Lincoln lie sleeping.
Up, from the homes of the land, a cry
Comes from a nation bewailing;
Lincoln the merciful, doomed to die
Ah! merciful One to a failing.

Strike, strike the traitor down!
Dry a sad people, while weeping:
Crown, crown the mourning crowne
Weep over the grave where he's sleeping.

Lower the flag of the nation:
Drape the proud banner in sorrow:
Sleeping to-day as that noble brow—
He's crooked in Heaven tomorrow!

Chorus
Peace, peace, in Heaven peace!
His earnest counsel, while living;
Peace, peace, in Heaven peace!
Never a heart so forgiving!
Tenderly, sadly, gaze on the dead,
While every flower is swelling:
Tenderly place him in his last bed,
And shower in sleep every dwelling.

Chorus

Peace, peace, in Heaven peace!
Sing a sad people, while weeping:
Peace, peace, in Heaven peace!
Jesus that while soul is keeping!

Tenderly, sadly, we lay him down,
Mourning his murder so gory—
Heaven will find him a golden crown.
He's gone from Glory to Glory.

Chorus

Live, live, The Union live!
Sing a firm people, while weeping
Look! Lord! The crime forgive—
The prayers of him who is sleeping!