ECHOES OF THE WAR, AND OTHER POEMS

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Echoes of the war, and other poems by E. A. G.

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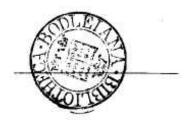
AND

OTHER POEMS;

BY

E. A. G.,

AN ENGLISH RESIDENT IN FRANCE DURING THE WINTER OF 1870-71.



CHESTER:

THOMAS & BLAYNEY, 10, BRIDGE STREET ROW.

M.D.CCC.LXXI.

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280. n. 395.

Pedicated to my Friends in England.

To ye, dear absent friends, I dedicate These "echoes," knowing how they will respond From your hearts unto mine! To me at first, Borne 'mid the tempest of the troubled times In which we live, -alas! for sunny France,-Whose trials send forth "echoes" such as these! So full of woe! And now I send them forth Across the sea, to England's happy shores. And if ye love them, O, re-echo them, Once more to vibrate in those gentle hearts Which in my native land do ever glow With generous zeal, and fervent charity! And if one tear of sympathy for France (The land of my adoption) is bestowed— One sigh of pity-then shall I rejoice, And feel these "echoes" were not heard in vain.

MARCH 5TH, 1871.

E. A. G.





Echoes of the War, &c.

THE BRETON MOBILE'S LETTER.

TRANSLATED FROM F. COPPEE.

This evening, whilst I'm waiting for the curfew bell to sound,

A little quiet moment within my tent I've found ;

And I take my pen to tell you, how tenderly I dwell

Upon the forms and faces of those I love so well.

Dear mother! aged father! and thou my sister sweet!

Oft do I pray for that blest time when we once more may

But my thoughts are full of sadness, though a soldier brave I'll be,

And having sworn, I'll keep my oath, "Mourir pour la Patrie."

But in spite of all I'm dreaming of my distant home, so dear:

The painted jugs, the buffet, and the perry, frothed and clear. Our aged Abbé tends us,—he dons his surplice white, Walks without fear beside us, in the thickest of the fight, He speaks unto our wounded, of their country and their God,

Or by the dying kneels to pray upon the blood-stained sod. Though there be some who scoff him, but ah! they little know

How easy 'tie to meet grim death when well prepared to go.

Fair Paris we have traversed,—the city is so wide,
It almost frightens me to see so much on every side;
We found it sad and sombre, and in a sort of trance,
Unlike the brilliant capital of gay and smiling France.
The people read the journals aloud in many a street,
Which echoed to the clash of arms and tramp of soldiers'
feet.

Eight days the kindly citizens did lodge each young recruit,

And Pierre and I were well received, but I was shy and

mute,

Confused with all the trouble that we were giving there,

I felt but ill at ease, and sat on the corner of my chair. But their sweet little children, became our friends full

And joked with us, played with our arms, or learnt a Breton tune,