

THE CONQUERED BANNER.*

[BY "MOINA"]

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary,
 Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
 Furl it, fold it, it is best:
 For there's not a man to wave it,
 And there's not a soul to save it,
 And there's not one left to lave it
 In the blood which heroes gave it;
 And its foes now scorn and brave it;
 Furl it, *hide* it—let it rest.

Take that Banner down, 'tis tattered!
 Broken is its staff and shattered!
 And the valiant hosts are scattered,
 Over whom it floated high.
 Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it!
 Hard to think there's none to hold it;
 Hard that those who once unrolled it
 Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly—
 Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
 And ten thousands wildly, madly,
 Swore it should forever wave—
 Swore that foeman's sword could never
 Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
 Till that flag should float forever,
 O'er their freedom, or their grave.

Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,
 And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
 Cold and dead are lying low;
 And that Banner, it is trailing,
 While around it sounds the wailing
 Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!
 Low the cold, dead hands that bore it,
 Weep for those who fell before it,
 Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
 But, oh! wild y they deplore it,
 Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner, true 'tis gory,
 Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
 And 'twill live in song and story,
 Though its folds are in the dust:
 For its fame on brightest pages,
 Penned by poets and by sages,
 Shall go sounding down the ages—
 Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly,
 Treat it gently—it is holy—
 For it droops above the dead.
 Touch it not—unfold it never,
 Let it droop there *furled* forever,
 For its peoples' *hopes* are dead!

* These sweet and melancholy lines are copied from the FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.