

CONFEDERATE
MEMORIAL VERSES

=

BEVERLEY D. TUCKER

PS 3539

.U25 C6

1904

Copy 1





HURKE &
GREGORY
Printers
NORFOLK
VA.



CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL VERSES



BEVERLEY DANDRIDGE TUCKER

CHAPLAIN PICKETT-BUCHANAN CAMP C. V.



PUBLISHED BY THE PICKETT-BUCHANAN CHAPTER
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

Gitt
Author
(Person)



DEDICATION

A. M. W. T.

I would have my children proud not because their father, as a boy, wore the
grey and did his lowly part, But I would have them proud of the fact that
their mother, whilst yet a little maiden, daughter of a knightly soldier
who rode by the side of Robert Lee and gave to the South as
a free libation the blood he shared with "the Father of his
Country," cheered the troopers who followed the plume
of Ashby, and waved her little hand to greet the
cannoneers of Pelham, and stood at the gate
of her home and gave food and drink to
the foot cavalry of Stonewall Jackson,
as the tide of battle ebbed and
flowed through the beautiful
Valley of the Shenandoah.

ROBERT E. LEE.

Salutamus, O Leader, long lost
And passed from our vision and ken,
Tho' thine arms on thy bosom be crossed,
We call us thy men.

And we list for the word of command
That leaped from the lips that are mute.
Tho' it come not, yet loyal, we stand
And give thee salute!

Thou art passed, Commander, where ne'er
Is heed of the praise and the blame,
Yet resistless outrings the loud cheer
At sound of thy name.

Ah! the face and the form we knew well
Are lost in the chasm of years,
But our love has a power to dispel
The mist of our tears.

And thy glory shall lighten through time
The vistas of duty—and then
We shall know that our hero sublime
Still leadeth his men!

LET US BUILD THE MONUMENT.

Norfolk Memorial Day, 1892.

I.

HAMPTON ROADS.

T'was the calm of the day
And the enemy lay
Unheeding, at anchor in Hampton Bay;
When a flag was unfurled
And a cannon shot hurled
Which echoed until it startled the world!

Ah! they recked not the grave
Nor the threat'ning wave
Whose hearts were dauntless and valiant and brave,
As was Nelson's of old!
But, intrepid and bold,
They fought as men fight who fight not for gold!

And the foe bowed before
The proud banner they bore
As they sailed to many an alien shore—
But the sea sings to rest
Now the bravest and best,
As mothers the babes asleep on their breast.

Then build to the name and the fame of these
A column lofty and grand!
They gave to the breeze in the farthest seas
The new-born flag of their land—
For none were truer nor nobler than they
Whose hearts beat high neath their jackets of grey!

II.

GETTYSBURG.

A hill's embattled crest
Which Titans could not wrest,
And yet they charge with strange heroic zest—
And all around them fall
The showers of shell and ball,
Yet still the Southern cross waves thro' it all!

Ah me! Ah me! the slain!
Borne down— as beats the rain
The roses in the mire and in the stain!
Yet Pickett and his men
Charge on and charge as when
The wave breaks on the rock, yet breaks again.

It was in vain? Ah well!
The world will stop to tell,
This is the spot where knightly Armistead fell,
And this the sacred field
Where heroes would not yield
But fell each one upon his stainless shield!

Then rear to them here whose glory is dear
A shaft to tell of their deed
Ere fame disappear with the fleeting year
Or memory's wave recede!
Ah carve it with care in midst of the fray
They quailed not nor cringed these heroes in grey.

III.

APPOMATTOX.

On Appomattox field
A worn-out remnant yield,
A nation's fate is there forever sealed,
A sacred flag is furled
And a last shot is hurled
Which echoes 'till it saddens all the world.

Did Sparta blush for shame
At Thermopylae's name
Or bury with her dead their meed of fame!
Did England ere forget
How the Norman foe was met
Tho' Harold's sun in cloud and shadow set!

The might, at last, prevailed,
The Southern legions failed,
Yet the glory which was theirs has not paled:
The years may swiftly flee,
The proudest boast shall be
"We failed, but failed with Jackson and with Lee,"

Then raise to their praise, whilst memory stays,
A shaft which ever shall stand
To tell of the days when men stopped to gaze
At those who fought for the land,
For none were truer nor nobler than they
Who sleep, as they fell, in their jackets of grey!

IN MEMORY OF THE MEN WHOSE CAUSE IS DEAD
BUT WHOSE DEEDS LIVE ON!

Vincti Sed Victores.

