

## *The Brigade Must Not Know, Sir*

*by Anonymous*

"Who've we got there?" "Only a dying brother,  
Hurt in the front just now."

"Good boy! he'll do. Somebody tell his mother  
Where he was killed and how."

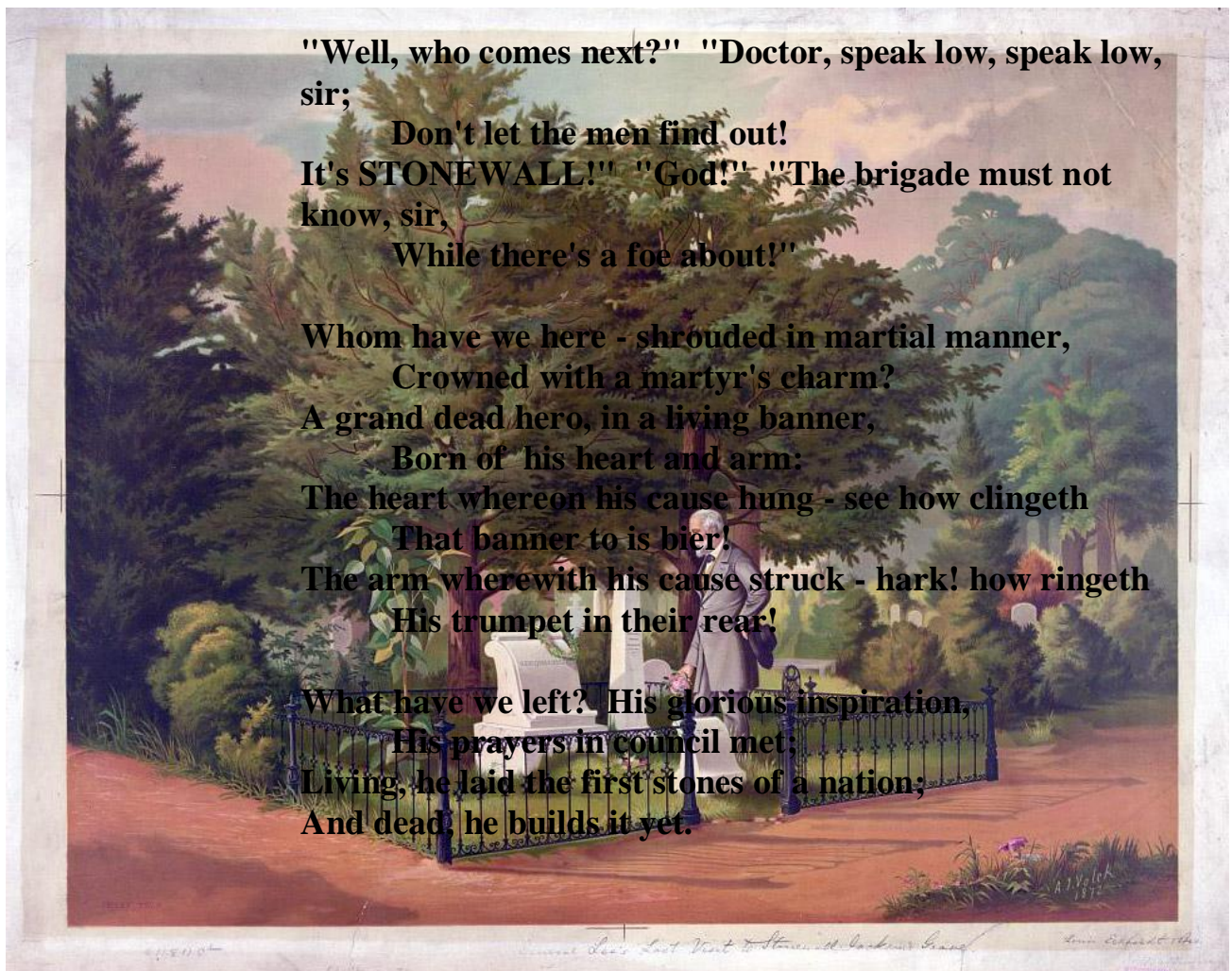
"Whom have you there?" "A crippled courier, Major,  
Shot by mistake, we hear.  
He was with Stonewall." "Cruel work they've made here;  
Quick with him to the rear!"

"Well, who comes next?" "Doctor, speak low, speak low,  
sir;

Don't let the men find out!  
It's STONEWALL!" "God!" "The brigade must not  
know, sir,  
While there's a foe about!"

Whom have we here - shrouded in martial manner,  
Crowned with a martyr's charm?  
A grand dead hero, in a living banner,  
Born of his heart and arm:  
The heart whereon his cause hung - see how clingeth  
That banner to his bier!  
The arm wherewith his cause struck - hark! how ringeth  
His trumpet in their rear!

What have we left? His glorious inspiration,  
His prayers in council met:  
Living, he laid the first stones of a nation;  
And dead, he builds it yet.



Source: <http://memory.loc.gov/service/pnp/pga/01100/01133v.jpg> Library of Congress

TITLE: General Lee's last visit to Stonewall Jackson's grave by Eckhardt, Louis RIGHTS INFORMATION: No known restrictions on publication.