

Where the dashing horseman's blade
The blade of his foeman met,
And the deadly charge was made,
With the glittering bayonet;

Where the battle shout was given,
As the ranks of the foe gave way,
And its echoes reached to heaven,
As they fled in wild dismay;

Where the patriot with his blood,
His love for his country sealed,
And our heroes, brave and good,
Lay cold on the crimson field.

Where our foemen dead lay strewn,
Like leaves in the forest sere,
When the autumn winds have sung
The dirge of the dying year.

But now the battles are o'er,
And the rebel power has fled;
I come to my home once more,
From the scenes of carnage red.

I come to the loved ones, left
In tears on the parting day;
But the clouds of grief are cleft,
And the gloom has passed away.

I come where liberty reigns,
And the bondman sighs no more;
For broken are slavery's chains,
And the reign of oppression is o'er.

I come, but my comrades brave,
Who stood in the ranks with me—
O! some fill the soldier's grave,
And *home* they will never see.

Thus I come where the widows weep,
Where the lonely orphans sigh,
Who their faithful vigils keep
O'er the brave who did nobly die.

I come, a *TeDeum* to sing—
Saved by the patriot's blood—
Loud hallelujahs shall ring,
Of praises and glory to God.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

The winds of night were sighing,
When a soldier far away,
In his narrow tent was lying,
At the close of a weary day.

From his home his country called him,
To stand in defense of right,
For a powerful foe had risen,
Against our flag to fight.

By many wearisome marches,
On many a toilsome day,
He had reached the land of Dixie,
From the homestead far away.

He had heard death's weapons rattle,
He had seen the crimson flow;
He had trod the field of battle,
'Mid the scenes of death and woe.

He had stood at his post of duty,
In the lightnings flashes bright,
Where the furious storm was raging,
On the dark and dismal night.

But now in his tent he was lying;
At the close of a weary day;
Of friends and home he was dreaming,
As wrapped in his blanket he lay.

The scenes of his boyhood most cheering
Before him in visions all bright,
And the friends of his youth, so endearing,
Appeared in the dreams of that night.

'Twas springtime—and nature in beauty,
Emerging from winter's embrace,
With charms all inviting and lovely,
The meadows and woodlands did grace.

The trees of the forest were covered
With vestments of beautiful green,
And birds of bright plumage there hovered,
To cheer and enliven the scene.

From scenes of the camp and the battle,
In visions he wandered that night;
Till his home, far away in the Northland,
Most joyously greeted his sight.

The place where in childhood he wand-
ered,
In sportive, yet innocent glee,
Where murmuring brooklets meandered,
By roadside, through forest and lea;

The hillside, where lambkins were sport-
ing,
The orchard, just whitening with bloom,
The field, where the farmer was plowing,
The sound of the anvil and loom,

All woke a remembrance delightful,
Of scenes in his juvenile life,
When impressions all real and truthful,
With pleasant emotions were rife.

His home! O, the thrilling emotion!
With rapture he stands at the door,
The home of his early devotion,
He has reached it—he asks for no more.

Its inmates, the dearest of mortals,
Its fireside, the best ever seen,
He opens and enters its portals,
Let fancy now picture the scene.