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To the Right Honourable

**J O H N Lord CUTTS.**

[*At the Siege of Namure.*]

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## The Hardy Soldier.

I.

“ **O** Why is Man so thoughtless grown?

“ **O** Why guilty Souls in hast to dye?

“ Vent’ring the Leap to Worlds unknown,

“ And heedless to the Battel fly?

II.

“ Are Lives but worth a Soldiers Pay?

“ Why will ye joyn such wide Extreams?

“ And stake Immortal Souls in play

“ At desperate Chance and Bloody Games?

## III.

- “ Valour’s a nobler Turn of Thought,  
 “ Whose pardon’d Guilt forbids her Fears :  
 “ Calmly she meets the deadly Shot  
 “ Secure of Life above the Stars.

## IV.

- “ But Frenzy dares Eternal Fate,  
 “ And spurr’d with Honour’s Airy Dreams  
 “ Flies to Attack th’ Infernal Gate,  
 “ And force a Passage to the Flames.

## V.

Thus hov’ring o’re *NAMURIA*’s Plains  
 Sung Heav’nly Love in *Gabriel*’s form :  
 Young *THRASO* felt the moving Strains,  
 And Vow’d to pray before the Storm.

## VI.

Anon the Thundring Trumpet calls,  
 “ My Vows be damn’d, the Hero cries,  
 Then Swears by Heav’n, and Scales the Walls,  
 Drops in the Ditch, despairs, and dies.