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Stormclouds Gather on the Horizon

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Abstract
The first few stanzas of a poem by Howard Glyndon from the folds of *The Lutheran and Missionary* from late August of 1863:

*The days of June were nearly done; The fields, with plenty overrun, Were ripening 'neath the harvest sun In fruitful Pennsylvania!*

[excerpt]

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Comments
*Interpreting the Civil War: Connecting the Civil War to the American Public* is written by alum and adjunct professor, John Rudy. Each post is his own opinions, musings, discussions, and questions about the Civil War era, public history, historical interpretation, and the future of history. In his own words, it is "a blog talking about how we talk about a war where over 600,000 died, 4 million were freed and a nation forever changed. Meditating on interpretation, both theory and practice, at no charge to you."

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TUESDAY, JUNE 18, 2013
The first few stanzas of a poem by Howard Glyndon from the folds of *The Lutheran and Missionary* from late August of 1863:

The days of June were nearly done;  
The fields, with plenty overrun,  
Were ripening 'neath the harvest sun  
In fruitful Pennsylvania!

Sang birds and children — "All is well!"  
When sudden, over hill and deil,  
The gloom of coming battle fell,  
On Peaceful Pennsylvania!

Through Maryland's historic land,  
With boastful tongue and spoiling hand,  
They burst—a fierce and famished band,  
Right into Pennsylvania!

In Cumberland's romantic vale  
Was heard the plundered farmer's wail;  
And every mother's cheek was pale,  
In blooming Pennsylvania!

With taunt and jeer; and shout and song:  
Through rustic towns, they passed along—  
A confident and braggart throng—  
Through frightened Pennsylvania.