

# THE MARINE'S FAREWELL

A Dramatic Reading in Blank Verse

by  
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Evening had painted the western sky  
With crimson and gold across the crest  
Of the sun, and the curtain of the night  
Was held fast in the east with a star.  
The town lay basking in the warm sunset,  
The steeple of the little church glowing white  
Above the green of the trees,  
The streets filled with the noise of leave taking,  
People hurrying home for a night of rest.  
The street lights at each corner  
Were beginning to gleam out their welcome  
To any who lingered there in the dark.  
The smell of potatoes frying,  
Wafted outward on the evening air.  
The chimes at the church ringing out  
The six o'clock Angelus loud and clear.

The boy lingering on his homeward way,  
Paused to drink in each sound,  
To hold it in his heart,  
(For home is dear, home is sweet,  
No matter how humble it may be.)

**--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---**