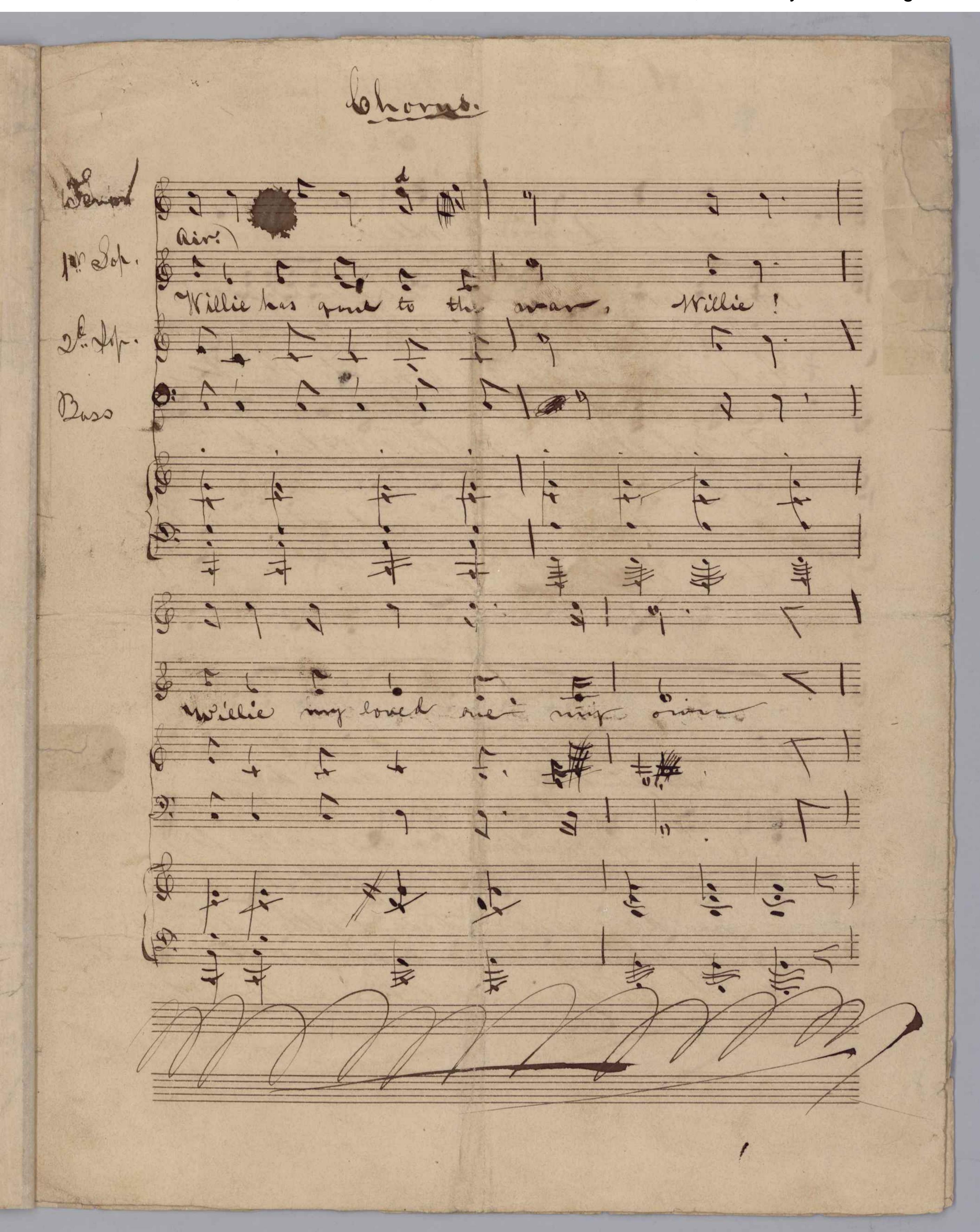
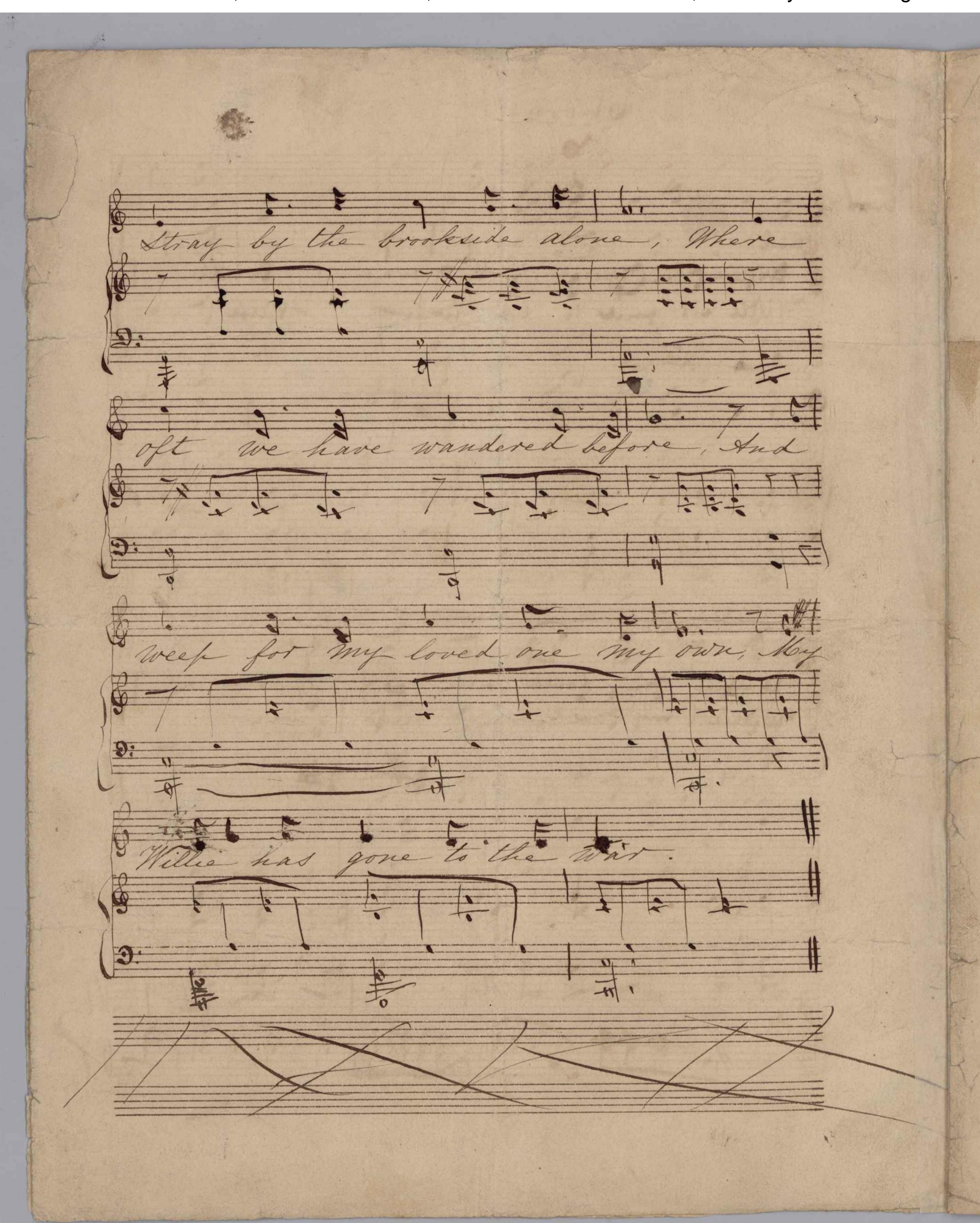


