

CAVALRY CROSSING A FORD.

A line in long array where they wind betwixt green islands,
They take a serpentine course, their arms flash in the sun--hark to
the musical clank,
Behold the silvery river, in it the splashing horses loitering stop
to drink,
Behold the brown-faced men, each group, each person a picture, the
negligent rest on the saddles,
Some emerge on the opposite bank, others are just entering the
ford--while
Scarlet and blue and snowy white,
The guidon flags flutter gayly in the wind.