

THE BADGE OF BLUE

To ARMS! To arms! echoed the call
Around o'er all the land,
Then forward came the men of old
To form a gallant band.
"Away to battle forth," said one,
"Most gladly will I go,
I would such tyrants help to teach
That we're a dangerous foe."

But like a fetter around his heart
Love wound a silken chain,
If forth to battle he should go
'Twould rend a heart with pain.
If grace of choice to him were given
He'd rather dangers face,
Than tidings of his going tell,
Away the roses chase.