

The Coronet

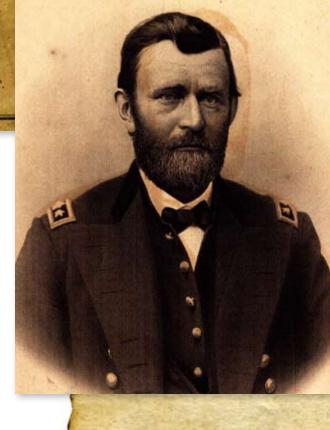
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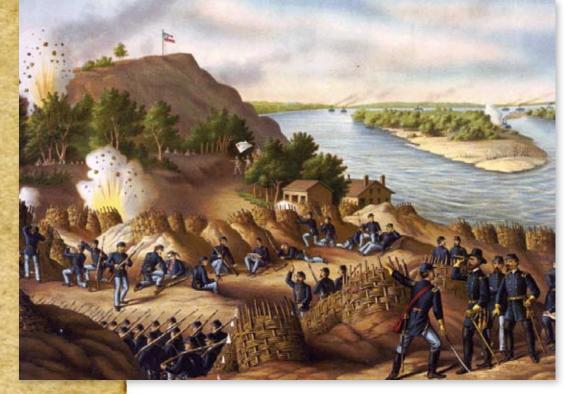
Music books such as *The Coronet*, published immediately following the Civil War, reflected much about people's views of the war. *The Coronet* was published in Chicago and reflects the pro-Union sympathies of the original owner; today, it is in the collections of Lindenwood University. *(Image: Mary Ambler Archives, Lindenwood University)*



Ulysses Grant (1822-1885) became a war hero after the fall of Vicksburg and his victories in the eastern theater later in the war, fame that catapulted him to win the Republican nomination and election as President in 1868. When the commander at Fort Donelson asked Grant for terms of surrender, Grant replied that, "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted," earning him the nickname "Unconditional Surrender Grant." This portrait of Grant is from The Most Complete and Authentic History of the Life and Public Services of General U.S. Grant, "The Napoleon of America," by Colonel Herman Dieck. (Image: Mary Ambler Archives, Lindenwood University)





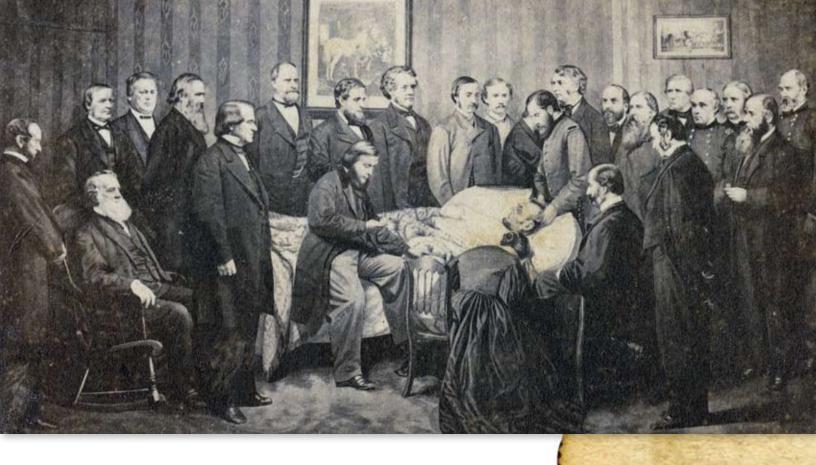


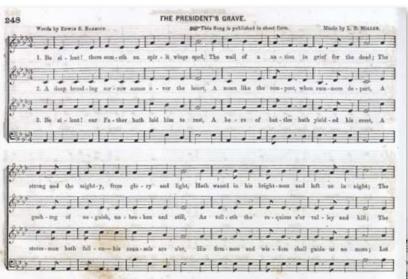
"Siege of Vicksburg—13, 15, & 17 Corps, Commanded by Gen. U.S. Grant, Assisted by the Navy Under Admiral Porter–Surrender, July 4, 1863," 1888. (Image: Prints and Photographs Division, Library of Congress)





Vicksburg's surrender to Grant on July 4, 1863, opened the lower Mississippi River to the Union and isolated the western part of the Confederacy from Richmond. As the chorus here states, "the traitors look sadly forsaken." (Image: Mary Ambler Archives, Lindenwood University)



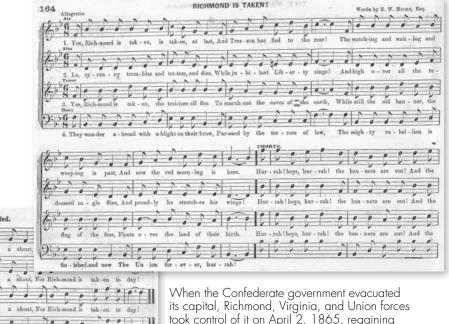


Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865) was the first President to be assassinated. His death and funeral created not only the image of Lincoln as national martyr, but also reflected Victorian views about death and mourning, as reflected in both this romanticized view of Lincoln's final moments, as well as this music. (Image top: State Historical Society of Missouri Photo Collection. Images below: Mary Ambler Archives, Lindenwood University)





Fall of Richmond, May 6, 1865, Harper's Weekly. (Image: Mary Ambler Archives, Lindenwood University)



RICHMOND IS TAKEN. Concluded.

