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Lines on the de  
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Lines on the death of  
Lieut. Gen. T. J. Jackson  
C. S. A.

"He was—but words are wanting to say what,  
As what a man *should* be—and he was that."

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Cold is his brow, and the dew of the evening  
Hangs damp o'er that form so noble and brave ;  
Dim is that eye, which once sparkled with gladness,  
Hushed are his griefs in the cold silent grave.

Calmly he lies on a bosom far colder  
Then the camp which once pillowed his health-blushing  
cheek ;  
Calmly he'll rest there, and silently moulder,  
No grief to disturb him, no sigh to awake.

Dread king of the grave, Oh ! return us dear "Stonewall,"  
Unfetter his heart from the cold chains of death !  
Monarch of terrors, so gloomy, so silent,  
Loose the adamant clasp of the cold icy wreath !

Where is brave Jackson? the storms may descend,  
The snows of the winter may cover his head ;  
The wing of the wind o'er his low couch may bend,  
And the frosts of the night sparkle bright o'er the dead.

Where is brave Jackson ? the damp ground is cold,—  
Too cold for those features so honest and bright,—  
Methinks, Southern arms should encircle his form,  
And shield off the tempest which wanders at night.

His men fondly loved him, ah ! loved him too dearly,—  
And the frail idol fell, while they bent to adore ;  
All its beauty has faded, and broken before them  
Their spirits are sad which was joyous before.

'Tis just, and we bow 'neath the mandate of Heaven,  
Thy will, oh, dear Father ! for ever be done !  
Bless God, oh, sad souls, for the chastisement given,  
Henceforth let us hope in our Saviour alone !



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