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MOBILE RIFLE CO.

HONORARY.

1836. 1884.

AH 7-5-1956 Calvin Wilson Military

Oh we three went a yachting.

W-49

Bright, bright was the day
When we three ran away
And espied a frail boat on the shore;
And when we leaped in
How the circles did spin
To the delicate beat of our oar.
Chorus:- We three went a yachting a yacht, yacht, yachting
We three ran away without leave
Oh we three went a yachting, a yacht, yacht, yachting
A yachting on bright winter's eve.
Chorus:- We three &c —

Round the edge of the Sea
Grew the dark holly tree
Mid the copse all enlaced with the vine.
And the wild otter stole
To his shadowy hole
Through the roots of the swamp-growing pine
Chorus:— We three &c —

And the snow birds hopped
As the berries they cropped
That decayed on the briny dew:
The invisible spring
Of their quivering wing
Seemed to whisper — away to the sea.
Chorus:— We then &c —

Oh the breeze was free
And the sky was blue
And the sun with his frolicsome beams
Razed down to the caves
Of the mischievous waves
Where the mermaids descend in their dreams
Chorus: We then &c —

We stood on the sand
Of the Chesapeake strand
And the surges caroused at our feet
And we saw from afar
The malevolent star
Where the Foeman reposed in his seat
Chorus:- We then &c —

But the time shall speed
And the sea shall bend
And the wolf from his prey shall sever's
Then this dark-gray sand
Where the war-watchers stand
Shall be Liberty's highway forever.

Chorus We three &c — By J. C. B.

Jany. 1862 —

D. J. P. Mettauer
Prince Edward C.H. Va

~~Adv~~

~~Joel D. Blackwell~~
~~Co. I. 5th Ala. Regt.~~
~~Ward No 4. Tuscaloosa Va~~

~~Sent forward money~~ —

The Young Lady with the Dagger

Oh!

As sweet as the odors from roses that rise
Were the breath of her lips and the flow of her eyes
And the throb of her timorous breast was as true
As the Eve to its star or the Morn to its dew,
Or the pole to its Snow.

II

Yes!

Oh yes she was delicate timid and frail
And all save the beam of her spirits was pale
And the light that was snared in the mesh of her [hair
But struggled a moment and ~~sighed~~ smiled to be there
In her maiden caresses.

III

Ay!

Ay such was the lady - I knew not her name:
'Twas said from the shore of the Ocean she came,
'Twas said that her Fatherland shrouded in woe,
Lay gasping for life in the grasp jaws of the foe
And bleeding to die.

IV

See!

Ah see she now bitterly dreamed of her home.
Of her own rolling sea with its laces of foam.
She looked and her eye kindled fire as it flew
She looked to the South and a dagger she drew
And vowed to be free.

Feb'y 16th 1862.

By Jno. Chancer Bailey
Mess. No 7.
Mobile Rifles
3d Regt
Ala
Vols

(Co. K)

The Young Lady of Little Creek

I stood by the Creek in its beauty that rolled,
Unflushed by the West from its pillars of gold;
Unruffled by aught save the wings of the breeze;
That pressed on its bosom and lodged in the trees,

II On high the frail Twilight with clouds interwove,
Flowed out on the sky like a causeway of love,
And illumined those fields whereupon the forgiven
First gaze on the flowery purlieus of Heaven.

III The Moon from her orient slumbers surceased
And arose the imperial queen of the East,
With a Veil on her face and a beam in her eye,
To explore the mysterious wards of the sky.

IV Below and around me the murderous world
Paused deep when the Colors of Death were unfurled,
And the warrior lay down with his eye to the Star,
That forebodes the approach of the Angel of War

V I slept and insensibly over me Stole
The refrain of the wends like the moan of the soul;
With whose organ-like chant intermingling came
The Assiel Wisp in its journey of flame.

VI Mesemed in the odorous balm of repose,
To dream in the coves where the Sea-lily grows,
To dare the Loud Surges' impesious sweep,
To dive with the pearl footed Nymph of the deep.

VII Whilst gliding away in the bliss of my dream,
Caressed on the breast of the coiling Stream,
Lo faintly remote on the crest of the wave,
A spirit his shadowy Chariot drave!

