

Life from the Dead!

April 15th 1865.

Muffle the bell, and let the Knell
Of treason be rung today;
Bow the head, for a Ruler dead,
As only our nation may.
Let freemen now, renew each vow
At freedom's blood stained shrine;
This is the hour of life, and power,
When manhood becomes divine!

The flag hung low and draped in woe,
Is telling its story of death -
Words there are none, stands silent each one,
And stayed is a nation's woe:-
The stifled sob, and the heart's quick throbs,
The hot and fast-flowing tears -
The silent grasp, and the meaning deep,
Will tell on all coming years.

In death-sleep, now, with a mark on his vow,

Lies the Ruler we loved so well;
In death he sleeps, and the nation weeps,
For, by Slavery's hand he fell.
But life, again, shall burst the chain,
'Tis many a soul had bound,
And as we lay the precious clay
All silently, in the ground —

We feel the thrill of a new-born will
In the depths of each grief-wrung soul,
And in the might of the cause of Right,
We vow to attain our goal.
That goal so grand, which God's own hand
Had set, is well nigh won;
It stands revealed, as the lips are sealed,
Of Him who had led us on.

A star hath set, but the Day-Star, yet,
Is seen through the cloud of war;
And God's right ^{hand} ~~still~~ still holds our land,
And will keep it forevermore.
Then toll the bell, and ring out the knell

Of the Slave-power, while it dies -
Gain spings from loss, just beyond the cross
Grows the crow, in yonder skies!

Passaic N.J.
April 1865

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