From hearts of men, from off the country's face,
Whose beauty once the stains of blood did mar,
Long years of peace have labored to efface
The cruel tracks and vestiges of war.

Each spring has brought it's tender wealth of green
To hide the gory battlements of earth,
'Till now the barren mounds—that once had been
The place of death—to flowers and grass give birth.

The dusty plains once trampled by the feet
Of angry hosts, whose battle shout was heard
Above the cannon's din, are fields of wheat,
Or meadows where we list the song of bird.

On ships that sail the seas, in churches' aisles,
In busy marts, in country and in town,
They meet and greet, with kindly words and smiles,
Who once in battle faced, with warlike frown.

To God be praise! for Passion yields her sway,
And cloud no longer veils the sky above,
As storm to calm, and night to day gives way,
So war gives place to peace, and hate to love!

Gone is the bitterness that once we knew,
Tho' still the woe is traced in many eyes—
Gone are the dreams of yore, and ended, too,
The old heroic life of sacrifice!

Gone, like a meteor thro' the cloudless skies,
The hopes with which we sought the stubborn fray;
Gone, like the music when the singer dies,
The fancies which beguiled us for a day!

Gone, like a harvest swept by cruel hail—
The hard won fruits of each victorious fight—
Aye! country, flag and cause; gone, like a sail
That dots the seas, and passes out of sight!

Is this, then, all that's left, these many graves
Which far and wide, are found in mount and plain,
In valleys fair, and where the ocean waves
Sing requiem, do these alone remain?

Nay, surely, nay, but like as Samson drew
The honey from the lion he had slain,
So, from our lion, war, we, comrades, too,
May draw the strong and sweet—ah! not in vain!

'Twas not in vain that these undying men
With Lee and Jackson charged thro' storms of lead;
A page they wrote, with sword more strong than pen,
Which long shall teach in duty's path to tread!

'Twas not in vain that these, in camp and field,
And women brave as they, 'mid dark'ning skies,
Endured and suffered, would not cringe, nor yield,
But gave their all, and taught of sacrifice!

More fair these fruits we gather from defeat
Than some which grow on Vict'rys highest tree,
That duty's self, that sacrifice is sweet—
Ah! this to learn, is more than victory!

This much is left of all our fateful strife
These names that shine in Honor's glorious sky,
These dead to teach us how to live our life,
Or show us how, if duty call, to die!

And now, because they dying left this gift
Of names untarnished and of mem'ries bright,
Whose glory made in leaden skies a rift,
And bathes fore'er our Southern land in light,

Because they gave us all they could, we bring
This tribute wrought of flow'rs, of verse, of tears,
And vow to keep from dark Oblivion's wing
Their names and deeds, thro' all the changing years.

THE DAYS WHEN WE FOLLOWED ROBERT LEE.

Pickett-Buchanan Camp, January 19th.

By the old familiar light
Of the camp-fire burning bright
Let us gather here to-night—
Tell the tale, sing the well-remembered glee,
Stir the embers fading fast,
See the visions of the past
Hear again the bugle blast
As in days when we followed Robert Lee.

There is snow upon our hair,
And the furrowed marks of care
How they tell the wear and tear
Of the years that have sped—but let it be!
We are boys, to-day, once more,
And we're comrades, as of yore,
When this flag we proudly bore
In the days when we followed Robert Lee!

"Rag of treason," men may call
This old banner—but to all
Who once loved it 'tis the pall
Of our dear Southern cause—and shall be,
As a sacred lock we save,
As a flower from Mother's grave—
Dear, as when we saw it wave,
In the days when we followed Robert Lee!

For still our bosoms swell
At the old Confederate yell,
And we love to sit and tell
Of the years when we struggled to be free—
Call us "rebels"—but the name
It will bring no blush of shame
'Twas the synonym of fame
In the days when we followed Robert Lee!

There was laughter well as tears
And the old Confederate hears,
Across the waste of years,
It's echo like the echo of the sea,
And the old rheumatic pain
Will be vexing him in vain,
For it makes him young again
As in days when we followed Robert Lee!

For as oft we sit and gaze
In the warm and cheerful blaze—
Ah! the tricks our fancy plays,
The visions which our mem'ries make us see!
Once again the armies tramp
Thro' the snow and rain and damp,
Then the pleasures of the camp
As in days when we followed Robert Lee!

Ah! the stained old haversack
With the bacon and hardtack
And that whiff of apple jack,
And the coffee made of rye—they may be
Not a dainty bill of fare—
But it must have been the air,
For they tasted mighty fair
In the days when we followed Robert Lee.

