

"I WAS THERE"

When the French soldier from the field returned,
Begrimed with smoke and blood, he felt content,
As from Napoleon he this fact had learned,
That thro' his marshall, medals would be sent,
The name of battlefield each one would bear,
And, also, in large letters, "*I was there.*"

In others' triumphs we may well rejoice,
If in their triumphs good to us redounds;
But in the glory we can have no choice,
And our rejoicings are but empty sounds.
If you would in the victor's glory share,
Be then prepared to add this, "*I was there!*"

The victor's joy belongs to him alone;
He stood his ground 'midst storms of shot and
shell;
Thro' his brave stand the foe has been o'erthrown,
And he alone the victor's tale can tell.
He now lies down to die 'neath glory's glare,
For he can say to others, "*I was there!*"