

# COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

Childhood's days now pass before me,  
Forms and scenes of long ago;  
Like a dream they hover o'er me,  
Calm and bright as evening's glow;  
Days that knew no shade or sorrow,  
When my heart, pure and free,  
Joyful hailed each coming morrow,  
In the cottage by the sea.

## CHORUS.

In the cottage by the sea,  
In the cottage by the sea:  
Joyful hailed each coming morrow,  
In the cottage by the sea.

Fancy sees the rose-trees twining,  
'Round the old and rustic door;  
And, below, the white beach shining,  
Where I gathered shells of yore—  
Hears my mother's gentle warning,  
As she took me on her knee;  
And I feel again life's morning,  
In the cottage by the sea.  
In the cottage by the, &c.

What, though years have rolled above me,  
Though 'mid fairer scenes I roam,  
Yet I ne'er shall cease to love thee,  
Childhood's dear and happy home!  
And, when life's long day is closing,  
Oh! how pleasant would it be,  
On some faithful breast reposing,  
In the cottage by the sea.  
In the cottage by the, &c.

# MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

THE MUSIC WILL BE SENT, POSTPAID, ON RECEIPT OF 40 CENTS  
ADDRESS THE FIRM YOU RECEIVE THIS FROM.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,  
'Tis Summer, the darkies are gay;  
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,  
While the birds make music all the day.  
The young folks roll on the little cabin-floor,  
All merry, all happy and bright;  
By'n by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door:  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!

## CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady,  
Oh! weep no more to day!  
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon  
On the meadow, the hill and the shore!  
They sing no more, by the glimmer of the moon,  
On the beach by the old cabin-door.  
The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the heart,  
With sorrow where all was delight;  
The time has come when the darkies have to part:  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!  
Weep no more, my lady, &c.

The head must bow and the back will bend,  
Wherever the darkey may go;  
A few more days, and the trouble all will end  
In the fields where the sugar canes grow;  
A few more days for to tote the weary load,  
No matter, 'twill never be light,  
A few more days we'll totter on the road;  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!  
Weep no more, my lady, &c.

[To the Editor of the Courier-Journal.]  
Boyce P. O., CLARKE Co., VA., Oct. 17, 1881.—  
Inclosed I send a battle poem, "I Am Dream-  
ing." I will be much obliged if you will publis-  
it in your weekly, as I see your paper has a wide  
Southern circulation. I would like some of my old  
war friends to see it. The poem was written  
few years ago, and published in the *Baltimore  
Illustrated News*. I have just added some  
verses, which have never been published, to the  
memory of those officers who have died since the  
war—Lee, Hood, Magruder, Edward Johnson,  
Ewell and Dick Taylor, all dead officers of the  
A. N. V. Respectfully, W. P. CARTER.

## "I AM DREAMING."

[By W. P. Carter, Author of "Rodes' Brigade."]

### I.

Awake, awake, thou dreamer!  
Awake to the mournful blast—  
Notes of our martyred freedom,  
Dead music of the past!  
Awake! the spear is broken,  
The blade hath turned to rust,  
And the warrior's red-cross banner  
Droops o'er the warrior's dust.

### II.

Awake, awake, thou dreamer!  
The voices of the slain  
Come o'er the still, deep waters  
In sad and solemn strain!  
And the night winds echo sadly  
The song of buried years,  
And morning brings upon its crest  
A rivulet of tears.

### III.

What see you, silent sleeper,  
In the far-off land of dreams?  
What see you by the valleys  
And the pleasant-sounding streams?  
Are there orange groves in blossom?  
Is there gold upon the strand?  
Is there joy or is there mourning  
In the far-off pleasant land?

### IV.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,  
And the lightning's lurid glare,  
Like a meteor in its madness,  
Rushes through the midnight air;  
And I see the red-cross banner  
In the rifted cloudlets wave,  
And I hear the battle shoutings  
Of the gallant and the brave.

### V.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,  
And the cannon's deadly roar  
Rolls up the steep blue mountain  
Along the other shore;  
And I see a lordly gentleman  
Ride out to lead the way;  
He is the knightliest gentleman  
That ever wore the gray.

