

Morton Long Papers

Near Murfreesboro March 4th/63

Dear Mother,

It is with much pleasure that I am able to inform you of my good health, where abouts and I am at our old camp whare [sic] we have been so long since the great battle of Murfreesboro. I am well and still driving an ambulance.

It is some time since I have heard from you. But I hope this will meet you in good health spirits and Here is a song I send that is founded upon facts, - And when you read it just imagine [sic] it was your son Morton that was there

I hear from Mary quite often now She and Eddy are well as usual and And [sic] I want you to write and tel [sic] me all about youself Mary and Eddy also And I want you to write and tel me how you and Mary come to break up house keeping I want you to tel [sic] me all the particulars not keep anything back.

And I will bring my letter to a close for I dont [sic] think of anything of importance to write. And I remain your Affectionate Son

Morton Long

On Picket Guard at Stone [sic] river By Morton Long

Tis midnight and the twinkling stars

Shine brightly from on high

And not a cloud is shadowing now,

The war like southern sky,

I am stationed in a cedar grove

The picket post to stand

And listning [sic] for the stealthy tread

Of traitors close at hand.

Chorus

How many thousands gone to rest

We know that they are free

Their bodies mouldering [sic] in the dust

On the plains of Tennessee

I see their burning camp fires now
Upon the distant hill
And hear the screech owls [sic] dismal cry
And feel more lonely still
I hear the groans of wounded men
That still lie on the field
And many more my eyes can see
With life forever sealed

And thus far through this dismal night
The mournful sounds arise
And many a patriot finds a grave
Beneath this Southern Sky
The light of day doth now appear
All beautiful and bright
I see the moovements [sic] of our troops
Tis to renew the fight.

Our picket is now engaged
With the rebel skirmishers
And now the order comes to us
Fall on your reserves
Oh! yonder comes the rebel line
They're marching on our flank
Stand fast brave brave [crossed out] boys our Gen'ral [sic] cries
We'll soon thin out their ranks.

Our battery stationed on the right,

The Chicago Board of Trade,
Now opens fire on their ranks
And with them havoc made
And now the battle rages on
In all its horrid might
And soon the traitors see they can
No farther turn our right

Tis midday and the sun beams fourth [sic]
On this bright New Year's day
And thousands find a Soldier's grave
In Tennessee's cold clay

Upon our center lines they come
They think to make them break
But there! the traitors find that they
Have made a sad mistake

Again that dreaded hour comes on
The cold ground is our bed
Another sleepless night have we
To spend among the dead.

And now I think of a happy home
Of friends so dear to me
And wonder if 'twill be my doom
To die in Tennessee
Again the light of day appears

The clouds obscure the sky
A drenching rain is pouring down
Upon us from on high
But still the battle is renewed
The bloody strife goes on
The rebels swear we shall not
Enter Murfreesboro town

The battle rages fiercely now
Along Stone [sic] River's shore
And hundreds of the traitors there
Fall to rise no more.
Now the traitors see they can
No longer hold their ground
And in dismay, confusion flee
From Murfreesboro town

Our glorious flag's now floating
Above the Court House tower
A warning to all traitors
Who seek that flag to lower
Oh God! forbid such men to live
In honor wealth and fame
To spill the blood of honest hearts
To win themselves a name.
By Morton Long a Private of Co. B 81st Ind. Vol

