

ADIEU TO A SOLDIER.

Adieu O soldier,
You of the rude campaigning, (which we shared,)
The rapid march, the life of the camp,
The hot contention of opposing fronts, the long manoeuvre,
Bed battles with their slaughter, the stimulus, the strong, terrific
 game,
Spell of all brave and manly hearts, the trains of time through you
 and like of you all fill'd,
With war and war's expression.

Adieu dear comrade,
Your mission is fulfill'd--but I, more warlike,
Myself and this contentious soul of mine,
Still on our own campaigning bound,
Through untried roads with ambushes opponents lined,
Through many a sharp defeat and many a crisis, often baffled,
Here marching, ever marching on, a war fight out--aye here,
To fiercer, weightier battles give expression.