

1865

We Never Can Forget It, or The Memories of Andersonville Prison Pens

Henry Tucker

M. A. Kidder

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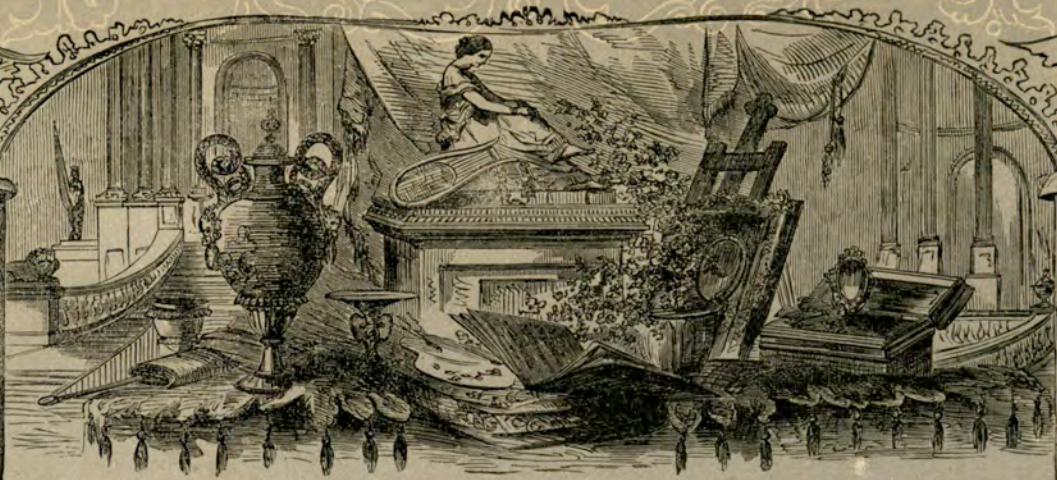
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**NEVER
NEVER
FORGET**

**OR THE MEMORIES
OF
ANDERSONVILLE
PRISON PENS**

BY HENRY TUCKER.

Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, No. 39 Beekman St., New-York.

S. T. GORDON, WM. A. POND & CO., WM. HALL & SON, HORACE WATERS, FIRTH, SON & CO., New-York. O. DITSON & CO., Boston.
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3

MELBURN, MASS., AND
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Worcester, Mass.



WE NEVER CAN FORGET

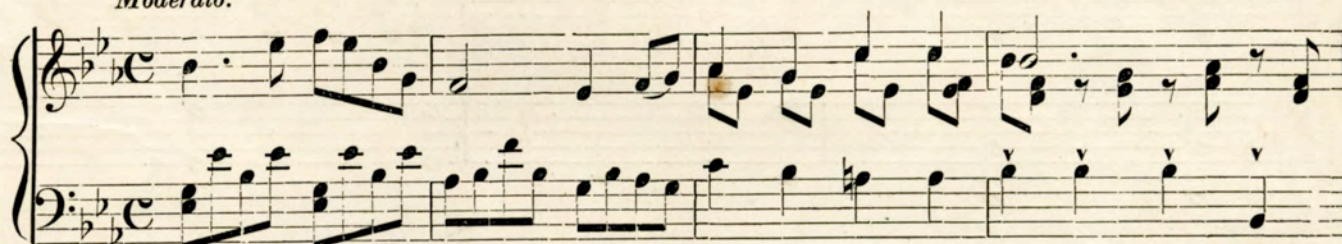
OR, THE

MEMORIES OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON PENS.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER,
Author of "Victory at last."

Music by HENRY TUCKER,
Author of "When this cruel war is over," "It's all up in Dixey,"
"Dear mother, I've come home to die," etc., etc.

Moderato.



Con espress.

