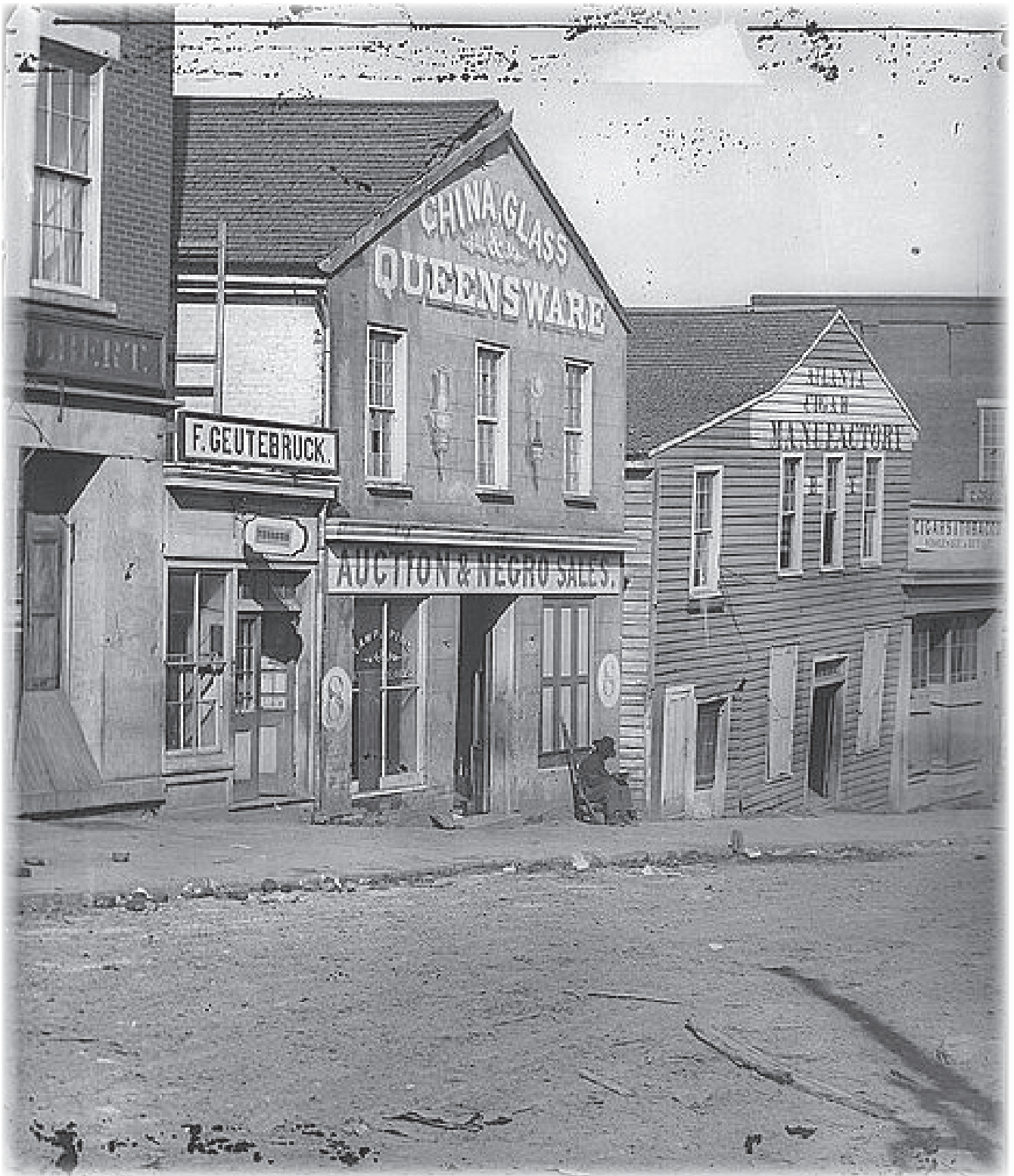


# MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN—1862

by Winifred Lee Brent (Mrs. Henry F.) Lyster

Sung to the tune of O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum  
(O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree)

Home of my heart, I sing of thee! Michigan, My Michigan, Thy lake-bound shores I long to see, Michigan, my Michigan. From Saginaw's tall whispering pines To Lake Superior's farthest mines, Fair in the light of memory shines Michigan, my Michigan Thou gav'st thy sons without a sigh, Michigan, my Michigan And sent thy bravest forth to die, Michigan, my Michigan. Beneath a hostile southern sky They bore thy banner proud and high, Ready to fight but <i>never</i> fly, Michigan, my Michigan. From Yorktown on to Richmond's wall, Michigan, my Michigan, They bravely fight, as bravely fall, Michigan, my Michigan. To Williamsburgh we point with pride— Our <i>Fifth</i> and <i>Second</i> , side by side, There stemmed and stayed the battle's tide, Michigan, my Michigan. When worn with watching traitor foes, Michigan, my Michigan, The welcome night brought sweet repose, Michigan, my Michigan. The soldier, weary from the fight, Sleeps sound, nor fears the rebels' might, For "Michigan's on guard tonight!" Michigan, my Michigan. Afar on Shiloh's fatal plain, Michigan, my Michigan, Again behold thy heroes slain, Michigan, my Michigan. "Their strong arms crumble in the dust, And their bright swords have gathered rust; Their memory is our sacred trust," Michigan, my Michigan.	And often in the coming years, Michigan, my Michigan, Some widowed mother 'll dry her tears, Michigan, my Michigan, And turning with a thrill of pride, Say to the children at her side, At Antietam your father died, For Michigan, our Michigan. With General Grant's victorious name, Michigan, my Michigan, Thy sons still onward march to fame, Michigan, my Michigan. And foremost in the fight we see, Where e'er the bravest dare to be, The sabres of thy cavalry, Michigan, my Michigan. Dark rolled the Rappahonock's flood, Michigan, my Michigan, The tide was crimsoned with thy blood, Michigan, my Michigan. Although for us the clay was lost, Still it shall be our broadest boast: At Fredericksburg our Seventh crossed! Michigan, my Michigan. And when the happy time shall come, Michigan, my Michigan, That brings thy war-worn heroes home, Michigan, my Michigan, What welcome from their own proud shore, What honors at their feet we'll pour, What tears for those who'll come no more, Michigan, my Michigan. A grateful country claims them now, Michigan, my Michigan, And deathless laurel binds each brow, Michigan, my Michigan; And history the tale will tell, Of how they fought and how they fell, For that dear land they loved so well, Michigan, my Michigan.
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