

* A Tribute to Abraham Lincoln

I.

Son of the forest primeval,
Unspoiled by the arts of the time;
Destined by God for a leader,
And fashioned for duty sublime;
Straight from the workshop of nature,
And fresh from the original wild;
Child with the heart of a hero,
And hero with heart of a child;
Accept this tribute of praise
From a lover of woodland ways.

II.

Admiring the grandeur of nature,
And growing to be what he saw;
Impartial as sunshine to all men,
And true as a physical law;
As gentle as dewdrops on roses,
Yet strong as a mountainous wave;
But not too strong to be human,
Nor yet too weak to be brave.
In stature and character grand,
He was prince of a desolate land.

* Thoughts suggested by a visit
to the Lincoln museum in Washington,
D.C. The Federal Government should purchase
and preserve such a precious relic.

III.

When there's question of fashioning heroes,
 And work for a hero to do;
 When it's time for removing abuses,
 And building a nation anew;
 When there's need of rebinding the Union
 By subduing the bonds of the slave,
 Give me a product of nature,
 Intelligent, honest and brave;
 Give me a man with a heart
 Untutored by diplomat art?

IV.

Better the song of the robin
 Than the booming of guns from the fort;
 Better the breath of the meadows
 Than the perfume of ladies at court;
 Better the sigh of the pine tree
 Than the laugh of the vain and the gay;
 Better are pioneer fences
 Than lackeys in gaudy array,
 When the Ship of State is aground,
 And a pilot has to be found.

III

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IV

the age of the world

the beginning of the world

the birth of the world

the first of the world

the first of the world

the first of the world

the first of the world

the first of the world

the first of the world

the first of the world

the first of the world

the first of the world

V.

Thou wert mocked by imperial writers,
 O Martyr! To furnish a sneer;
 Described as unkempt and ungainly,
 As shuffling, uncultured and queer;
 Deceived by the underhand methods
 Of foes who passed as friends;
 Who longed to dissolve the Union
 For selfish, contemptible ends:
 Such was thy help from abroad—
 Diplomacy, Statecraft and fraud.

VI.

Who but the bravest of heroes
 Could face such an army of foes?
 Who but a son of the martyrs
 Could endure such unspeakable woes?
 Who but a large-hearted leader
 Could forgive so much and forget?
 Who but a lover of freedom
 Could incur such a burdensome
 debt?
 O Hero of heroes indeed!
 Be with us still in our need.

There is a great deal of interest in the
subject of the "Gospel of the Kingdom"
and the "Gospel of the Kingdom" is a
subject which is of great importance
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VII.

Throughout that deplorable conflict,
 When the brightest of prospects were bad;
 When even the hopeful were hopeless,
 And even the bravest were sad;
 When the canopied smoke of the battle
 Converted the day into night,
 Excluded the vision of Heaven
 And shifted the aspect of right;
 When gloom and despair were abroad,
 Lincoln relied upon God.

VIII.

He died for the doing of duty
 But his death was a glorious birth,
 The birthday of manhood and freedom
 For the slave-holding nations of earth.
 He is dead, but he liveth forever
 In the lives and the vision of men;
 We have not encountered his equal,
 Nor shall we encounter again.
 He was human yet almost divine,
 And his tomb was a national shrine.

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