

## THE BURIAL OF THE SCOUT.

O not with arms reversed,  
And the slow beating of the muffled drum,  
And funeral marches, bring our hero home !  
These stormy woods where his young heart was nursed  
Ring with a trumpet burst  
Of jubilant music, as if he who lies  
With shrouded face, and lips all white and dumb,  
Were a crowned conqueror entering paradise,—  
This is his welcome home !

Along the reedy marge of the dim lake,  
I hear the gathering horsemen of the North ;  
The cavalry of night and tempest wake,—  
Blowing keen bugles as they issue forth,  
To guard his homeward march in frost and cold,  
A thousand spearmen bold !

And the deep-bosomed woods,  
With their dishevelled locks all wildly spread,  
Stretch ghostly arms to clasp the immortal dead,  
Back to their solitudes :  
While through their rocking branches overhead,  
And all their shuddering pulses underground