

ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

GENTLY ! gently ! for the life blood
From its source is flowing fast ;
And the Martyr 's turning homeward
To his everlasting rest.

Not a word, a sign, or token,
Ev'n to her he loved so well ;
Ah ! destroyer ! thou hast broken
Every chance to say — farewell.

Stricken, while the gems of glory
Glittered proudly on his brow ;
While yet nations read the story
Of the rebels' overthrow.

Stricken, while glad shouts of triumph
Filled the air and rent the sky ;
While he sipped sweet drops of pleasure
From the cup of victory.

Bear him gently, for his great heart
Throbb'd with pity for the slaves ;
And he pledged his word to free them,
Though the land were strewn with graves.

Farewell, brave and kindly spirit,
Thou hast won a world's renown ;
May thy soul with joy inherit
Heaven and a glorious crown.

April 26th, 1865.