As the mem'ry dreams and whirls
How it brings up all the girls
With the dancing eye and curls
And the laughter like the ripple of the sea!
O, the tender, sweet, farewell
And the kiss remembered well—
But 't would never do to tell
How we loved when we followed Robert Lee.

And the trumpet sounds once more
As we fight our battles o'er—
Midst the rattle and the roar
How we charged in our struggles to be free!
Ah! it was a glorious sight,
For we struck with all our might,
When we battled for the right
In the days when we followed Robert Lee.

Like the wind among the pines,
As he rides on down the lines,
Whilst every bayonet shines,
Sounds the cheer when his noble form we see,
Oh! the world shall never know
All our trust in weal and woe,
In that grand old long ago
All our love, as we followed Robert Lee.

But the vision will not stay,
And the flag is furled away,
For we fought and lost the day—
Ah! the forms which we never more shall see!
But they counted not the cost
'Twas a willing holocaust,
And the glory was not lost
In the days when we followed Robert Lee!

COMPENSATION.

In Commemoration of the Confederate Dead of the
University of Virginia.

Was it waste when the sons, who were reared at thy side,
At the beat of the drum, did not falter nor pause,
And by duty were drawn, as the waves by the tide
Obedient to laws?
Was it waste when they struggled, and suffered and died
For flag and for cause?

Was it waste when they went from this Temple of Lore,
In the prime of their youth, with its secrets unlearned,
Like the guests of a banquet who vanish before
The torches are burned?
Was it waste that they left, ere the lesson was o'er,
The pages unturned?

Was it waste that they spent in the battle and strife
All the gifts that were theirs and the treasures of youth?
Was it waste that they bartered the joyance of life
For travail and ruth?
That they gave of their best, when the struggle was rife
For honour and truth?

Was it waste when the ointment was poured on the feet
Of the Christ, when the spices in linen were bound?
Was it waste when He died as the grain of the wheat
That's cast in the ground?
Did the world think it waste, when, the harvest complete,
Its glory was found?

Was it waste when the Spartan returned on his shield?
Was it waste when Leonidas guarded the way?
Or when Harold lay dead with his knights on the field,
At close of the day?
Was it waste when a Winkelried, rather than yield,
Was slain in the fray?

Ah! the world has its praise for the men who prevail,
For the victors who triumph by wrong and by might,
But the heart has its love for the vanquished who fail
Yet battle for right!
And their names they will shine, when the conquerors' pale,
Like stars in the night!

For the laurels of triumph are lost like the wave,
Like the foam of the billows that break on the shore,
But the laurels of love men cherish and save
Whilst truth shall endure,
They shall garland the home, though the fallen and brave
Have passed thro' the door!

Was it waste? Nay thy sons but translated in deed
All the truths of the books of the wisest and best,
They were seekers of Honour, and chose but to heed
Her royal behest,
And the names of the dead are the pages we read
To learn of the quest!

AGAIN!

Delivered in Norfolk on Memorial Day, Thursday,
May 15th, 1902.

Spring yet again her treasure trove discloses
Her wealth of blossom, bud and bloom,
Leaves on the trees and heavy clustered roses—
And we forget the winter's gloom!
Life ev'rywhere, as sleeping Earth arouses
To tender touch of sun and rain,
Lillies and violets in leafy houses
The redolence distill again.

No secret lost, no hue, no scent forgotten,
The Spring asserts her ancient powers,
Forests that seemed decayed, and dead, and rotten,
Are changed once more to shady bowers,
Fields, by the winter clad in snow, she dresses
In living green or golden grain,
Nature, so dormant, through her skill possesses
Her ev'ry charm and grace again.

Comes with the Spring the thought no years can banish
Of those far days of lordly strife,
Visions appear which seem to fade and vanish
Amid the stir and whirl of life,
Mem'ry resumes her sway and Love her sceptre,
But gone the bitterness and pain,—
Prizing the glory which defeat has left her
The Southland lives her past again.

Backward, resistless, come the mem'ries trooping,
Of Jackson, Stuart, Hampton, Lee,
Mem'ries of men who took this banner drooping
And gave it forth to breezes free,
Mem'ries of women, gentle, brave and tender
Fair ministers to want and pain—
Long be the day before our hearts surrender
The right to dream this dream again!

Spring now her roses finds on branches perished
With winter's stern relentless chill,
We, too, in our heroic past and cherished,
Shall find the flowers of glory still.
Dead tho' they sleep, yet must our hearts be loyal,
Whilst honour, love and truth remain,
Faithful to those, whose deeds so fair and royal
Remembrance wakes to life again!

