

LIBERTY AND UNION

SONG,

ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY WILLIAM A. WHEELER.

VERSE.—*David Donnelly.*

Halls and Houses in black are shrouded,
Our joys are turned to woe;
Hearts and eyes in grief are clouded,
A Nation's soul is sore;
A Nation's tears now flow
O'er the Great her hero and noble;
For the Saviour of the Union
By Freedom's hand has died.
Grieve not,—A Nation's tears now flow, do.

In danger's darkest hour,
He saved his country's liberty,
Against the tyrant's power,
In council and in field,
Our Pilot and our Guide,
And "Father Abraham Lincoln,"
For Freedom lived and died.

Thou brave hero, free as freedom,
Thou hast followed our hero;
And if the heart's not softened,
It was by Mary's tears,
It was by Mary's tears,
And Justice was his guide,
And Father Abraham Lincoln
For Freedom lived and died.

The Great Emancipator?
Who saved Mary's Child,
Is he a distant traitor?
And the people sigh,
But his deeds will be known,
While his soul is blessed on high,
And Mary's tears the martyrs,
A nation's soul on fire.

Come lend thy tears with love,
Place thee close on his breast,
And in the face with his love
In Honor's blood he met,
In Honor's blood he met,
Let his blood be his life,
And the Saviour of our Union,
Is with Washington on high.

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SONG,

ON THE DEATH OF FREEDOM ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY FRANK A. STREAR.

TEAR.—*Andie Lincoln.*

Halls and Houses in Death are crowded,
Our joys are turned to woe,
Hearts and eyes in grief are crowded,
A Nation's soul runs free,
A Nation's tears run free
O'er the Child her hope and pride;
For the Master of the Union
My Twain's hand has died.
Curses.—A Nation's tears run free, do.

In danger's darkest hour,
He proved his country's shield,
Against dead tyrants' power,
In council and in field,
In council and in field,
One Plot and one Trade,
And "Father Abraham Lincoln,"
For Freedom lived and died.

Valent designs free or treason,
He knew neither war here;
And if his hand e'er faltered,
It was in Henry's name,
It was in Henry's name,
And Justice was his guide,
And Father Abraham Lincoln
For Freedom lived and died.

The Great Remembrance!
Who proved Henry's Child,
Is to a distant realm
And the nameless slain,
But his death will be known,
While his soul is known on high,
And Heaven marks the mother's,
A mother's Death to die.

Come, bid his name with love,
From the altar on his breast,
And in the true north lay him,
In Henry's Name to rest,
In Henry's Name to rest,
Let his Command still be high,
And the Nation of one Union,
In with a new name on high.

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