

My Dead Hero.

What Care I for summer now, when no more our foot-
steps stray

Where the dew-drops kiss the wild flowers and the rip-
pling waters play,

I will tell to my friends, the swallows, that are twittering
o'er my head,

That far, far away in Flanders, my own, my love lies
dead.

For the swallows knew he loved me—they heard him tell
me so,

As through the vine-clad lattice, they whispered soft and
low,

They saw our last embraces and heard my promise shy,
They saw our last fond kisses, and heard his last good-
bye.

Had I the wings of angels, how quickly would I fly
O'er valleys low, and streams and sea, o'er hills and
mountains high,

And there beside the wooden cross I'd take my long fare-
well,

I'd kneel and kiss the ground whereon my hero fought
and fell.

