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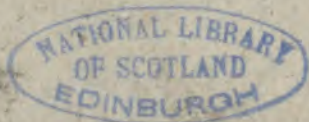
THE
SOLDIER'S
WIFE;

OR,
THE FRUITS OF A VICTORY.

To which is added,
Let Fortune's angry tempest blow.



Printed for the Booksellers.



THE SOLDIER'S WIFE;

OR, THE

Fruits of a Victory.

Tune.—'The Wounded Hussar.'

AT night, with her babe, young Serina
 wander'd
 In search of her husband, who fought on
 the plain,
 Till tir'd with fatigue, by a stream that me-
 and'red,
 She sat herself down amidst heaps of the
 slain.
 As she gaz'd on the river whose continued
 motion
 Pourtray'd human life in this chequered
 scene;
 Her bosom high throbbing in fearful com-
 motion,
 With faltering accents she sung this sad
 strain —

" Last night, in the even, my heart fill'd
with pleasure,

I sat by my Charles, my babe on my
knee;

This night, pressed down, with such woes
above measure ?

Are there beings in existence more
wretched than we ?

Ah! where is my Charles, the unfortunate
I cried,

He left me this morning but did not re-
turn;

Tho' crowned with laurels his comrades
I've spied,

Yet here, I am doom'd my dove's absence
to mourn.

" Our bells ringing merrily, no comfort af-
ford me,

More offensive are they than yon wolf's
hideous howl ;

It is my dear Charles, alone, that can cheer,
he

Can only bring back lost repose to my soul.
Hush, hush, my sweet creature, sleep on at
the breast soft

Thy father's dear image! unconscious of
woe!

Perhaps with his presence, we may yet be
blest oft,

Perhaps he now follows hard after the foe.

‘ Yet these forboding fears fill my mind
with alarms,

Prefaging terrors rob my soul of all rest;
Lie still my sweet baby, you're secure in my
arms,”

She said, and more closely the innocent
press'd;

At this instant, the moon, from a cloud's
edge emerging,

Shone clearly around and brighten'd the
scene,

When bright rays appearing on the river
diverging,

Soon caught her attention and closed her
strain.

From the cuirass of Charles, (whose corpse
on the water,

Devoid of all motion, was held by a tree)

They shone forth——but tho' now so ghastly
each feature,

The unhappy fair soon perceived it was
he.

His scull was cleft wide by the stroke of
a fabre,

His hair flying loose was all clotted with
gore—

“And is this” she cried, “the result of my
labour!

To find my lost love, but to find him no
more!

“See babe! there's thy father! full well
do I know him,

Tho' shut out that light which once
beam'd in his eye;

But mine fore with weeping will also soon be
dim—

What?——in this lonely desert I scorn to
figh!”

Distraction had seized the forlorn creature,
Now as if wrapt in thought she motionless
stood,

Then with wild staring eyes, and distorted
each feature,

She cried, 'we will join him' and plung'd
in the flood.

THE MORAL.

Ye Scourges of mankind, diffusers of sorrow
Behold these sad ends of the Victims of
War ;

And think, Serina's fate, may be another
to-morrow,

Should you to day let loose Bellona's fierce
car.

If such are the effects of a well fought Battle
If such be the Fruits of a Victory complete.

Ah ! think, ere the loud roaring cannon do
rattle,

Before hostile armies in close comb
meet—

What must be the end of defeat and disaster,
Burn'd towns, sack'd villages, devastation
spread wide ;

And, in pity to mankind, your proud pa
sions master,

Give to Reason the Helm, let her be your
guide.

Say, unprincip'd Usurper of Galia's Free-
dom,

Whose steps to the throne are so deep
stain'd with blood,

Are you now happy, with thy imperial dia-
dem?

Equally so with the peasant who toils for
his food.

Even tho' Death was nothing but rest from
all labour,

At some wits imagine—an Eternal sleep,
While Innocence might dance to the sound
of the tabor,

On thy bloody rear'd fabric, you have
cause to weep.

But indulge not the wild dream—a time
may fast draw nigh,

When Vice shall be humbled, triumphant
the good;

When the Great Bonaparte may behold
with keen envy,

The lot of the Maniac who plung'd in the
flood.

Let Fortune's angry tempest blow

LET fortune's angry tempest blow,
We shrink not from its force;
The steams of life still calmly blow,
And pure their gentle course.

For us, my fair, content has wove
Each sweet and balmy flow'r;
For us she tends the blooming grove,
And decks the rural bower.