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SOLDIER'S SONG.

BY H. J. K.

In manhood's prime I may not woo
Fair woman's smile, as wont to do.
In youth, ere the fierce wars begun,
Then many a gentle heart I won;
Yet loved alone Glenfillan's flower,
Whose beauty was her only dower,
And that confiding love and truth,
So sweet and fond in artless youth.

The light of love in that fair girl
Was pure as rays of ocean's pearl,
Her song sweet as the bird of Spring,
Her breath perfume of angel's wing—
I've asked her in my serenade
To walk with me the greenwood glade,
And share first love's delicious dream,
By mossy lake and mountain stream.

I since have met more wealthy dames,
With courtly airs and noble names,
But never will I deign to part—
For gems or gold or rank my heart.
My soldier fame gave me access
To princely halls—where loveliness
Was throned in light,—these never yet
Have bent me to a coronet.

But heart and hand are hardened now,
There's gloom upon my dusky brow;
In scenes of strife, too harsh has grown
My voice, to breathe love's gentle tone;
In bivouac—in marching files,
'Mid lordly cheer or ladies' smiles,
Her dark eye still before me burns,
Her image to my soul returns.