

Ellsworth's Avengers.

AIR.—Annie Lisle.—By A. L. HUDSON.

Down where the patriot army,
Near Potomac's side,
Guards the glorious cause of freedom,
Gallant Ellsworth died.
Brave was the noble chieftain,
At his country's call,
Hastened to the field of battle,
And was first to fall.

Chorus.—Strike, freemen, for the Union,
Sheath your swords no more :
While remains in arms a traitor,
On Columbia's shore.

Entering the traitor city,
With his soldiers true,
Leading up the Zouave columns,
Fixed became his view.
See that rebel flag is floating,
O'er yon building tall !
Spoke he, while his dark eye glistened,
Boys, that flag must fall ! Chorus.

Quickly from its proud position,
That base flag was torn,
Trampled 'neath the feet of freeman,
Circling Ellsworth's form ;
See him bear it down the landing,
Past the traitor's door,
Hear him groan, Oh ! God they've shot him,
Ellsworth is no more. Chorus.

First to fall, thou youthful martyr,
Hapless was thy fate ;
Hastened we as thy avengers,
From thy native State.
Speed we on from town and city,
Not for wealth or fame.
But because we love the Union,
And our Ellsworth's name. Chorus.

Traitors' hands shall never sunder,
That for which you died ;
Here the oath our lips now utter,
Those our nations pride.
By our hopes of yon bright heaven,
By the land we love,
By the God who reigns above us,
We'll avenge thy blood. Chorus.