

Now, Gabriel's sire an honest living made
By masonry in stone — an humble trade;
He trained his son from boyhood's early day
To labor, fear his God, his king obey.
Our hero had a generous, noble heart,
A mind sublime, though cultured but in part;
He learned his father's trade with lowly aim,
Sighed for no praise but an untarnished name,
Hoped for a life of peace with honest toil,
A grave at last 'neath Pennsylvanian soil;
And to gild sweetly all life's checkered day,
The smile and tender love of Margaret Clay.
Already by the Schuylkill's gliding stream,
Gabriel had dug the stone and squared the beam,
To build a cottage that he dreamed would be
The home of love and sweet security;
For he had dreams, like all of mortal birth —
Dreams of pure happiness on this sad earth
But war's hoarse cry from East and North that
came,
Banished his dreams, and set his soul on flame.
That cry, that roused the land throughout its
length,
And called abroad its latent, giant strength,
Was heard alike in peaceful woodland homes,
In bustling markets, and in stately domes.
That wild, alarming cry pierced every ear;
To some it spoke of glory, some of fear;
To all, of some strange, mighty revolution near.