

IN MEMORIAM.

HERBERT WARREN.

I.

O! never has a nobler boy
For his fair country bled,
Than HERBERT WARREN, proud and brave—
Who sleeps among the dead.
On Freedom's altar lying,
A martyr nobly dying—
Exulting, bright and flying,
So his bold spirit sped!

II.

I have seen him stand undaunted,
When dangers gather'd most—
Watch'd him multiply his courage,
To watch the myriad host;
And 'though the leaping thunder,
Above, around and under,
Tore life and limb asunder—
Still stood he to his post!

III.

Weep! Yes, weep, ye patriot men
Who love the gallant brave!
A noble arm is crush'd that struck
Your native land to save;
Come! then gather 'round his bier,
And as ye go wipe away the tear,
*Swear, to emulate him here,
And never die a slave.*

IV.

HERBERT is no more—yes, HERBERT
So daring, yet so mild!
To other times he left his name
And lofty life, so wild;
Calm and quiet he is sleeping,
While Freedom, sadly weeping,
Bedews the mosses creeping
O'er the bosom of her child.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

J. M. O.