

Soldier's Dream - song lyrics

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SOLDIER'S DREAM.

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 fagot 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 battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas Autum-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 ray own mountain-goats bleating aloft.
And knew the sweet song that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little one 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.