

**THE DESERTED,**

AT THE EXECUTION OF THE DESERTER.

Oh, say not the deserter kneels,  
 To face the death he scorned,  
 Upon the cold and clammy sod,  
 Forsaken or unmourned.  
 There is a being near the spot,  
 Unheeded and forlorn,  
 Who is gazing in her anguish,  
 And will weep when he is gone!

She dares not wave her silken scarf,  
 In token of adieu!  
 Lest it should unman the courage,  
 That is now so calm and true.  
 But on her pallid cheek there falls  
 One burning tear—that tells  
 She is feeling in her agony  
 A thousand sad farewells!

The warrior falls, and no one heeds  
 Her dismal shriek to save;  
 But she will sigh above his tomb,  
 And weep upon his grave.  
 And by her young and mournful look,  
 And by her low sad moan,  
 The world will know that she is left—  
 Deserted and alone!

**MONTREAL MUSEUM.**

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