Cold is the heart that beats not truer, faster
Beside this consecrated dust,
Valour is valour though it meet disaster,
And lost! no cause will seem less just.
Green be their graves and honoured still their story,
And free their names from ev'ry stain,
These men who died, but whose unfading glory
Will light the people's path again.

Ring out and softly ring a requiem splendid
For all who sleep and wore the grey,
Bring here the wreaths with love and honour blended,
For none are worthier love than they—
Mem'ry returns and tears the veil asunder,
The living comrade meets the slain!
Almost it seems we hear the cannon thunder
And are Confederates again!

DEO VINDICE.

Dedication of the Monument of the Otey Battery.

Ring out, ye Bugles, loud and clear!
We muster on this knoll,
And let each comrade answer "Here!"
As Honour calls the roll.

Between us and the days of strife
Stretch many years afar—
The battles we have fought in life
Out-number those of war!

But still the mem'ry of those days
Defies the fretting years,
And still the fancy backward strays,
With mingled smiles and tears.

Thro' varied scenes her pathway runs,
But brings us all at last,
To where we see our flashing guns,
And hear the bugle's blast!

And as we gaze with eager eyes
Thro' mists of long ago,
Familiar forms before us rise,
And faces which we know.

And, when from out the distance dim,
The breeze is blowing clear,
We—like a strain of childhood's hymn—
Remembered voices hear.

O, Comrades! hark the bugle's sound—
Tho' fast the years have sped;
To-day, on Mem'rys neutral ground,
The living meet the dead.

Let Glory sound the reveille,
And then the dead will wake;
So shall our ranks unbroken be,
As here our camp we make.

O! Comrades from the farther shore,
Was yours the sadder fate,
Who fell before the fight was o'er,
Whilst Vict'ry held the gate?

Who fell whilst yet the voice of Fame
Was ringing in your ears;
Who never saw your country's shame,
Nor mourned her cause with tears.

For you the vision never paled,
The flag was never furled;
Ye fell, whilst yet its stars prevailed
To keep at bay the world.

To-day, that banner only waves
Where falls the silent dew,
To bless the flow'rs and grass of graves
Which hide the brave and true.

We lived to see how vain the trust,
How vain the strife and toil—
For that alone which holds your dust
Remains Confederate soil.

We saw our armies forced to yield,
Our visions fade away—
But ye who fell on Honour's field
Still wear Confederate grey.

This stone shall now our Mizpah be,
This spot our rallying place,
Where they who fought for liberty
Shall meet them face to face.

This shaft on which we carve no name
Shall guide Virginia's youth—
A sign-post on the road to Fame,
To Honour and to Truth.

A silent sentry, it shall stand
To guard, thro' coming time,
Their graves who died for native land
And duty most sublime.

O! Comrades of the days of yore,
If courage still inspire
Like that which would not quail before
The Crater's murd'rous fire.

These mem'ries of the time afar
Shall teach us how to wield
Our weapons in the sterner war,
On life's great battle-field.

The shaft, with which the hands of love
Now mark this sacred sod,
Shall point to clearing skies above
And bid us hope in God.

Shall bid us seek life's nobler gain,
Until our spirits feel
The motto was not writ in vain
On our Confederate Seal.

**DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT TO THE CON-
FEDERATE DEAD AT PORTSMOUTH, VA.**

Where rolls the Nile its turbid stream
And makes the valley laugh with corn,
Where kingdoms pass, as though in dream,
Which waxed and waned ere Greece was born;

There stand, to-day, unworn by years,
Which learn the languor of the clime,
The stones inwrought with blood and tears
That tyrants raised to challenge time!

And man still sees with blush of shame
On obelisk and pyramid
Inscribed a crowned monster's name
And all th' unmanly deeds he did!

The tale of woe, of crime, of lust
Which Nemesis will not erase,
We read it still, tho' there be dust
On ev'ry sculptured Pharoah's face!

* * * * *

This stone which loving hands upraise
Its story tells of blood and tears,
But none shall blush who come to gaze—
Tho' here it stand a thousand years!

'Twas freeman's blood—not that of slaves—
In freedom's cause most freely shed,
And tears which fell on many graves
From hearts that would not grudge the dead.

And Glory here shall speak the name
Of men unnamed in History's page,
And claim for them a share of fame
In ev'ry great heroic age!

