

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1872.

- A Crimean Incident - 1856

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the "Camp Allied"
Had ceased for a time from barding.
The dark Redan in silent seuff
Lay grim and threatening under,
And the lawny mound of the "Malakoff"
No longer belched its thunder -
There was a pause. The Guardoman said
"We storm the fort tomorrow:
Sing while we may another day
Will bring enough of sorrow -
They lay along the Battery's side
Below the smoking Cannon -
Brave hearts from Severn & the Clyde
And from the banks of Shannon -
They sang of Love, and not of Fame
Forgot was Britain's glory.
Each heart recalled a different name
But all sang "Annie Laurie".
Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion,
Rose like an Anthem rich and strong,
Their "Battle-eve Confession,"
Dear Girl! Thy name, he dared not speak,
Yet as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed out the stain of Powder."