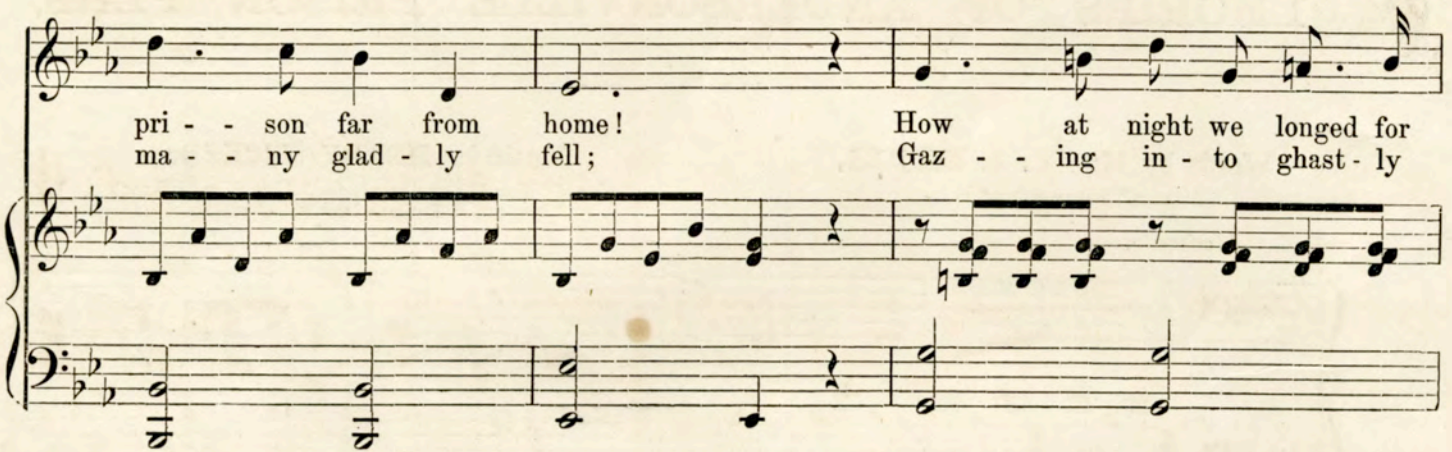
1. Oh, we nev - er can for - get it, Thro' the ma - ny years to
 2. How we suf - fered in our weak - - ness— Freez - ing, starv - ing— none can

ten.

come, tell; How we lingered, starved, and wait - - ed In the
Stag - g'ring near the fa - tal "dead line," Where so

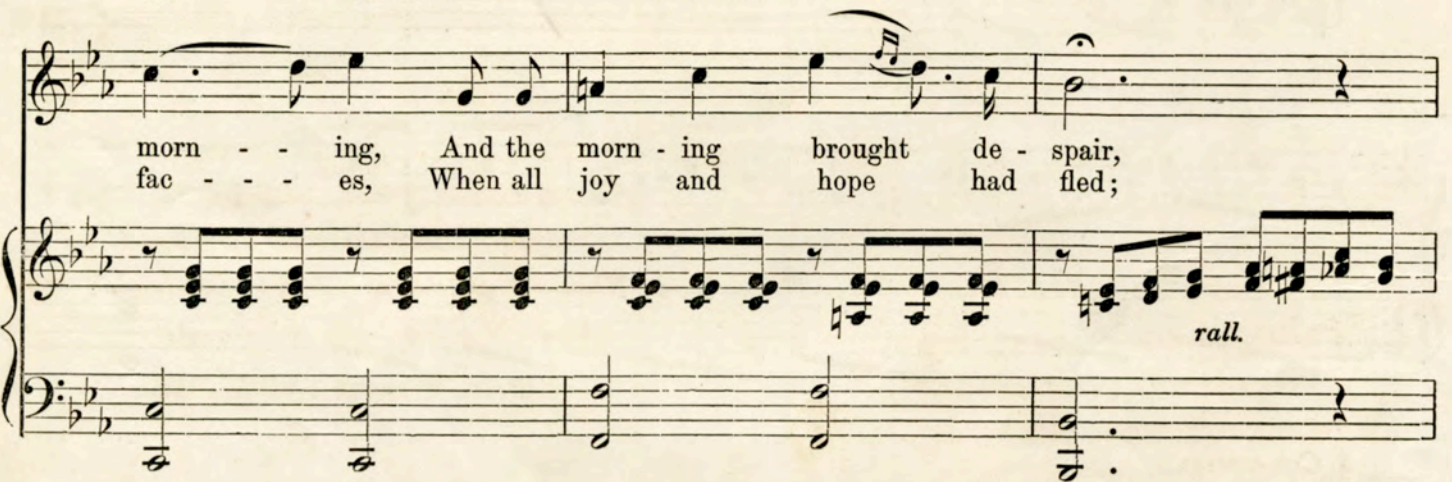


pri - - son far from home! How at night we longed for
ma - - ny glad - ly fell; Gaz - - ing in - to gha - st - ly



morn - - ing, And the morn - ing brought de - spair,
fac - - es, When all joy and hope had fled;

