

## THE BRAVE AT HOME.

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(By Thomas Buchanan Read.)

The maid who binds her warrior's sash  
With smile that well her pain dissembles,  
The while beneath her drooping lash  
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,  
Though heaven alone records the tear,  
And Fame shall never know her story,  
Her heart has shed a drop as dear  
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,  
Mid little ones who weep or wonder,  
And bravely speaks the cheering word,  
What though her heart be rent asunder,  
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear  
The bolts of death around him rattle,  
Has shed as sacred blood as e'er  
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief,  
While to her breast her son she presses,  
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,  
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,  
With no one but her secret God  
To know the pain that weighs upon her,  
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod  
Received on Freedom's field of honor!