

GARFIELD.

[AUGUST 19, 1881.]

Low lies he now who lately stood
 Erect,—the Nation's honored head :
 The States,—a sorrowing sisterhood,—
 Stand with locked shields around his bed.

And, with veiled lids and saddened brow,
 Freedom, dear Goddess, bends above
 The prostrate form, so powerless now,
 With looks of earnest, speechless love :—

While through the hush a prayer goes up,—
 The voice of millions blent in one :—
*"Remove, O God, the sufferer's cup,
 Spare, Father, spare thy stricken son !"*

MRS. GARFIELD.

O, type of truest womanhood !
 The deepest wounded, yet most brave !
 Surely the merciful All-Good
 To thee hath given the power to save.

For when the sufferer's eyes were dim
 With mists, presaging all we feared,
 The light in thine which fell on him
 Dispelled those mists, and soothed and cheered.

And when his fainting heart was stirred
 By the bowed Nation's pleading prayer,
 Thine was the unfaltering voice he heard
 That whispered—"*Patience, God will spare !*"