



I took the Sergeant by the hand,
 I served for thirty year—
 Till now, a tottering veteran, I
 On one leg wander here.
 But when the music passes by
 I throw my crutch aside,
 And murmur in the Sergeant's ear
 With all the old glad pride—

“ Here they come,
 Fife and drum !
 Gaily led,
 The lads in red.
 Now I say,
 Old and grey,

If this life had but one day—
 I'd give it twenty times to come
 To be back once more with the Fife and Drum !”

—*Temple Bar.*

J. L. MOLLOY.