

THE BADGE OF BLUE

" Now art thou my brave knight
And I, thy lady fair,
And in thy marches long
I'll dream that I've a share.
Sir Knight, to thee Godspeed!
As forth to war you go;
Ne'er may thy color bright
In sad defeat lie low."

" My lady fair, wilt thou
See never more this face,
Unworthy do I anight
This color to disgrace.
Now, Helen, fare you well,
Oh fare you well, my love;
May angels watch and keep
And guard you from above."

Then to the war the soldier went,
And played his part right well,
But in the conflict hardly fought
Was wounded sore and fell.
When lifted from the battlefield,
'Twas thought his life had fled;
So with the message homeward sent,
He numbered with the dead.

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