

SERMON  
ON THE  
DEATH OF WALTER L. RAYMOND.

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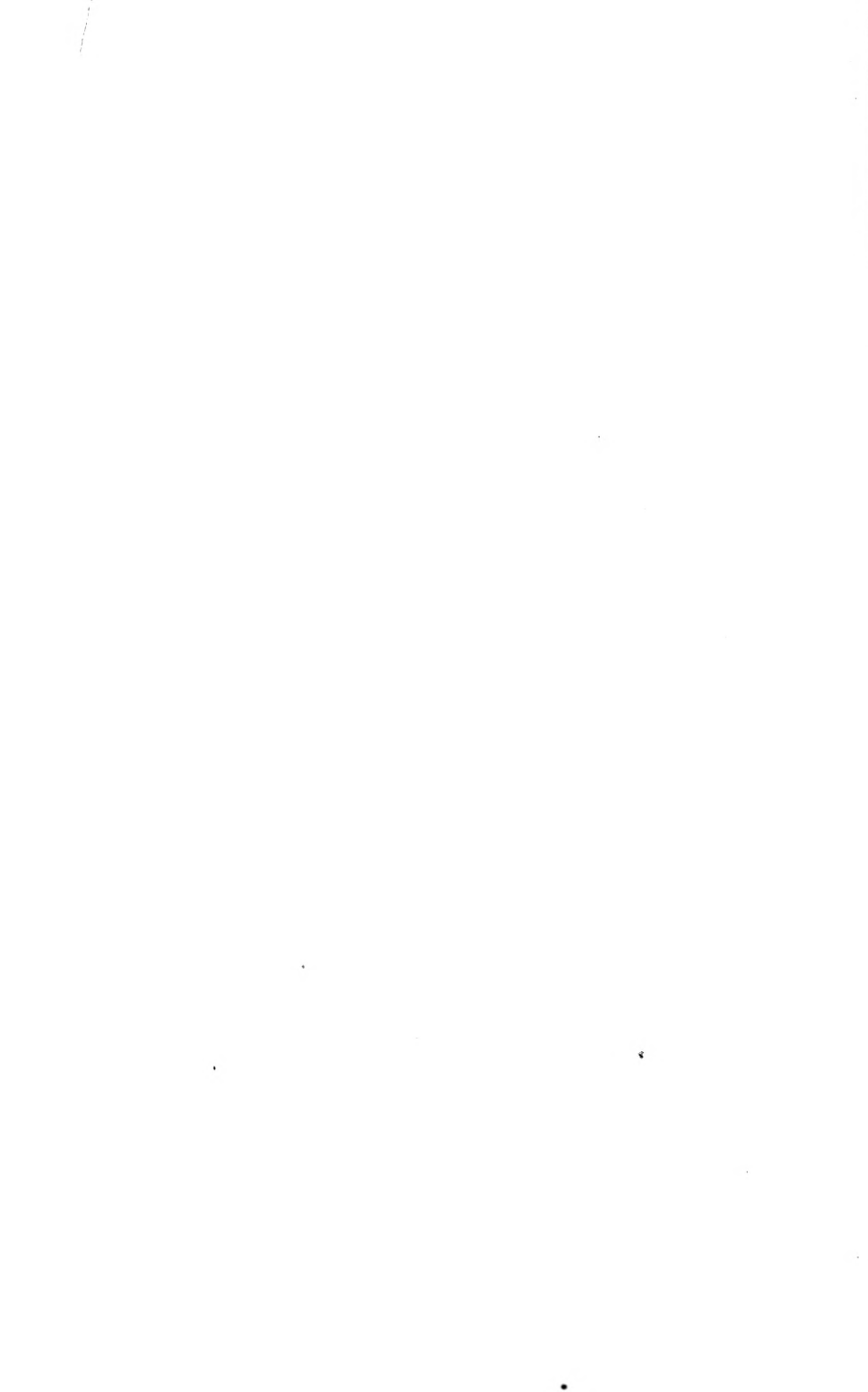
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