

HIS COPY OF
THE SOLDIER LAD,

FOLDED IN WHAT HE BEST LOVES,

THE STARS AND STRIPES,

RED,
WHITE,
AND
BLUE.

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THE FAREWELL.

Farewell to mother, child and wife,
He hears the battle cry,
And boldly goes to meet the strife,
Resolved to do or die.
Hail to the flag!
We'll all be true,
As I love its folds,
Red, white and blue.

ON THE MARCH.

See marching now to meet the foe,
Side by side they bravely go,
Led by the soldier boy,
And to their flag
They'll all be true,
And love its folds,
Red, white and blue.

NEAR THE ENEMY.

"Forward! to right!
Now point the gun!
He gives command,
The work is done,
And quickly then
The foe men flew
Before our flag,
Red, white and blue.

PROMOTION.

Your boldness gained us
Victory!
And Captain shall your title be;
So said his kind
Commander true,
Beneath the flag,
Red, white and blue.

BATTLE CHARGE.

Again he plunges in the strife,
The cannon's roar
But angels guard
The heart so true
To his country's flag,
Red, white and blue.

THE RETURN.
A General's heart,
Behold him come
With honored honoree.
Hurrah! the flag,
We'll all be true,
And love its folds,
Red, white and blue.

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