A Tribute to Abraham Lincoln

I.

Son of the forest primeval,
Unspoiled by the arts of the time,
Destined by God to be a leader,
And fashioned for duty sublime.
Straight from the workshop of nature,
And fresh from the original wild,
Child with the heart of a hero,
And hero with heart of a child,
Accept this tribute of praise
From a lover of wood and ways.

II.

Admiring the grandeur of nature,
And growing to be what he saw,
Impartial as sunshine to all men,
And true as a physical law,
As gentle as dewdrops on roses,
Yet strong as a mountainous wave,
But not too strong to be human,
Nor yet too weak to be brave,
In stature and character grand,
He was prince of a noble land.

X Thoughts suggested by a visit to the Lincoln museum in Washington, D.C. The Federal Government should encourage and preserve such a precious relic.
When there's question of fashioning heroes
Let work for a hero to do.
When it's time for removing abuses,
And building a nation knew,
When there's need of rebuilding the Union
By rebuilding the bonds of the slave
Lived as a product of nature,
Intelligent, honest and true.
Give me a man with a heart
Unstained by diplomatic art.

Better the song of the prairie
Than the booming of guns from the fort.
Better the breath of the meadows
Than the perfume of ladies at court.
Better the sight of the pine tree
Than the laugh of the rain and the gale.
Better are pioneer fences
Than lackeys in gaudy array.
When the Ship of State is aground,
A pilot has to be found.
...
V.

How were mocked by imperial writers,
O Martyr! To furnish a page,
Described as sunkempt and meagre,
Its shuffling uncultured and queer,
Deceived by the Kimberley method
Of foes who feasted as friends
Who longed to discover the Union
For selfish, contemptible ends,
And was thy help from abroad
Diplomacy, Statecraft and Force.

VI.

Who but the bravest of heroes
Could face such an army of foes?
Who ful a son of the martys
Could endure such unspeakable woes?
Who but a large-hearted leader
Could forgive so much and forget?
Who but a lover of freedom
Could incur such a burdensome debt?

Heroes of heroes indeed!
Be with us still in our need.
Throughout that deplorable conflict, when the brightest of prospects were dark, when even the hopeful were hopeless, and even the bravest were sad, when the heretofore smoke of the battle converted the day into night, excluded the vision of heaven, and shifted the aspect of light; when gloom and despair were already, Lincoln relied upon God.

He died for the doing of duty. But his death was a glorious death. The birthday of manhood and freedom for the slave-holding nations of earth. He is gone, but he liveth forever. For the lives and the vision of men, we have not encountered his equal. Nor shall we encounter again. He was human yet almost divine. And his tomb was a national shrine.