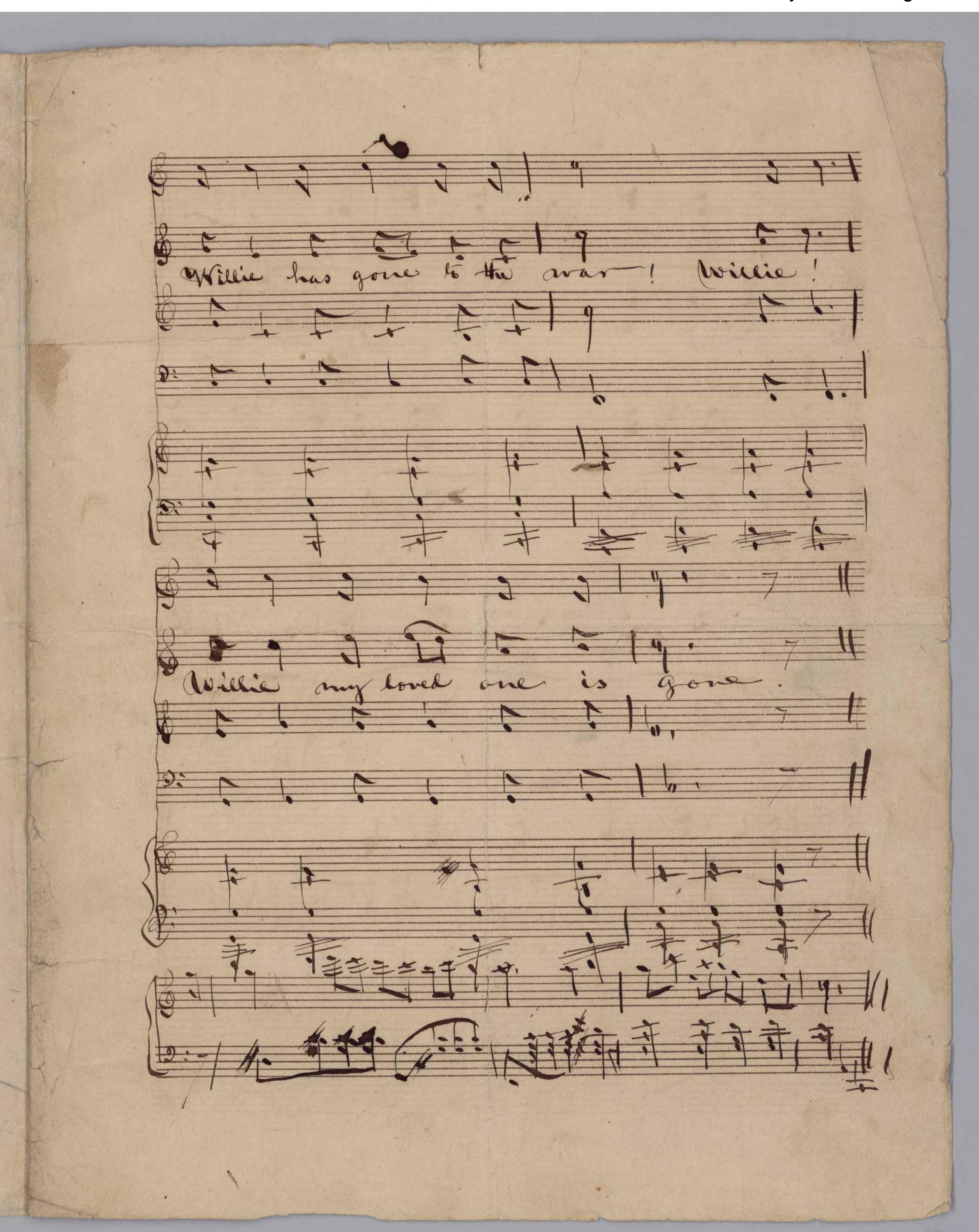
Foster Hall Collection, CAM.FHC.2011.01, Center for American Music, University of Pittsburgh.

