

Albion W. Tupper

Bring flowers,--bright flowers!

To enrich the tomb,
Where heroes sleep lightly,
Unmindful of gloom!
Bring flowers--bright flowers!
That Beauty may weave,
Fair garlands of glory,
As sadly we grieve!

Bring flowers,--Spring flowers!

All fragrant to wave,
O'er the dew-spangled couch
Of the undying brave!
Unloose the shoes' latchet!
The blood-sprinkled sod,
Is holy as that
By the Holiest trod!

Were they right,--were they wrong,

Whom we mourn or their foes?
Away truckling driveller!
What matters? Who knows?
Shall the blood of the hero
Ne'er hallow the sod,
When the victor, above
His cold ashes have trod?

Shall the stigma of Treason

Dishonor the tear,
We shed for the brave,
To our memories dear?
Lee, Stonewall and Stuart,
And myriads more,
Who went up from our ranks,
To the "Evergreen Shore"?

Though they "laid down their arms"

And "surrendered their posts,"
Their names are "gazetted",
In Fame's deathless hosts.
Transferred from Earth-service,
Brave hearts, whom we love,
They "reported" at once
To "Headquarters" above.

(2)

It reckons not how vainly,--
How blindly they fought!
How bitter the scath
Which their destiny brought!
T'is the Motive enfeaves,
Not the beggarly prize!
The Spirit that lives!
The base guerdon that dies!

T'is the infinite Thought,
Not the perishing fact!
The heart that conceives,
Not the outgrowing Act!
T'is Why and not What,
Lightens History's gloom!
Devotion not Victory
Hallows the tomb!

T'was not Damon's poor life,
Was sufficient to save,
Two immortal names
From the mold of the grave!
T'was the Son by whose promptings
The Crucified came,
Which gave him of earth,
As in Heav'n, the first Name!

Not in vain did they fall!--
The blood of the brave,
The land of their love,
Never vainly can lave!
Yet awhile it may lie,
Precious seed in the ground,
But in fullness of time,
Its fair fruits shall abound!

And the Future--God's fallow--
Though barren it seem,
With the Harvest they planted,
Yet bravely shall teen!
It may be the Fathers,
Had builded in vain;
Had the blood of the sons
Not cemented again!

(3)

Then heave up the garlands,
O'er patriot graves!
Success could not add,
To the fame of our braves.
Remember their valor,
Keep holy the sod,
For honor to heroes,
Is glory to God!

Bring flowers--Spring flowers!
All fragrant, to wave
O'er the dew-spangled couch
Of the undying brave!
Unloose the shoes' latchet!
The blood-sprinkled sod
Is pure as the Temple,--
The Altar of God!

Greensboro, N. C. May 10th, 1872.

Read by Hon. John Gilmer after the Memorial day

Written by Albion W. Tourgée.

Poem on
Civil War
dead.

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