

THE ASSASSINATION

OF THE

HON. T. D. MCGEE.

BY "MARATHON."

Wake my harp and pour thy music
Doleful on thy country's ear
Call her from her morning's slumber,
To pour forth a mutual tear,
Sorrows deep baptize my harp strings
And bedew the Poet's song,
As it trembles on his spirit
While he pours it on the throng.

List my country while my deep notes,
Tell thee of the arm of blood,
Now in peerless vengeance lifted
Gainst the eternal laws of God.
Yea despite the laws that keep us
Safe from every hideous fear,
Bought by blood of our ancestors
Held by us than life more dear.

Mourn that on thy breast there treadeth,
One so vile of demon heart,
Whose dark deed of hellish daring
Tore McGee's life strings apart
While those classic lips were cooling
From those strains of living fire,
That well'd from his patriot spirit,
Which did oft those lips inspire.