

## THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

WEEP, ye countless drooping willows  
That adorn Columbia's shore,  
And ye forests that are waving,  
Weep for him who is no more.  
Shed a tear for freedom's champion,  
Cradled once in liberty,  
And has died a noble martyr  
By the hand of Slavery.

He was born beneath your shadow,  
Rambled o'er your verdant grove,  
And aspired to rule the nation  
Whom the nation's heart doth love.  
Stay, proud billows of the ocean,  
Throw your tears towards the shore,  
Hush your voice to weep in sympathy  
With your country's tears of gore.

O! ye skies of lovely beauty,  
Draped in many a gorgeous hue,  
In the depths of poet's passion  
I would claim a tear from you.  
I would claim a tear from you.  
Change your garments with the widow  
Whose heart bleeds of untold grief.  
From a wound no human power  
Can afford the least relief.

Come all nature, as the life-buds  
Now adorn the bursting spring,  
From the glorious floral kingdom  
You may choicest roses bring,  
To clothe the grave of Abraham Lincoln,  
Come and bleed your tears of love,  
As the darkened heavens may aid you  
With their dew-drops from above.

O! ye hurried rivers bounding  
Through the deep enchanting main,  
Stop to listen to your country  
Groaning all her woes again.  
Mid the throes that rent her bosom