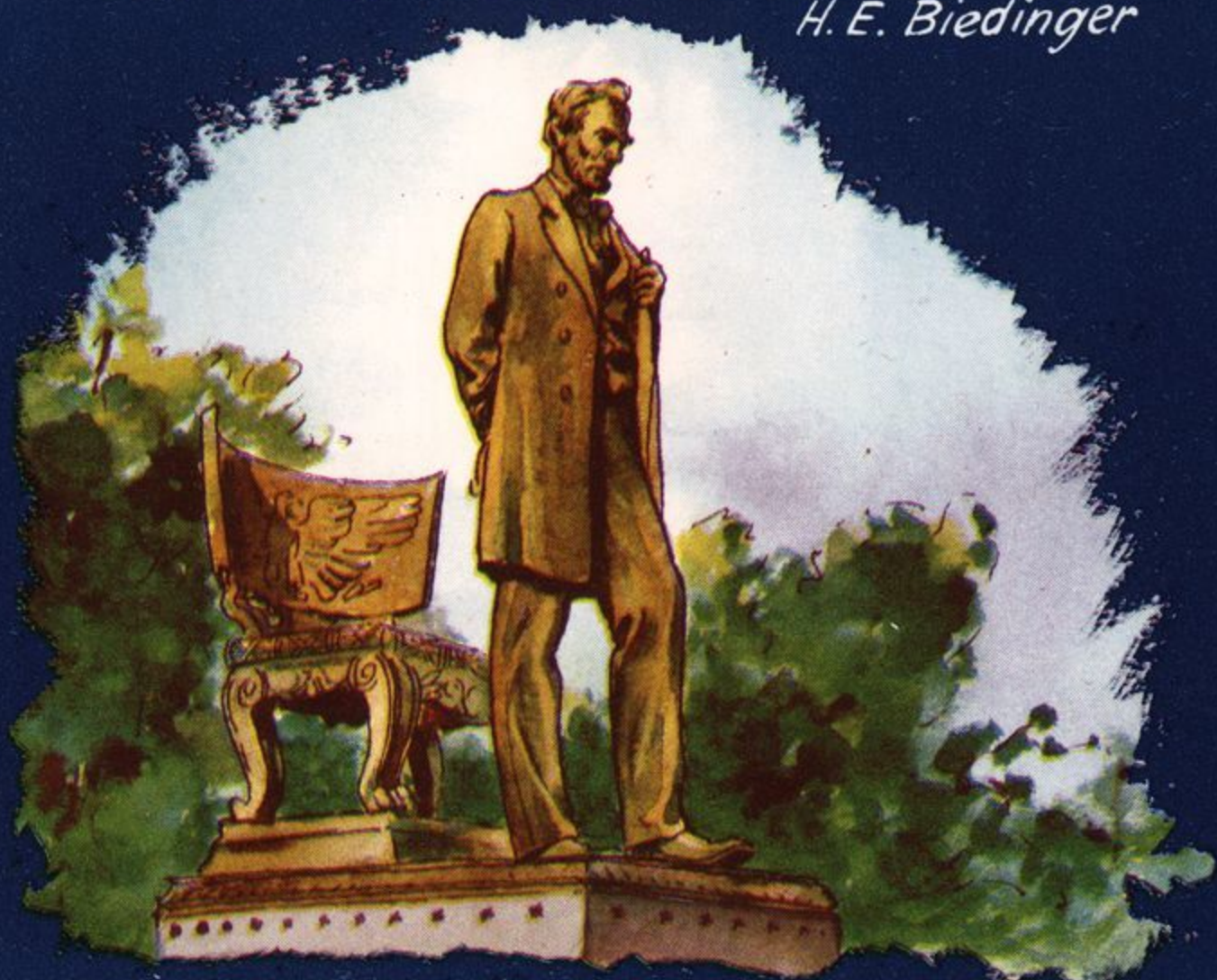


BEFORE THE STATUE OF LINCOLN

What mystic power pervades that wrinkled face,
Uncouth to majesty sublime! In kind
None meets your semblance. Could a nation find
A nobler champion of the human race,
Or one endued with kindlier, patient grace,
Raised to unbounded power? Your lofty mind
Disdained destructive vengeance; true to bind
This land together; malice to efface
From friend and foe; until the very end.
Life-martyred soul, through cabined poverty
To power unabused! Creation, send
More men, who feel that man was made to be
Like him; to realize before this shrine
They too may rise — humanity divine.

H. E. Biedinger



at Lincoln Park, Chicago

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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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