,  
But time had blotted all but these,  
"A Georgia Volunteer".

3) I heard the Shenandoah roll  
Along the vale below.  
I saw the Alleghenies rise  
Toward the realms of snow.  
The valley campaign came to mind,  
It's leader's name, and then  
I knew the sleeper had been one  
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.

4) He sleeps---what need to question now  
If he were wrong or right?  
He knows, ere this, whose cause is just  
In God the Father's sight.  
He wields no war-like weapons now,  
Returns no foeman's thrust.  
Who but a coward would revile  
An honored soldier's dust?

5) Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll,  
Along thy rocky glen.  
Above thee lies the grave of one  
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.  
Beneath the cedars and the pine  
In solitude austere,  
Unknown, unnamed, forgotten, lies  
A Georgia Volunteer.

CW.



MORE VERSES OF GEORGIA VOLUNTEER,, FROM KENNY, GOLDSTEIN..

3 I SAW THE TOAD AND SCALY SNAKE, FROM TANGLED COVERT START,  
AND HIDE THEMSELVES AMONG THE WEEDS, ABOVE THE DEAD MAN'S HEART,  
BUT UNDISTURBED, IN SWEET REPOSE, UNHEEDING WHERE HE LAY,  
HIS COFFIN, BUT THE MOUNTAIN ~~WAS~~, SOIL..  
HIS SHROUD,, CONFEDERATE GRAY..

4 YET WHENCE HE CAME, WHAT LIP SHALL SAY? WHOSE TONGUE SHALL EVER TELL?  
WHAT DESOLATED HEARTHES, AND HEARTS, HAVE BEEN BECAUSE HE FELL,  
WHAT SAD EYED MAIDEN BRAIDS HER HAIR? HER HAIR, WHICH HE HELD DEAR?  
ONE LOCK OF WHICH, PERCHANCE LIES WITH, THE GEORGIA VOLUNTEER,,

5 WHAT MOTHER WITH LONG, WATCHING EYES? AND WHITE LIPS COLD AND DUMB?  
WAITS WITH APPALLING PATIENCE FOR, HER DARLING BOY TO COME?  
HER BOY, WHOSE MOUNTAIN GRAVE SWELLS UP BUT ONE OF MANY A TEAR, ~~AND~~  
CUT ON THE FACE OF OUR FAIR LAND, BY GORY, HANDED, WAR..

6 WHAT FIGHTS HE FOUGHT, WHAT WOUNDS HE WORE, ARE ALL UNKNOWN TO FAME,  
REMEMBER, ON HIS LONELY GRAVE, THERE IS NOT EVEN A NAME,  
THAT HE FOUGHT WELL, AND ~~BRAVE~~ TOO, BRAVELY TOO, AND HELD HIS COUNTRY DEAR  
WE KNOW, ELSE HE HAD NEVER BEEN, A GEORGIA, VOLUNTEER..

Extra Verses - Found by Kenny  
March 168

Different music for - On Yonder Green Mt,

160