A.W.T. PAPERS Poems 1

Ola Willy" The Caves in this from what a Norman days Of the warring men of uncient day; Whit water it won to you or me Though the I hind or Odyracy hear tell of the time when a Irogan corne was transfer by the feet of a Green home. though the spice song of the bank inay state How Achilles fell at the Scaran Gates, But it startles a world that I am love down To tell of a wan of way realine tour! Of a man unknown, obscur and plain, But who once belonged to The 11th of Main! When Slavery pressed by Freedom hart Fire Sup The Reach of a Beaunguel, And the first rid shah on Sunten fell, And The Eagle sereamed lite a serem from hell; When her shorek went out our vale and evag And she clany like death to the dean ald Flag, Aus the first kind look the got was From a was named Rubort Accoloran I fill somehor and I wont and Earl That we had a big ald Trouble when With all my faith in God and puch, and That went much, My first want clear and my hope want lingle Dill Daniel & Willy with into The fight

they called him Old Willey "up there, In save Dis a term of used when our clother get poor -He laid The wall and he famed the word for we used ather in the neighborhory; Ne never Could better and new could speak One word of grammar, and he Couldn't red Grack, hough he doubt in the old school-home tis true, Where the old road butto on the assure. Through his locky boots in you could see his free to be toiled for his daily food to sate; Hor many a palen can mover hold the online duck that is scraped from gold. Though he feller the trees and he tilled the lands With his bruing arms and his hong hand, If never entered a sollier from that Willey would ever fight or truen; And never getting a draft or ently He sawed the wood and be fait The well, One day to my village two from vole down General Skile, I belo He had it is then that suff sleene; I could told them yourk That he wouldn't yeek For a on right arm on the Deep Run fiell, ted the ather follow week Stice They - say Was General Plaisted who talk to day, He suring wood war my affect door, to the war from State time water by A orighton of wine was standing night

With his traction lips to the startles are He hissed the flag that is fleating there. Like a granite fort Old Willy stood word; then he hoisted the straps much his big broud hips And he crumbled the propo neath his firm blue tud his burnt turned face gave a fiendish smile, But never a word he uttend the while Tell he glowered who the war hard by and when He twenter that ween flag again, Then his tortund nerves like a perfent corted And these tough words from the all man boiled; Says he, "Did you have how that dearl hissel & By Jean, Squire, I'm going to which!" Thingh he solit huge legs he Enlant stand The thought of a rife in his nature land, And he did entire, for the brane old fort, Walt his name on the gallant Plaistab roll, For the cust of a die, for a hour or gam, Fa a inortal fray with his Kith and Kind Haft a dying wife and a Child behind, And he Cam buck mained and he series dead, With his folded um. he his a stille In a cold sound sleep on the Convelle Hill I wish I knew if he felt the leash As he fell when our fathers flag was hissel; For he stumber new neath a brotting every By the side of the one who have the flag.

As me go all pale, with the boutour, as, In on final voyage to the other ohers, Wed the frante singe of the volling Tide, Sometimes you Kund That fried and for Will trouch and laddle down and by side. In the last arread, somewhere beyond, Of the worlds grand wray train, When the bunks are read to the auxious throng And They call for the 11 - of Maine, And the Judges Come to Welley care, Looking or wire and gran; Unless by come otrange faces they rout And Crust this lifes remembrance out, On black these ocenes of warring stripe When battling for a Mation's life, And from my soul wafe way Trace Of love for Country, Nome and Race! If any fund of me in There, in the face of every power I seement If Willey find no evedit gues Bakind these balance sheets of in Steam, For fighting in the 11th of Maine And rafe Thucky no single quin Although a spirit death of die With loss of inmovatelity, Thould I find his case is young hand Ill help the all man "run the good Er the galden gate owngrum him, David Back,

Who cares in this crowd what a Homer says

Of the warring men in the ancient days;

What matters it now to you or me

Though the Illiad or Odyssey

May tell of the time when a Trojan corse

Was trampled by the feet of a Grecian horse;

Though the epic song of the bard may state

How Achilles fell at the Scaean Gate?

