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The dying Confe  
Conf Pam #731

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**T H E**  
**Dying Confederate's Last Words**

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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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