THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

MUSIC BY
W. H. MONTGOMERY.

W. H. MONTGOMERY'S SONGS
in the Musical Bouquet.

POETRY BY
MRS. STOWE

POETRY BY
TENNISON

GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON.


The famous Confederate officer, General Thomas Jefferson Jackson, better known as "Stonewall" Jackson, is the author of the touchingly beautiful Poem entitled "The Soldier's Prayer," set to music by Mr. W. H. Montgomery, the well-known popular composer, and it will doubtless excite considerable interest among the admirers of this wonderful man, whose military capacity and sterling piousness, in a remarkable degree, similar qualities possessed by the late much-lamented General Havelock. The cognomen "Stonewall," was won at Bull Run, by promising Beauregard that his (Jackson's) brigade should stand like a stone wall before the enemy, and well the promise was kept.

Thomas Jefferson Jackson was born in Virginia, about the year 1825. He graduated at West Point, with McClellan, in 1846, and in the following year accompanied Magruder's Battery to Mexico. At Contreras and Churubusco, he distinguished himself so highly on the field that he was brevetted Captain, for gallantry. At Chapultepec he again won laurels, and was brevetted Major, for gallant and meritorious conduct. On his return from Mexico he was for some time in command at Fort Hamilton. At the outbreak of the rebellion Major Jackson was one of those Southerners who was greatly embarrassed to discover the true line of their duty. He married a Northern wife, was an honourable and conscientious man, and long hesitated what course to pursue. It is stated that his father-in-law, a Northern clergyman, visited him and urged him to remain faithful to his country and his flag. They spent several hours in prayer together, and Jackson confessed that the struggle was sore. But, finally, the doctrine of State Rights, which Jackson, like so many other gallant Southerners, had imbibed early in life, won the day. "I must go with Virginia!" he cried, and plunged headlong into the vortex.

By some, General Jackson is considered more apt for the execution than conceptions of great movements; leaning upon General Lee as the directing brain, and furnishing the promptest hand, the most doughty heart, the most ascetic and rigorous self-denial, the greatest dispatch and versatility of movement, as his contributions towards the execution of General Lee's strategy — his recent operations in turning General Pope's right, and passing with a force, believed not to exceed 30,000 men, to the rear of such an army, massed close to its base of operations, and in the act of receiving daily large reinforcements, command universal wonder and admiration. It is said that, like Hannibal, he is accustomed to live among his men without distinction of dress, without greater delicacy of fare, and that it is almost impossible, on this account, for a stranger to recognise or distinguish him among them. Every dispatch from his hand has, as its exordium, "By the blessing of God." Continual are the prayer-meetings which he holds among his men, invoking a blessing upon his arms before the battle, and returning thanks for preservation, and (as it has rarely failed to happen) for victory after it is over. In fact, they who have seen and heard him uplift his voice in prayer, and then have witnessed his vigour and prompt energy in the strife, say that once again Cromwell is walking the earth, and leading his trusting and enraptured hosts to assured victory. It is not necessary to add that Jackson's men idolise and trust their leader enthusiastically, and have the most implicit faith in his conduct, otherwise the bold and daring steps which he has frequently taken, and from which he has never failed to come off triumphantly, would have been utter impossibilities.

**The Soldier's Prayer.**

Poetry by General "Stonewall" Jackson.

Composed by W. H. Montgomery.

---

The tattoo beats, the lights are gone; The camp a-round in

---
slumber lies; The night, with solemn pace, moves on, The

shadows thicken over the skies; But sleep my weary

eyes has flown, And sad uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, Oh! dearest one, Whose love my early life hath blest

Of thee, and him our baby son. Who slumbers on thy gentle breast;

J.R. Thomas's Songs in the Musical Bouquet: DARLING BESSIE, 1867; MY DEAR MY NATIVE HOME, 1886; THE FOND HEARTS AT HOME, 1892; I'LL DREAM OF THEE NO MORE, 1893; O DO NOT QUITE FORGET, 1894; BANKS OF THE GENESSEE, 1895; ANNIE LAM, 1896; O DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE TIME, 1897; THE FALSE-HEARTED, 1898; ONE CHEERING WORD, 1899; THE OWA, 1900; WHEN THOU WERT NIGH, 1904; WE'LL BE TRUE TO EACH OTHER, 1905; BLUE-EYED JEANNIE, 1907.
God of the tender, frail, and lone, Oh! guard the gentle sleeper's rest.

Now while she kneels before thy throne, Oh! teach her, Ruler of the skies, That, while by Thy behest a lone Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise, No tear is wept to Thee unknown "No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!"

Con Energia.

J. R. Thomas's Songs in the Musical Bouquet: Say a Kind Word When You Can, 1650; The Moonlit Sea, 1507; Good Bye, 1508; We Meet Again—Companion to 'Good Bye', 1509; Oh! Fare Thee Well My Own Love, 1510; The Cottage by the Sea, 1511; Evangeline, 1600; Julietta Bell, 1601. I wish I Were a Fairy Queen, 1619. All's for the Best, 1620; Some One to Love, 1621; Welcome Home, 1622; Where is Home? 1672; The Old Poplar Tree, 1672; The King of the Air, 1672; The Old Farm House, 1674; We Were Boys & Girls Together, 1675; Oh Gently Breathe, 1676; and Kathleen of Kildare, 1689.
SECOND VERSE.

That thou canst stay the ruthless hands Of dark disease and soothe its pain; That

only by Thy stern commands The battle's lost, the soldier's slain. That

from the distant sea or land Thou bring'st the wand'ring home again. And

when upon her pillow lone Her tear-wet cheek is sadly prest. May

happier visions beam upon The bright'ning current of her breast. No
frowning look, nor angry tone, Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate those forms may show, Loved with a passion.....

almost wild. By day, by night, in joy or woe. By fears oppress'd or

hopes beguiled, From every danger, every foe. Oh God! protect my Wife and

Child!