

Successfully the hero chained.

A wounded youth lay on the snow,  
And his fine eyes once strange to fear  
Now drooping sank beneath death's hands  
That soon will stay his life's career ;  
With visage pale, despairing look,  
While from his breast a crimson tide  
Unheeded flowed, his mantle soaked,  
His bed of snow with purple dyed.

A heap of slain pillowed his head,  
No aid nor comfort there was nigh,  
No human sound refreshed his ear,  
But dying groans, death's bitter sigh  
From his brave comrades in arms,  
Now weltering on the battle field ;  
Alone in death, from kindred far,  
With nought from Russia's frosts to shield.

This youthful hero left his home  
In eager search of the phantom fame,  
To have his life's young sun thus set,  
Oblivion to enshroud his name.  
Fresh from the halls of laughing France,  
The gay saloons that Paris grace,  
The courted beau of fashions train,  
And pleasures gay and giddy race.

He knew that morn would ne'er expand  
Its beauties to his dying eyes ;  
In prayer he could no solace find,