Prairie child,
Brief as dew,
What winds of wonder
Nourished you?

Brave and wild,
Sweet and soft
Mind of light,
Heart of fire—
A soul all valor
And glad desire.

Rolling plains
Of billy-go green,
Far horizons,
Blue cerulean;

Softly skies
The slow clouds climb,
While burning stars
Beat out the time—

These and the dreams
Of fathers bold,
Baffled longings,
Hopes vitiated—
Fare thee to you
A heart of fire,
Love like deep water
Wind and wave desire.

Oh, when youth's rapture
Waste out in pain,
And all seemed over,
Was all in vain?

Oh soul obscure,
Whose wings life bound
And soft death folded
Under the ground,

Wilding lady,
Still and lone,
Who gave us Lincoln
And never knew

To you at last
Our praise, our tears—
Love and a song—
Through the endless years!

Mother of Lincoln,
Our tears, our praise—
A flag to the grave,
And a nation's flag—
A battle flag
And the victory song.

Harriet Beecher Stowe
Pained child,
Brief as dew-
What winds of wonder
Woundeth you?

Rolling plains
Of willowy green,
For horizons,
Blue, serene.

Soft skies
The slow clouds climb,
Where burning stars
Beat out the time.

There and the dreams
Of fathers bold,
Baffled longings,
Hopes untold,

Gave to you
A heart of fire,
Love like deep waters,
Brave desire.

Oh, when youth's rapture
Went out in pain,
And all seemed over,
Was all in vain?

O soul obscure
Whose wings life bound
And soft death folded
Under the ground,

Wailing lady,
Still and pure,
Whose gave us Lincoln
And never knew:

To you at last
Our praise, our tears,
Lover and a song
Through the nation's part!

Mother of Lincoln,
Our tears, our praise,
A battle flag
And the victor's bay!

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