

At his bed the afflicted kneel.
A Curate does the book unseal,
And offer up devoutly there,
For the sick officer a prayer,
For him who won but honour's wreath.- -
A regiment marching underneath
His window, with its tramp abrupt,
Did awhile the prayer interrupt.
The cheering tones of music lent
Strength to the dying Lieutenant : 260
He raised himself upon the bed,
And soldier-like held up his head.
One of the stirring martial airs
Of England, mingled with the prayers
Of the minister, now he hears ;
They were the last sound in his ears.
Courage and love his eye-balls lit,
As by victor death he was smit.

