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THE DEAD OF ALABAMA.

By ALEX: B. CLITHERALL.

From the balmy Gulf of Mexico, to the rolling Tennessee,
And from red Chattahoochee to the placid Tombecbee;
From mountain top and prairie, from city, town and vale,
And from each bereaved household, is heard solemn wail

For the DEAD OF ALABAMA, who their sacred blood have poured,
Who have fallen by the cannon, the rifle and the sword;
Who have given up their hearts' blood like water in this strife,
Who counted Independence a greater boon than life.

From the General to the Private, each a hero lived and died,
They faltered not before the foe—how strong so'er the tide
Of battle rushed upon them, yet never did they blench,
But fought and died upon the field, on picket, or in trench.

When this bloody war is over, and our liberty obtained,
Some war-scarred soldier will recount the battles we have gained
And name those noble martyrs who have fallen in their prime,
Who died themselves, to make us free, who died for thine and mine.

He will tell of gallant Gracie, and those others brave and true:
Rodes, Saunders, Kelly, Tracey, will pass in sad review;
Lomax, Martin, Hale and Willingham, Moore, Garrott, Beck and Baine,
We gloried in them while they lived, we mourn them now they're slain.

Hart, Woodward, Brown and Adams, Lampley, Weeden, Holt and Earle,
Are jewels in the Southern Cross richer than any pearl;
The Armisteads, noble brothers, Bullock, Pegues and Inge,
Showed the Tyrant to his bidding that the South would never cringe,

Jewett, NeSmith, and Forney, R. T. and Egbert Jones,
Libby, Averett, Hanna, Hanby, echoed their dying groans;
No better soldier ever fought for ancient Rome or Greece,
Than Whitley, Deasiey and McCaw, Fox, Roper and Minneco.

Webb, Williams, and Pelham, Baldwin, Little, Welch and Cook,
Were borne of sires who never would Northern dominion brook;
And 'midst the brave ones who have gone, no nobler spirits fell
Than Turner, Simpson, Posey, Clark, Sapp, Carson and Cornwell.

He will tell of Phelan, Jackson, Prince, Mickle, Pollard, Scott,
And as Rachel mourned at Ramah, we mourn because they're not;
Gilchrist, Marast and Summers, Hobbs, McCrary, Nott and Sayre,
Eaton, Rison, Pratt and Bostick, proved what Southern men will dare.

He will tell of Patton, McLemore, Hudson, Nettles, Pettibone,
Brave Deshler, gray-haired Musgrove, and the young and gallant Stone:
They held the faith, they fought the fight, though hard the way they trod,
They gained the crown, and now they rest, their home is with their God.

He will tell of Abercrombie, Meek, Porter and Bethea,
And the twice five thousand privates who have gone down in this fray,
Who have sealed their faith with martyrdom, who have taught us what to do,
Who marched and starved, and fought and died, defiant, brave and true.

He will tell of all these thousands who have died far, far away,
From the homes they left for battle, where their children used to play;
Who pined and died 'mongst strangers, with no kindred hand to press
Their aching brows when dying, or receive their last caress.

He will tell of churches rifled, towns, cities, homesteads burned,
And the children who list to him, will their duty then have learned.
They will kneel around the soldier, and whate'er may be their fate,
They will swear unto the Northmen, their never dying hate.

All that the soldier will recount, has passed before our eyes,
'Tis writ in crimson letters on the earth and in the skies.
Day by day it is repeated, and our once happy land,
Is day by day laid desolate by bullet and brand.

And shall we play the dastard, and fraternise again
With the men who burned our roof-trees, who have our brethren slain?
Shall we reconstruct the Union? Hell has no bitterer curse!
Oh God! avert this fearful doom, there can be for us no worse.

Look not for intervention, from England, France or Spain,
The past should teach us that the wish is groundless, hopeless, vain.
Gird up your loins and fly to arms! no longer look abroad
For succor, but rely upon your own stout hearts and God.

For while a brother's left to fight, a sister left to cheer,
The true hearts of our Sunny South will never feel despair.
Then let us make our solemn vow and swear by Him on high,
For Independence we will live, for Dependence die.

Now let each one do his duty, and make ready for the fight,
For wife and children, country, home, God, honor, truth and right;
And if we fall before the foe—with our last lingering breath,
We'll shout defiance in his face, and die a patriot's death.

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