They came from valley, mount and glen
From where the ocean billows foam,
A nation's strong, intrepid men,
From cottage, hut and stately home.

One serried band—Manassas' plain
With vict'ry wreathes the flag they bear,
They charge and charge, and charge again
And only know that Stonewall's there!

O bold and dauntless Southern host
Who dared to march at Jackson's side,
Is this your country's proudest boast—
Or that ye marched when Jackson died!

O men whose sabres kept the land,
Who answered Ashby's ringing cheer,
Who rode with knightly Stuart's band
And only asked if foes were near!

O cannoneers, who steadfast stood
By Pelham with the laughing eye,
Who though your guns were drenched with blood,
Ne'er failed to give the foe reply!

O, seamen staunch, and brave, and true,
Who manned our Southern ships and sailed
Beneath the starry cross of blue,
And fought as long as hope availed!

O men who followed stately Lee,
Nor faltered when disaster came,
The deeds ye wrought shall surely be
Inscribed on lofty gates of Fame!

As long as Glory lifts her head,
And truth within her bosom springs,
She'll deem our dear Confederate dead
More worth than all of Egypt's kings!

O, city by the sounding sea,
Be thine the ever sacred trust,
To guard their name from slander free,
And teach the world their cause was just!

UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT TO THE CON-
FEDERATE DEAD OF GLOUCESTER.

September 18, 1889.

A stone from the spot where a hero fell,*
In the midst of the April bloom,
Come take it, O Sculptor, and make it tell
Of the men who encountered doom,
Unheeding the shriek of the shot and shell,
Unheeding the tomb!

Aye, give it a voice—like herald of yore—
(An echo that lingers and stays!)
To speak of the love and the faith they bore,
As they fought in the grand old days,
And charged 'mid the clamour, and smoke and roar,
Unmindful of praise!

Then make it as Memnon—let music flow
In the glow of the Southern sun,
In strains which are tender, and soft and low,
As they tell how the deeds were done
By the men of our blood, 'till the world shall know
The glory they won!

Emblazon the names of the true and tried,
Engrave them with care in stone!
Our children must feel that the dead have died
For a cause that we deemed our own,
And blush not for men we have marched beside
In days that are flown!

On fields that are sacred to fame they fell,
Let them sleep in a soldier's grave,
By mountain and valley and lonely dell,
In the plain, by the ocean wave—
The stone that we garland with flowers shall tell
Our love for the brave!

Then shield it forever from time's decay,
Let it shine as a beacon light
And point to the fame of the men in grey
Who surrendered their lives for Right.
The bravest shall pause, as they pass this way,
And thrill at the sight!

Virginia may call as she called of old,
But she never shall call in vain,
Whilst Gloucester has sons who are true and bold,
Who have learned from her glorious slain,
That duty is dearer by far than gold,
And honor than gain!

* Gen'l. A. P. Hill.

FATHER RYAN.

There was never a voice to utter
The grief and the pain of the land,
Till his music awoke responsive
To the tender touch of his hand.

She bowed in her desolate silence,
And mourned by the graves of her dead;
And she longed for the consolation
That comes when the tears are shed.

Till his strains, as they fell, awakened
In the soul that bent o'er the sod,
New faith in the gracious designings;
In the hidden purpose of God.

He'd learned, as he knelt at his altars,
To trust in Omnipotent Love;
And his song had an inspiration
Which echoed to music above.

He took all our idle complainings,
And lo! in their stead, in one mouth,
His song as a low supplication,
Welled up from the heart of the South.

His strains, full of pathos and glory,
And heard of a listening world,
Entwined, as a wreath of immortelles,
The flag that we wearily furled.

There is never a grave so humble,
In all of the desolate land,
But his verse has inscribed upon it
An epitaph stately and grand.

* * * * *

Once more—by the beds of the dying,
In the homes of the pestilent West—
His song, like a low miserere,
Goes up from his pitying breast!

A wail for the woe of his people,
A plea that God's mercy would spare,
And we take up its lowly burden,
And change all our murmurs to prayer.

Ah! the South is stricken and anguished;
But never a heart can forget
The solace his music has brought us—
And its echo lingereth yet!

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

O Troubadour, whose hand with equal skill
 Could wield a warrior's sword amidst the fray,
Or sweep the slumb'ring chords of music till
 All hearts were willing captives to its sway.

O knightly soul, gentle because so strong
 O kindly heart, tender because so brave,
How shall we miss the solace of thy song,
 Where find the strength which thy mere presence gave?

