

Not more gloriously did Abraham
 Rescue Lot and all his host
 From the five kings that assailed him
 On Arabia's rugged coast,

Than did Abraham Lincoln rescue
 Man from slavery and woe
 While the god of battles emptied
 All his vials on the foe.
 Future years shall bless his memory,
 Millions yet shall kiss his name,
 And successive ages hand it
 Down with pure immortal fame.

Rest, dear man, in peaceful slumbers,
 All thy glorious work is done,
 Wear the wreath of sacred glory,
 That thy own proud deeds have won.

THE ASSASSIN.

Be that muscle palsied ever,
 Wither may its demon power,
 That was raised to mar thy glory,
 Fore which thy fond life did cower.
 Why not ministering spirits
 Paralyze the traitor's hand?
 Why not mark the foul assassin,
 Cain-like, with the murderer's brand?

Be his days but few and troubled,
 Troubled by that sting of woe,
 That the conscience, when unfettered,
 Must for ever undergo.
 May the thorny pillow woven
 Pierce him in the throes of death:
 God alone have mercy on him
 When he may resign his breath.

Goodness, truth, and virtue leave him,
 Hate his act for ever more,
 May his name and memory perish
 From Columbia's favoured shore.