

BY THE BIVOUAC'S FITFUL FLAME.

By the bivouac's fitful flame,

A procession winding around me, solemn and sweet and slow--but first

I note,

The tents of the sleeping army, the fields' and woods' dim out-line,

The darkness lit by spots of kindled fire, the silence,

Like a phantom far or near an occasional figure moving,

The shrubs and trees, (as I lift my eyes they seem to be stealthily

watching me,)

While wind in procession thoughts, O tender and wondrous thoughts,

Of life and death, of home and the past and loved, and of those that

are far away;

A solemn and slow procession there as I sit on the ground,

By the bivouac's fitful flame.