Poem – “Song of the Copperhead”

The traitor! the sneak! say, what fate shall await him,
Who forgets his fair land, and who spits on her fame?
Let no woman love him! Let honest men hate him?
Let his children refuse to be known by his name!
In the hour of our sorrow all recreant we found him, -
In the hour of his woe may he sign for a friend!
Let his conscience upbraid, let his memory hound him,
And no man take note of the Copperhead’s end!

Poem – “The Peace of Democracy”

Resolved,—This nation’s goin’ tu reuin—
Old Abram Lincoln’s baound tu strand it.
Thare’s sum awlfired mischief brewin’
We Dimmykrats can’t no way stand it!
We make a vaow, from this time forth
Tu stop awl warfare in the North.
Therefore we form a resolution
Tu make all Lincoln’s auders void;
Tu put his ginerals to konfushun,
So thet aour own sha’n’t be annoyed;
And fortify aour strong position,
By firing guns on abbolition.