

Lincoln lies Sleeping.

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

Chorus

Strike, strike the traitor down!
Ory a sad people, while weeping:
Crown, crown the martyr, crown
Keep over the grave where he's sleeping.

Lower the flag of the flag of the nation now
Drape the proud banner in sorrow:
Sleeping to-day is that marble brow—
He'll watch in Heaven to-morrow!
Chorus

Peace, peace, in Heaven peace!
His earnest counsel, while living;
Peace, peace, in Heaven peace!
Never a heart so forgiving!

Fearfully, sadly, gaze on the dead,
While every bosom is swelling;
Gently place him in his last bed,
And shroud in deep every dwelling.

Chorus

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

Gently, 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
Lord! Lord! the crime forgive—
The prayer of him who is sleeping!