

"Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina"

This song was published in New York in 1863 with the notation that the words were by M. and the melody by T. The music also notes that it was printed "As Sung by all the Minstrel Bands," so it may have been known earlier. It was also printed in Philadelphia. It was popular among Confederate troops in the Civil War and was said to be one of J.E.B. Stuart's favorite songs. The song regained popularity in the 1920s.

There was a Civil War songsheet "The retreat of the grand army from Bull Run," which was sung to the melody Sweet Evelina. (See below).

Way down in the meadow where the lily first blows,
Where the wind from the mountains ne'er ruffles the rose;
Lives fond Evelina, the sweet little dove,
The pride of the valley, the girl that I love.
Dear Evelina, sweet Evelina,
My love for thee shall never, never die.
Dear Evelina, sweet Evelina,
My love for thee shall, never, never die.

She's fair as a rose, like a lamb she is meek,
And she never was known to put paint on her cheek;
In the most graceful curls hangs her raven black hair,
And she never requires perfumery there.

Dear Evelina, sweet Evelina,

My love for thee shall never, never die.

Dear Evelina, sweet Evelina,

My love for thee shall, never, never die.

Evelina and I, one fine evening in June,

Took a walk all alone by the light of the moon.

The planets all shone, for the heavens were clear,

And I felt round the heart most tremendously queer.

Dear Evelina, sweet Evelina,

My love for thee shall never, never die.

Dear Evelina, sweet Evelina,

My love for thee shall, never, never die.

Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dollar;

Evelina still lives in that green grassy holler.

Although I am fated to marry her never,

I've sworn that I'll love her for ever and ever.

Dear Evelina, sweet Evelina,

My love for thee shall never, never die.

Dear Evelina, sweet Evelina,

My love for thee shall, never, never die.

THE RETREAT OF THE Grand Army from Bull Run.

BY ERNEST CLIFTAN,

Air.—"Sweet Evelina."

Way down in Virginia,
That glorious old state ;
Old Lincoln's grand army,
They tried very late,
To establish a footing
And enforce the laws ;
That sprung from the White House,
From his lantern like jaws !

CHORUS.—Poor Mr. Lincoln ;
Poor old Abe Lincoln !
Your power o'er the South
Indeed is played out !

They started so early
On a Sunday it seems,
On the road to Manassas,
In the rear were the teams
With drums, fifes and trumpets,
They looked mighty gay ;
But the Bull came across them
They all ran away.

CHORUS.

Old Lincoln he started
When the army came back,
He blamed poor McDowell,
For going on the wrong track ;
For risking his men,
When for them he had need
He kinder got riled,
And poor Mac he did supersede.

CHORUS.

They have a new leader,
McClellan's his name ;
From Western Virginia
To the White House he came !
To please this young hero
Old Lincoln right then,
Wrote his friends in the North,
Send me down some more men.

CHORUS.

Mr. Lincoln's last order
Though sad to relate,
Shows that his grand army
Is in a bad state.
For he sent for the whole lot
Rag tag and bob tail,
Whatever you've got.

BALTIMORE, MD.