

And silent; ~~and~~ passed home
Dolores say now that Dolores was
run again the same.

One night not long from then
~~at some festivity~~ ~~and a fair~~ ~~the young soldier~~
was brought to her and ~~at the~~ she
presented ~~her~~ ~~in~~ ~~her~~ ~~journal~~ ~~was~~ ~~gave~~ ~~him~~ ~~the~~ ~~hand~~
and said "I'm glad you're come"
And he replied "I'm come to say good bye
my company ~~marries~~ ~~tonight~~ ~~I shall return~~"
And that was all. They parted.

~~My mother~~ ~~curious~~ and half choked
would have questioned Dolores

But she with a strong smile
and ~~in~~ ~~effable~~ content supreme
said, dear, you must wait.

I will not - do a wrong.
The winter passed. The iron clouds
had grown denser and awful weight.
Dolores went north again.

~~She did not talk as~~
She worked with swift hands
~~but~~ slightly paler ~~her~~ face, ~~with~~ and
fewer wrinkles

than formerly But that was all the change.
That she remembered the young soldier
She now ~~had~~ ~~gave~~ a sign.
One night - was in '63 and after
dreadful - -

A message came to ~~my poor~~ ^{the poor} girl.
 It said I'm dying, come at once.
 And was signed - ~~Let the soldier's name~~
 Dolores with awful eyes and drawn
 lips gave it to my mother & said,
 I go tonight - you must come too.
 And they went.

For hours they rode the stricken women
 now speaking only staring chaot-
 ament - intent; trailing down.

At least the ~~suicidal~~ ^{mad} ride was done
 And they stood at the door of the hospital.
 And told their friend.
 A pitying surgeon said you're only in time.
 Well die tonight. He has ~~lost~~ ^{my} because
 he knew you'd come.
 As Dolores knelt at the bed-side of his
 And gathered in her arms the head
 of the man she loved but ~~remembered~~ with
 such questioning faith and he smiling

In place said
 Dear I've never doubted since that, how
 I met you face to face in the street
 That you loved me
 Nor doubted that. Now I told you as well.
 I thought - to live. But I must die.
 Will you ~~just~~ ^{just} carry through life my name
 And Dolores said yes.

A ~~chaplain came~~ and there he dying

She doomed to live they were made one.
 They & at beside living in an hour's time
~~was~~ And then the light died out
 And Dolores was husbandless.

Since then she's none the crape you see
 And only by that sign we know
 She never has forgot nor let her
 love grow cool.

Sometimes I've seen her stand
 alone at night: under the lawn nets
 there gazing with eyes of more than
 human love ~~an~~ up at the heavens
 And half I've fancied her husband
 bent down and kissed her lips.

But to the world she gives no sign
 She's always calm as you see her now
 The gentlest friend, the erring lover,
 the tenderest ^{comforter} ~~friend~~ the sorrowing ~~friend~~ ^{friend}.
 The confident of girls, the saint of boys
 The idol of us all.

I never saw other as of ^{others} many losing love
 "God pity them" but only ^{God} give me love like hers.