

LINES WRITTEN ON FACE OF OLD CONFEDERATE BILL.

Representing nothing on God's earth
now,
And naught in the waters below it;
As a pledge of a Nation that's dead and
gone,
Keep it, dear Captain, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale this paper can tell
Of liberty born of patriot's dream,
Of the storm-cradled Nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issue today our promise to pay,
And hope to redeem on the morrow.

The days rolled on, and weeks became
years,
But our coffers are empty still,
Coin was so rare that the treasury
quaked,
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in it was strong
indeed,
And our poverty well discerned;
And these little checks represent the pay
That our volunteers had earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to
pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or
pay,
Or the bills that were overdue,
We knew if it brought us bread today,
'Twas the best our poor country could
do.

Keep it, for it tells our history over,
From the birth of its dream to the
last;
Modest, and born of the Angel Hope,
Like the hope of success it passed.

—Father Ryan.