We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi’s winding stream
And from New England’s shore
We leave our ploughs and workshops,
Our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance,

1 In April 1862, the Confederacy passed a draft law for men aged 18–35, exempting slave overseers, government officials, and clergymen. In July 1862, the US Congress also instituted a militia conscription within each state, should the state fail to meet its quota with volunteers. The threat of conscription contributed to increases in voluntary enlistment.

2 Smith, Great National Songs, 124.
With but a silent tear.  
We dare not look behind us  
But steadfastly before—  
We are coming, Father Abraham,  
Three hundred thousand more!

(Chorus)  
We are coming, we are coming,  
Our Union to restore;  
We are coming, Father Abraham,  
Three hundred thousand more.  
We are coming, Father Abraham,  
Three hundred thousand more.

If you look across the hilltops  
That now meet the northern sky,  
Long, moving lines of rising dust  
Your vision may descry,  
And now the wind, an instant  
Tears the cloudy veil aside,  
And floats aloft our spangled flag  
In glory and in pride;  
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam,  
And bands brave music pour—  
We are coming, Father Abraham,  
Three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys,  
Where the growing harvests shine,  
You may see our sturdy farmer boys  
Fast forming into line;  
And children from their mothers’ knees  
Are pulling at the weeds,  
And learning how to reap and sow,  
Against their country’s needs;  
And a farewell group stands weeping  
At every cottage door—
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more!

You have called us, and we’re coming,
By Richmond’s bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom’s sake,
Our brothers’ bones beside;
Or from foul treason’s savage grasp
To wrench the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes,
Its fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men
And true have gone before—
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more!