

The Battle of Momnmouth

Anonymous Poem 1814.

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A SMALL VOLUME Of verses, entitled "The American Muse or Songster's Companion," published in New York City in 1814, by Smith & Forman, 195 Greenwich street, is a small, 5½ x 3½ inch book, of 216 pages, containing poems, with no authors' names indicated. One of the poems, which no doubt was written and published during the Revolution, is the following, which, however oddly arranged as to verses, makes patriotic reading. We shall republish others later.

THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH
Whilst in peaceful quarters lying,
We indulge the glass till late,
Far remote the thoughts of dying,
Hear, my friends, the soldier's fate:
From the summer's sun hot beaming
Where yon dust e'en clouds the skies,
To the plain, where heroes bleeding,
Shouts and dying groans arise.

Halt! halt! halt! form every rank here;
Mark yon dust that climbs the sky;
To the front close up the long rear,
See, the enemy is nigh;
Platoons march at proper distance,
Cover close each rank and file,
They will make a bold resistance,
Here my lads is gallant toil.

all you from downy slumber
Roused to the soft joys of love,
Waked to pleasures without number,
Peace and ease your bosoms prove;
Round us roars Bellona's thunder,
Ah ! how close the ironstorm,
O'er the field wild stalks pale wonder,

The Battle of Monmouth

Anonymous Poem 1814

Pass the word there, form, lads form.

To the left display that column,
Front, halt, dress, be bold and brave;
Mark in air yon fiery volume;
Who'd refuse a glorious grave.
Ope your boxes, quick, be ready,
See our light bobs gain the hill,
Courage, boys, be firm and steady,
Hence each care, each fear lie still.

Now the dismal cannon roaring
Speaks loud terror to the soul;
Grape shot winged with death fast pouring,
Ether rings from pole to pole;
See the smoke how black and dreary,
Clouds sulphurous hide the sky,
Wounded, bloody, fainting, weary;
How their groans ascend on high!

Firm, my lads, who breaks the line thus?
Oh! can brave men ever yield?
Glorious danger now combines us,
None but cowards quit the field.
To the rear each gun dismantled;
Close the breach and brisk advance,
All your former acts recounted,
This day's merit shall enhance.

Now, half choked with dust and powder,
Fiercely throbs each bursting vein;
Hark! the din of arms grow louder,
Ah! what heaps of heroes slain;
See from flank to flank, wide flashing,
How each volley rends the gloom,
Hear the trumpet, ah ! what clashing,
Man and horse now meet their doom.

Bravely done, each gallant soldier,
Well sustained this heavy fire;

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Alexander ne'er was bolder,
Now by regiments retire.
See our second line moves on us,
Ope your columns, give them way,
Heaven perhaps may smile upon us,
These may yet regain the day.

Now our second line engaging,
Charging close, spreads carnage round,
Fierce revenge and fury raging,
Angry heroes bite the ground.
The souls of brave men here expiring
Call for vengeance, e'en in death,
Frowning still, the dead, the dying,
Threaten with their latest breath.

To the left obliquely flying,
Oh! be ready, level well,
Who could think of e'er retiring;
See my lads those vollies tell.
Ah! by heavens our dragoons flying,
How the squadrons fill the plain,
Check them, boys, ye fear not dying,
Sell your lives, nor fall in vain.

Now our left flank they are turning,
Carnage is but just begun;
Desperate now, 'tis useless mourning;
Farewell friends, adieu the sun;
Fix'd to die, we scorn retreating,
To the shock our breasts oppose,
Hark the shout, the signal beating,
See with bayonets they close:

Front rank charge, the rear make ready,
Forward march, reserve your fire,
Now present, fire brisk, be steady,
March, march, see their lines retire;
On their left our light troops dashing,
Now our dragoons charge the rear;

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Shout! huzza what glorious clashing,
They run, they run, hence banish fear.

Now the toil and danger's over,
Dress alike the wounded brave,
Hope again inspires the lover,
Old and young forget the grave.
Seize the canteen, poize it higher,
Rest to each brave soul that fell,
Death for this is ne'er the nigher,
Welcome mirth, and fear farewell.