

In the cool, sweet hush of a wooded nook,
Where the May buds, sprinkle the green old sword
And the winds, and the birds, and the limpid brooks
Mingle their strains with a drowsy sound
Who lies so still in the plucky man,
His pale face pressed on a grassy pillow
Just where the light and the shadows cross
In the flickering fringe of the willow,
Who lies alas!
So still, so chill, in the whispering grass,

A. Soldier dead in yonane dune
A bright haired man, with his lips apart,
One hand thrown up o'er the park, dead face,
The other clutching his pulseless heart.
Lies here in the shadows cool and dim,
His musket swept by a trailing bough,
With a caress grazed in each quiet limb,
But a wound on the manly brow,
A wound alas!
Whence the warm blood drips on the quiet grass,