

Good Bye, Jan the 2<sup>nd</sup> 1861

Dear Mother

I will drop you a few lines to let you know that I am well. We are having very bad weather here at the present time it is raining to day tomorrow will be as cold as Greenland yesterday was New Years I did nothing all day only in the evening we went about two miles from camp and got a sack full of fish it went pretty well to have fresh fish. I will write that you have been wanting so long write to me as often as you can and I will do the same. So no more at present but remain your Affectionate son

Tom

Farmis Harding,

Red Oak Junction,

Mrs Helen C. Bevel,

Mrs Helen C. Bevel

Mrs Harding



## Bingen on the Rhine

A Soldier of the Legion  
Lay dying in Algiers  
There was lack of women nursing  
There was dearth of women's tears  
But a comrade stood before him  
While his life-blood ebbed away  
And bent with pitying eyes  
To hear what he might say  
The dying soldier faltered  
As he took that Comrade's hand  
And he said, "I never more shall see  
My own, my native land's,  
Take a message and a token  
To some distant friends of mine  
For I was born at Bingen  
Fair Bingen on the Rhine



<sup>2<sup>nd</sup></sup>  
Tell my Brothers and companions } Of struggles fierce and mild  
When they meet and crowd around } And when he died and left us  
To hear my mournful story } To divide his scanty hoard.  
In the pleasant vineyard ground } I let them take whatever they would  
That we fought the battle bravely } But kept my fathers sword  
And when the day was done } And with boyish love I hung it  
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale } Where the bright light use to shine  
Beneath the setting sun } On the Cottage wall at Bingen  
And midst the dead and dying } At Bingen on the Rhine  
Were some grown old in wars  
The death wound on his gallant breast } <sup>4<sup>th</sup></sup> Tell my sister to weep not for me  
The last of many scars } And sit with drooping head  
But some young and suddenly } When the troops are marching home  
Beheld lifes morn decline } With glad and gallant tread  
And one had come from Bingen } But look upon them proudly  
From Bingen on the Rhine } With calm and steadfast eye  
For her brother was a soldier  
<sup>3<sup>rd</sup></sup> Tell my Mother that her other sons } And afraid to die  
Shall comfort her old age } And if a comrade seek her love  
And I still a truant bind } I ask her in my name  
That thought his home a cage } To listen to him kindly  
For my father was a soldier } Without regret or shame  
And even as a child } And hang the Old sword in its place  
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell } (My fathers sword and mine)  
For the honor of Old Bingen  
Dear Bingen on the Rhine



<sup>5<sup>th</sup></sup>  
"There's another, not a sister—  
In the happy days gone by  
You'd have known her by the merriment  
That sparkled in her eye  
Too innocent for coquetry  
Too fond for idle scolding—  
Oh friend, I fear the lightest heart  
Makes sometimes heaviest mourning  
Tell her the last night of my life—  
For ere the morn be risen

My body will be a mass of pain  
My soul be out of prison—  
I dreamed I stood beside her  
And saw the yellow sunlight shine  
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen  
Fair Bingen on the Rhine

<sup>6<sup>th</sup></sup>  
~~I saw the black Rhine sweep along~~  
I heard or seemed to hear  
The German songs we use to sing  
In chorus sweet and clear  
And down the pleasant river  
And up the slanting hill  
The echoing chorus sounded  
Through the evening calm and still

And her glad blue eyes were on me  
As we passed with friendly talk  
Down many a path beloved of yore  
And well remembered walk  
And her little hand lay lightly  
Confidingly in mine—  
But we'll meet no more at Bingen  
Loved Bingen on the Rhine

<sup>7<sup>th</sup></sup>  
His voice grew faint and hoarse  
His grasp was childish weak  
His eyes put on a dying look  
He sighed and ceased to speak  
His comrades bent to lift him  
But the spark of life had fled—  
The soldier of the legion  
In a foreign land was dead  
And the soft moon rose up slowly  
And calmly she looked down  
On the red sand of the battle-field  
With bloody corpses lay strewn—  
Yes calmly on that dreadful scene  
Her pale light seemed to shine  
As it shone on distant Bingen  
Fair Bingen on the Rhine





Mr. L. S. Harding

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