

shiver runs, as if a voice had said—

And every farthest leaf had felt the wound—

He comes—but he is dead !

The dainty-fingered May

With gentle hand shall fold and put away

The snow-white curtains of his winter tent,

And spread above him her green coverlet,

'Broidered with daisies, sweet to sight and scent :

And Summer, from her outposts in the hills,

Under the boughs with heavy night-dews wet,

Shall place her gold and purple sentinels,

And in the populous woods sound reveillé,

Calling from field and fen her sweet deserters back—

But he,—no long roll of the impatient drum,

For battle trumpet eager for the fray,

From the far shores of blue Lake Erie blown,

Shall rouse the soldier's last long bivouac.