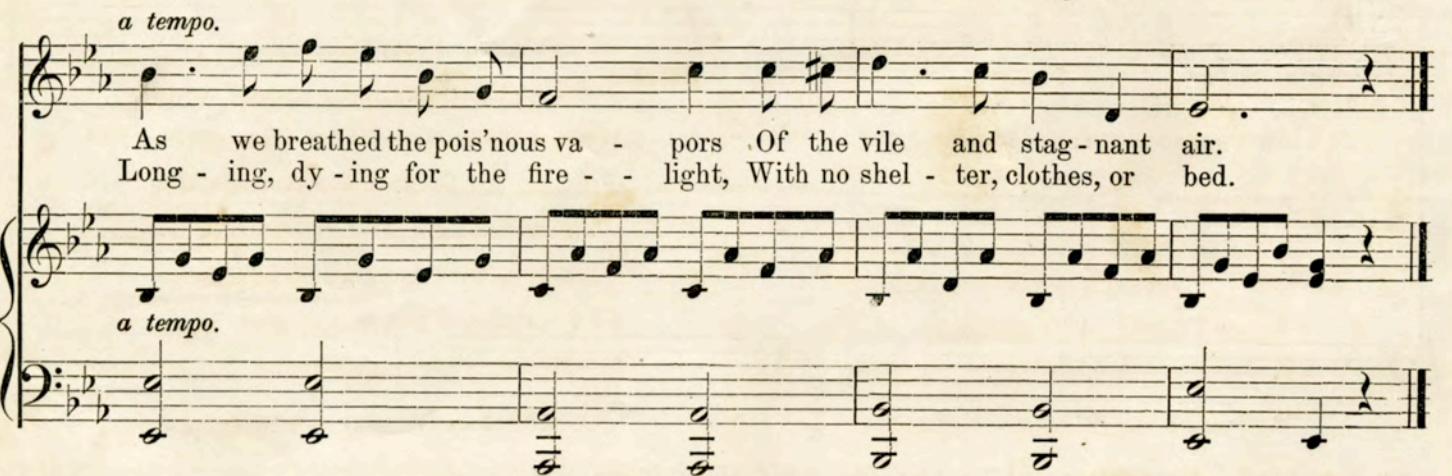
rall.



a tempo.

As we breathed the pois'nous va - pors Of the vile and stag - nant air.
Long - ing, dy - ing for the fire - - light, With no shel - ter, clothes, or bed.

a tempo.



REFRAIN.

Freezing! starving! liv - ing death! FA - THER! can they know at home?

Oh! we nev - er can for - get it In all the years to come.

3.

Oh, we never can forget it—
 No, that prison-pen so bare,
 Where we watched in weary silence
 For our scanty, wretched fare :
 For the loathsome, rancid bacon,
 And the bitter, mouldy bread,
 That we clutched with bloodless fingers,
 Like the fingers of the dead.

Refrain. Freezing, starving, &c.

4.

How we wondered, in our anguish,
 If our kindred were no more—
 If the starry banner floated
 Now as proudly as before—

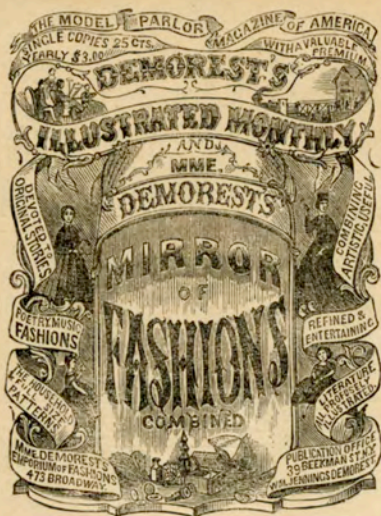
If our mothers, sisters, brothers,
 Prayed for us when they did kneel?
 Thus when thinking of our home-scenes
 How the giddy brain would reel!

Refrain. Freezing, starving, &c.

5.

Oh, we never can forget it,
 When the gates were opened wide,
 When we saw the Union Banner,
 And our friends were at our side ;
 How we laughed, and cried like children,
 Though we tried to feel like men,
 As we shouted in our gladness,
 “Home, yes, home ; sweet home again.”

Refrain. Freezing, starving, &c.



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