

To Heaven are rais'd his weary hands
As asking strength and aid—
Listen! He speaks! The crowd around
Watch, as with madness for the sound—
He gasps, the pallid lips have stirred,
No ear hath caught the faltering word—
The red blood to his ghastly brow
Rushes with sudden fierceness now;
Up from the faint heart roll'd.
Now, to the violet heaven's expanse
Turns wild his eye's despairing glance,
As to reproach the cruel Power
That bids him die this awful hour—

His glorious tale untold!
Hark! From the throng a low, deep moan
Spreads o'er the hush its thrilling tone—
Yon white form, cold and trembling there
Hath waked that whisper of despair,
And see—the Herald's straining eye
Fires at the sound half maddeningly—
And then, a new found voice
From the tired life's last effort wakes—
Though in the strife the brave heart breaks,
"Victory! Rejoice! Rejoice!"

Peace joyous crowds!

There is a death-bed here—
Let softer voices sooth the dying ear—
Come gently round with light and solemn tread,
There the boy-soldier droops his graceful head—
Mark the white lip—the dark eye glazed and dim;
Youth, valour, hope are passing there with him—
Not in the storm of fight when shouts rang high,
And banners gleam'd and charging spears swept by,
Fails that bright spirit—

Yet his fight is won.
His country saved—his task of love is done,