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THE SPRIG OF GREEN.

At Fredericksburg on that dread day
Ere yet the strife began.
Along the battle line of blue
The general's order ran.
Win or lose, our country's curse
Upon the wretch that shrinks ;
But honor to the man who dies
The nearest to his works.

Before them rose the giant rage,
Of hills in martial round :
From whose grim lips most bodefully
The wistling cannons frowned.
No breath within the iron line,
But death from left to right,
And Meagher with his Irish flag
Before St. Mary's night.

No gloom was there ; but every face
As careless and as light
As if it were a wedding morn
And not a day of fight.
And in their caps, though all around
No tree nor shrub was seen
They wore, heaven knows, from whence procured,
Each man a sprig of green.