

**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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**E. A. G.**

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WAR, AND  
OTHER POEMS**



*Echoes of the War,*

AND

*Other Poems.*

ECHOES OF THE WAR,  
AND  
OTHER POEMS;

BY

E. A. G.,

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



CHESTER:  
THOMAS & BLAYNEY, 10, BRIDGE STREET BOW.

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280. n. 395.



## Dedicated to my friends in England.

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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.

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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  
meet,  
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 'tis 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  
soon,  
And joked with us, played with our arms, or learnt a  
Breton tune,