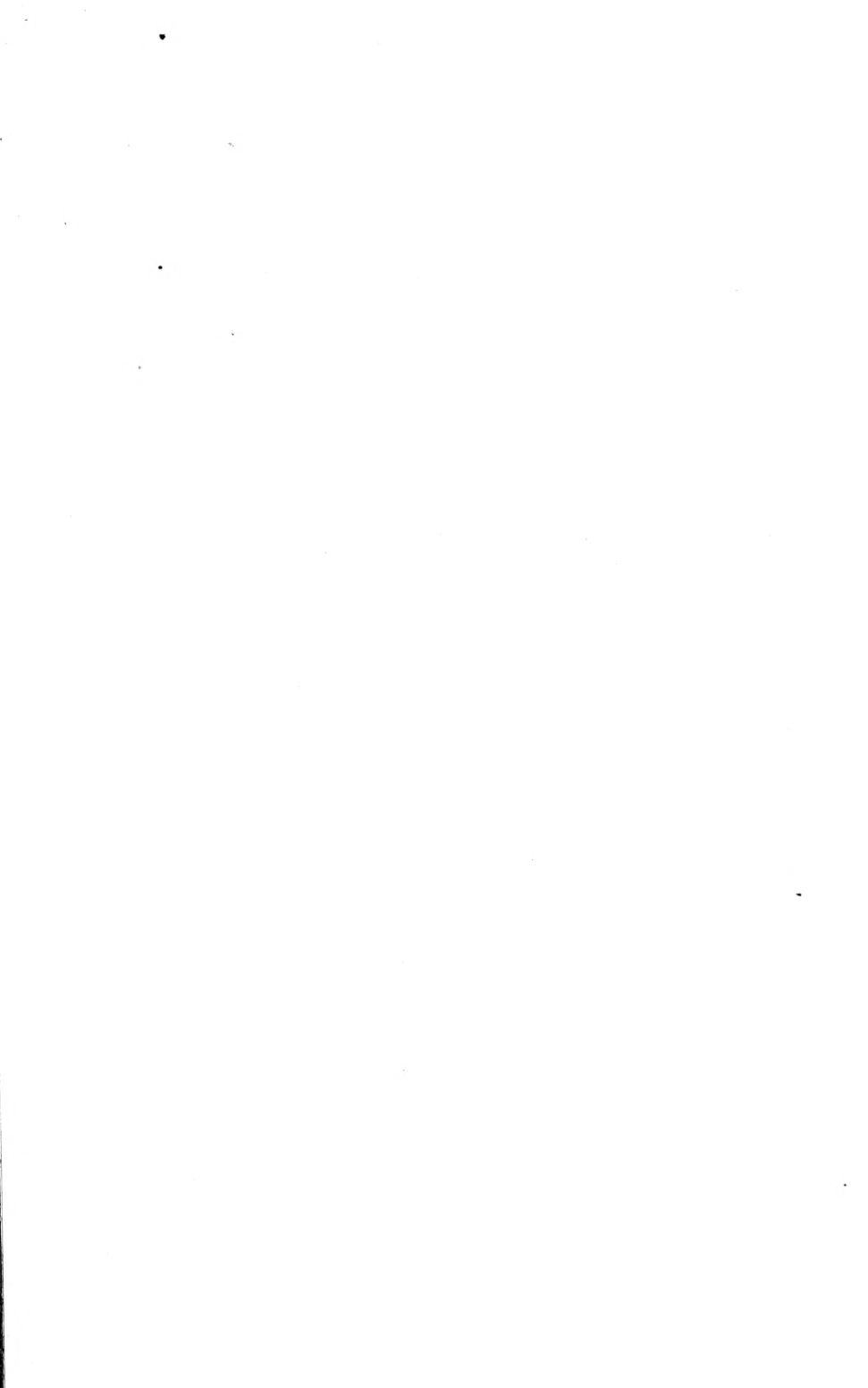
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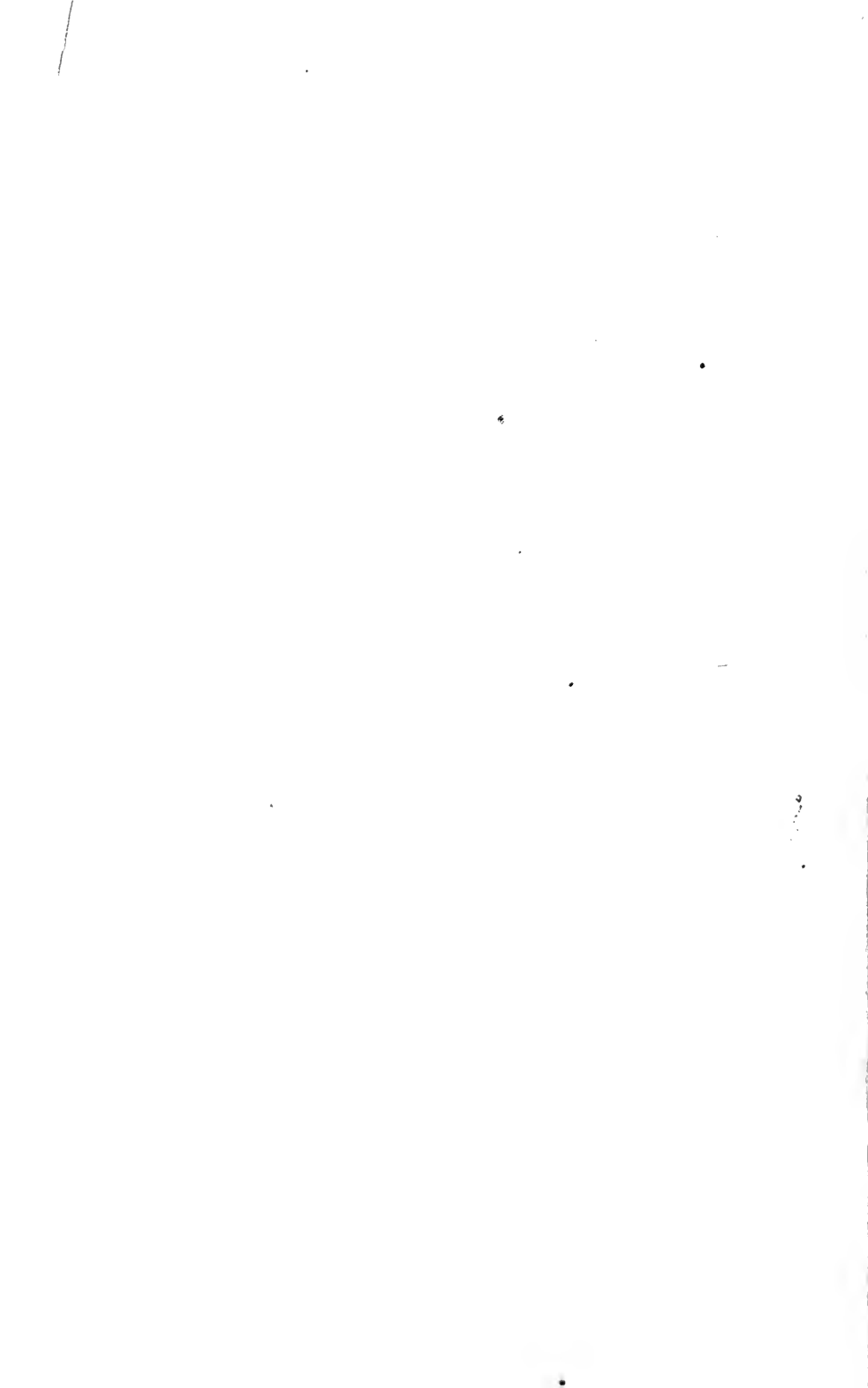
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SERMON

