The Orphans

1

She wore a frock of rustling black,
A sable coat to match,
And jetty was the sailor-hat
That crowned her meagre thatch.

2

While he—although in coloured clothes—
His grief did plainly show
By woolly scarf and cotton gloves
As black as any sloe.

3

And thus they stepped across the court,
That little he and she,
With heads erect, and haughty air,
For all the world to see.

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