Honour and Love, these words were written large
 On thy life's page so spotless white and pure—
Thy name like some well freighted treasure barge
 In memory's haven anchors now secure.

Like those of whom the olden Scriptures tell,
 Who faltered not but went on dang'rous quest
For one cool draught of water from the well
 With which to cheer their exiled monarch's breast,

So thou to add one single laurel more
 To our great chieftain's fame—heedless of pain,
Didst gather up thy failing strength and pour
 Forth all thy soul in one last glorious strain.

And when the many pilgrims come to gaze
 Upon the sculptured form of mighty Lee,
They'll not forget the bard who sang his praise
 With dying breath but deathless melody.

For on the statue which a country rears,
 Tho' graven by no hand, we'll surely see,
E'en tho' it be thro' blinding mists of tears,
 Thy name forever linked with that of Lee!

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

[On the presentation of a portrait to the University of Virginia.]

Lo! through the purple mists that veil the further shore,
As through a cloud the light of some familiar star,
There comes the dear remembered face,
So full of mingled strength and grace—
The troubadour who sang Virginia's songs of yore,
And gave one clarion note above the din of war

Too frail of frame to wield the warrior's flashing blade,
He could not share the tented field or soldier's dream,
But strong of soul, heroic heart,
He came to take the minstrel's part,
And stirred the pulse of men until his music made
The path of duty sweet, and danger winsome seem.

He wreathed in tender verse his garlands round the brow
Of those who fell with glory's smile athwart the face,
As when he laid with loving tear
His laurel spray on Stuart's bier—
The singer by the knight, they sleep together now
Where breaks the river through the rocks—a holy place!

He knew the kindly art of touching hidden springs
In human hearts, and saw the good in friend and foe.
He made us pass the gates of war,
And showed the vision fair tho' far,
Of home again, and friends, of peace with healing wings,
Of all that stays and cheers when strife and hatred go.

His pen like some enchanted wand unloosed the chain
That bound our thoughts, forgot awhile were camp and
fight.
A trustful guide he led along
The sweet and pleasant lanes of song,
And o'er romance's wide and wond'rous fair domain
And where the breezes blow from great Parnassus height.

A man of many books, his friends the goodly band
Of whom the thoughts and words enrich our English
tongue.

For Chaucer's haunts he knew, the field
Where Sydney fell with stainless shield,
And oft he followed Spencer through his fairy land,
Or roamed with Shakespeare all the Avon groves among.

His ear was skilled to Milton's music, vast, sublime;
The polished shafts of Dryden, Pope's too honeyed line—
He knew them well, but still his heart
Had room for humbler sons of art,
And ever loved to hear the sweet melodious rhyme
Of those on whom no golden rays of glory shine.

He shared the genial mirth of Addison and Steele,
And loved of Goldsmith's muse the pure and limpid stream;
He found among them all a place,
Nor feared the frown on Johnson's face;
His many-sided nature taught him how to feel
At home with those who laugh, and those who think and
dream.

He knew the heart and lays of Scotia's peasant bard
Whom Genius proudly claimed as kinsman, yea, as peer.
The wooded lakes where Wordsworth dreamed
And Coleridge thought—they almost seemed
Familiar spots to one who could not find it hard
To love the homes of song, but ever deemed them dear.

He followed Byron through the sacred ways of Greece,
And caught th' ethereal note of Shelley's mystic strain;
He heard the prince's bugle blast
That waked the great historic past,
And brought to slumb'ring knights and ladies fair release,
And made them live and love, and act their parts again.

With these immortal dead he ever loved to roam
The twilight fields of thought—and, fortune's happy choice!
In life he knew, and called him friend
Who taught the critic's page to blend
His smiles with tears; he shared the laureled hermit's home,
And learned the poet's music through the poet's voice.

He knew Virginia's Poe, the Christopher of song,
Who sailed o'er rhythmic seas to men before unknown,
And heard such strains and visions saw
As filled the heart with sweetest awe.
His soul the battlefield of warring right and wrong;
The world its failures marked, its triumphs God alone!

Our poet's mind enriched by fellowship with these,
He took the gifts God gave, the garnered fruits of lore,
And serving art alone, not self,
Unheeding glory, fame or pelf,
He only sought his loved Virginia's heart to please
With strains that linger though the singer sing no more.

O, Alma Mater! many sons have learned of thee,
And brought their after laurels back thy brows to grace.
On fields of our heroic strife,
In all the lofty ways of life,
They played a worthy part, and dear their names shall be—
O give thy minstrel son a warm and tender place!