ON THE

DEATH OF WALTER L. RAYMOND,

A UNION SOLDIER,

DELIVERED ON SUNDAY, APRIL 3, 1865,

BY

BENJAMIN B. BABBITT,

RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, ANDOVER.

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## OBITUARY.

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WALTER LANDOR RAYMOND was born in Charlestown, Mass., Aug. 23d, 1846. When he was three years old his parents removed to Andover, Mass. He received his education in this town, graduating at the Pynchard Free School in July, 1862. On the 15th of the following August he enlisted in Co. G of the 44th Massachusetts Volunteers, in which his elder brother had also already been enrolled. The following letter of his father, addressed to Captain Hunt, consenting to his enlistment, shows the spirit which inspired both father and son :

ANDOVER, MASS., AUG. 15th, 1862.

CAPTAIN HUNT:

My eldest son has enlisted in your company. I send you his younger brother. He is, and always has been, in perfect health, of more than the ordinary power of endurance, honest, truthful, and courageous. I doubt not you will find him on trial all you can ask, except his age, and that I am sorry to say is only sixteen; yet if our country needs his service, take him.

Your obedient servant,

SAMUEL RAYMOND.

The character which the father gave the son in this letter was not overdrawn, but has been fully borne out by his conduct since. Oct. 22d his regiment was ordered to North Carolina. He was in the

battle of Kinston, Dec. 14th, of Whitehall, Dec. 16th, and in the reserve at the battle of Goldsboro, Dec. 19th. He went with the regiment subsequently on an expedition to Plymouth, Feb. 7th. He was taken sick the day before the regiment was ordered to Washington, falling down in the ranks when on dress parade on Saturday, March 14th. From that time till the regiment was discharged he was for the most part in the hospital, having not only the chills, but typhoid fever, and sore throat, closely bordering on diphtheria. He was discharged with his regiment in Boston, June 18th, 1863, after the completion of their term of enlistment of nine months.

