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**To the Beloved Memory of Maj. Gen. Tom Green.**

BY CAPTAIN EDWIN HOBBY.

In the land of the Orange groves, sunshine and flowers,  
Is heard the funereal tread,  
And darkly above it the war-cloud lowers,  
And a requiem swells thro' its orange bowers,  
For the brave and the noble dead.  
Then trailed be the banners in dust,  
And muffled the martial drum,  
His sword in its scabbard shall rust,  
With their coming no more will be come—  
The earth has received to her bosom its trust—  
Ashes to ashes, and dust unto dust.

In the sunniest realm of that beautiful land,  
Where spring-time her festival's keeping,  
Where the blossoms of summer in splendor expand,  
By the camp fire light, there's a sorrow bow'd band—  
Their leader forever is sleeping,  
Then plumed be their banners in black,  
And softly the bugle be blown,  
No more shall he be welcomed back,  
By hearts that were twined to his own,  
Till the voice from the King on his throne—  
To the earth goeth forth, to give up her trust—  
Ashes to ashes, and dust unto dust.

A sun has been lost from that bright constellation,  
Whose splendor illumines the sky;  
It sank as we gazed in lov'd admiration:  
Its beams were the glory and pride of the nation;  
'Twas Liberty's symbol on high;  
And darkness now hangs on the face of the day;  
The illustrious Hero's at rest;  
But the fruit of his genius is left us to say,  
How sublime was the chief that is taken away;  
How much of all hearts he possessed!

On New Mexico's mountains, his banners were waved  
In the face of the haughtiest foe,  
All dangers he scorned, and all odds had he braved,  
And victory seemed on his banners engraved,  
When his genius directed the blow,  
Val Verde! a name that in song and in glory,  
Shall brighten our history's pages,  
'Till crumbled in dust, is the record of glory,  
'Till valor's forgotten, and nations grow hoary,  
Undim'd by the shadows of ages.

Massachusetts' black banner wav'd on Galveston's  
Strand,  
The roll of her drums echoed nightly,  
(Sad sound to the freedmen, who dwelt on the land,  
It was heard by his ear, it was caught by his hand,  
A stain on our 'scutcheon unsightly,  
Night closed and morn came, what a change had been  
wrought?  
What proud banner floateth there now?  
Ah! the victory's won, Green the battle has fought!  
And the cross of the South, morning's golden beam  
caught—  
Fresh laurels encircle his brow.

At Bisland he stood, like a rock in the ocean  
That stems the strong waves on the shore,  
Calm and unmoved, in the midst of commotion,  
Our army he saved by his dauntless devotion;  
What Chieftain has ever done more?  
Brashear, and Fordoche, Pleasant Hill and Mansfield,  
All breathe of his glory and fame,  
There, his genius burst forth, like the lightning concealed,  
And Destiny seemed to his glances revealed—  
Fate, crowning in triumph his name.

Oh! we weep for the veteran hearts that are gone,  
Scurry, Randal, Riley, Buchel,  
Shepherd, Chalmers, Ragsdale, Raines, M'Neal & Mouton  
Their glorious names and their deeds shall live on—  
Peace to the heroes that fell,  
And oh! for the soldiers that bled with them there,  
Their country's strong bulwark and trust;  
United to do, and the courage to dare;  
In life, they had borne all privations and care,  
In death, undivided's their dust.

And Liberty's tree from the blood of the brave,  
In strength and in grandeur shall rise,  
Its branches extend to each ocean's blue wave,  
And sacred its fruit o'er the patriot's grave;  
How dearly that fruit shall we prize!  
Is the Hero, oh! say, in that mystical world,  
Surrounded on Time's silent shore  
By the veteran dead, with their banners now furled—  
War's trumpet's unblown, and his lances unburied—  
Are they still with the Chief they adore?

Tom Green is no more, loved and honored he lies  
Near his home by the murmuring river,  
In the soil he saved, 'neath his own southern skies,  
Where praises from lips yet unborn shall arise,  
And bless him forever and ever,  
There let him sleep on undisturbed in repose,  
And cease for the hero to sigh;  
Life's morning was honor, in greatness it rose,  
'Twas a sunset of splendor, that life at its close,  
He died as a soldier should die.

O'er his hallowed remains let no monument shine,  
To tell of the Chieftain beneath it,  
His requiem hymn'd by the sorrow-toned pine,  
And wildly around it the jessamine twine,  
And flowers, bright flowers, enwreath it;  
There silently night skies their soft dews will shed  
On the Spring-flowers that garland his grave—  
One generous sigh for the bosom that bled,  
One generous tear for the fate of the dead,  
The noble, the true, and the brave.

