

Maryland, My Maryland and Other Poems by James Ryder Randall,  
1908.

## POEMS OF JAMES RYDER RANDALL

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### PELHAM

Just as the Spring came laughing through the strife,  
With all its gorgeous cheer;  
In the bright April of historic life,  
Fell the great cannoneer.

A wondrous lulling of a hero's breath,  
His bleeding country weeps;  
Hushed in the alabaster arms of Death,  
Our young Marcellus sleeps.

Nobler and grander than the Child of Rome,  
Curbing his chariot steeds;  
The knightly scion of a Southern home,  
Dazzled the land with deeds.

## PELHAM

Gentlest and bravest in the battle's brunt,  
The Champion of the Truth;  
He won his banner in the very front  
Of our immortal youth.

A clang of sabres 'mid Virginian snow,  
The fiery pang of shells—  
And there's a wail of immemorial woe  
In Alabama dells.

The pennon droops that led the sacred band  
Along the crimson field;  
The meteor blade sinks from the nerveless hand  
Over the spotless shield.

We gazed and gazed upon that beauteous face,  
While 'round the lips and eyes,  
Couched in their marble slumber, flashed the grace  
Of a divine surprise.

O Mother of a blessed soul on high!  
Thy tears may soon be shed—  
Think of thy boy with princes of the sky,  
Among the Southern Dead.

How must he smile on this dull world beneath,  
Favored with swift renown;  
He with the martyr's amaranthine wreath  
Twining the victor's crown!