For about five months he remained at home recruiting his health, which was seriously impaired. In November he re-enlisted, as a veteran, in the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry. In February 1864, with one hundred and twenty others, he left for camp Stoneman. In this camp the regiment was subjected to the most rigorous discipline and thorough drill. His regiment was attached to the second corps, and crossed the Rappahannock on the first of May, in that last movement on to Richmond, which proved successful nearly a year later, in the capture of that city, April 3d, 1865. His regiment took a prominent part, as is well known, in the hard fighting in the Wilderness, and then left the main body of the army under Sheridan for a raid in the rear of the rebel army, and towards Richmond. During this raid, which occupied eleven days, ten of which appears to have been spent in a constant successions of fights, until his arrival at Haxal's Land-

ing, Walter was with that portion of General Sheridan's troops who went the nearest to Richmond, getting within a mile and a half of the city. At the close of this raid, out of seventy-four horses, but thirty remained in his company. Out of the eight men in his own tent, only three were left. Starting with but three days rations, they tried to make them last ten days. So that when they fought, some days they were both hungry and tired; both men and horses having been twenty-four hours without food or rest.

After remaining at Haxal's Landing some time to recruit, he, with his regiment, joined the army at Cold Harbor, and participated in the severe battles which have made that vicinity so famous. In these battles he lost his horse, and becoming dismounted was sent to White House Landing. The rebels made an attack on this place while he was there. On account of this attack he was temporarily mounted, and attached to the fifth division, with which he joined the main army on the James River. On the way down he was in a fight on the Chickahominy River. He was sent afterwards to the extreme left of General Grant's army on picket duty, where he rejoined his regiment. On the twenty-seventh day of July the regiment recrossed the James River, near Deep Bottom, and was engaged in two considerable fights, an account of which is given in his last letter home to his father.

Aug. 19th, Edwin B. Daniels, orderly sergeant of his company, in a letter to his father, performed the painful duty of informing him of his son's capture three days previously, on the 16th, adding these

words: "The company has met with a great loss, for he was a general favorite with men and officers, and he will be missed by all."

From the same officer, some fortnight later, we have an account of his capture as follows:

"We started for our camp near Light House Point, the night of the 13th of August. We travelled all night, and on the morning of the 14th we were on the north side of the James River, at Deep Bottom. On the 15th we made a forward move towards the Charles City Court House road. Being in the reserve, all was quiet for us. On the morning of the 16th, a detail came to our regiment for one squadron, to do escort duty for Gen. Miles. The squadron in which is Co. L was sent, and we were to act as his body-guard and as orderlies for him. We woke up the enemy, and drove them, a little at a time, for about four miles. Here they grew stubborn, and began to show their teeth, and the General would detail about six men in a squad, and tell them to go out such a way, and see if they could find the Johnnies. Walter was in one squad, and he with one of Co. M's men, being rather adventurous, kept about a couple of rods in advance (it was in the woods, of light growth of wood, but heavy undergrowth of bushes, about as high as a man's head). There was a squad of men lying down in the bushes, and these two rode on to them, and they rose up right round them. Walter turned round in his saddle and sung out to the men behind him, "Barnum, go back, quick! The Johnnies have caught Hurley and me." The rebels tried

to catch the rest, but being dismounted they could not."

This timely warning which Walter gave his comrades, is but one instance out of many hundreds of his many kind acts, and must have exposed him to the anger of his captors. On account of this action, at the time of his capture, his friends were for a long time fearful that he might have been killed on the spot. He was, however, spared to endure a vastly greater amount of cruelty at the hands of the rebels, in his confinement at the Salisbury prison.

From the date of Sergeant Daniel's letter until the 18th of March his friends heard not a word from Walter, when, after the general exchange, which had then been effected, they learned through Sergeant Kavanagh that he died in Salisbury prison, on Christmas-day, of severe pneumonia, contracted by sleeping on the ground in that terrible slaughter-house.

Sergeant William Kavanagh, of whom mention is made in the following discourse as the person who brings to us the report of Walter's last sickness and death, has been a noble soldier in the Union army from the beginning of the war. He enlisted in April 1861, and served for two years in the 36th New York Regiment. He was with the Army of the Potomac from Bull Run till his term of enlistment was out. He won at Fredericksburg a gold medal, under Sedgwick, by being the first to plant the flag upon its heights. He was mustered out in June 1865. He came home to Boston, where in the following November he re-enlisted as a veteran in the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry.

Sept. 16th, 1864, just a month from the time of Walter's capture, he was taken prisoner in a hand-to-hand skirmish, having been left senseless on the field.

At Danville he led an attempt to break guard, and was bound with a chain and sent to Salisbury, where he met Walter and several of the members of his regiment, who were prisoners there. In a few days the prisoners managed to file off with broken-edged knives the chains which bound Kavanagh. He was then bound with a chain and ball, which, after a week or so, they treated in like manner. Kavanagh then dug out under the walls of the prison, and with three others, one of them a negro, managed to get about a hundred and seventy miles away from his prison, and nearly to the end of his journey, before he was retaken. He was afterward very sick for some time; but, being a man of more than ordinary strength of constitution, he recovered even in the prison.

