

**BEECHENBROOK; A
RHYME OF
THE WAR**

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Beechenbrook; A Rhyme of the War by Margaret J. Preston

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MARGARET J. PRESTON

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RHYME OF
THE WAR**



BEECHENBROOK.



BEECHENBROOK;

Rhyme of the War.

BY
MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Fifth Thousand.

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1867.

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District of Maryland.



Dedication.

TO
EVERY SOUTHERN WOMAN,
WHO HAS BEEN

Widowed by the War,

I DEDICATE THIS RHYME,

PUBLISHED DURING THE PROGRESS OF THE STRUGGLE,

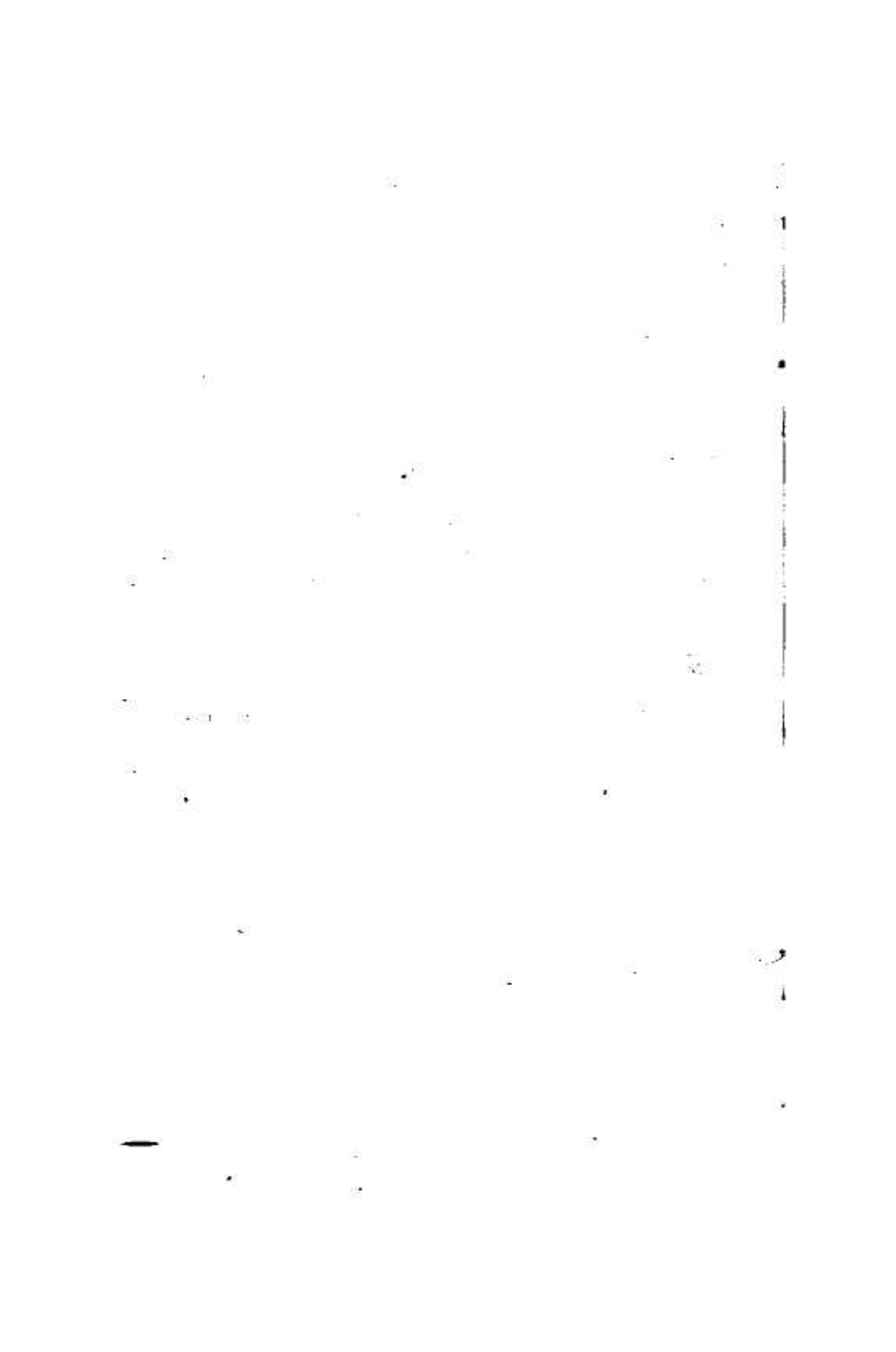
AND NOW RE-PRODUCED—AS A

Faint Memorial of Sufferings,

OF WHICH THERE CAN BE

NO FORGETFULNESS.

M. J. P.





BEECHENBROOK;

A

RHYME OF THE WAR.



I.

TH**E**R**E** is sorrow at Beechenbrook;—brightly the
day
Has beamed with the earliest glory of May;
The blue of the sky is as tender a blue
As ever the sunshine came shimmering through:
The songs of the birds and the hum of the bees,
As they merrily dart in and out of the trees,—
The blooms of the orchard, as sifting its snows,
It mingles its odors with hawthorn and rose,—
The voice of the brook, as it lapses unseen,—
The laughter of children at play on the green,—

Insist on a picture so cheerful, so fair,
Who ever would dream that a grief could be there?

The last yellow sunbeam slides down from the wall,
The purple of evening is ready to fall;
The gladness of daylight is gone, and the gloom
Of something like sadness is over the room.
Right bravely all day, with a smile on her brow,
Has Alice been true to her duty,—but now
Her tasks are all ended,—naught inside or out
For the thoughtfullest love to be busy about;
The knapsack well furnished, the canteen all bright,
The soldier's gray dress and his gauntlets in sight,
The blanket tight strapped, and the haversack stored,
And lying beside them, the cap and the sword;
No last, little office,—no further commands,—
No service to steady the tremulous hands;
All wife-work—the sweet work that busied her so—
Is finished:—the dear one is ready to go.

Not a sob has escaped her all day,—not a moan;
But now the tide rushes,—for she is alone.
On the fresh, shining knapsack she pillows her head,
And weeps as a mourner might weep for the dead.
She heeds not the three-year old baby at play,