

SOUTHERN BEAUTIES; OR, CAPTIVITY OF COLONEL COBURN'S BRIGADE.

WRITTEN ON OLD ENVELOPES IN "LIBBY PRISON,"

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Respectfully dedicated to the 22d Wisconsin, 19th Michigan, 33d and 85th Indiana Volunteer Infantry, captured at Thompson's Station, Tenn., March 5th, 1863.

A tale I will tell, what lately befel
Some brave Northwestern boys, sir;
A thousand and more, a number of score,
All stripped of their joys, sir.
T'is held in derision to live in a prison,
As if we were felons, sir;
The fortunes of war have brought us so far,
Not the stealing of melons, sir.
Chorus—The boys we still are, who have not a
care,
Of what may be given us to do or to bear.

It was a bright day, we met in the fray,
The wild host of Van Dorn, sir;
Sent into his clutch, I should think as much,
Sure trapped as we were born, sir.
Though five to one, we thought not to run,
But fought them full five hours, sir;
We made great slaughter, but had to back water,
Because overpowered, sir.
Chorus—The boys, &c.

Our cavalry flew, our artillery too,
Things began to look blue, sir;
Gilbert, dotard he, must fool or traitor be,
We to the last stood true, sir.
The great U. S. A., then came in our way,
We don't think it so great, sir;
As prisoners of war, they starved us I'll swear,
They had nothing to eat, sir.
Chorus—The boy, &c.

There's plenty ahead, so cheer up my lad,
One day's rations for three, sir;
And then hard marched eating corn we parched,
With the boys did not agree, sir.
Night and night again stood we in the rain;
Aye, it was hard indeed, sir.
We torched cold streams, to no sleep—no dreams;
It killed eight of their guard, sir.
Chorus—The boys, &c.

At Tallahoma, all will allow me,
Bragg tucked it to us, sir;
Though wet and weary, standing all night dreary,
Did not quite undo us, sir;
Ankle deep in mire, gathered brush for fire;
Wrink soaked poised upon one leg, sir;
So jud d we feel, can't cook the raw meal;
He (Bragg) cares not a peg, sir.
Chorus—The boys, &c.

Raw meal and raw pork to us was no joke,
In that cold wind and rain, sir;
Standing in the slush, to make cups of mush,
Our eyes by morning smoke blind, sir.
Then what do they do? Take our overcoats blue;
They hate "blue-bellied Yanks," sir;
But not our good clothes; and to make fine
shows,
Take them—no leave—no thanks, sir.
Chorus—The boys, &c.

That cold frosty morn, that thus we were shorn;
They robbed our officers, too, sir.
Rebs, go to the dickens! watch your own
chickens,
Guarding your roosts, we're through, sir.
O, General Bragg, you cursed gas bag,
It was done by your order, sir;
'Tis a devilish foe treats prisoners so,
Your cause cannot prosper, sir.
Chorus—The boys, &c.

In cars rickety, old, we shivered with cold,
Some were minus a door, sir;
Scarce fit for hogs, we squatted like frogs
Over cold cracks in the floor, sir;
Or sat bolt upright, rogues ne'er pinned so tight,
Or lying several deep, sir;
With aches in our bones, prayers, curses, and
groans,
We hardly could sleep, sir.
Chorus—The boys, &c.

Where'er we did go, they made us a show,
Wanted our watches and knives, sir;
We traded for bread till we'd "nary a red,"
All for to save our lives, sir.

Where'er we did go, they wanted to know,
"What's you'uns fightin' we'uns for, sir?"
"Want to marry our nigs, you mean Yankee pigs?"
"That's why you stick to the war, sir."
Chorus—The boys, &c.

Days to weeks wore on, we well worn and gone,
Ere to Richmond we came, sir.
To breathe the bad air and eat the poor fare
Of Libby prison of fame, sir.
Resting, we think we're on the grave's brink;
Those dead in battle well off, sir;
Since our comforts are gone, with languor we
yawn,
Each man hearse with a cough, sir.
Chorus—The boys, &c.

Now spit on the floor, there's room there for
more;
They don't furnish spittoons, sir;
We'll not foot the bills, we ugly "mud sills,"
Caged like so many coons, sir.
Like beasts in a den, these long furnished men
Scarce can wait for their meat, sir;
From morning till night they talk with delight
Of good things they could eat, sir.
Chorus—The boys, &c.

The soup is not sweet from such tainted meat,
For life men do desperate things, sir;
So we eat the stuff up, with wooden spoon and
cup,
And whittle the bones into rings, sir.
Angels of light! more battles to fight,
Each soldier stripped to the back, sir.
He gives no quarter, but who's sale slaughter,
For the lee, hear them crack, sir.
Chorus—The boys, &c.

Crawled on t-y lee, run over by mice,
Now we have to endure, sir.
In our fitful sleep, or else vigils keep,
But time will bring a cure, sir.
A few words more on this sad score,
And we close this sad tale, sir;
When water gave out, in the pipes about,
It cost us a dollar a pail, sir.
Chorus—The boys, &c.

A glad day is come, we're on our way home,
Hurrah for the stars and stripes, sir;
Look, boys, there they be, on arm of the sea:
Farewell Dixie's bars and gripes, sir.
Hope and plenty smile on us now the while,
A flag by us adored, sir.
With a whole new suit, we were washed to boot,
Are very much restored, sir.
Chorus—The boys, &c.

But many are gone, dropping off along,
Life, too tender, wore out, sir;
Worn many of us, but with care, we trust,
To move with vigor about, sir;
And now we will shout, Jeff. Davis plays out,
They're most starved to death, sir.
Their money's poor stuff, and food not enough,
They can't live long on the peth, sir.
Chorus—The boys, &c.

Our country, on thee blessings of the free,
We'll toil with double strength, sir,
That traitors shall quail, and justice prevail
O'er our land's entire length, sir.
To our homes we'd hie, toward the western
sky,
And when we shall recruit, sir,
Exchanged, take the field, think of Bragg, nor
yield
Until they cease to shoot, sir,
At Uncle Sam U. L.
Chorus—The boys, &c.

Chorus No. 2.—O, we are the boys that fear no
noise,
And hay or no hay, stand up to
the rack, sir.

LIBBY PRISON, March 25, 1863.