

Lincoln

Hurt was the nation with a mighty wound,
And all her ways were filled with clam'rous sound.

Wailed loud the South with unremitting grief,
And wept the North that could not find relief.

Then madness joined its harshest tone to strife:

A minor note swelled in the song of life.

Till, stirring with the love that filled his breast,

But still, unflinching at the right's behest,

Grave Lincoln came, strong handed, from afar,

The mighty Homer of the lyre of war.

'T was he who bade the raging tempest cease,

Wrenched from his harp the harmony of peace,

Muted the strings that made the discord, — Wrong,

And gave his spirit up in thund'rous song.

Oh mighty Master of the mighty lyre,

Earth heard and trembled at thy strains of fire:

Earth learned of thee what Heav'n already knew,

And wrote thee down among her treasured few.