

# The Unsung Heroes

A song for the unsung heroes who rose in the country's need,  
When the life of the land was threatened by the slaver's cruel greed,  
For the men who came from the cornfield, who came from the plough and the flail,  
Who rallied round when they heard the sound of the mighty man of the rail.

They laid them down in the valleys, they laid them down in the wood,  
And the world looked on at the work they did, and whispered, "It is good."  
They fought their way on the hillside, they fought their way in the glen,  
And God looked down on their sinews brown, and said, "I have made them men."

They went to the blue lines gladly, and the blue lines took them in,  
And the men who saw their muskets' fire thought not of their dusky skin.  
The gray lines rose and melted beneath their scathing showers,  
And they said, "'T is true, they have force to do, these old slave boys of ours."

Ah, Wagner saw their glory, and Pillow knew their blood,  
That poured on a nation's altar, a sacrificial flood.

Port Hudson heard their war-cry that smote its smoke-filled air,  
And the old free fires of their savage sires again were kindled there.

They laid them down where the rivers the greening valleys gem,  
And the song of the thund'rous cannon was their sole requiem,  
And the great smoke wreath that mingled its hue with the dusky cloud,  
Was the flag that furled o'er a saddened world, and the sheet that made their  
shroud.

Oh, Mighty God of the Battles Who held them in Thy hand,  
Who gave them strength through the whole day's length, to fight for their native  
land,

They are lying dead on the hillsides, they are lying dead on the plain,  
And we have not fire to smite the lyre and sing them one brief stain.

Give, Thou, some seer the power to sing them in their might,  
The men who feared the master's whip, but did not fear the fight;  
That he may tell of their virtues as minstrels did of old,  
Till the pride of face and the hate of race grow obsolete and cold.

A song of unsung heroes who stood the awful test,  
When the humblest host that the land could boast went forth to meet the best;  
A song for the unsung heroes who fell on the bloody sod,  
Who fought their way from night to day and struggled up to God.