

Stonewall Jackson's Way.

(Found on a Confederate Sergeant of Jackson's Brigade, taken at Winchester, Va.)

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright,
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a rousing night!
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
And burly Blue-Ridge echoes strong,
To swell our brigade's rousing song,
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way!"

We see him now,—the old slouched hat,
Cocked o'er his eye askew,—
The shrewd dry smile,—the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue Light Elder," his foe knows well.
Says he "that's Banks,—he don't like shell,
*Lord save his soul!—we'll give him—well,"
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old "Blue Lights" going to pray,
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff,
Attention! it's his way!
Appealing from his native sod
In *forma pauperis* to God,
Say "Bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod.
Amen!" "That's Stonewall Jackson's way."

He's in the saddle now, Fall in!
Steady the whole brigade;
Hill's at the ford, cut off, we'll win
His way out, ball and blade!
What matter if our shoes *are* worn,
What matter if our feet *are* torn!
Quick step! we're with him ere the dawn,
That's "Stonewall Jackson's ways!"

The sun's bright lances, rout the mists,
Of morning, and by George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Yankees fierce before,
Bay'nets and grape! hear Stonewall roar,
Charge Stuart! and pay off Ashby's score,
In "Stonewall Jackson's way!"

Ah! maiden wait, and watch, and yearn,
For news of Jackson's band,
Ah! widow view with eyes that burn,
That ring upon the hand;
Ah! wife sew on, pray on, hope on,
Thy life shall not be all forlorn
The foe had better ne'er been born,
Than get in "Stonewall's way."

*Original MS.

"Lord save his soul! we'll give him hell!
In Stonewall Jackson's way."

MARTINSBURG, SEPT.. 13th. 1862.

578-112