Soldier's Dream, The.

By Campbell, Thomas .

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;

And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,

The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw

By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,

At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;

And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array

Far, far, I had roamed on a desolate track:

'Twas Autumn, -and sunshine arose on the way

To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft

In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,

And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged me the wine-cup, and fondly I swore

From my home and my weeping friends never to part;

My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,

And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

`Stay -stay with us! -rest! thou art weary and worn!'

And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay; -

But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,

And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.