



The Soldier's Dream.

When the thundering of cannon died away on the air,
And the red sun had sunk o'er the valley afar,
And the pale lamp of night shed its rays on the field,
Disclosing in silver the sad victims of war.

In the midst of the dying and dead I lay down,
With the murmuring Alma to lull me to rest,
Being disturbed in my mind and fatigued from the day
sunk into slumbers and thought myself bless'd.

Me thought I was wafted far back o'er the sea,
And that war's bloody battles and tumults were o'er,
Exhausted in strength by a trying campaign,
I was landed in peace upon Erin's green shore.

I flew to my cottage, to my children and wife,
They all wept for joy at my happy return,
I kissed and embrac'd them ten thousand times over,
And vowed I would ne'er again cause them to mourn.

I recounted all my dangers and hairbreath escapes,
At Inkerman, Alma, and others beside,
I told them how Irishmen fought at the war,
How bravely they conquered—how nobly they died.

When to add to my comfort and gladden my heart,
I thought that my war tale I'd scarcely begun,
When my father he entered with eyes beaming joy,
And with faltering voice said you're welcome my son.

Once more been surrounded by my family and friends
And freed from the dangers of war's dread alarms,
My children all other amusements forsook,
And ran to indulge in their fond father's arms.

The delights of that merriment I can never forget,
My spirits were cheered by many a joke,
But alas, the scene changed and far far from my home
By the dark rolling Alma in sorrow I woke.

