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DREAMING.

BY LANSE HENDRIX.

He marches away in his slumbers,
With a gay, romantic heart,
And thinks of the coming battles
In which he will soon take part.
He thinks of a mother he's leaving,
And a sister so bonny and gay;
But his thoughts are most of another,
The beautiful, dark-eyed May.

Again he's with Lee in Virginia,
Where the Rappahannock flows;
Forming in line of battle
To fight the Northern foes.
His heart is again rent with passion,
His mind is fiery with hate,
He rushes into the battle,
Leaving his safety to fate.

He sees the flag of the Southland
Flaunt proudly in the breeze,
And hears the shouts of the soldiers
Ringing in all the trees.
He sees the opposing enemy
Retire from the field in defeat,
And a thrill runs through his body,
From his head to the soles of his feet.

The scene is removed in a moment
To another battle field,
Where the fight has raged for hours,
And neither side will yield.
Again the vision takes him
To a field that's farther away,
Where the men in blue are victorious,
And slowly retreat the gray.

Very true and vivid
Do all those battles seem;
But, alas, he wakes to find that
He's only had a dream.
A little maid before him,
Her head a mass of gold,
Whispers softly: "Grandfather, dear,
Your tea is getting cold."

[Sent by A. B. Hendrix, of America, Ala., as the
composition of a grand nephew when sixteen years old.]

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THE OLD SCORE.

BY LOUISE WEBSTER, MEMPHIS, TENN.

The scions of my family
Were rebels to a man;
My father fought in Vicksburg's siege
And knew the Ku-Klux Klan.
My mother rode to Carrollton,
Twelve miles through woodland drear,
To warn Confederate dragoons
That Northern troops were near.

I bear the fires of Southern sires
In artery and vein;
I call you "Yankee," and I meet
Your views with proud disdain;
Yet, in those tense, deciding days
Before the first shed gore,
Had they but loved as you and I,
There could have been no war.