His laurels were pure, and his honor unstained,  
He loved not war's crimson-dyed pall;  
His nature was peace when the olive remained,  
Refused when the long baited lion unchained—  
Tom Green was then greater than all,  
Affection and love was the pulse of his breast,  
Ever quick at humanity's call,  
The widow and orphan his charities bless'd,  
The friend of the homeless, the poor and distressed—  
Tom Green was the idol of all.

Galveston, Texas, May 28th, 1864.

**To the Memory of Col. Thos. S. Lubbock,**

Who died in Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 9, 1862, while in the  
service of his country, commanding the  
TEXAS RANGERS.

DEDICATED TO GOV. F. R. LUBBOCK, BY COL. A. M. HOBBY.

Drape in gloom our Southern ensign—  
Gently fold its crimson bars,  
While cypress wreaths around we twine,  
And dim with tears its burning stars,  
Hearts are throbbing, eyes are weeping  
Tears, on noble Lubbock's grave;  
Calm in death his form is sleeping—  
Lamented Lubbock—true and brave.

But yesterday, the minute gun  
Came booming on our shore,  
And on our day a shadow hung—  
Brave Terry was no more,  
He died on the soil that gave him birth,  
Defending his country's trust;  
Our vandal foes he crushed to earth,  
Like servile worms of dust.

Thou, Lubbock, unto thee we turned,  
To lead our Texan band;  
We knew what fires within thee burned,  
What courage nerved thy hand,  
We felt that thou wouldst win from fame  
A laurel wreath of glory,  
And deeds of valor give thy name  
High place in Southern story.

When, years ago, a single star  
Illumined our Western sky,  
Its radiant beams were hailed afar,  
And caught his youthful eye,  
Forsaking home, to aid the brave,  
Foes and danger scorning,  
To his adopted mother gave,  
The vigor of life's morning.

Where'er her ensign was unfurled,  
Beneath were souls to dare;  
And valor's arm foes backward hurled,  
In victory's meteor glare,  
He saw it wave, that Lone Star flag,  
Above the Rocky Mountains,  
Where frozen tears from the icy crag,  
Weep into silver fountains.

He saw that flag reflected gleam,  
Down deep in Pecos river;  
Its azure folds, its silvery sheen,  
On flowing waters quiver,  
He saw it meet the rising day,  
On Santa Fee's broad plain,  
Which cold and cheerless stretched away,  
Where gloom and silence reign.

He saw that star the Heavens climb,  
Through battles lurid light,  
Still upward in its strength sublime,  
Unutterably bright,  
In Aztec's dungeons dark and deep,  
Its beams resplendent shedding,  
He heard success, along fame's steep,  
Our mystic future treading.

Unchanging still through rest or toil,  
His heart for Texas burning,  
It loved her sons and blood bought soil,  
It knew no shade of turning,  
And when our honor was assailed,  
Indignant shouts were raised;  
The Lone Star fluttered in the gale,  
And reddened, flashed and blazed.

It swept on high the fleecy cloud,  
It sought a loftier station,  
And joined 'midst cheers of freemen loud,  
The Southern constellation,  
And there it shines, God bless that star!  
God bless her sister stars!—  
'Tis Venus in the days of peace,  
In war, the blood red Mars.

Upon Manassas' gory field,  
Where fell the shafts of death,  
Its new-born splendor stood revealed,  
'Midst battles sulphurous breath;  
Where thickest rained war's iron hail,  
And gushed the crimson tide,  
Undaunted there our Lubbock stood,  
Brave Terry by his side.

Far in advance on Fairfax heights,  
Raised by a tyrant's minion,  
They struck the flag that dared insult  
Our honored Old Dominion,  
Enough! they were strong friends in youth,  
In Spring-time's pleasant weather—  
Two souls close bound in bonds of truth,  
In death they sleep together.

Time's brightest page their names adorn,  
Their deeds are history's trusts,  
And fame's green laurels, fresh as morn,  
Will crown their honored busts,  
The fevered frame and aching head,  
Of Lubbock is at rest;  
He sleepeth well, 'neath Southern skies,  
Still looking to the West.

Proud Carolina ne'er has borne  
A truer son or braver,  
And like herself, he trampled on  
Power's threat or favor,  
But pulseless lies that heart of worth  
Beneath the swelling sod,  
His body with its mother earth,  
His spirit with its God.

On hearts bereaved—a pall is cast,  
And withered seem life's flowers;  
Oh! let your tears flow free and fast;  
With them shall mingle ours,  
Eternal honor to the brave,  
May Spring her garlands wreath  
Immortal blooms to deck his grave,  
And Christ his soul receive.

St. Marys, Refugio, County, Feb. 15, 1862