

Hancock

Star Spangled Banner

As with sorrow the lone loving mother is parting,
Her fond favorite child, though a young happy bride
As grieves the true friend, when his comrade is starting
For wealth or for glory, o'er oceans dark tide
So our own heart now, is sorrow's dark shadow, opposing
For the hero who guides us to conquest no more
So each eye forms a tear and each bosom a sighing
For Hancock the pride of the bold Second Corps.

We remember the perils from which your skill saved us:
How you felt for your troops, as the sire for the son,
How when foam and loud cheering with gallant pride braced us
You led the fierce charge, and victory won
Tho' lifes pathway may lead thee to still brighter glory
Forget not your comrades in battles of yore
For pure is the record, and glorious the story
Of Hancock the pride of the bold Second Corps

Farewell, Oh! how painful to burst the connections,
But duty compels it, and partly we part
But naught can ever sever the bond of affection
That binds to have Hancock the true soldiers heart
As gold to the miser, as his bride to the lover
Art thou to the friends who may see the no more
We'll think of the Hancock we'll love the forever
Then remember, brave chieftain, thy noble Second Corps

Written on the occasion of Major-Gen. Hancock taking
leave of the 2^d A.C.

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Written on 10