He loved thee well, and sang with open heart thy praise,
Who taught him wisdom, truth and fair exalted dreams:
His each melodious verse, like Poe's,
Is pure as blush on summer's rose,
Or maiden's cheek; the southern wind that idly plays
With fragile branch and lily bloom no gentler seems.

His mirrored self we place on yonder classic wall,
(Ah me! the form we knew so long ago, so long!)
His eyes shall light the sacred fire
In other hearts, shall wake desire
As pure as dream of Holy Grail, desire of all
The minstrel taught when life vibrated forth in song.

JOHN RANDOLPH TUCKER.

At the Dedication of the Memorial Hall, Washington and Lee University.

I.

Two lustrous names which linked together seem
As priceless jewels linked by virgin gold,
Two stars that blend in one transcendent gleam
To deck the firmament of fame, and hold
The torch to light the path which they must tread
Who would unveiled the face of glory see,
For high we find on scrolls of noblest dead
Virginia's sons, her Washington and Lee.

The academic halls, which classic make
This valley hemmed by mountain ranges high,
Fulfill the quiet dreams of one who brake
The tyrant's power and hailed in freedom's sky
A nation's natal sign, as pure as bright,
Who midst the stir of war and toils of state
Did pause to care for learning's sacred light,
The hero whom the world has christened "Great."

Here came a kindred soul, in after years;
His country's sun had set behind the cloud,
His country's hopes were shrined in patriot's tears,
His country's cause was wrapped in glory's shroud—
But nobler thus, he lived to show the world
That human virtue seems, at least, the mate
Of human chance, that though his flag were furled
Its honor would outvie the stress of fate.

On guard they stand, at learning's mystic door,
Twin sentinels, to ask the countersign
Of all who seek to cross the threshold o'er
And enter where is truth's eternal shrine.
Tho' rich the gifts the numbered years have brought
To your collegiate home—surpassing dear
Are these imperial mem'ries interwrought
With ev'ry stone of ev'ry structure here.

II.

O Mother loved! thy many sons,
In whom the blood of freedom runs,
Have wandered far and wide;
But still they turn their thoughts to thee
And still their home, where'er they be,
Is near thy side—
Here where the mountains, one by one,
Keep kindly watch o'er Lexington!

From North, from South, from East, from West,
The children nurtured at thy breast
Return their love to tell,
And give to thee with willing heart
This stately hall the sculptor's art
Has builded well—
Here where the moon, the stars and sun
Look kindly down on Lexington!

A school in which thy youth may trace
The source of law, and face to face
With vestal Justice stand,
And learn to weigh the right and wrong
In equal scales, for weak and strong,
In all the land!
Here where the mountains, one by one,
Keep kindly watch o'er Lexington.

And thou shalt teach with patient care,
In this thy home—(the very air
Is surely freedom's breath—)
The sons who gather at thy side
To crave the boon of him who cried
"Or give me death!"
Here where the moon, the stars and sun
Keep watch and ward o'er Lexington.

O tell thy sons lest they forget
The tale of how their father's met,
On what is holy ground!
And claimed the right from kingly hands
To live in Anglo-Saxon lands
As men unbound,
O tell it here as freedom's sun
Looks kindly down on Lexington!

III.

The lordly walls that stand complete at last,
 Built strong for coming time,
Are linked with all the unforgotten past,
 Rich in memories sublime.
We bring today the old traditions here,
 Find for them, O friends, a place,
For art and wealth have nothing half so dear,
 Half so full of tender grace.

We bring the cherished thoughts of one whose name
 Honour stoops to carve in stone,
Of one who knew no avarice of fame
 Seeking principle alone—
Whoever bowed subservient when he saw
 Truth and equity combine,
Who felt the splendid majesty of law
 Sovereign by right divine!

A thinker keen of subtle mind but pure,
 True in thought as true in deed,
A statesman strong who never bent before
 Passion's gusts, nor altered creed.
Virginia's child, his heart did seldom roam
 Yond this vale, his native sod.
The many loves were his, of friends, of home
 Love of country, love of God!

His gift, the eloquence of speech that seems
 Souls, as winds the trees, to sway,
To sweep conviction home, as mountain streams
 All that bars and stops the way.
In courts, in halls of state he could command
 Mastery of thought and grace,
Or gain the people when he came to stand
 Man with men and face to face.

His gift, the gift of humor, mirth and joy,
 Made his life perennial spring;
The spirit which was his as child, as boy,
 Lingered when his youth took wing.
He chose the sunny path, in good and ill,
 Striving other paths to bless,
He would not let the snow his gladness chill,
 Winter make his laughter less.

