

To my wife

1

You have put the little ones to bed dear wife
And covered them ore with care
My Frankey Alley and Fred
And they have said their evening prair

2

Perhaps they breathed the name of one
Who is far in southern land
And wished he to were thare
To join their little band

3

I am very sad to night dear wife
My thoughts are dweling on home and thee
As I keep the lone night watch
Beneath the holley tree

4

The winds are sighing through the trees
And as they onward roam
They whisper hopes of happyness
Within our cottage home

5

And as they onward pased
Ore hill and vale and bubling stream
They wake up thoughts within my soul
Like music in a dream

6

Oh when will this rebellion cease
This cursed war be ore
And we our dear ones meat
To part from them no more

March 25th 63

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