

General Sherman & "The Blue Juniata" Worksheet

(To use with the lesson "Musical Morale for General Sherman's Army")

The Blue Juniata (1844)
Composer: Marion Dix Sullivan
Writer: J. W. Sullivan

Wild roved an Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata!

"Bold is my warrior good,
The love of Alfarata,
Proud waves his snowy plume
Along the Juniata.

Swift as an antelope
Through the forest going,
Loose were her jetty locks,
In many tresses flowing.

Soft and low he speaks to me,
And then, his war-cry sounding,
Rings his voice in thunder loud,
From height to height resounding."

Gay was the mountain song
Of bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata.

So sang the Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata.

"Strong and true my arrows are,
In my painted quiver,
Swift goes my light canoe
Adown the rapid river.

Fleeting years have borne away
The voice of Alfarata;
Still sweeps the river on—
Blue Juniata!

Vocabulary words:

jetty:

tresses:

quiver:

plume:

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Excerpt from
***History of the 78th Regiment O.V.V.I., from its "Muster-In" to its "Muster-Out;"
Comprising its Organization, Marches, Campaigns, Battles and Skirmishes***

by the Rev. Thomas M. Stevenson, Chaplain of the Regiment,
Zanesville, OH, 1865

Page 173:

The great army – over the lands and into the dwellings of the poor and rich alike, through towns and cities – like a roaring wave, swept and paused, reveled and surged on. In the daytime the splendor, the toil, the desolation of the march; in the nighttime the brilliancy, the gloom, the music, the joy and slumber of the camp.

Memorable the music that "mocked the moon" of November on the soil of Georgia; sometimes a triumphant march, sometimes a waltz, again an old air, stirring the heart alike to recollection and hope. Floating out of throats of brass to the ears of soldiers in their blankets and Generals in their tents, these tunes hallowed the eyes of all who listened.

Sitting before his tent in the glow of a camp fire one evening, General Sherman let his cigar go out, to listen to an air that a distant band was playing. The General turned to one of his officers: "Send an orderly to ask that band to play that tune again." A little while and the band received the word. The tune was "**The Blue Juniata**," with exquisite variations. The band played it again, even more beautifully than before. Again it ceased, and then, off to the right, nearly a quarter of a mile away, the voices of some soldiers took it up with words. The band, and still another played a low accompaniment; camp after camp began singing; the music of "The Blue Juniata" became for a few minutes, the oratorio of half an army.

[Back along the whole wide pathway of this grand march, from border to coast, the eye catches glimpses of scenes whose poetic images an American, five years ago, would have thought never could have been revived from the romantic past. Pictures swarm in fields and glens, and by the banks of rivers. A halt at high noon beside a village, a besieging of houses by the troops, soldiers emerging from the doorways and backyards, bearing quilts, plates, poultry and pigs, beehives attacked, honey in the hands and smearing the faces of the boys, hundreds of soldiers poking hundreds of bayonets in the corners of yards and gardens, after concealed treasures; here and there a shining prize, and shouting and scrambling, and a merry division of the spoils. In the background, women with praying hands and beseeching lips unheeded. Night near a railroad depot – a roar of fires, a shouting of voices, thousands of men ripping up ties and rails, heating them, twisting them, casting them down, axes at work, the depot buildings and wood piles a blaze, a truly picturesque and tumultuous scene.]