### VI.

Down to the shock of battle,  
Through fire and smoke and blood  
He rides him down right gallantly  
To stem the ebbing flood.  
Two glittering stars about his throat—  
No sword he wears, I ween—  
He is the comeliest gentleman  
That ever I have seen.

### VII.

So calm, so stern, so debonaire,  
No plume upon his crest,  
He goes the warpath gallantly,  
No shield upon his breast,  
He rides the good horse "Traveler,"  
Right to the fore rides he—  
His sire was "Light Horse Harry,"  
And his name is Robert Lee!

### VIII.

And yonder in the tempest—  
Down by the smoky plain—  
One rides in armor burnished bright,  
And burning spear amain;  
His brow is clothed with thunder,  
His right arm raised on high,  
Mars-like he rides to battle  
As he rode in days gone by.

### IX.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,  
And the blushing rose of morn  
Is shaking from her leaflets young  
Bright crystals on the storm.  
The midnight is asunder—  
Still the carnage revels high,  
And still rides "Stonewall" Jackson,  
As he rode in days gone by.

### X.

Now hark! the bugle pealing,  
See the flashing sabers shine  
Against the day-god of the east,  
Along the charging line.  
I hear a merry clink of steel,  
And a laughter, ringing far,  
'Tis the chestnut-bearded Stuart,  
Our "Harry of Navarre."

### XI.

I am dreaming, and there's weeping  
In yon grove upon the hill.  
There a noble form is hushed in death  
A giant heart is still.  
On the banners of his legions  
His star of glory shines;  
'Tis Rodes, the fair-haired chieftain,  
Who charged at Seven Pines.

### XII.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming!  
And a black plume waves on high,  
So graceful, yet so terrible,  
Above a flashing eye;  
The mountains quake and tremble,  
Still that warrior takes no heed;  
'Tis Ashby rides the vale of death,  
Upon his milk-white steed.

### XIII.

And oh, a song of boyhood,  
Is floating up the glen,  
And a happy voice of by-gone years  
Is cheering on his men.  
With gleaming eye he charged—  
And a soul for a soldier's fate,  
'Tis Ramseur, dashing Ramseur,  
The pride of the old North State.

### XIV.

Who comes with visage strong and stern  
Upon his foaming bay?  
A scout and hardy fighter,  
"Old Blucher" clears the way.  
With sturdy cane of oak aloft,  
He leads them up the glade;  
'Tis Allegheny Johnson,  
With the old Stonewall brigade.

### XV.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,  
And the flaming dogs of death  
Are bursting grape and bombshell  
Upon the battle's breath.  
And there beside the cannon's mouth,  
All battle-scarred and grave,  
Stands Hood, the lion-hearted—  
The bravest of the brave.

### XVI.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,  
And the stars on a bars on high  
Wave o'er the fiery Ewell's front—  
His is to do or die—  
And a sound of distant music  
Brings back old home-time joy—  
'Tis the son of old Zach Taylor  
And his Louisiana boys.

### XVII.

And yonder, cheering on his braves,  
Is Hill, Virginia's pride;  
The handsome John Magruder  
Is fighting at his side;  
Bold Pegram holds the bridge to-day,  
With Garnett at the ford;  
And I see the gray-haired Armistead  
With his hat upon his sword.

### XVIII.

Charge, Dearing, charge! the Northmen  
Are pressing Pender sore,  
And Cobb, the valiant Georgian,  
Can hold his own no more.  
See Pettigrew among them,  
No quarter does he beg;  
And yonder sleeps the sleep of death,  
The gallant Maxey Gregg.

### XIX.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming!  
And my comrades of the past  
Are waiting in the valley  
For the bugle's onward blast.  
John Pelham, Brown and Pegram,  
Will Keadola, true and strong,  
And the smiling, boyish Lattimer,  
A sunbeam in that throng.

### XX.

Awake, awake, thou dreamer!  
The voices of the slain  
Come o'er the still, deep waters  
In ripples bright with fame.  
Awake! the spear is broken,  
The blade hath turned to rust,  
And the warrior's red-cross banner  
Droops o'er the warrior's dust.