

THE BADGE OF BLUE

A curtain close we'll softly draw
O'er grief too deep to shure;
Now time hath chastened sorrow's sting,
And robbed it of despair.
Soon downward came fair Helen's gaze,
And then her eye could see
The lonely figure leaning there,
Against the chestnut tree.

"And, oh! he wears a soldier's coat,
A uniform he wears;
Perhaps he hath a message brought,
A last word to me he bears."
She lingered not, but ope'd the gate,
And sped across the street;
Within her heart she knew not how
The stranger she would greet.

She slowly, slowly forward went,
She came the stranger nigh;
Her courage fell, she dared not speak,
She would have passed him by.
The soldier gave salute and spoke,
"Pray, maiden, can you tell,
Whose yonder home across the way,
And who doth yonder dwell?"