

## Civil War Lament

Jack Frost

They packed us up in boxes, wooden boxes  
And sent us home  
Underneath the willow, near the the river  
By my headstone  
And all you do is carry on  
It's snowing now it's winter, river's frozen  
And still you come  
I can almost see you, and touch you  
My pretty one  
When all you do is carry on