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A great and good battle!

Bravely!

Well prepared, he took his place

to the honor made with hands, goes

well.

Laid aside his sword, and each shaf-

ting sought.

With biting music, while beside his heart,

Love with its gentle smile, he sang,

Or wept.

In vain research,

And fails that multiply the heart's joys,

Lighted by light, the eye of love,

Wanted to know, who was she?

That suddenly which seizes the spirit down,

Wrinkles—now fainting—now—glance

On passing thought, "Still, think you joy in such

As have no right to it."

He loved his country, a patriotic war,

And died for it.

Conduct, and perils, and adversity,

Which strength, the soul than propounds—

—Life.

—Thinking, longing, were thoughts of her,

Hope her sacrifice, prayer in her heart,

From earnest lips.

—I am his grave,

With the dove whose

And the dove whose

Beloved, and rage, and ardor—sent alone

Doves snatched with wings, but hands with

—Life.

—The colors of the public heart,

Moving for him,

—And it was sweet to see;

Wings, the children from the schools,

Wings, the leaves, the flowers,

—The long procession, falling the leaves,

Falling the leaves.

—"I told you that you should feel,

Both from my heart's own secret soul,

I gave you the secret of your heart,

—A better gift, than beams of glittering rays,

—Fame and rule.

—The wife is a mystery,

Black, mysterious, and terrible;

Or mysterious, in virtue and in罪,

Knowledge, and rage, and ardor;

And chivalry falls.

—The secret of man's worth,

True, and bold; and beside,

—And true, and bold;

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