



TO THE MEMORY OF  
**JACKSON, of ALEXANDRIA, Va.**

BY ANDREW DEVILBISS.

*"Tune—Scot's wha hae wi' Wallace bled"*

Here's to Jackson brave and true,  
Whom the base invaders slew,  
When their Ellsworth he shot through,  
On Old Virginia's soil.

How dare that base born rabble come?  
To trample in a freemans' home;  
Would all had met their leaders doom,  
The minions low and vile.

Brave Jackson knew that shot his last,  
A hundred foes around him pressed;  
But still their fury he could breast,  
His heart was free from guile.

He died to show us how to die,  
And ne'er before the foe to fly,  
They'll meet death with unflinching eye,  
On Old Virginia's soil.

Then welcome on you Northern horde,  
Now Southern men have grasped the sword,  
And I give you all my word,  
They'll meet you all the while.

There's many a Jackson yet to slay,  
Ere those vandals win the day;  
They may destroy, but ne'er can sway,  
The sons of Southern soil.

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