

Here's a reprise of my lyrics commemorating the Franklin battle.
It's sung to the tune of the Irish folk song "Spacill Hill". — Editor

Franklin's Bloody Plain

Last night as I lay dreaming of olden days gone
by
My mind being bent on rambling to Franklin I
did fly
I stepped into a vision that, for a time, my mind
did claim
To show me things that happened on Franklin's
bloody plain.

It was November thirtieth, eighteen sixty-four
When the Southland's sons and fathers into
battle again were poured.
The young and the old, the brave and the bold,
their mission all too plain
To charge across what would become Frank-
lin's bloody plain.

I went to find my kinfolk, to hear what they
might say
James and John were both in rank with the
33rd, Co. K.
John remarked to James, "I fear the shot will fall
like rain,
And we may cross over to Glory on Franklin's
bloody plain.

At 4 o'clock, eighteen brigades that formed the
ranks of gray
Moved against the Yankee foe, flags flying in
grand array.
The sight first swells the heart with pride for the
victory they might gain
Then breaks it with sorrow for those lost on
Franklin's bloody plain.

'Til 9 o'clock, long after dark, they kept up a gal-
lant fight.
The Banshee's scream died away, and Death
put away his scythe.
Mississippi's men had paid a price, while in
James life remained,
Four hundred twenty-three and John lay on
Franklin's bloody plain.

When I awoke I wondered if the dream had
come from my own mind,
Or if I recalled a memory created before my
time,
Or if God allowed me to see images clear and
plain
Of how it was to fight and die on Franklin's
bloody plain.

Seven months before the Battle of Franklin, Captain Pleasant
M. Hope wrote this letter to his infant daughter whom he had
never seen. He told his baby girl that this is "... the first letter
you ever received." The letter is truly a voice from Franklin.

*Camp Cummings
near Mobile, Ala.
Apr. 25, 1864*

Dear Child,

*It is with pleasure and delight that I write you a few
lines, which will be the first letter you ever re-
ceived, and one too which I hope you will preserve
until you can read it.*

*By the misfortunes of war, I have been separated
from your Momma, but by the blessings of God, I
hope to soon return to you, never more to leave
you, until death shall separate us. My dear and
only child, be a good girl, ever love and obey your
affectionate Momma, and don't forget your first
letter writer, who has not nor never will forget you,
who daily prays to God, in his infinite mercy, to
spare, bless and protect you amid the troubles of
this world, and should you live to become old, may
God bless you and prepare your soul in this life to
go to that happy world after death.*

*Your Father,
P. M. Hope*

Captain Pleasant M Hope, Commander of D Company, 46th
Tennessee Inf. Regt, was killed in the Confederate charge at
the Battle of Franklin on November 30, 1864. He is buried at
the McGavock Confederate Cemetery, Tennessee Section,
Grave #33. His only child, "Annie", never forgot her first letter
writer.

