

Come with me-meet a VETERAN, Of many a valiant fight; Though now he sits in feebleness, With dim and failing sight; And ever in his ear, grown dull, To speak is small delight.

Few scars he bears, nor powder marks;No pension draweth he;No medal hangs upon his breastFor all the world to see,But a glorious memory fills him yetOf days that far off be.

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