

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

The hour was sad I left the maid,
A ling'ring farewell taking,
Her sighs and tears my steps delayed,
I thought her heart was breaking.
In hurried words her name I bless'd,
I breath'd the vows that bind me,
And to my heart in anguish press'd,
The girl I left behind me.

CHORUS.

The hope of final victory,
Within my bosom burning,
Is mingling with sweet thoughts of thee,
And of my fond returning ;
But should I ne'er return again,
Still worth thy love thou'lt find me,
Dishonor's breath shall never stain,
The name I'll leave behind me.

Then to the East we bore away,
To win a name in story,
And there, where dawns the sun of day,
There dawned our sun of glory ;
Both blaz'd in noon on Alma's height,
Where in the post assigned me,
I shar'd the glory of that fight,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

CHORUS.

The hope of final victory, &c.

Full many a name our banners bore
Of former deeds of daring,
But they were of the days of yore,
In which we had no sharing ;
But now, *our* laurels freshly won,
With the old ones shall entwin'd be ;
Still worthy of our sires each son,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

CHORUS.

The hope of final victory, &c.