

## 78 THE SOLDIER TO HIS BETROTHED

The joys of home are dear to me,  
And dearer still thou art;  
But I, my country's son must be ,  
She calls and we must part.  
The stars upon her banner fair,  
That brightly beam above,  
My Mary, pure and constant there  
Are emblems of my love.

No captive in his dungeon's gloom,  
E'er long'd for Freedom's light,  
As I shall wish - what 'er my doom  
For my lov'd Mary's sight.  
But betted far that she should weep,  
My absence or my fall,  
Than here to sleep the coward's sleep.  
Nor heed my country's call.

When in the deadly battle-field,  
The Union's foes we met;  
If dying there my faith is seal'd,  
My death hour will be sweet.  
The soldier for his country dies  
For her his blood he gives;  
But if that fate his star denies  
For thee, and love he lives.

Thine eye's bright beam, thy love's soft smile,  
My best reward shall be ,  
When turning from the battle's toil,  
And homeward bound to thee.  
My Mary! hear the bugle blow,  
And the banner fly;  
Farewell my Mary - thine I go,  
Thine, if I live or die!

**Source:**

Political Pen Pictures of the War, 1863.  
Newsboy, November-December, 1993.