





"See the air is glowing boys,
With a stream of living light,
But the wine is flowing boys,
Drink we now to sorrows flight?"

"Hark the echo's ringing boys
Of the loud artillery's roar,
While gay mirth is springing boys"
From our bosoms inmost core.

"Plume the wings of sorrow boys, Give her emblems to the wind, Think not of the morrow boys Nor the friends we leave behind?"







