

OUR MEMORIES.

Not as a soldier grim,
But as a happy boy
Will we remember him,
Radiant with each new joy.

Not as a soldier grim,
But as a winsome youth
Will we remember him,
Clear-eyed and loving truth.

Not as a soldier grim,
But as a man upright
Will we remember him,
Glowing with hopeful light.

Yet—though our eyes be dim—
Earnest and true and brave
Will we remember him,
Fighting life's best to save.