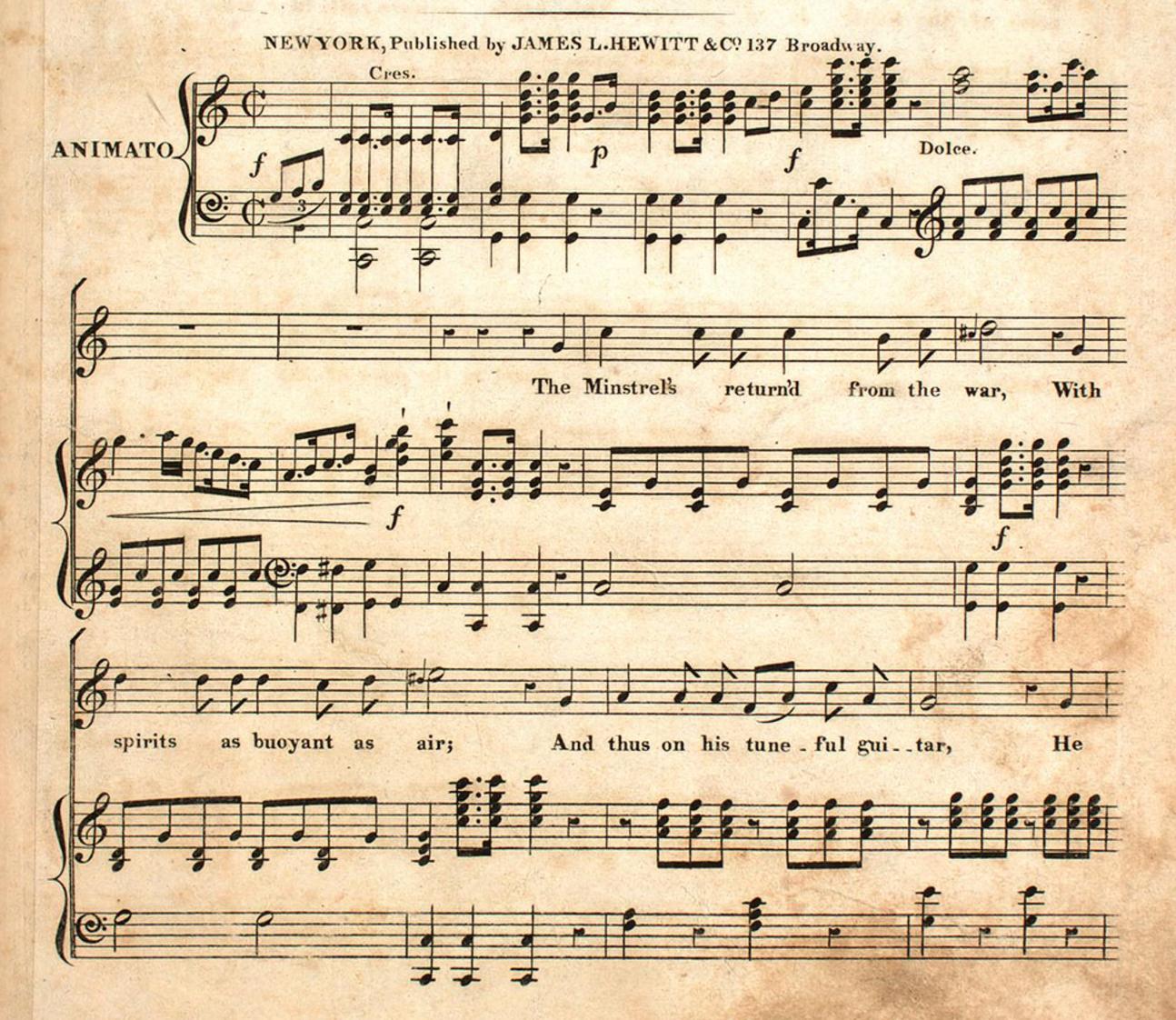
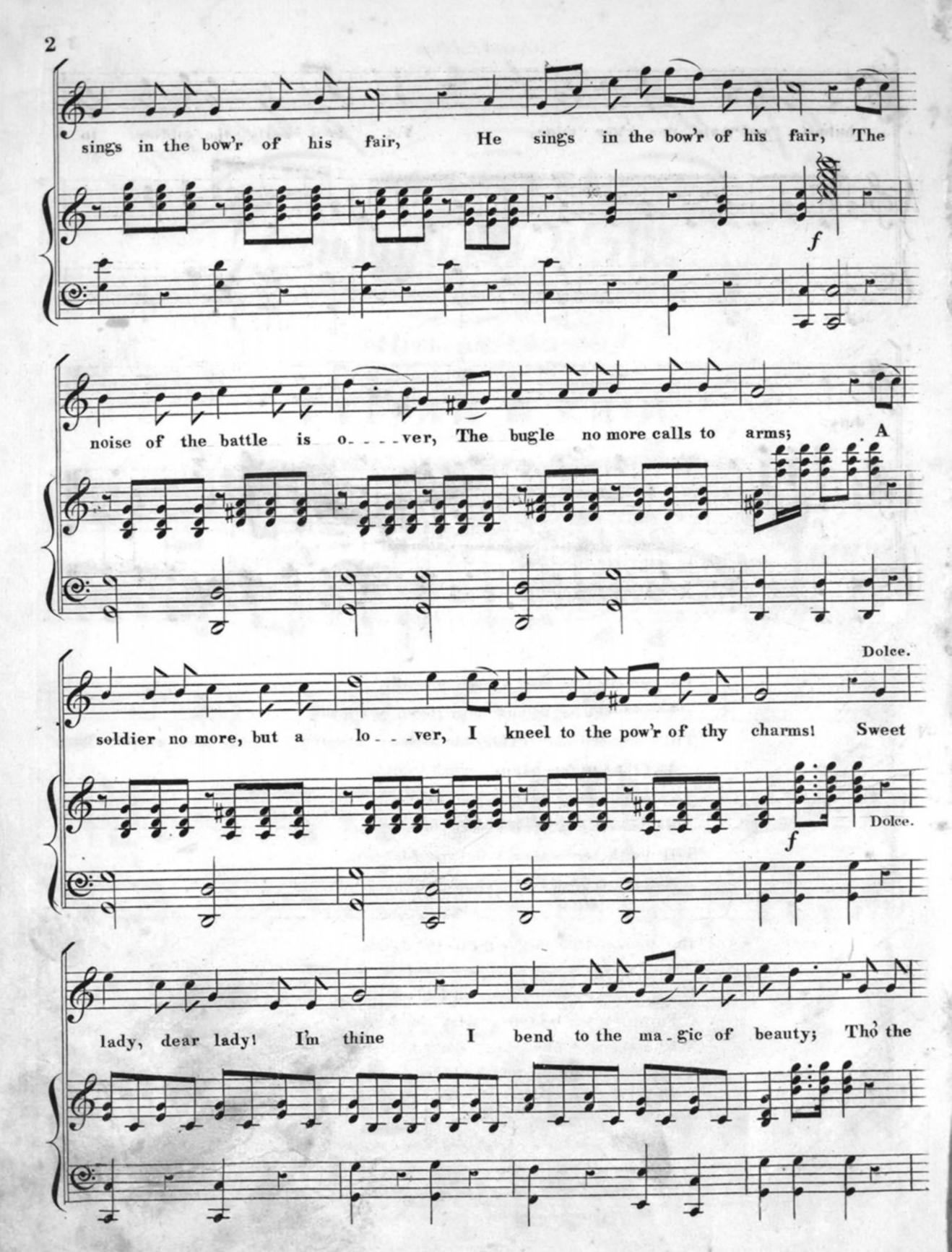


JOHN H. HEWITT.







The minstrel his suit warmly pressd,
She blush'd, sigh'd and hung down her head;
'Till conqured she fell on his breast,
And thus to the happy youth said;
"The bugle shall part us, love never,
My bosom thy pillow shall be;
'Till death tears thee from me forever,
Still faithful, I'll perish with thee.'

Sweet lady &c.

But fame called the youth to the field,
His banner wav'd over his head;
He gave his guitar for a shield,
But soon he laid low with the dead:
While she o'er her young hero bending,
Received his expiring adieu;
I die while my country defending,
With heart to my lady love true.
"Oh! death! then she sigh'd, I am thine,
I tear off the roses of beauty;
For the grave of my hero is mine,
He died true to love and to duty!"