**Cora White**

Cora White she turned 82, the full moon cast an autumn hue

And it lights upon an aster laced like wicker in her hair

All her garden herbs are scarred with frost

A winter’s word to summers lost

And October’s paint is peeled and scattered on the hills

All recalls the time in 64, a gray coat boy stood at her door

His eyes were bleached with war dust, a fiddle on his back

Cora White she was just sixteen

A flower at the edge of spring

When her sleeping heart awaked at the calling of this song

Cora took the boy inside her door, realizing not the rules of war

Listened to his tales of anguish, all his love ones slaughtered round

Wiped a dusty tear from Danny’s face

She told him of her special place

Where the sunlight nests of flowers and no words of war are heard

in the prairie grasses free and mild, chased by breezes ten years wild

Danny played his pinewood fiddle; Cora loved him by the moon

When the morning sun appeared a t dawn

Cora rose, the boy was gone

A purple aster it lay trembling where he place it by her cheek

Cora’s heart it filled up with pain, gray morning clouds filled up with rain

Cora listened for the voice of his fiddle far away

She ran beside the spreading creek

Her Gray Coat lover for to seek

And the sky poured out an ocean flooding all the river’s deep

Cora came to where the creek bed turns — the storm had made the waters churn

There in the mud lay a broken fiddle bow

By the banks where the bow was found

The tracks of dogs were all around

Had been set upon her lover by the Union soldier men