Civil War Through A Soldier's Words



Lindley Miller (1834-1864) served in the United States Army first as a member of the Seventh Regiment New York State Militia, also known as the Silk Stocking Regiment, after war was declared in April 1861. In 1863 he requested and received a commission to serve as an officer leading a troop of African Americans in the First Regiment Arkansas Volunteers of African Descent. Lindley wrote a song to inspire in his men, the "Marching Song of the First Arkansas Colored Regiment". Lindley's talent is also preserved in several poems he wrote during the Civil War.

Excerpt from In Camp written in Baltimore, MD 1862

A thousand homes are darkened with heavier gloom than this, Young faces, widowed of their smile and foreheads of their kiss.
Of eager children longing to hear their father's call, standing tip-toe waiting, listening, for his whistle in the hall.

We will not weep, my darling, unless it be at night.

"When all the world is quiet", and the stars the only light;

It thousand home are larkened with heavier gloom them this, formy faces, widowed of their smile and forelands of their bier, of eager bluideen longing to lear their kallers call standing life lot waiting, listaining, for his whiste in the Healt.

The will not week, my darling, will it be at hight,

"When all the bord is quiet," and the Stan the only light;

T.W. His Last Words—"Come on" 1861

Brave Heart! Whose pulses throbbed, so quick, so strong for Truth and Right
Like drum-beat in their perfect time through discords of the fight;
For years, thy mind had braced its thought to meet this battle-strain;
It came: the rifle-bullet hissed and dark was flash of eye and brain.
Too late! Thy voice had pieced the air

with grander longer range,
Go find the hearts of friends afar
and never swerve or change-"Come On!" We will till God's ideal
shall trample breathless wrong;
"Come On!" We will, till freedom ring
through every human song;
"Come On!" We will till not a Soul
in gloom and dread involved,
This darkness shall give way to light--

Brane Steart! whose pulsellirowed so guick to strong for Guest and Sugat; the drew has in their population, the drew has in their population, through ducords of the fright time, through ducords of the fright; for years, they mind had braced its Mongh to meet their volth. Itrain; It come: the rifle-vullet-hiered, adark three fash of the and proved the air with grander longer range, boat friend the heart of punds ofer and were sweet to the following. Bone on! The will fell foods ideal that the transfe breathless torong: "bone on! We will, till free down sing through every human song; "home on! We will till foods ideal the proven and dread involved, the proven and dread involved, this darkmen shall pre way to light flis pratter shall be solded.