He is of Irish birth and parentage, but has lived in this country for sixteen years. He has given us an exceedingly graphic and intelligible narrative of his imprisonment, a plain and interesting account of Walter's sickness and death, as well as a full account of his career as a soldier in the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry — an account in which he agrees perfectly with Walter's letters. Walter's friends feel profoundly grateful to him for his kindness to Walter during their common imprisonment, and especially for his kindness to him in his last sickness, and at the hour of death. Indeed, his evidently profound attachment to Walter, and respect for him, which can be discovered in all he says concerning him, has won for Kavanagh, in all our hearts, our fondest affection. We all say, God bless him!

# SERMON.<sup>1</sup>

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BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH, AND I WILL GIVE THEE A  
CROWN OF LIFE. — Rev. ii. 10.

**T**HE whole verse is not without its significance on this occasion. “Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer. Behold the Devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”

Our young friend, whose name I would now mention with the profoundest respect and affection, — WALTER LANDOR RAYMOND

<sup>1</sup> The following sermon was preached Sunday, April 3d, 1865, in Christ Church, Andover, as a memorial discourse for one who had not only been so heroic in action, and so noble in his death, but who had also been so inhumanly buried by the rebels at his death. The sermon is printed for the satisfaction of his friends.

— obeyed this injunction, suffering the tortures of a rebel prison, faithful even unto death. We may cherish the hope that his faithfulness to his flag was more than merely natural stubbornness; that it grew out of Christian firmness. He was, on principle, devoted to the cause of his country, for which he has so heroically died. Wherefore we may trust, that through the mercy of our God in Jesus Christ, he has received the crown of life.

It is fit, my brethren and friends, that we should commemorate the death of one who so bravely fought, so patiently suffered, and so nobly died in his country's service. Not because he was a braver and a better man than many others who have gone forth to die on the field of battle, or in a rebel prison. No! we rejoice to believe that there are thousands in our armies as noble, as patient, as brave, as Christian, as faithful as he, who have remained, and if need be, are ready to remain faithful even unto death. Yea, thousands, both dead and



living, who will deserve of this country everlasting remembrance.

But this young man stands nearer and closer to us, and is, in fact, to us the representative of all the rest. Of all who went forth to take a part in the great struggle which still devastates and endangers our country he is the only one from this congregation who has lost his life. He has lost his life, too, under such distressing circumstances, by the slow torture of a rebel prison, from starvation. It was plainly the cruel neglect of his captors, inspired by this wilful, hard-hearted intention to so break down their prisoners, that they must either die or desert their country's flag, and espouse the cause of the wicked rebellion. He has so died, also, that we are cheated out of the dear privilege of rendering to him the homage which the Christian has ever loved to give to the mortal remains of his friends. Moreover, too, we know that although he deserved so well at our hands, yet he was denied even the rites of

a Christian burial by his enemies. He was treated as a beast, and buried with that contempt which showed the impotence of its demoniacal rage against the cause we love, by seizing that solemn occasion to vent itself. It is a sad privilege to follow a friend to the grave, and witness the last rites of Christian love. Next to this, is the privilege of knowing that others did this duty in our absence, if not with loving sympathy, at least with respect. But when denied even this last privilege, as we are in the case of our young friend, by fiends in human shape, who heap dishonor upon those whom their injuries cannot corrupt, we gather around what yet remains to us of him — his memory; recall his worth, and bury him in our hearts, erecting there a monument that cannot crumble, because built out of our own improvement in reflecting upon his excellent life.

Walter Raymond enlisted for the first time Aug. 15th, 1862, in what was afterward Co. G of the 44th Massachusetts Regiment,

at the early age of sixteen. With five of his comrades, who then enlisted with him, he was a member of my Bible class. He had always been a scholar in the Sunday-school. From childhood he had always exhibited peculiar energy, determination, and hardihood in all his undertakings. He had well improved his opportunities to acquire a thorough education, having graduated the July before at the Punchard Free School. He had many qualifications for advancement in the army, but would have been prevented from rising high by a certain thickness of speech, which must have interfered with the intelligible pronunciation of the word of command. He had everything at home to make him desire to stay there. He was not of that fiery, demonstrative spirit, nor was he filled with that wild adventurous enthusiasm, which, to those that possess them, makes the life of camp and the stirring scenes of the battle-field so agreeable. He was not one of those who follow the bubble reputation to

the cannon's mouth. Ambition was not a part of his character. Not one of the thousand motives which in the minds of men when they enter upon a soldier's life assume a questionable shape inspired his enlistment. He entered his country's service because he felt it his duty to obey her call, and after his return from his first term of service, for nine months, nothing could keep him from a re-enlistment, his sense of duty was so strong. He served his country, therefore, with the inspiration which breathed out his life in his last words, "I die for God and my country."

