

FUNERAL SERVICES,

IN THE

DIRGE

CITY HALL,

PORTLAND,

APRIL 19th, 1865,

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE

Death of Abraham Lincoln,

PRESIDENT OF THE

UNITED STATES.

Order of Exercises.

DIRGE,

BY POPPENBURG'S BAND.

PRAYER,

BY REV. DR. BOSWORTH.

VERSES,

SUNG BY QUARTETTE CHOIR.

Lowly and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

O Father, in that hour
When earth all succoring power
Shall disavow,—
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down,
Sustain us, thou!

By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod,
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away,—
Aid us, O God.

Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only thine.

READING OF THE SCRIPTURES,

BY REV. MR. HEWES.

VERSES,

SUNG BY CHORUS CHOIR.

Columbia, weep, weep a louder strain,
The nation's hope will wake not again.

Bring the laurels, bring the bays;
Strew his hearse, and strew the ways.

Glorious hero, may thy grave
Peace and honor ever have,
After all thy cares and woes,

Rest eternal sweet repose.
Then round about the starry throne,
Of Him who ever rules alone,
Your heav'nly guided soul shall climb,
Of all this earthly grossness quit,
With glory crowned forever sit,
And triumph over death and thee, O time.

ADDRESS,

BY REV. DR. CARRUTHERS.

HYMN,

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION, BY MRS. O. A. S. BEALE.

Silent and mournfully,
Lifting our eyes to Thee,
Great God above!
Hear what our hearts would pray,
Touched by Thy hand to-day—
Fold this dark grief away,
Under Thy love!

Slowly the midnight creeps!
Blindly the nation weeps
Her idol slain!
Swifter than eagle's wing,
Light to our darkness bring!
Let freedom upward spring!
Let justice reign!

Hushed our triumphant notes!
Shrouded, our banner floats
Low o'er his tomb;
High as the angels tread,

God take our noble dead!
Crown his immortal head,
Undying bloom!

Show us, O loving God!
Bending beneath Thy rod,
All hearts as one—
Show us the light—the way!
Teach trusting lips to pray—
Our nation's heart to say—
Thy will be done!

Thou art our Country's hope!
Bear our proud banners up,
With unseen hand!
Let every heart be strong!
Still shout the victor's song!
Each voice the strain prolong—
"Our native land"!

SUNG BY THE AUDIENCE, TO THE TUNE OF AMERICA.

MUSIC BY THE BAND.

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

BENEDICTION,

BY REV. J. E. WALTON.

And triumph over death and time,
With glory crowned forever,
Of all this earthly goodness part,
Your heart by kindled soul shall climb,
Of him who ever to us flows,
Then found about the merry throng,
Best eternal sweet repose.

ADDRESS

By Rev. Dr. Carruthers.

HYMN

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION, BY Mrs. O. A. S. BRACE.

Silent and mournfully,
Lifting our eyes to Thee,
Great God above!
Hear without hearts would pray,
Touched by Thy hand to-day,
I bid this dark grief away,
Enter the joyful day,
— years past at the day
Slowly the midnight creep;
Hushedly the nation weeps
Hushed our triumphant notes!
Shrouded our banner hosts
Low to his couch,
High as the angels' host,

God take our noble dead!
Crown his immortal dead,
Enduring bloom!
Show us O Father God!
Bending beneath Thy rod,
All hearts as one —
Show us the light — the way,
Teach trusting lips to say,
Our nation's heart to say,
Thy will be done!
Then art our country's hope,
Hear our prayer answer up,
Let every heart be strong,
Still show the way — the way,
Each voice the strain prolong —
"Our Father's hand!"

SUNG BY THE ADDRESSERS TO THE MEMORIAL SERVICE

MUSIC BY THE BAND

STAR SPANGLED BANNER

BENEDICTION

By Rev. J. E. Wilcox

Prayer for our country