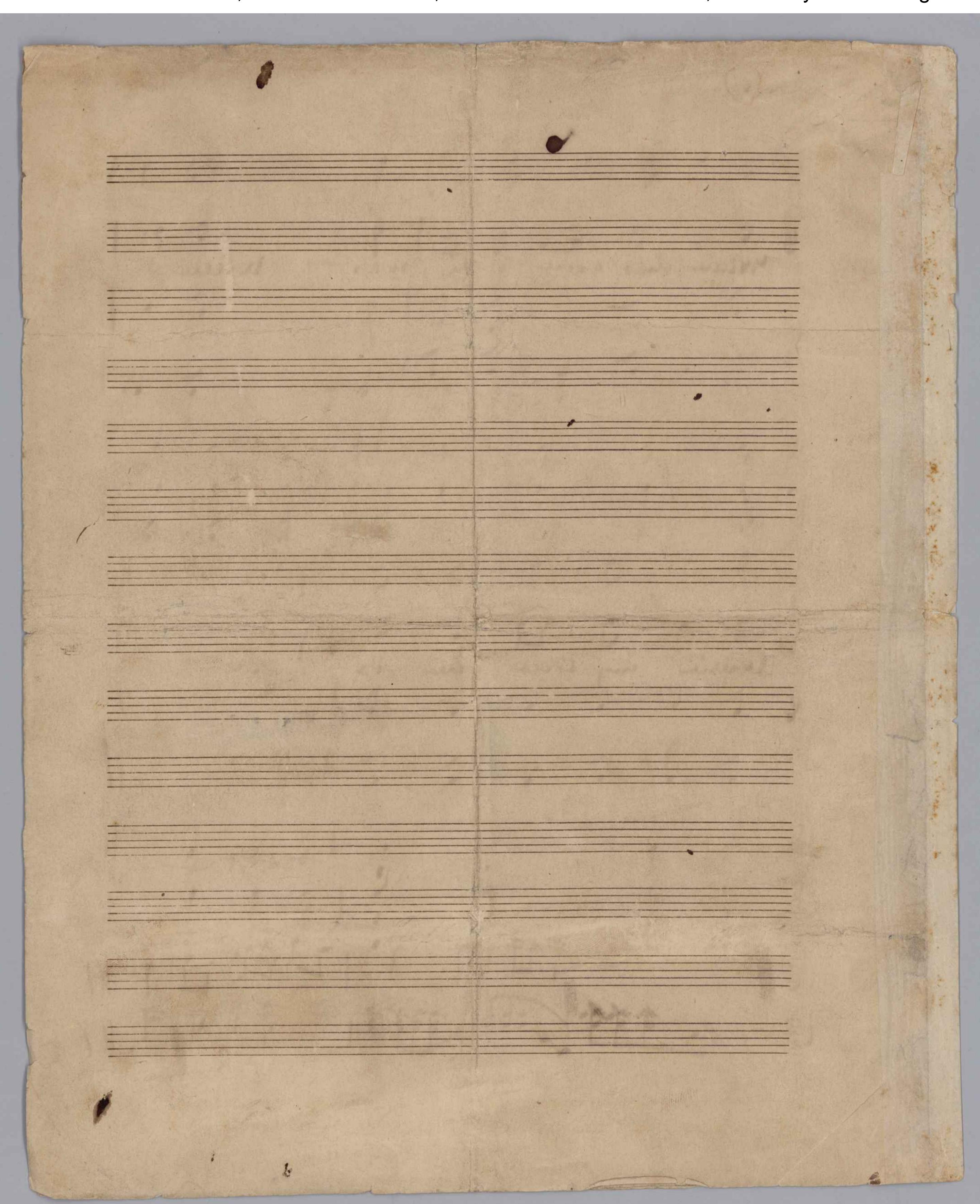


Foster Hall Collection, CAM.FHC.2011.01, Center for American Music, University of Pittsburgh.



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Willie Has Ione To The Har. The bluebird is singing its lay to Lay, The wild bee is ronning, at Jelay, the safe the gale. I stray by the brooks- side, alone, Where oft me have wandered before, And week, for my loved one, my own, My Willie has gone to the war! Willie has gone to the war, Willia, Hillie, my loved one, my own; Willie has gone to the war Willie !! Lives there where the life - heles grow, I hast saw his noble young face; And now he has gone to the face Of dearly I have the all place! The Wheefering Water repeat The have that I love, der and der And daisies that nod at my feet Lay: Willie has gone to the war! The leaves of the forest will fade, The vodes will wither and die; But Spring to our home in the glade On fairy-like Juinous will fly. And still I shall hopefully wait The day where these battles are a'er And prine like a Lird for its mate Like Willie Comes home from the zvar. Leorge Confrer. Written and Jubblished in 1862.