He went forth in that band of young men who were gathered in the 44th Massachusetts — the youthful pride and promise of our ancient commonwealth. When a young man has entered the army, our minds instinctively seek to know how he met the hardships of the service.

A careful examination of Walter's letters home, witness to the fact that, while our young friend keenly felt the privations of

a soldier's life, and with wonderful exactness narrates the incidents of self-denial forced upon him, he never complained. In vain have we searched all his letters for the first murmur or complaint against any man, officer, or fellow soldier. Not a harsh word of any sort whatsoever can be found in any one of his letters; not a harsh word against even the enemies of his country, against whom he was fighting. I say such a man must have been inspired with the noblest zeal which could carry the soldier to the battle-field.

Again, as is natural, we would question how did he meet the temptations of a soldier's life? Here, again, we have a most satisfactory report. His letters are those of a pure and uncorrupted heart, even to the last one received. He preserved in the camp the same integrity of character which he had exhibited at home. He had given his word at home that he would not smoke; therefore, when in the midst of malarious swamps, and breathing pestilence,

though physicians and officers advised the soldiers to smoke, yet Walter wrote home to his mother: "A great many have commenced to smoke; but I shall not begin again without your permission, although I think it does a great deal of good. Please inform me in your next if you advise me to." We hear of him from all his comrades that he was always thus scrupulously pure, correct, and exact, and that his officers often commended his example to them. As long as he remained in active service after his second enlistment he bore the same character, ever active in the performance of his own duty, and in helping his comrades do theirs. Afterwards he was found reading in his tent, as one tells us who was with him in his death and bears to us his words, and who had been with him in all his cavalry service, he passed his time in reading pious little books. The lessons of home and of the Sunday-school were not forgotten; he carried his religion into his tent, and forgot it not on the battle-field.

Still once more, one always wishes to know how a young soldier meets the enemy, especially in his first battle. Walter writes : “ We received orders to be ready in thirty-six hours. We packed up our knapsacks. That night, before going to bed, I read the twenty-first chapter of Luke and the collect for the second Sunday after Trinity, and I thought that they applied exactly to my position.” The scripture read was the Saviour’s prophecy concerning the destruction of Jerusalem and the end of the world, and his warning to watch and be always ready. The collect or prayer referred to was even more appropriate. In it he based his appeal to God upon the fact that he had been brought up in the church of Christ (it is a comfort to know that he remembered his church, as well as his God). The collect or prayer referred to is as follows : —

“ O Lord, who never failest to help and govern those whom thou dost bring up in thy steadfast fear and service, keep us, we beseech thee, under the protection of thy

good providence, and make us to have a perpetual fear and love of thy holy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

During this same expedition, begun thus with prayer, and in which he was in several battles, he writes: "On one occasion I thought we were going into battle, and I prayed to God that he would watch over me, and if I was killed, receive my soul in heaven; and I also prayed that I should not forget the cause I was fighting for, and turn my back in fear." How simple! how straightforward! how exactly to the purpose! Surely his courage was not brutal recklessness. His courage was inspired by the cause—a courage for which he had prayed to God. Accordingly he said of his safety during this fight, "I was not struck, for I believe God was watching over and protecting me."

In all his letters home he never lost sight of his God. His most common expression in closing his letters was, "with God's blessing, I remain yours," etc. Once when,



in his second term of service, in the first Massachusetts Cavalry, he went to the very gates of Richmond, he says: "We have suffered terribly, but I do not complain when I see how gloriously everything is getting along." And again, when having been lost in the thick woods one dark night, and fortunately fallen upon our own pickets, he says of the incident: "Had it not been for God's guiding hand, I should have probably gone into the rebel lines." After the long and successful raid first mentioned, he says; "With God's blessing and protection, I am safe." After two severe battles: "With God's kind care and protection, I have passed through these two fights, and remain yours," etc. And so he says in another place, "I believe we shall succeed, for I think God is on our side."

When I take into consideration the fact that our friend in these letters tells us very little about his religious condition or sentiment, and never moralizes or attempts any fine writing, but deals wholly in simple

facts, I regard such statements as these, made wholly in passing, as manifestations of his peculiarly sturdy, straightforward character, and so, as honestly setting forth his own views, and the exact belief he held in a personal God. These expressions, too, show that his belief in God governed his conduct as the unconscious instinct of his life, making him patient under the hardships of the soldier's life, proof against its corruptions, and courageous in the performance of his duty.

On the 16th of last August, just two years from his first enlistment, Walter was taken prisoner, carried to Richmond, then to Belle Isle, and thence, in a few days, to Salisbury. From the time of his capture he was entirely lost to our view, until, on the 18th of March, his father heard from him that he had died on Christmas-day, after an imprisonment of a little more than four months.

