

Burton Buer

10/27/17

A General's Plea

On July 3rd, 1863, guns were heard
For miles around a place called Gettysburg
It was the third and final day
The bloodiest battle between blue and grey
The rebs had one last chance
To break the Union's stance
Upon high ground, the blue boys stood
Hoping they'd lick the rebels good
General Lee, the rebs he was to lead
Had a plan to steal glory from Union General Meade
"Gather all available men, 15,000 or so,
And line them up, a six mile long row."
Lee approached his best General and said
"Now Longstreet, my 'old warhorse',
This is the charge's course:
After cannons have fired
Men will be lead through brush and brier
Across this field and up the hill
The Union high ground we will steal!
Breaking the Union line,
we'll kill those boys, one at a time"
Now Longstreet had been asking for days
To change position, claiming it unwise to stay
But Lee would not be swayed
His mind appeared to have been made
Longstreet tried once more
To stop the unnecessary blood and gore

“No 15,000 men could ever take that hill,” he said
General Lee responded with zeal
“The enemy is there, right there on that hill!
We will attack now, while the enemy is near
Why, we’ll wipe this entire field clear!”
Longstreet was screaming inside
But knew to stay quiet, to save his hide
After a trembling salute and a look in the eye
Longstreet went away and let out a sigh
He couldn’t believe what was about to commence
He imagined what he would say, explaining it past tense
Later, when asked for permission to attack
Longstreet could only nod his head back
The charge began as men whooped the rebel yell
Bravely approaching a battlefield of hell
One mile away on the Union side
Blue-clad men watched the rolling grey tide
Those northern boys opened fire
As the rebs pushed up through the brier
Before long more than half the rebs were dead
And surrounded by boys, Union-led
A battlefield once green is now trampled and red
All could have been avoided, as Longstreet had said

