

### THE SUMMER.

I love, on Nature's varied scene,  
 To muse and meditate;  
 And as the seasons intervene,  
 Observe their changing state.

The summer comes with perfumed breath,  
 To sweeten every breeze;  
 And brings us more of life than death,  
 In Nature's argosies.

The verdant meadows—pleasant sight!  
 In beauty lie unmown;  
 While Phœbus, in his chariot bright,  
 Rides o'er the northern zone;

And from his elevated seat,  
 Sends down his burning rays,  
 And fills this lower world with heat,  
 In summer's longest days;

And brings, out of the fertile earth,  
 Its products, rich and rare,  
 And, in a thousand forms, gives birth  
 To beauties bright and fair.

The peonies and roses new,  
 With petals, white, and red,  
 Profusely o'er the morning dew,  
 Their grateful fragrance shed.

And when the sun's departing light,  
 Fades slowly in the west,  
 How gently, nature doth invite  
 The wearied ones to rest!

The seasons quickly pass away,  
 Earth's choicest flowers will fade;  
 Man is the creature of a day,  
 Yet wonderfully made.

And though his mortal body die,  
 His nobler part shall live;  
 God, to the wise and good, on high  
 A heavenly home will give.

And may my portion ever be—  
 My pleasure—my desire—  
 The Great Creator's works to see,  
 To love, enjoy, admire.

### THE VOLUNTEER'S DEPARTURE

I go to the tented field,  
 To the bivouac and the strife;  
 I go where the soldier dies,  
 And the patriot yields his life.

I go where the banners wave,  
 Where the stars and stripes look bright;  
 I go my country to save,  
 And its mortal foes to fight.

I go where the cannon's voice  
 Doth in thunder tones resound;  
 I go—'tis my own free choice—  
 Where the harvest of death is found.

I go where traitorous bands,  
 In their frenzied hate, are seen;  
 I go where murderous hands  
 Wield weapons of slaughter keen.

I go where the victor goes;  
 Where the sons of freedom win;  
 I go where our mortal foes  
 Shall die in their rebel sin.

I go in a righteous cause;  
 I go for the rights of man;  
 I go to sustain our laws,  
 Or to fall in freedom's van.

I go where my country calls;  
 Where heroes engage in the strife;  
 Where the soldier nobly falls,  
 And the patriot yields his life.

I go—from loved ones I roam—  
 Strong, are the ties I must sever—  
 My country! my kindred! my home!  
 Jehovah protect them forever!

### THE VOLUNTEER'S RETURN.

I went, at my country's call,  
 To fight for our flag you know;  
 On the altar I laid my all,  
 When I volunteered to go.

I went where the southern skies,  
 Like a brazen furnace burn;  
 Where the miasmata rise,  
 And thousands to dust return.

I went where the serried ranks  
 Of the rebel host where seen  
 On the rivers wooded banks,  
 With their deadly weapons keen;

On the rocky mountains side—  
 In the winding vales below—  
 By the rolling ocean's tide—  
 Or, where'er our foes did go.

I went where the battle loud,  
 With its thunders, rent the sky;  
 Where no winding sheet or shroud  
 Clad the hero called to die.

Where the zip of the minnie ball,  
 And the howl of the shrieking shell,  
 On my ear with their death like call,  
 And their doleful accents, fell.