VIII As dim as the mists in the Moonlight that sail
Whence the Night-~~dreams~~ mons breathe their inaudible wail;
As slow as the Zephyrs that fade in the dell,
The Genius pensively rode in his Shell.

IX Four dolphins that shone in their Marvellous hue
With harness of starlight the deity drew;
Four rainbows of phosphor with luminous glow,
Rose o'er him and trode on the waters below.

X He came and I knelled to his royal chair;
Low music was whispering strange in the air;
To sweeten whose wandering chambers of glee,
The roses were bruised in the isles of the Sea

10. XI His brow with emotion was mournfully cast, 11
And he murmured a piteous sigh as he passed:—
"To seek her afar and to seek her alone,
I have trodden the hurricane's terrible zone
XII To me, even me, tho' a sprite she was dear,
And often I rambled invisibly near;
When she launched her white skiff in the wake of the gale,
I abode at the oar and inflated the sail."
XIII I heard:—and I mused where the Maiden had fled
Over whom the lorn Sprite such lamentings had shed;
Was she lost on the Ocean or lost on the shore?
Would she lie in her skiff to the billows no more?
XIV Aroused as the passionate Genius flew,
My vision dissolved as if woven in dew,
With nothing of all its sweet witchery. Save
The Moon and the forest the Star and the wave

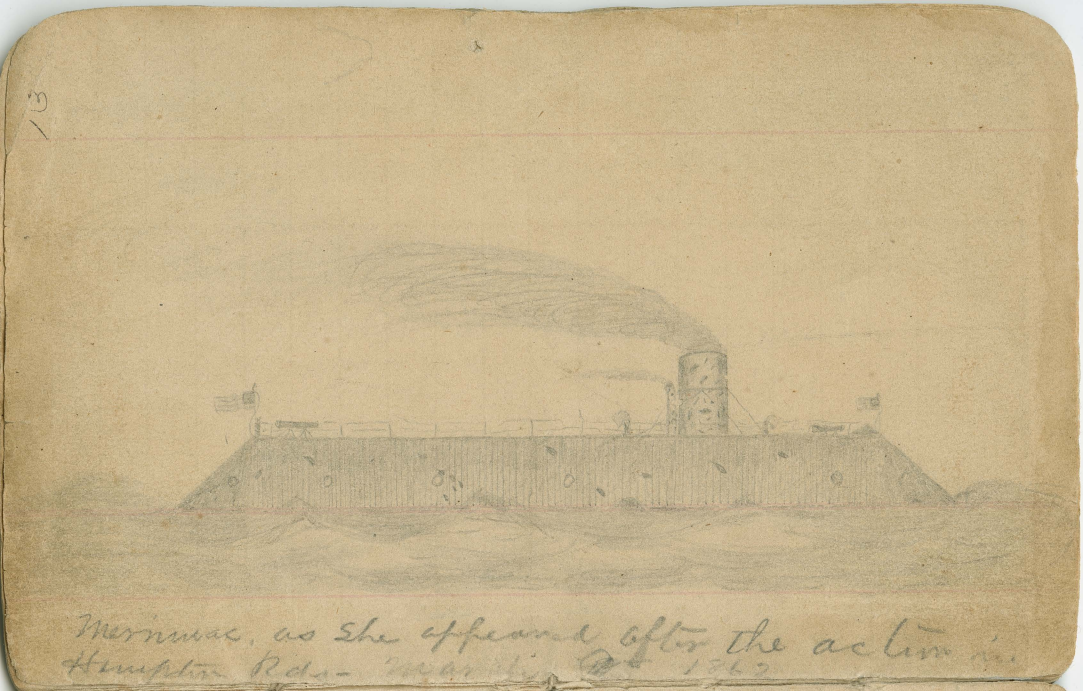
March 21st 1862
Cantonment Moseley's Church
Princess Ann Co. Va.
3rd Regt. Ala. Vols.

By Jno Chance Bailey
Mess No 7.
Mobile Rifles
—After visiting Miss Kate M—
the "Young Lady of Little Creek"

12

Listen Fates or Destinies -
Clotho - ~~spins the thread~~ Holds the distaff
Lachesis, draws the thread -
Atropos Cuts the thread of Life

Made Mch - 12 - /62



Merrimac, as she appeared after the action in Hampton Roads - March 8th 1862