

Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War



PATRIOTIC RECOLLECTIONS



Dirge for a Soldier, In Memory of General Philip Kearney ^(a)

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman?
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? He cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever, and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? He cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his Country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? He cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low

**In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? He cannot know:
Lay him low!**

(a) Boker, G.H. 1892. Dirge for a soldier, in memory of General Philip Kearney, p143. IN Moore, F. *The Civil War In Song and Story, 1860-1865*. Peter Fenelon Collier, New York, New York.

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June 2001