

Awhile, life's currents mixed, and sped us on;  
Then swerved the tide abrupt—lo, he was gone!—  
We parted friends. I only knew him true;  
He could not that conceal—no more I knew!

### GETTYSBURG.

Year after year, Rebellion made  
Twixt North and South a mighty flood,  
Until the crimson tide was stayed,  
At Gettysburg, the field of blood.  
  
At Gettysburg: but what a price  
To reap atonement then was paid,—  
A holocaust in sacrifice  
On Freedom's holy altar laid.  
  
For brother fought with brother there,  
Four-thousand score on either side:  
The nation's fate hung in mid-air;  
Maintain the Union—or divide?—  
  
As when fierce waves confront the rock  
They backward fall in broken spray,  
So in that awful battle-shock  
Charged and dissoived the blue and grey.  
  
Three days of carnage, rout on rout,  
Withstood the brave, devoted host;  
And never such a bloody bout,  
So nearly won—so nearly lost.  
  
Aloft was Glory, in whose name  
Confederate and Federal  
Were crowned with never-dying fame,  
Or wrapped about with fade-less pall.