A rebel prison! who can estimate its hardships but he that has endured them?

A rebel prison! in which out of ten thousand who entered it, about one half were within six months carried out in the dead-cart. This general statement ought to be enough to suggest to our minds the horrors of our friend's terrible position. We have no letters from him to tell us the story of his sorrows, "half revealed yet half concealed." Nothing to tell us how he felt as he perceived the desperation of his case. We are left to the reports of his comrades who endured the trial with him.

With a keener relish than most men for the good things of the table, with a natural distaste for the meal with which he was fed, with more than the usual craving of the young for the food he loved, our friend was peculiarly unfitted to bear the hardships of a southern prison. Did he, for all this, flinch at all in his loyalty to his God, or his country? Did he swerve in his integrity as a man? Did he forget the lessons which he had learned in his childhood at home or in the Sunday-school? No.

When the rebels kept the prisoners fasting for days, and then brought in tempting food, and even delicacies, for those who would desert their flag, and espouse their side, he answered, "I would rather be carried out in that dead-cart." When it was evident that his bodily health was failing, that the meal which he received was rejected by his system, and that the syrup was all that was left to him for nourishment; and when he sought in all honest ways to obtain an exchange of meal for syrup, and had failed, he appears to have been entirely above the temptation to which many others yielded, to steal from his fellow sufferers. One of his comrades tells us, "I told him he must steal, as I did, or he would die." Walter replied, "No; I was not brought up to that." And so, says the same man, "He died, because he was too simple to live."

We have another of his comrades here with us to-day, one who received his last message, who caught his last breath and

bears it to us full of the spirit of his life, who tells us of the details of his last sickness and death. He began to show signs of sickness just after the first of December; a fortnight later nausea set in; severe pneumonia siezed him. One morning when his companions waked, Raymond was apparently still asleep, but the hand of death was upon him; he lay in a profound stupor all the morning. His companions sat beside him all that morning, nursing him with those few and scanty means within their reach, now washing him with water, and now so placing the block of wood or the brick beneath his head as to give him ease. That day was Christmas-day. They sat there and watched him as his life ebbed slowly away, until, about two o'clock, he roused himself, stretched out his hand, drew to his side his dearest friend among those around him, and said, in a strong, clear voice, "I am going to die. Go tell my father I am ready to die; for I die for God and my country"; and then looking up with a fond and heavenly smile, he died.

In the glory of those words rebel prison, rebel fare, rebel insults, are all forgotten. That mean and miserable tent was the gate of heaven. Those starving and naked companions, startled, saw a vision of angelic beauty. They went down so close to paradise as to hear its whispers and to snuff the fragrance of its spicy groves.

Think you not that such a man as this was, — whose integrity was so constant, whose trust in God was so firm, who suffered such a terrible trial of imprisonment, without yielding in the least, and who stood firm to the end, and died, in the confidence of his God, for the cause of his country, — think you not that such a man reaped the promised reward of the just? Most surely he did! He was faithful unto death; and so we doubt not God has given to him a crown of life.

Just after his second enlistment he avowed his intention, on his return, to take upon himself, in confirmation, the vows of his baptism, and to stand forth in the

church a Christian man. This announcement, when made by such an one as Walter was, was enough. His word would not have been violated. He has done nothing in all his service since but what is perfectly consistent with this intention. Underneath all his action there evidently was a strong and deep current of religious feeling, which made his most intimate friend in the army say of him, "he was very religious, all the time reading religious books." It was plain the terrible scenes through which he passed, both before and after his imprisonment, softened rather than hardened his heart, deepened rather than effaced his religious impressions.

He had grown to be tall and commanding in form. The discipline and training of the army had made him straight and martial in his bearing. He was beloved by all: a son to be proud of, a friend to be esteemed, a man that we could not well spare. But God took him; and do we not believe that he took him from us for good?

Yes, verily, we bow to his wisdom and to his will, for we know his love.

Our friend died for no common cause. It is sweet to die for ones country; but when the standard of that country is the symbol not only of its own liberties, but of human rights, the brotherhood of man, and Christian progress, it is then, indeed, glorious to die for that standard. The fond and heavenly look which lighted up that gloomy tent last Christmas-day, tells us what he thought at that moment of such a death as he was dying.

