

He was one of nature's favourites,
 Robed with innocence and truth,
 And they gave his heart the power
 That sustained him from his youth:
 Nature emptied her vast treasures
 To empower his native mind;
 To gain knowledge by observing
 Principles of every kind.

Arduous mental application
 Raised those powers of moral worth
 To that sacred trust and honour
 That have shone in glory forth.

In the meridian of their glory
 His sun set, eclipsing all,
 Darkness on the land is settled
 By thy sad, untimely fall.
 In recesses of my spirit
 Whence spring love of liberty,
 Lincoln, there in golden letters,
 I have now engraven thee.

With the choice of every nation,
 With the good of every clime,
 That betimes in guileless hours,
 May inspire the poet's rhyme,
 As some name cut in the grass plot,
 Covered o'er with flowers pure,
 Water'd by the dew of freedom,
 Long as love it will endure.

Withered only when will perish
 Love to God and love to truth,
 Abraham Lincoln there is printed,
 Blooming in immortal youth.
 Army brave of the Potomac,
 Ye who wield the glittering blade,
 And through sleepless nights have often
 Sheltered 'neath the forest's shade,

Print the name of Abraham Lincoln
 On your famous conquering swords,
 And in distant happy years
 Drop a tear on the words.