

The warm hand that now lies nerveless,
 Shadow'd 'neath the forest trees,
 Wiped the stain that hung upon thee
 As unfolded to the breeze.

Now Columbia's flag of freedom
 May unfold its form all even,
 Stainless will its banner over
 Kiss the breezes of the heaven,
 And the eagle in her tour,
 Through the deep, expanded sky,
 Stops to kiss thy stainless banner,
 Emblem of her liberty.

If the white-winged angels hover
 O'er the nations as they fly,
 They may come to kiss the banner
 That doth grace Columbia's sky.
 If those holy pilgrim fathers
 That first pressed New England's shore
 See thee now baptized so deeply
 In those floods of human gore,

They would come from graves to greet thee,
 Hail thy banner stainless fly,
 Guide the soul of Abraham Lincoln,
 As it marches to the sky;
 Seat him 'mong them 'mid the glory
 That adorns Jehovah's throne,
 Millions gazing as the martyr
 Enters to that bliss unknown.

At the helm, when livid lightnings
 Threat to seal his country's doom,
 And the dreadful thunders pealing,
 Darkness deep enhancing gloom.
 Foes within the very vessel
 As he firmly guides the helm,
 Threatening, as the waves were tossing,
 The proud ship to overwhelm.

On his God and on his country
 Firmly then he fixed his eye,
 Leaning on an arm almighty,
 Calm in any danger nigh.