Maiden

3 Yes now it comes! Hear its click, click
Reads the operator quick — 44

LINES.

Respectfully inscribed, to A.C. Danforth, late Orderly Sergt. Co. "C" 7th Regt. O.V.M., killed at Winchester Va March 23d, 1862. By D., m.c.l.

"Shot at Winchester"! Shot!
What fear in the sound!
How swiftly the tidings,
Are bandied around!
And weak hearts and strong ones,
Are nerved to the task, —
For each, of some loved one,
The fortune must ask.

2

Shot at Winchester! Who!
One just in the prime
Of a life whose bright Past, was
Unsullied with crime!
One whom Youth had bedecked,
With her mantle of grace!
While the proud seal of Manhood,
Was stamped on his face!

3

Shot at Winchester! Who!
One whose clear, ringing shout,
Was the life of our sport,
As we gamboled about,
In ~~our bri~~ our Boyhoods' bright days;
Yet so gentle of mien,
He won every heart's love,
In that throng, I ween.

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4

Shot at Winchester! How?
In the van of the fight,
With his voice ringing clear,
And his eye gleaming bright;
The light on his fair brow.
His face to the foe,
Enhaloed with glory,
He welcomed the blow.

5

Shot at Winchester! When?
When the battle-tide flowed,
From the hearts of the brave,
And the red field was strewed,
With the forms of the faithful!
When traitors were taught
Their invincible might,
Who for liberty fought.

6

Shot at Winchester! When?
When the soldier should die!
As the pæan succeeded
The wild battle-cry!
The banner of freedom
Waved proud o'er his bed,
As he sank to his rest,
With the undying dead.

7

Shot at Winchester! Shot!
No mourning for him!
Though he striveth no more,
In Earth's twilight dim,
For the truth and the right!
For angels shall bind,
O'er his temples, the garlands,
Which Valor hath twined!

Lines in memory of A.C. Danforth. Shot at Winchester

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013

Shot at Winchester.

I

Beside her low pallett a young maiden kneels
The last glow of twilight her beauty reveals
With hands clasped above, with up-gazing eyes
More bright than the gems of the Midsummer skies
Her soft accents freighting the calm evening air
She utters for Edgar, a soul-echoed prayer
—"God keep thee, my lord one, thro' tumult and strife,
Where suffering and dangers are momently rife!
May the whirlwind of Battle, the breath of disease,
Be soft to thy cheek, as the Midsummer breeze!
Be the arm of the Father, around thee to save,
From the dangers that compass, the battle-bound brave
And ever be thy bosom, untainted with crime,
As pure as the starlight of Eden's own clime;
That if, in the conflict, 'tis thy fate to fall,
Whenever the dark-winged Angel may call,
Thou mayest but rise, to the Paradise bright,
By strife unassailed, unshadowed by night!"

II

O'er the listening country flushing!
In the spurs electric flushing!
Speed the tidings! Joy or woe!

II

Triumph we, or doth the foe?
"Victory!" speaks the "still small voice"
Victory! Let each heart rejoice!
Victory! Shout it loud and long!
Swell the echoing triumph-song!
"The stubborn foe at length has fled
In utter rout!" ——
—— "How many dead
And who?" Your friend or mine?
What bosom rent? What household shrine
Invaded? Crushed what vine?
—— Gaily flaunts the star-gemmed flag!
Slowly! Slowly, minutes ~~drag~~! drag!
How the dropping sand-grains lag!
Hush heart! Down Love and Fear!
Shall we never, never hear,
Of loved ones dear?

In the spark electric flashing,
Or the listening country dashing,
Come the tidings. Joy or woe?
We soon shall know!
Click! click! Click!
Reads the operator quick,
Each line and each dot
"At — win-chester, — shot —"

III.

——— "Shot at Winchester"! Shot!
What fun in the sound!
How swiftly the tidings ~~are bandied~~
Are bandied around
And courts hearts and strong ones
Are nerved to the task,—
For each & some loved one,
——— The fortune must ask.

— "Shot at Winchester"! Who!
One just in the prime
Of a life whose bright Past
Was unsullied with crime
One whom Youth had bedecked
With her coronette of grace
While the proud seal of Manhood
——— Was stamped on his face

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As we gamboled about
In our Boyhood's bright days;
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That he won every heart's love
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—— "Shot at Winchester"! How?
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And his eye gleaming bright!
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Waved bright o'er his bed
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V

— Shot at Winchester! Shot!
Yet mourn not for him
Though he striveth no more
In Earth's twilight dim
For the truth and the right!'
Bright angels shall bind
O'er his temples the garlands
Which valor hath twined

IV.

"Shot at Winchester — Edgar —
— The fair Chief is pale
Bursts from the bosom
A half-smothered wail!
"At Winchester — Shot!"
This only she said.
Time flies unheeded
For reason hath fled.
Yet ever by her bedside
When twilight's still hour
Comes over the earth
With cool-hushing powers
In garments as pure
As angel-robes drest
With hands clasped before her,
And unruffled breast,

The wind with her tresses
Most tenderly plays
As with dark eyes upgazing
For Edgar she prays!