

LINCOLN'S DEATH CHAMBER.

Within this room, so common-place and plain,
Lay Lincoln dying, mute and past all pain.
Around him stood his stricken comrades all,
In voiceless grief, as he beyond their call
Passed out of life and light, and gracious speech,
To dark Oblivion's timeless, tideless beach.

Oft had I heard of sacred shrines and soil
Reached only after arduous travel-toil;
Of battlefields where green the grasses grow
Since drenched by crimson rains and human woe;
But here in sight of all Columbia's pride
This humble room of all was glorified.

For here the irrevocable seal was set
Which man, while man, shall nevermore forget;
On the pale brow, where killing care long preyed,
Death placed his hand, cool, moist, and unafraid;
He raised it 'mid the whole world's shuddering frown,
And lo! from it had fallen the martyr's crown!

—Washington, April 17th, 1906.