Stonewall Jackson's Way

Stonewall Jackson's Way
(J. W. Palmer)

Come, stack arms, men, pile on the rails
Stir up the campfire bright;
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night
Here Shenandoah brawls along
The burly Blue Ridge echoes strong
To swell the 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" knows' em well:
Says he, "That's Banks, he's fond of 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 Light's" going to pray;
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! It's his way!
Appealing from his native sod,
"Hear us, Almighty God!
*
Lay 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 before dawn!"
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

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, whipped before,

"Bayonets and grape!" Hear Stonewall roar;
"Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!"
Is Stonewall Jackson's way.
Ah, maiden, wait, and watch, and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band!
Ah, widow, read, with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand!
Ah, wife, sew on, pray on, hope on!
Thy life shall not be all forlorn.
The foe had better ne'er been born
that gets in Stonewall's way

* original reads "In forma pauperis to God"

from Songs of the Civil War, Silber

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