His gifts, the gifts of faith, of hope, of love,
Christ and God were ever near!
His soul had seen the visions fair above
Perfect love had cast out fear.
His mind had wrestled with the problems deep,
Whence and why of life and death,
Yet like a little child he fell on sleep,
Trusting still with latest breath.

O Alma Mater! Keep before the youth,
Who shall seek this school of laws,
The kindly thought of one who loved the truth,
Friend of every holy cause!
Here, where he brought the fruitage gleaned in life,
Sharing mind and strength and fame
With those he trained for service, trained for strife,
Breathe and gently breathe his name.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

Fiftieth Anniversary of the practice of Dr. Herbert M. Nash,
Surgeon, P. B. C. C. V.

A century's half of honest toil,
The record lies where all may read,
The years so free from stain or soil
So rich in noble work and deed.

A century's half not spent for gain,
But spent in ministries to man,
Who heals the sick, who soothes the pain,
Succeeds to work which Christ began.

No greener laurels grace the brow
Of soldier, hero, prince or bard
Than those with which we crown him now,
Who deemed no path of duty hard.

No fear of pestilence deterred,
No dread of sword, of shell or ball,
He simply went where'er was heard
Of human need and woe the call.

The crescent years look down to-day,
On many valiant deeds of love,
"Well done! O, kindly heart," we say,
"Well done!" the Christ will say above.

EN DAT VIRGINIA QUINTUM.

Virginia Day, Chicago, 1903.

En Dat Virginia Quintum!
So ran the legend that bore
The shield of the Old Dominion
In the distant days of yore.
And what did she give, O, England,
What did she give unto thee!
A soil that was pure and virgin,
And rivers mighty and free,
Which filled all the land with gladness,
And onward rushed to the sea.

And skies that were blue and golden
As those of the isles of Greece;
And valleys as green and quiet
As vales in the realm of peace;
And forests vast and primeval,
Which yield all manner of store
Of woods that are rare and precious,
And mountains crowded with ore;
And waters bringing rich tribute
Each tide to the shining shore.

To sons of a race stout-hearted,
Whom God had meant to be free,
She gave a home and a welcome
By th' open gates of the sea.
A home where the English virtues
Would bloom more freely and fair
In soil that was still uncrowded
In pure and untainted air—
And Liberty's seed, long dormant,
Put forth and blossom and bare.

En Dat Virginia Quintum!
What did she give unto thee,
O thou, the fairest of nations,
The land of the brave and free!
A mother tender, unsparing,
To children nursed at her breast
She gave as a goodly portion
Her wide domain in the West.
And whether t'were blood or treasure
She ever gave of her best.

Her heart was the first to worship
The Christ as Lord of the land,
And first she shook from her shoulder
The touch of a monarch's hand;
Her voice was the first to utter
A cry in Liberty's cause,
And claim for the sovereign people
A share in framing the laws.
And first to speak without trembling
Or fear of the Lion's paws.

En Dat Virginia Quintum!
What did she give at the last,
When Freedom's bugle had sounded
And the fateful die was cast!
The burning words of her Henry
Which called to the people's heart
And shattered the old illusions
And tore all the veils apart,
Which pierced thro' the joints of tyrants
And smote with a rankling dart.

She claimed thro' the voice of Mason
A people's right to be free,
And sounded Liberty's prelude
In silv'ry tones through her Lee;
She lent to the field and council
Her best and her foremost men;
She drew her sword—and her scabbard
She cast it aside—and then
She wrote thy name among nations
With Jefferson's matchless pen!

En Dat Virginia Quintum!
She gave to thee and the world,
When the battle fire was kindled
And the new born flag unfurled,
The man of all men whom glory
Has crowned with the name of Great,
Who tore the fruits of victory
From th' unwilling arms of Fate,
And brought through the storm and tempest
Our glorious Ship of State!

She gave thee honor and greatness
And wrote thy illustrious name,
With lofty deeds of her children,
On the title page of Fame!
And like the wind in its swiftness
She'll freely come to thy call,
Wherever the fight is fiercest
Or the arrows thickest fall,
She'll bring to thy aid and succor
Her wealth, her blood and her all.

En Dat Virginia Quintum!
She has no blush for the past,
She's marked the beacon of duty
And comes into port at last!
She brings to the mart of nations
Her treasure of mine and field,
But poorer she'd be if ever
She stoop to barter or yield
One jot or tittle of glory,
One ray from her spotless shield.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 378 296 4