**AS TOILSOME I WANDER'D VIRGINIA'S
WOODS.**

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| 1   AS TOILSOME I wander'd Virginia's woods,  |

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| To the music of rustling leaves, kick'd by my feet, (for          'twas autumn,)  |

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| I mark'd at the foot of a tree the grave of a soldier;  |

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| Mortally wounded he, and buried on the retreat, (easily          all could I understand;)  |

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| The halt of a mid-day hour, when up! no time to lose          —yet this sign left,  |

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| On a tablet scrawl'd and nail'd on the tree by the grave,  |

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| *Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade* .  |

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| 2   Long, long I muse, then on my way go wandering;  |

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| Many a changeful season to follow, and many a scene of          life;  |

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| Yet at times through changeful season and scene, abrupt,          alone, or in the crowded street,  |

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| Comes before me the unknown soldier's grave—comes          the inscription rude in Virginia's woods,  |

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| *Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade* . |