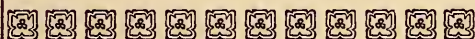


Abraham Lincoln

A TRIBUTE



1809-1909

“With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right;—let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation’s wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.”

A TRIBUTE

Down in the streets of Newbern on a sunny April day,
I heard the bells toll, softly toll and pause,—then toll away!
A sentinel was marching with a slow and measured tread,
He wheeled, and stood to listen,—for our Nation's Head
was dead!

Reviewing now those tragic days and scenes of long ago,
That loyal "life that lived for men" by murderous hand
laid low,

We, who would ever keep in mind the noble ones of earth,
Commemorate this hundredth year of Lincoln's lowly
birth;

So grand in personality for this or any age,
His figure stands in bold relief on history's full page.
When Civil War was in our land, and sorrow everywhere,
His was the heart of sympathy, with skill to do and dare,
His was the head to think and plan when treachery was
rife,

His was the hand to seize the pen in spite of jar and strife,
And grant full Liberty to all—a righteous cause defend;
And the wide world applauded him, for Slavery would end.
In that great hour of victory, the freedman at his feet,
Death gave him immortality and made his life complete.
Martyr of Liberty! Great Leader! thou didst bear thy
part,

Thou art enshrined forevermore within a nation's heart!

ELLEN SHEPARD DWINNELL.

Written for
FITCHBURG WOMAN'S CLUB
LINCOLN DAY



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