

TO A CERTAIN CIVILIAN.

Did you ask dulcet rhymes from me?

Did you seek the civilian's peaceful and languishing rhymes?

Did you find what I sang erewhile so hard to follow?

Why I was not singing erewhile for you to follow, to understand--nor
am I now;

(I have been born of the same as the war was born,

The drum-corps' rattle is ever to me sweet music, I love well the
martial dirge,

With slow wail and convulsive throb leading the officer's funeral;)

What to such as you anyhow such a poet as I? therefore leave my
works,

And go lull yourself with what you can understand, and with
piano-tunes,

For I lull nobody, and you will never understand me.