

The Blue and the Gray

by George Albert Leddy

**THE LASH OF TIME SPEEDS FAST
THE TEAM OF PARTING YEARS;
YET, MEMORIES OF THE PAST
ARE HELD WITH REINS OF TEARS.**

Yes, I'm a Lad of the South, Miss; my coat, as you see, is the Gray;
I've come for a canteen of water—Please, Miss, you won't turn me away.
You see in the heat of the battle, I was wounded and fell mid the slain;
I don't know how long I had lain there, but Miss, when I waked-up again;

The battle was over and still, Miss; the sun shone full two hours high;
The pain in my arm drove me frantic—I was praying to God, I would die.
I heard someone stirring beside me, and looking again, I could see;
A poor lad a-burning with fever, and trying to speak to me.

His lips were so parched and so dry, Miss; and the cold sweat of death on his brow;
Were it not for my canteen of water, he would not have been living now.
But he is, Miss, and I must go to him; and oh, I forgot to tell you:
That the lad is a Lad of the North, Miss; he wears not the Gray, but the Blue.

He gave me this locket, and told me, should he never see me again;
"To search, till I found the original,"—My God, Miss, 'tis you!
And he said, "the picture was that of his Sister."— 'Tis you, Miss! don't cry, but be brave.
We will go to your Brother at once, and God grant that his life we may save.

'Tis over that way to the right, Miss; you see, at the foot of that tree;
He's living, thank God! he is living—go to him, and never mind me.
I have grown weak in my journey, I will sit here a moment and rest;
I'll meet with my Maker in Heaven, ere the sun sinks again in the West.

I am happy to die in this way, Miss; I've been true to my Country, you see;
Now the battle is over and done, Miss; and the Angels are calling to me.
Good-bye, Miss—the sky's growing brighter; I can see gates of gold in the West;
So go to your Brother, and tell him, that the Boy in the Gray—is at rest.