Gamen as given mes, And properly

flag of the free, Floats o ver

can non are fir ing a way! The voice of the nation goes up in a shout,

fin ished and now The Union

can non are fir ing a way! The voice of the nation goes up in a shout,

For Rich-mond is tak-en to day!

"ONLY A LITTLE CHILD."

Traderly.

"Fer whom is the ball telling!" I asked a man at the church doer. He replied "only a little child."

F. F. Bass.

"On ly a lit the Child." Fause not here to weep; Scarce-ly on earth she smilled, Ere she foll a sleep. Fell A sleep.

2. "On ly a lit the Child." God to us had given; Pute and us de sleet, On ly, fit for heaven. Fit for heaven.

Trans.

2. "On ly a lit the Child." That our love post-sessed, That our cares be guited, That is now at rest. now at rest.

When the Confederate government evacuated its capital, Richmond, Virginia, and Union forces took control of it on April 2, 1865, regaining control of the city was a symbol to many that the Civil War was nearly over, as this song suggests. (Image: Mary Ambler Archives, Lindenwood University)

Lyrics to the Songs

Want to hear the how these songs really sounded? All of these have been recorded by "Voices Only," the a cappella singing group at Lindenwood University. You can hear them by going to our website and clicking on the "Hear the Music" icon at http://www.lindenwood.edu/confluence

The President's Grave

Be Silent! There cometh on spirit wings sped,
The wail of a nation in grief for the dead;
The strong and the mighty, from glory and light,
Hath waned in his brightness and left us in the night;
The proud eagle banners all droopingly wave,
And the wild winds are hushed round the President's grave,
And the wild winds are hushed round the President's grave.
Tread lightly! Speak softly! O'er the President's grave.

A deep brooding sorrow comes over the heart, A moan like the tempest, when summers depart, A gushing of anguish, unbroken and still, As tolleth the requiem oer valley and hill; The dun that rose bright oer the free and the brave Now is setting in gloom oer the President's grave, Now is setting in gloom oer the President's grave. Tread lightly! Speak softly! Oer the President's grave.

Be silent! Our Father hath laid him to rest, A hero of battles hath yielded his crest, A states man hath fallen his counsels are o'er, His firmness and wisdom shall guide us no more; Let cannon boom forth and then banners all wave, While we mingle our tears o'er the President's grave, While we mingle our tears o'er the President's grave. Tread lightly! Speak softly! O'er the President's grave.

Richmond is Taken!

Yes, Richmond is taken, is taken, at last, And Treason has fled to the rear! The watching and waiting and weeping is past, And now the red morning is here.

Chorus

Hurrah! Boys, hurrah! The banners are out! And The cannon are firing away! The voice of the nation goes up in a shout, For Richmond is taken to day!

Lo, tyranny trembles and totters, and dies, While jubilant liberty sings! And high over all the redeemed eagle flies, And proudly he stretches his wings!

Yes, Richmond is taken the traitors all flee To search out the caves of the earth, While still the old banner, the flag of the free, Floats over the land of their birth.

The wander abroad with a blight on their brow, Pursued by the terrors of law, The mighty rebellion is finished and now The Union forever hurrah!

Vicksburg

All honor and fame to the gallant and brave, Who have forced the rebs. Out of their holes Fling out the old banner, boys, proud let it wave With the sun shining bright on its folds

Chorus

Hurrah! Boys, Hurrah! Shout glory and sing, for the traitors look sadly forsaken; Our glorious old Eagle is yet on the wing, And Vicksburg is taken, boys, taken.

That flag, now begrim'd with the carnage of war, Grows better and purer with time, For Freedom is polishing slowly each star From the rust of oppression and crime

Bring out the spar powder and fire the big guns, The rebs are surprised at the way Columbia's loyal and true hearted sons Have honor'd their country's Birth Day

Yes, Vicksburg is ours! O, Glory! Hurrah! Won't all these head rebels feel gay! And the greatest arch traitor the world ever saw Old Jeff will feel tickled today!

His great C. S. A. is now severed in twain, And both of them shortly must die But he'll no forget, to the end of his reign, That wonderful Fourth of July!

U-lysses Grant

Give us your hand, Gen'ral Grant You're a man! You were not the coward to say "I can't," Nor the boaster to say "I can;" But you went to your work with a will, and won, To prove that the thing could be done. O fortune was most kind and true When it gave us a man like Ulysses Grant; When it gave us a man like you.

Honor to you, Gen'ral Grant! You have made The hearts of the nation with joy to pant, That were lying so cold in shade. And they bless you forever for what you've done, For glorious victories won And pray that fate may grant a few More such brave fighting men as Ulysses Grant, More such brave fighting men as you.