

# **CONCORD FIGHT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649192106

Concord fight by S. R. Bartlett

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
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**S. R. BARTLETT**

**CONCORD  
FIGHT**





BATTLE-GROUND AT CONCORD.

**CONCORD FIGHT.**

**BY S. R. BARTLETT.**

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**BOSTON:**  
**A. WILLIAMS AND CO.**  
1860.

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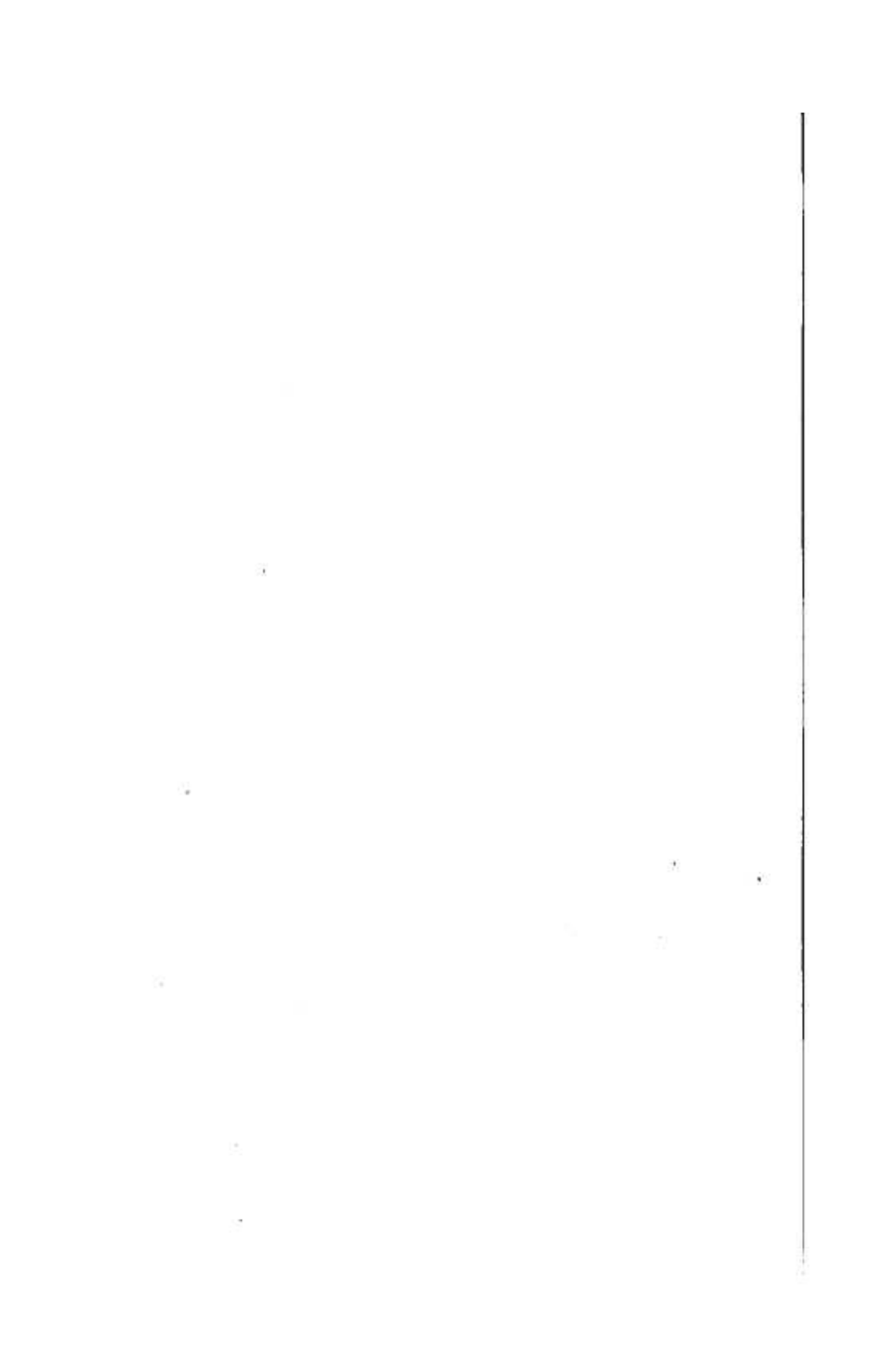
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BOSTON:

PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON,  
22, SCHOOL STREET.

TO  
JOSIAH BARTLETT, M.D.,  
*This Little Volume*  
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED  
BY HIS SON.





## PRELUDE.

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Who does not love to trace in thought the ways  
Which noble feet have trod in bygone days,—  
Days of romance, of fable, and of song,  
Of tender charms, which to "old times" belong,—  
The dear "old times," when the old hills were  
    young,

And Mother Nature had but lately sprung,  
Equipped and armed in proof from head to toe,  
With beauteous grace and charming youth aglow,  
From out the Maker's head, that felt the pain,  
And at the stroke of fate gave life again?  
How sweet to walk the sands of Galilee;  
To tread dry-shod the pathway through the sea;  
To hear Paul plead, or William Shakspeare sing,  
Or Robin Hood make the gay greenwood ring;  
On the Norse Edda, fancy joys to dwell,  
And wondrous 'scapes Æneas sad befell!

O dear old Time ! thy scythe and hour-glass  
Warn us how swiftly light-winged hours pass.  
Another glass is thine, more wondrous rare :  
Through it we gaze,—the plainest things seem fair,  
Mellowed and radiant with prismatic light.  
Time lends enchantment to our mental sight.  
We boys have played about our fathers' yard  
So many years so happily ! 'Twas hard  
Enough to say " Good-bye ! " the dreary day  
Life's duties led our lingering steps away.  
Sad wanderers far upon some distant strand,  
When weary miles of ocean or of land  
Remove our hearts from home, divorced and sad,  
We mourn. Then Memory draws near ; and, glad,  
We know her pictures drawn before our view ;  
The same old scenes, but clothed with radiance  
new,—  
The dear old woodpile, and the latticed shed ;  
The cherry tree, and garden gate which led  
Through to the brook, where, first allowed to bathe,  
We liked to let the rippling streamlet lave  
Our naked feet hung from the daisy bank,  
And watch the eddy where the pebble sank  
Tossed from our tiny fingers ; where the birch  
Sheltered with tangled roots the wary perch,  
Swift dollar-bugs and skaters glided round,  
Slow tortoises slipped down the grassy mound,  
And wavy willows formed a leafy screen  
To shelter from the sun the lovely scene ;