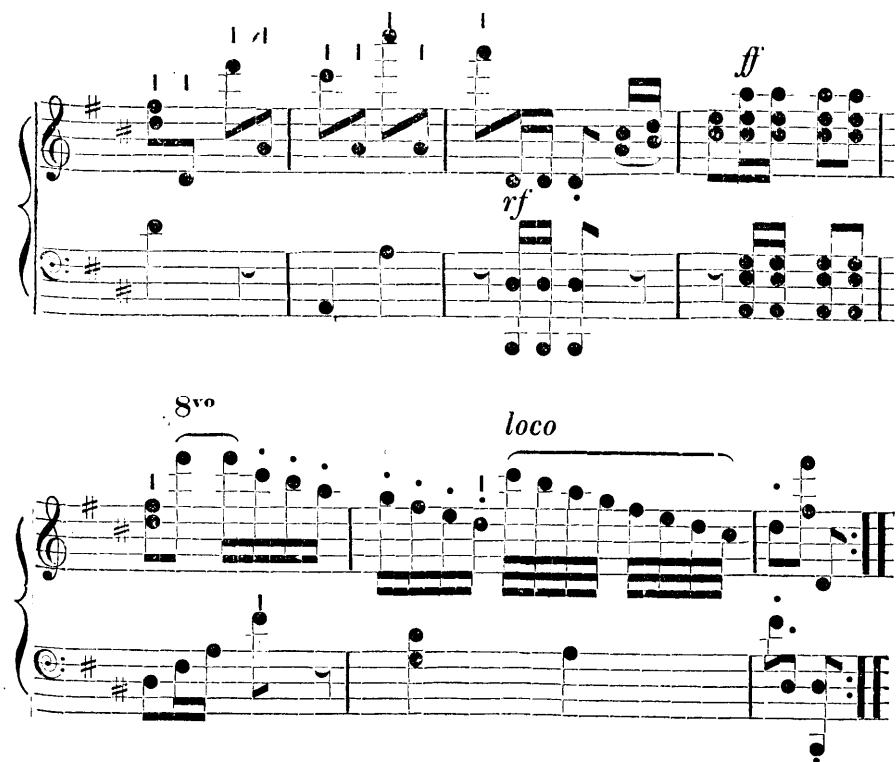




TREAD LIGHTLY HERE!

WRITTEN BY THE GRAVE OF LIEUTENANT WEIR.

Tread lightly here !
 Where the lone dead is sleeping,
 No eye is near,
 Save His, who, vigil keeping,
 Speaks in the moaning wind, whose murmurs say,
 To all who hitherward, in wand'ring, stray
 Tread lightly here !

Oh ! lightly tread !
 A lover to his bridal speeding,
 Might wait to shed
 A tear—where Nature, pleading,
 Speaks with a voiceless tongue, whose echoes steal
 To the heart's centre with their sad appeal,
 Oh ! lightly tread !

Tread lightly here !
 No kindred heart was near him,
 With pitying tear,
 In death's lone hour to cheer him,
 But circled round with foes the soldier fell,
 The clang of war and arms his dying knell,
 No friend was near !

Oh lightly tread
 Where his sad comrades bore him,
 And mourning shed
 Big tears of anguish o'er him,
 Theirs was the spirits' woe—the bitter pang
 When through the armed ranks the whisper rang,
 Oh ! lightly tread !

'Tis hallowed ground,
 And a deep stillness dwelleth
 On all around,
 Which to the mourner telleth,
 Of broken hearts and hopes—of joyless hours
 Of bosoms, chill as the scentless flowers
 In churchyards found.

Tread lightly here !
 Unnumbered hearts shall weep him
 With grief sincere !
 And shrined in memory keep him,
 While Nature in her sleepless watch will cry,
 In her still voice to every passer by,
 Tread lightly here !