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T H E
Dying Confederate's Last Words

1.

Dear comrades on my brow the hand of death is cast,
My breath is growing short, all pain will soon be past ;
My soul will soar away to that bright land of bliss,
Far from the pain and woe of such a world as this.

2.

I left my home and friends to battle with the foe,
To save the Southern land from misery and woe ;
I gave my life my all (oh ! not to win a name,
Or have it e'en enrolled upon the scroll of fame.)

3.

Not so, I only wished a helper brave to be
To save the glorious South from cruel tyranny ;
My soul with ardor burned the treacherous foe to fight,
And take a noble stand for liberty and right.

4.

But oh ! how weak is man ! It was not God's decree,
That I should longer live a helper brave to be,
Before another day I shall be with the dead,
And 'neath the grassy sod will be my lonely bed.

5.

And should you see the friends that nurtured me in youth,
Tell them I tried to walk the ways of peace and truth ;
O ! tell my mother kind the words that she has given,
Have led her wayward child to Jesus and to heaven.

6.

Farewell ! farewell ! my friends my loving comrades dear,
I ask you not to drop for me one bitter tear ;
The angels sweetly stand and beckon me to come,
To that bright land of bliss that heavenly realm my home.

MARYLAND.

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