To Miss Imogene Beane.

The Empty Sleeve,

A Ballad.

Words and Music by

Henry Badger.

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THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

Composed by HENRY BADGER.

Moderato.

1. By the moon's pale light to the listening throng, Let me
tell.....one tale—let me sing one song; 'Tis a tale devoid of

aim or plan. 'Tis a story of a one-armed man. Of

one who has bled for a nation's fame, Tho' a hero who bears but an

unknown name. And till this hour I could ne'er believe What a
Tell-tale thing is an empty sleeve. And till this hour I could

Never believe, What a tell-tale thing is an empty sleeve.

2.
It tells in a silent tone to all,
Of a country’s need and a country’s call.
Of a kiss and a tear, for mother and wife,
Of a hurried march for a nation’s life,
Of the camp—the charge—the wild surprise,
Of the lonely watch ’neath the midnight skies.
Until this hour, I could ne’er believe
What a story goes with an empty sleeve.

3.
Th’ it points to a myriad wounds and scars,
Yet it tells of a Flag with its stripes and stars,
That in God’s own chosen time shall take
The place of a rag with the rattle-snake,
And points to the time when our flag shall wave
O’er a land where there breathes no cowering slave.
Up to the skies let us all then heave
One proud hurrah for the empty sleeve,
For the one-armed brave with the empty sleeve!!