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To the women of our Country

To matron and maiden to children, <sup>and all</sup>  
The country is pleading - give heed to the <sup>call</sup>  
Our sons and our brothers he scattered <sup>around</sup>  
Like leaves by the tempest on the stern battle <sup>ground</sup>  
Each breeze as it passes now bears on its breath  
A mission to loved ones of sorrow and death

At the call of our country they join in the strife;  
They sacrifice home and they sacrifice life.  
Con and fold up our hands and calmly <sup>on</sup> more  
When the crimson tide flows from brother <sup>from</sup> ?  
Will their groans and their tears <sup>pass by</sup> be heeded  
When they fight for our ~~country~~ <sup>cause</sup> ~~country~~ <sup>country</sup> die ?

Not fashion and fancy a charm for thee now  
When battle dark red is stamped on the brow  
Of thy suffering country whose banner still <sup>waves</sup>  
Where valiant ones sleep and unknown <sup>their groans</sup> are  
The eyes of pleasure before <sup>rise</sup> may <sup>see</sup> thee <sup>rise</sup>  
Go charm thee with song or wrangle thine eye

But thy country in tears more eloquent still,  
Will rush to thy view and the broad vision fill  
So when evening dark shade has gathered <sup>around</sup>  
In dream child of woe with front of soft couch <sup>of down</sup>  
To a swamp and drear plain where the brave <sup>robber he</sup>  
With nought to protect them but the cold storm <sup>sky</sup>

Imprisoned lone cells — they are languishing there  
For the comforts of life — for kindness and care  
For the sunlight home which around them once <sup>shone</sup>  
Sweet words of affection — a mother's fond <sup>tone</sup>  
Tie thy mission, O woman, to sooth and to heal  
The grief and the pang that thy country may <sup>feel</sup>

Thine own skillful hand must soothe <sup>to ease</sup>  
The mist and dark clouds that are hovering  
Thou canst not take arms and join in the fight  
But what thy hand finds thou canst do with <sup>thy might</sup>  
Though much thou hast done there is much <sup>still to do</sup>  
Fresh wounds and sad hearts are yet waiting <sup>for you</sup>

Wm. B. V. E. J.  
New York

Brave ones and dead & fallen! the din and the roar  
Of cannon will wake them to battle no more;  
By mountain and valley where ere they may <sup>sleep</sup> sleep  
The angels above their ~~ashes~~ will keep,  
Then work, women, work while the <sup>shall last</sup> conflict  
Gill the dark angry storm from our country,

Let thy soul often rise on the sure wings of <sup>prayer</sup> prayer,  
For God to protect those who now struggle <sup>there</sup>;  
"God is our trust," let our watchword ~~be~~ still be;  
With faith hail the triumph of sweet liberty,  
When the foe shall be vanquished and <sup>victory won</sup> and  
And peace o'er our land shall beam forth <sup>as the sun</sup> as the sun

Written by

Miss Lettie H. Hatham

P.S. Her Uncle Seth Hill

153 Regiment Co. in camp

Woolen Blanket 1

Dresser 1

Parade Pants 1

Socks 2

Blouse shirt 1

Shelter 1