Our friend died nobly! The glory of the battle-field, the thunder of artillery, the shout of victory, the despairing shriek of retreating and defeated foes, have made many a gory bed seem bright and resplendent with honor. But the firmness and constancy required to endure the terrible scenes of the prison at Salisbury far excel the heroism of an excited contest, where every one is urging on his neighbor to the strife with the shout of the battle



cry ; where one fights under the sympathetic inspiration of ten thousand men, all moved by the impulse given to them by one man, all stirred with one word of command from one loved and honored leader, urged on to the fray by his voice, trumpet-tongued, amid waving banners, advancing columns, the stimulating whiz of bullets sounding close by, and the thunder of the distant artillery, mingled with the shout of victory. The heroism that makes a man bold and effective as a soldier in such an hour, may utterly fail him when, lying low on a bed of wasting sickness, he shivers under a scanty blanket, with only a tent to shelter him from the wintry storm, attended by fellow prisoners who are cowed and broken down with hunger ; even the sight of the old flag denied him ; hungry, neglected, insulted, despised, with no voice but that of a woeful melancholly gloom to sound in his ears. Wherefore, to die, as our friend died, in the midst of such scenes, boldly, cheerfully, and triumphantly, with

a word of comfort sent to his far-off friends, and a smile upon his face, is more glorious than to brave and endure a thousand deaths upon the battle-field. I say, then, our friend died nobly. Let us give him to-day a noble funeral in our hearts, bury him in our memories, and emulate his zeal for his country, and, above all, his firmness for God and the right.

Our friend carried his heart safely, fixed on his God. He was eminently a man of deeds, rather than words; of facts, not of sentiments. Like the lightning's flash, such men do their work before they tell their story in noisy words. He made himself felt as a religious man, without talking about religion. He was prepared for death, without making much ado about preparation. He was daily trained in the reflection that God is near, and that he might die at any moment. The familiar thought rooted itself deeply into his soul. Wherefore, when he spoke of it, he dealt with it as a fact; he acted upon it as a reality.

To him religion was action ; prayer a positive law, as regular as the law of gravitation ; and God's providence a thing to be trusted in. Walter's was a nature for just this kind of religion.

Now such religion as this has its defects. None of us are perfect. All have some besetting sin. Every kind of manhood is liable to peculiar failings of its own. Wherefore, after all, as for ourselves, so also for all men, we are bound to rely upon our blessed Saviour for the pardon of our sins, and so for our acceptance with God. We know that in him our whole trust must be placed, and that when our hearts are thus stayed on him there is to us a certain and a sure hope.

Wherefore, trained as our friend was, from his baptism in infancy, to the recognition of this truth of Christ ; retaining, as he did, the associations and instructions of his childhood and home, so fondly and so decidedly ; so silent and retentive as he would naturally be among those whose

sympathy he could not rely on; a man of such few words on so tender a topic as the heart's love,—we are satisfied to accept what he has written, and the last word which he sent to us, as evidence—though brief and concise, yet sustained by his telling life and death—as evidence to the point, and amply sufficient too, to show that his heart was right, and that he looked to his God, as he had always been taught to look to him from his childhood, only through Jesus Christ our Lord.

So let us, my friends, remember our duty, and follow the injunction of the text, ever faithful, even unto death. Let us hold fast, my young friends, the thought of God, the integrity of an honest life, the sturdy resolution of one who will not falter from his word when it is gone out of his mouth. So, too, let us be ready to give our word to the cause of Christ, and to the faithful oaths of a true soldier and servant of both our country and our God. For if we do this then, together with him whose life and

death we have now reviewed, we shall at last be ready to die. Our sins shall then no more rise up against us. In the blood of Christ they shall be forever washed away, and we, accepted with Christ, shall receive the crown of life, because we have been faithful even unto death.

I think, my friends and hearers, that you will all join with me in the sentiment and the prayer of the following hymn, as expressive of the spirit of this occasion.

### H Y M N .

#### THE CHRISTIAN PATRIOT'S PRAYER.

God of our fathers, in whose name  
 We raise our standard from the dust;  
 Be thou with us, e'en now the same  
 As e'er of old, both good and just.

Hear thou our cry! We mourn, we grieve,  
 War's unrelenting cruel strife:  
 From fierce and bloody foes relieve  
 Our nation's hopes, our nation's life.

Hear thou the prisoner's groaning cry!  
 Hear thou the wounded's shriek!  
 Hear thou! for deathly gasps pass by.  
 Hear thou! for gaping wounds do speak.

Hear thou the plea of sinners' tears, —  
Is not the blood of ancient wrongs  
Now cleansed? Must our repentant fears  
Wait longer still for peaceful songs?

O God, speed thou the right in haste!  
Our best, our noblest blood we give;  
But that we mourn no saddening waste  
By death, oh let our nation live!

But let it live in righteousness;  
Upright and strong in Christian grace;  
No longer build our happiness  
On injuries done a toiling race.

Oh let our motto be impressed  
On golden coins, with freedom's bust:  
Oh let our gathering wealth be blessed;  
For now 'tis true "In God we trust."





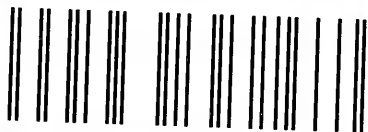








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