

Assassination Of Ellsworth - song lyrics

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ASSASSINATION OF ELLSWORTH

At Alexandria, Va., May 24th, 1861.

Tune- "California Brothers."

Now, friends, I beg you listen, a sad story I will tell.
Of a brave and gallant officer who in his country's service fell;
He died at Alexandria, shot by a rebel's hand,
After raising up the banner of his own dear native land.

Give your attention, friends, to what I am going to say,
Oh, listen to me, kind friends, only a little while I pray;
And I'll tell of a commander beloved by all his braves,
I mean the gallant Ellsworth of the New York Fire Zouaves.

He was sent by General Scott to disperse a rebel band,
Who at the town of Alexandria had taken up their stand;
As they landed from the steamboat the sentries ran away,
While our brave and gallant fire boys rushed nobly to the fray.

As he was marching up the streets an object caught his eye,
'Twas the flag of Secession, that with the breeze was seen to fly;
He rushed up and tore it down, and tramped it under his feet,
But while returning to his own brave boys, a traitor he did meet.

Who quickly raised his rifle up, (may a curse fall on his name,)
Intending to shoot the first zouave, but the rebel missed his aim;
When, with a frown, he rallied, and sent his messenger of lead
Right through the heart of Ellsworth, who with a sigh fell dead.

Then the fearless private Brownell, when he saw his leader fall,
He rushed up to the traitor And through his brain he sent a ball;
Then with his bayonet bright he run him through and through,
And vowed that was the way he'd serve the whole Secession crew.

Then a curse be on the traitor's name, and on the bullet, too,
That killed the gallant Colonel, who was so brave and true;
For a nobler heart ne'er beat beneath the breast of any man,
Nor a truer soldier never fell in defense of Uncle Sam.