

10-19-1864

Battle of Ceda (Cedar?) Creek by C.A. Savage,
October 19, 1864

Battle of Cedar Creek
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By G. A. Savage with Indians

Old Early camped at Fisher Hill
Resolved some Yankee blood to spill
He chose his time when Phil was gone
The Yankee camp to fall upon

At night like thief of sense bereft
He marched his troops around our left
With orders strict unto his boys
Do nothing take I would make a noise
Get out of the way says general Early
I've come to drive you from the valley

While they were on their mission bent
We Yankees were sleeping in our tents
Untill the rebels with rousing & rolleys
Warned us that sleep was death and folly
Old Early carried out his plan
Surprising creek and his command
Who had not time their lines to form
So sudden came the rebel storm

Now at the rising of the sun
Old Early thought it jivial fun
But General Grever God bless his name
Said he would help them play the game
He formed a line the pike along
To check old early and his throng
And here he held the rebels at bay
Till he was flanked from every way

This gave the 6 Corps time to form
Who bravely faced the rebel storm
Till the other Corps had time to rally
To stop the rebels in the valley
The Johnnies thought the victory won
And their usual pillaging begun
Robbing the dead and wounded too
A only southern blood can do

Now when the day was almost lost
God sends a reinforcing host
The host he sends is but a man
But that the noble Sheridan
On on he comes with lightning speed
Carrying who hath done the awful deed
Heret better fare weath southern shades
Who dares my sleeping camp surprise
Get out of the very says Phil to early
If you come to late to get the valley

Ah there another sound is heard
And liberty is the rallying word
And every heart is filled with pride
To see their Gallant leader ride
Scurrying from quick the fight renew
And see what a right with avengance do
By night our camp we will regain
And vengeance have for those that slain

Then Orders flew from left to right
And glorious was the evening fight
The rebels fleet amid cannon's roar
Losing all they'd gained ^{and thousands} ~~of~~ more
Round their flank brave Custer flew
As other Cavalry near could do
Capturing guns well nigh 9 score
Including those we'd lost before

Three Cheers for Emory Crook and ^TWright
Sorbett Merritt and General Dwight
Three for Custer and his command
Our Union and General Sherman
God bless this nation and sons
And may this bloody war be done
May north and South united stand
As once the were a happy land

~~John F. Johnson~~