

# The American Soldier

By Philip Freneau

*A Picture from the Life  
To serve with love,  
And shed your blood,  
    Approved may be above,  
But here below  
(Example shew,)  
'Tis dangerous to be good.*

--Lord Oxford

Deep in a vale, a stranger now to arms,  
    Too poor to shine in courts, too proud to beg,  
He, who once warred on *Saratoga's* plains,  
Sits musing o'er his scars, and wooden leg.

Remembering still the toil of former days,  
To other hands he sees his earnings paid;—  
*They* share the due reward—*he* feeds on praise.  
Lost in the abyss of want, misfortune's shade.

Far, far from domes where splendid tapers glare,  
'Tis his from dear bought *peace* no wealth to win,  
Removed alike from courtly cringing 'squires,  
The great-man's *Levee*, and the proud man's grin.

Sold are those arms which once on Britons blazed,  
When, flushed with conquest, to the charge they came;  
That power repelled, and *Freedom's* fabrick raised,  
She leaves her soldier—*famine and a name!*

Source: