

“STAY THERE AND FIGHT”

(A true incident)

On Atlanta's field of battle,
Through all the dreadful day,
They fought like men and demons,
Brave Blue and Gallant Gray.
And oh! the many soldiers
Who fell to rise no more
At flash of gun's swift lightning,
Or sullen cannon's roar.

A young lieutenant, wounded,
By fragments of a shell,
Which tore his fighting sword arm,
And cut his breast as well;
Had left the front of battle,
And towards the rear he pressed,
That he might find a surgeon,
And have his deep wounds dressed.

He had a brother, fighting,
A sergeant in the ranks,
With whom he'd slept and eaten,
And played small boyish pranks.
By merest chance, the brother
Saw him go reeling by,
His uniform all bloody
And anguish in his eye.

"Oh, Henry! I'll go with you,
You cannot go alone.'
Oh yes—I can," said Henry,
With a hardly stifled groan.
"And I—will find—a surgeon,
He'll fit me up—all right—
You stay right—where you are, Will,
You stay—right here and fight."

And Henry staggered onward,
And Will took up his gun
To fire and load and fire again.
Till Atlanta should be won,
And thus the brothers parted
To meet on earth no more;
For when the day was over
And stilled the cannons' roar

Brave Henry's fevered body
Lay stretched upon a cot
And he would leave it only
To go where pain is not.
And Will went on with comrades
To fight and march and fight,
Till Peace came, glad as morning
That follows weary night.

And ever Will remembers
How bravely Henry died
And in his noble passing
Finds still a worthy pride.
And oh, how many thousands
Like him, so young and brave.
Gave all, that by their giving
They might our country save.

By Clara Aiken Speer
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b. 1880, poem circa 1905