



PENNSYLVANIA LOW-LANDS

Words by LIEUT. JOHN EGOLF, 14th Reg't N. Y. S. M.

Way down in Pennsylvania, not many months ago;
We marched from Old Virginia to fight the Rebel foe;
Our hearts felt light and buoyant as forward we did speed,
For a tip-top man commanded us—"How are you, General Meade?"
In the Pennsylvania low lands, low, &c.

'Twas on the 1st of July, as history will tell,
The 1st Corps opened up the fight, and noble Reynolds fell;
Although the odds were heavy we would have won the day,
But the "Half-moons" couldn't see the point, turned tail and run away;
In the Pennsylvani low lands, low, &c.

We fell back in good order, without a show of flight,
Until we came unto the hills called Cemetery Heights;
Here we formed our line of battle, bound to make a stand,
And give to Johnny Rebel a whipping on Yankee land;
In the Pennsylvania low lands, low, &c.

The next day opened fairly, the fight soon did begin,
But every time they charged our lines we drove them back again.
On right and left the battle still fiercely held its sway,
Nor the bloody struggle did not cease at the closing of the day;
In the Pennsylvania low lands, low, &c.

The third day closed successfully; General Lee did find He'd have to leave his wounded as prisoners behind; So he quickly gave the order to take the backward track, Kilpatrick kept harrassing him till he crossed the Po-to-mac; In the Pennsylvania low lands, low, &c.

Now, peace to all our comrades who at Gettysburg did fall; No more their faces we will see, their names hear at roll-call, But if our lives are spared us to see our homes again, On each returning year a glass we'll to their memory drain; In the Pennsylvania low lands, low, &c.

Sold by GEO. P. HARDWICK, Washington, D. C., Publisher of Army and Navy Ballads.