The Blue, The Gray and The Red

**Franklin**

A once quiet village
now crowded with Blue
escaping the Gray.
Franklin, Tennessee.
Encircled by the Harpeth
and Blue breastworks -
ready for a Gray assault.
Echoing sounds of
marching bands preceed
explosion, smoke and Red
of all too near conflict.
Its people become nurses,
homes,churches - hospitals,
treating all men.
Special people - special place.
Main street, town square,
monument to fallen fathers.
American history -
all American town.

Mel Maurer
July, 1993

The Blue, The Gray and The Red

**The Carter House**

A peaceful farm,
near a quiet village.
The Carters, and
the Blue, at home -
waiting for the Gray,
and the Red, to call.
Exploding shells,
Rebel yells -
War in their yard.
The family sheltered
beneath their house.
All, but one, safe
and that one,
a gray son, will die.
The Blue, the Gray,
their bloody battle,
now - sad history.
Memories of
a war torn country,
a war torn family
remain, in residence,
at the Carter House.

Mel Maurer
June, 1993

The Blue, The Gray and The Red

**Carnton**

Through
Carnton's fields,
past its mansion
and their way of life
the Gray marched -
towards Franklin,
the Blue, the Red
and for many...
the end of their lives.
Carnton -
their last plantation.
To her care
many would return.
First the wounded
and then - the dead.
Embracing them then,
holding them now.
Carnton -
a memorial
to the old south
and those who gave
their lives to save it.

Mel Maurer
June, 1993
The Blue, The Gray and The Red

The Battle of Franklin

They were the Blue.
They were the Gray.
When, in Franklin,
they met - they were,
the Blue, the Gray
and the Red.
The Gray - to attack
and breakthrough.
The Blue - to resist
and repulse.
The Red - to flow
and to dedicate:
To all the Blue men,
To all the Gray men,
To their country and
To their cause - the
place of their courage,
the site of their battle,
that sad November day.

Mel Maurer
April, 1993

The Blue, The Gray and The Red

Fort Granger

Quiet now,
it rests beneath
the trees atop
Figuers Hill -
Fort Granger.
Once proud guardian
of the Harpeth river
at Franklin.
Earthen then,
Earthen now.
Combatants, cannon,
shouts, explosions,
smoke, fire
and blood –
long gone.
It's purpose now,
to protect
the memory of
men who served,
men who bled and
men who died -
The Blue,
and The Gray.

Mel Maurer
May, 1993

The Blue, The Gray and The Red

The Battle of Thompson's Station

Today...
only memories stop
at this railroad station.
Of Blue men, Gray men
and the battle they fought
in March of sixty three.
Blue descending south
towards railroad tracks -
dividing the land.
Gray, and their fate,
waiting - at the station.
Colors and causes
in conflict.
The Blue to lose.
The Gray to win.
The Red to run, again.
For all her sons -
a nation mourns:
Remembering...
Sacrifices made and
Destinies denied
at Thompson's Station.

Mel Maurer
June, 1993