

A Posthumous Poem of  
Letitia Elizabeth Landon  
(L. E. L.)  
in  
Friendship's Offering, 1844

compiled  
by  
Peter J. Bolton

The Soldier's Bride

## THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

BY L. E. L.

THE white plume was upon his head,  
The spur upon his heel,  
The trumpet rang upon his ear  
With a note the dead might feel.  
Before him lay a gallant host,  
His own, his bannered line,  
Where from a thousand silver shields  
Flashed back the morning's shine.  
He sat upon his raven steed  
As a proud ship curbs the deep ;  
One instant yet he reined his horse —  
He heard his lady weep.  
“ What, weepest thou, lady mine !” he said,  
“ And thou a soldier's bride !  
Dearer should be his fame than aught  
In the whole world beside.”  
“ Away !” she cried ; “ these are not tears  
That fall for thee or me —  
I weep our infant boy, too young  
To fight or follow thee !”