

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1892.

The Young Folks.

A DECORATION DAY.

Grateful the young people,
To life at last have we,
Full through the blossoming orchard,
And stop at the blossoming tree,
Down in the grasses, nestled,
A tiny grave there lies,
And the children stood about it,
With a solemn, silent air.
They planted the first of the cemetery,
The blessed "Red, White and Blue,"
And scattered their clovers and daisies,
And the bouquets violet too,
And then, the small hands joined,
Came the singing of the birds,
They sang with sober voices,
Hiss and go marching on."

And the soldier under the flowers,
With the old flag at his head,
Had a home & a family forever,
And a honest character.

Wounded sorely and often,
Fevered, he died, he stoned,

Fevered, he died, he stoned,