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## Arthur McKinstry's "Company D 3rd Exelsior, Sickle's Brigade"

Arthur McKinstry

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# Company D 3d Excelsior, Sickle's Brigade.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blessed!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She then shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.



"By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
And freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

BY ARTHUR MCKINSTRY.

Killed at Williamsburg, Va., May 5th, 1862.

Roam the world over,  
You'll never discover  
Mid infantry, rifles, or cavalry bold;  
On land or on sea,  
There did never agree,  
Such a gay merry party as here are enrolled.

Oh where, I would ask you,  
Though sorry to task you,  
With what it is clear must impossible be,  
Could your eye, if you ran it,  
Over all our great planet,  
Find such a gay party as Company D.

There is Captain Cass Abell,  
Quite as staunch as a cable,  
Will stand like a rock by the colors, we know;  
How wide his eyelashes,  
How fierce his mustaches  
Whenever there's prospect of meeting the foe.

Hugh Hinman beside him,  
Good fortune betide him,  
And young Johnny Howard stands stiffly as starch;  
Quite certain the fact is  
The three will not practice  
In face of the rebels, the right about march.

There is Billy Post, standing,  
To look from the landing,  
At the boats on the water so misty and dark;  
Their cannon are crashing,  
He sees their red flashing  
And grins with delight, like a shovel-nosed shark.

In Brooks, too, our hope is,  
And Harvey T. Lopez,  
Who bears the Excelsior colors you know,  
And Foss and Van Houten,  
There rests not a doubt in  
In the line of file closers, they will dash at the foe.

There is Corporal Luce,  
Who may go to the deuce  
Or to China; it is immaterial to me;  
And Corporal Ellis  
A prince of good fellows,  
With pirates by legions to windward and lee.

There is Ludlow so jolly,  
Who brings with him "Cully,"  
And Barley, or queer little Corporal Pugh;  
And Walden and Tate,  
Who are mentioned so late  
Must go with the others collectively through.

There is bluff Red Lewis,  
And nothing more true is,  
Than that, if you tease him, he is certain to swear.  
No teamster so brave is,  
As jolly "Jeff Davis,"  
Who will run you a heat upon time, if you dare.

There is Henry Brevier,  
Like a bold grenadier  
With Newberger, scarcely more tall than his knees.  
If the foe should come nigh  
They must certainly fly,  
Or be stifled at once with his Limburger cheese.

There is little Jim Bowen,  
So wicked and knowing,  
Like Barton, he sports a miraculous gun.  
And though Floyd were himself  
To keep watch of the elf,  
He'd be stolen quite blind, for the sake of the fun.

And Moon, with his capers,  
Should have place in these papers,  
An excellent judge of these Maryland crops;  
He is certain the way to  
Live well on potato,  
Is to draw them while tender and green, by the tops.

Though Stevens has left us  
He has not bereft us,  
Of a captain that is equally as good as our old;  
And Marcus and Loeb are,  
Since last year's October,  
By Doyle in a different muster enrolled.

And Doyle, the brave fellow,  
So genial and mellow,  
We graduate him with a captain's degree.  
But if evil befall him,  
We will quickly recall him;  
Warm welcome awaits him in Company D.

Each sticks to the other  
Quite as close as a brother,  
And our style has been always so easy and free;  
Our hearts never sinking,  
We ever are thinking—  
Oh who would not soldier in Company D.