

But far above, upon His throne,
Was God, the Lord of victory,
Who, ever mindful of His own,
Crowned both with glorious Liberty.—

O field of blood, O sacred field,
Thy seed, once sown in death and strife,
Has blossomed now in peace to yield
The ripe fruit of the nation's life.

THESE THREE.

Faith is the light of heaven within the soul;
No night can quench it, and no cloud obscure:
The heathen knows his god, and seeks his goal,
And Man, himself, the witness shall endure.

Hope is the solitary star, at set of sun,
That clearer shines from out the deep'ning gloom;
The ever-bright'ning ray, when life is run,
That lights the gathering darkness of the tomb.

Love is the perfume of earth's choicest flower,
Distilled in human hearts: but from above
The gentle dew, the sun-warmth, and the shower—
For Love is heaven, and likest God is Love.

THE MASTER.

As feels the organ's soul, at master's will,
The trumpet's full-toned, stirring strain,
And passionate grows; or with equal skill
Is soothed to tenderness again:

So, master of the classic, oaten reed,
Thy skilful strains me deeply move;
Now to some ardent, high born, patriot deed,
And now, to gentle thoughts of love.