

The Blue And The Gray - song lyrics

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THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

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By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day.
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the rollings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat.
All with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet-
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the laurel, Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go.
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe;-
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red,
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.