

# LINCOLN'S FAREWELL

"I bid you an affectionate farewell!"  
Slowly the train moved on for Washington.  
Chill, misty air hung over all. No sun,  
No moon, no stars; all weeping, loath to tell  
Forebodings that might hinder, sound the knell  
That some day, long before his work was done,  
He would return, just after peace was won,  
In a cold martyrdom at death's last bell.  
Where are the mighty that assailed his name?  
Oblivion consigned each to his doom.  
Those whose oppression set the land aflame  
With bloody war? For them earth has no room.  
Now silent are his lips, his eyes are closed to all;  
Through shedding of his blood, the union did not fall.

*H. E. Biedinger*



*at Springfield, Illinois*

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This is a selection from the DeLuxe Edition of the book  
SONNETS & SHORT POEMS ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR  
ABOUT LINCOLN OTHER GREAT MEN GREAT EVENTS  
AND ORDINARY PEOPLE  
By H. E. Biedinger

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