

Wearing of the Grey.

BY O. K. P.

1

Our cannons' mouths are dumb. No more
Our vollied muskets peal,
Nor gleams to mark where squadrons rush,
The light from flashing steel.
No more our crossed and starry flags
In gentle dalliance play
With battle breeze as when we fought,
A wearing of the Grey.

2

Our cause is lost! No more we fight
'Gainst overwhelming power,
All wearied are our limbs, and drenched
With many a battle shower.
We fain would rest. For want of strength
We yield them up the day,
And lower the flag so proudly borne
While wearing of the Grey.

3

Defeat is not dishonor. No!
Of honor not bereft,
We should thank God that in our breasts
This priceless boon is left.
And though we weep, 'tis for those braves
Who stood in proud array
Beneath our flag, and nobly died
While wearing of the Grey.

4

When in the ranks of war we stood
And faced the deadly hail,
Our simple suits of grey composed
Our only coats of mail;
And of those awful hours that marked
The bloody battle-day
In memory we'll still be seen
A wearing of the Grey.

5

Oh! should we reach that glorious place,
Where waits the sparkling crown
For every one who for the Right
His soldier-life lay down,
God grant to us the privilege
Upon that happy day,
Of clasping hands with those who fell
A wearing of the Grey.