But it startles a world that I am come down

To tell of a man from my native town:

Of a man unknown, obscure and plain,

But who once belonged to the 11th of Maine:

When slavery pressed by Freedom hard

Fired up the heart of a Beauregard,

And the first red shot on Sumter fell,

And the eagle screamed like a scream from hell;

When her shriek went out o'er vale and crag

As she clung like death to the dear old flag,

And the first kind look she got was one

From a man named Robert Anderson,

I feel somehow, and I wrote and said

That we had a big old trouble ahead.

With all my faith in God and such

With all my religion, and that wan't much,

My faith wan't clear and my hope wan't bright

Till Daniel E. Willey went into the fight.

They called him "Old Willey," up there, I'm sure 'Tis a term oft used when our clothes get poor --He laid the wall and he sawed the wood For me and others in the neighborhood; He never could lecture and never could speak One word of Grammar, and couldn't read Greek, Though he dwelat in that old school-house, tis true, Where the old road butts on the avenue. Through his leaky boots you could see his feet As he toiled for his daily food to eat; For many a palm can never hold The sordid dust that is scraped from gold. Though he felled the trees and he tilled the lands With his brawny arms and his horny hands, It never entered a soldier's brain That Willey would ever fight or train; And never getting a draft or call He sawed the wood and he laid the wall.

One day to my village two men rode down=Yes, both came over from Stetson town,
And one was General Hill, I believe,
He hadn't on then that empty sleeve;
I could tell them quick that he wouldn't yield
For a one right arm on the Deep Run field;
And the other fellow with Hill they say
Was General Plaisted, who talks today.
This Willey and I were standing o'er

(He sawing wood) near my office door. As the men from Stetson town rode by A neighbor of mine was standing nigh, --With his traitor lips to the startled air He hissed the flag that was floating there. Hike a granite post old Willey stood And his old saw dropped from the half-sawed wood; Then he hoisted the strap round his big broad hips And he crumbled the pipe 'neath his firm broad lips; And his burnt, tanned face gave a fiendish smile, But never a word did he speak the while Till he glowered at the man hard by, and when He taunted that Union flag again, Then his tortured nerves like a serpent coiled And these tough words from the old man boiled: Says he, 'Did you hear that devil hissed? By Jesus, Squire, I'm going to enlist!" Though he split huge logs he couldn't stand The thought of a rift in his native land, And he did enlist, for the brave old soul With his name on the gallant Plaisted's roll, For the cast of a die, for a loss or gain, With the gory, famed old 11th of Maine, For a mortal fray with his kith and kind Left a dying wife and a child behind, Marched out to the front where he fought and bled, And he came back maimed, and he now is dead. With folded arms he lies to still

In a cold, sound sleep on the "Crowell Hill."

I wish I knew if he felt the least

As he felt when our father's flag was hissed;

For he slumbers there 'neath a beetling crag

By the side of the one who hissed the flag.

As we go all pale, with the boatman, o'er
In our final voyage to the other shore,
'Mid the fearful surge of the rolling tide,

Sometimes you know

That friend and foe
Will crouch and cuddle down side by side.

In the last review, somewhere beyond,

Of the world's grand army train,

When the books are read to an anxious throng

And they call for the 11th of Maine,

And the judges come to willey's case,

Looking so wise and grim;

Unless by some strange farce they rout

And crush this life's remembrance out,

Or blot those scenes of warring strife

When battling for a Nation's life,

And from my soul wipe every trace
Of love for Country, Home and Race;
If any part of me is here,
In the face of every power I swear
If Willey finds no credit given
Behind those balance-sheets in Heaven,
For fighting in the 11th of Maine,
And reaps thereby no single gain--

Although a spirit death I die
With loss of immortality,
Should I find his case is going hard
I'll help the old man "run :he guard,"
Ere the gold gate swings on him.

David Barker.