LINCOLN'S GRAVE

Words and Music

BY

ISAIAH W. GOUGLER.

NEW YORK
Published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway.


Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1850, by Wm. A. Pond & Co. in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of N.Y.
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Far out on the plains of the beautiful west, Whose glory and wonder Columbia adorn, The

martyr of freedom in triumph shall rest, To bless all the living and all yet unborn; The

hand that hath slain him, how vile, O how vile! To mar that fair visage so kind and so true! No

more shall assail him whose heart knew no guile, But wither and perish a doom justly due. But
2.
O shade of the blessed, a nation in tears,
In sorrow and sadness its loss must deplore,
The God who hath led thee will quell all our fears,
His goodness that gave thee we still will adore;
Sweet peace, gentle sleeper, thy spirit attend,
While men, yes while angels thy praises shall sing,
Against thy blest mem’ry O who dare offend!
And not to its altar his best offerings bring.

3.
O spirit undying for death none the less,
But like Him who died that the earth might rejoice,
Thou risest victorious the nation to bless;
The bondman’s deliverer, America’s choice,
The hand that hath slain thee, how vile, O how vile!
To mar thy fair visage, so kind and so true,
No more shall assail thee whose heart knew no guile,
But wither and perish a doom justly due.