

THE BADGE OF BLUE

At length there came the parting day,
The dreary farewell hour,
For touch, or talisman's spell Neal longed
To banish sorrow's power.
With saddened face fair Helen gave
The brodered badge of blue,
For him to treasure, wear and keep,
So long as he proved true.

"Now, in thy hand I place
This bit of purest blue,
'Tis but a token small
To prove that I'll be true.
Should weary grow your heart,
And of this compact rue,
Then wear no more, I pray,
This little badge of blue."

Said he, "I'll sacred keep
And from it never part,
See, now—I'll fasten it
Right here above my heart."
She lightly touched his arm,
And banishing her fears,
Said low, with trembling lips,
A-smiling through her tears.