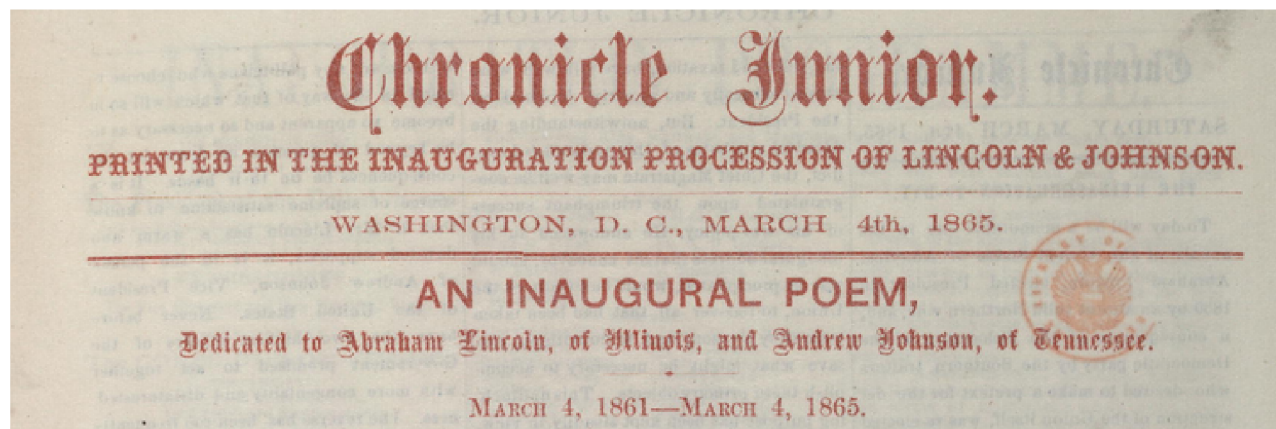


# AN INAUGURAL POEM - PRINTED 1865

DEDICATED TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Found at Library of Congress:  
<https://www.loc.gov/resource/msspin.pin2203/?sp=1>



1.

In the glorious days of old,  
When all manly words were gold,  
The pledge of haughty Southern knight  
Was held as true and kept as bright  
As if it had been coined in heaven,  
And to the world by angels given.

But when the curse of Slavery fell,  
As though a pestilence from hell  
Had poisoned all the land,  
A direful demon took command;  
And they who owed their country all,  
Struck at her life, contrived her fall.

But first they broke their solemn word,  
Before they drew the murderous sword,  
Forgot their creed, so orthodox,  
And scorned the sacred ballot-box;  
Then here, where Freedom's temple stood,  
Tried to let loose the tide of blood.

2.

Oh! doubtful day, four years ago!  
When, threatened by the assassin foe,  
Our President was sworn to stand  
By God and by his Native Land;  
But traitors failed, because they knew  
Their plots were clear to patriots true.

And when the fiends of civil war  
Filled all the South with blood and fire,  
Long swayed the dreadful, doubtful fight,  
And the world shuddered at the sight:  
Thousands of all our boldest braves  
Fought, fell, and died in honored graves.

For days, for months, for lingering years,  
This strife of kindred and this flow of tears,  
Was grimly fought and bitterly maintained  
Till none could tell which side had gained;  
But now, at last, a rescued nation  
Hails here her perfect vindication.

And God is good, for he has said,  
(Oh voice to wake the myriad dead!)  
If your first oath was sworn in gloom.

3.

Unknowing then your fate or doom;  
At your to-day's inauguration  
You do behold your land's salvation.

No scowling traitors in this hour  
Will dare to thwart the people's power;  
No forsworn plotters can implore  
That Freedom's temple may run o'er  
With the heart's blood of him who won  
The post twice filled by Washington.

For like to him so Lincoln ran  
The race for Liberty and Man,  
And like to him a people's voice  
Proclaimed him twice the nation's choice;  
And by this act have set their seal  
To show the gratitude they feel.

Now as the President ascends  
Yon marble flight, and lowly bends  
Before the majesty of the laws,  
And vows to serve his country's cause,  
Nothing but victory for the Union  
Will gladden all that vast communion.

4.

Before him frown no angry foemen,  
For all are friends and sturdy yeomen;  
But gazing up and to him listening,  
Behold the face of Johnson glistening—  
He who in renowned December  
Fought the great fight we all remember;

Who, without sign of fear or favor,  
Struck 'gainst traitors with best endeavor—  
Made them quail beneath his glances,  
And fly before his bold advances,  
And now, from rescued Tennessee,  
Takes part in this, Our Jubilee.

Oh! History, with thy impartial pen,  
Tell us in what age of godlike men  
Hast thou been ever called to write  
A page so wondrous and so bright?  
Where is the struggle that can equal  
That of which to-day's the sequel?