

THE BADGE OF BLUE

Beneath a spreading chestnut tree,
Along the village street,
A soldier clad in uniform
Sat resting weary feet.
The sun was slowly fading low,
It was the close of day,
Above an oriole trilled to him
A silvery vesper lay.

He heard the bird's clear matin song,
It sang of home, so sweet,
But while he heard, his gaze was fixed
On a maiden o'er the street.
She close within a doorway stood,
She wore a muslin gown,
And from her golden crown of hair
Soft tresses fell adown.

'Twas Helen, and her dark blue eyes,
With sadness brimming o'er,
Were lifted toward the far beyond,
Where lovers part no more.
The list of wounded and of dead
She'd searched and searched again;
Then came a morn, a dreary morn,
Her knight was 'mong the slain.