

NOT YOUTH PERTAINS TO ME.

Not youth pertains to me,  
Nor delicatessen, I cannot beguile the time with talk,  
Awkward in the parlor, neither a dancer nor elegant,  
In the learn'd coterie sitting constrain'd and still, for learning  
    inures not to me,  
Beauty, knowledge, inure not to me-yet there are two or three things  
    inure to me,  
I have nourish'd the wounded and sooth'd many a dying soldier,  
And at intervals waiting or in the midst of camp,  
Composed these songs.