

But alas, on the field of Antietam he fell.
And here comes a father, quite aged and gray,
He comes with his offering to honor the day ;
For, away from his home, in his youth and his pride,
Went a son who most nobly at Gettysburg died.
And now comes a little one, blooming and fair,
With her curls lightly floating on Spring's balmy air ;
And a lovely bouquet all so tastefully made,
On the grave of her grand pa she tenderly laid ;
For aged men fell in that terrible strife,
Which fearfully threatened our national life,
And at Fair Oaks, to God and to country he gave,
His own life an offering his country's to save.
In yonder lone spot, where the evergreens sigh
To the breezes of night, does a cherished one lie,
And a sister's kind hand, with affection has spread
The sweetest of flowers o'er the patriot dead,
For Atlanta's fierce fight a kind brother had given—
His body to earth, and his spirit to heaven.
O, sad are the memories that come on this day,
Of the loved ones who went from our firesides away,
Of the many who went, but who came not again,
For numbered were they with the wounded and slain ;
And widows, and orphans, look back with a sigh
To the carnage at Shiloh, where thousands did die ;
As sorrow broods o'er them a moment they pause,
And reflect that they died in a glorious cause.
Their names we will cherish, and honor their deeds,
Immortal is he who for liberty bleeds ;
Their dust has returned to the dust whence it came,
But their memory shall live in the annals of fame.
O, rest, ye brave heroes, your work is now done ;
Some fell at Stone River, and some at Bull Run ;
At Winchester, others by Sheridan led,
Were numbered that day with the patriot dead ;
At Corinth—at Vicksburg—no more need I tell,
So numerous the fields where the brave soldiers fell,
And their friends in the North, in the East, in the West,
And e'en in the South, at affection's behest,
To the graveyards repair on this National Day,
Their offerings to bring of the flora of May.
From the hills of New England, from workshop and field,
To where the Sierras their treasures do yield ;
From the Southern Savannas that slope to the tide,
To the Prairies that bloom, in their beauty and pride ;
From the old Alleghanies, with mineral wealth,
To the lakes of the North, with their commerce and health ;
As the ages roll on, and the years pass away,
Columbia's patriots will honor this day.