

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 whose 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,