

THE HUNDRED AND FIFTH BIRTH-DAY.

BY JUDGE ALBION W. TOURGEE.

... For my own poor part,
- Look you, I'll go pray.—*Hamlet*.

Blow soft, oh gentle summer breeze,
O'er dewy mead, through rustling trees,
From plain and mountain, land and sea!
Across the broad Potomac's breast,
Bring thou the balm of healing rest,
To cure the hurt that hurteth me—
The wound that vexeth Liberty!

Oh East! from whence his life he drew!
Oh West! of which his life is part!
Oh North! that hath no type more true!
Oh South! that better friend ne'er knew!
Oh Land! that hath no braver heart!—
Sore-smitten Land! send softest airs,
Cool with the spray of falling tears,
Sweet-perfumed with unnumbered prayers,
Freighted with hope for future years—
Rich tribute of forgotten cares!

Thy Saul swoons on thy natal day!
God grant he pass not clean away!

Thorheim, July 4, 1881.

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BY JUDGE ALBION W. TOURGEE.

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Look you, I'll go pray.—*Händel.*

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God grant he pass not clean away!
Thorheim, July 4, 1881.

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BY J. DOG MERRON W. TORRELL.

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Look you, I'll go pray.—*Hamlet*.

Blow soft, oh gentle summer breeze,
O'er dewy mead, through rustling trees,
From plain and mountain, land and sea!
Across the broad Potomac's breast,
Bring thou the balm of healing rest,
To cure the hurt that hurteth me—
The wound that vexeth Liberty!

Oh East! from whence his life he drew!
Oh West! of which his life is part!
Oh North! that hath no type more true!
Oh South! that better friend ne'er knew!
Oh Land! that hath no braver heart!—
Sore-smitten Land! send softest airs,
Cool with the spray of falling tears,
Sweet-perfumed with unnumbered prayers,
Freighted with hope for future years—
Rich tribute of forgotten cares!

Thy Saal swoons on thy natal day!
God grant he pass not clean away!

Thornton, July 4, 1881.

THE HUNDRED AND FIFTH BIRTH-DAY.

THE HUNDRED AND FIFTH BIRTH-DAY
OF
GEORGE WASHINGTON, President of the
United States, on the 22d of Sept.
1801, at the City of New York. *By* W. G.

Blow soft, oh gentle summer breeze,
O'er dewy mead, through rustling trees,
From plain and mountain, land and sea,
Across the broad Potomac's breast,
Bring thou the balm of health and rest
To cure the hurt that liberty men
The wound that vexeth Liberty!

Oh East! from whence his life he drew!
Oh West! of which his life is part!
Oh North! that hath no type more true!
Oh South! that better friend ne'er knew!
Oh Land! that hath no braver heart! —
Sore-smitten Land! and softest soil,
Cool with the spray of falling tears,
Sweet perfume of million's mumbled prayers,
Froglit with hope for future years,
Rich tribute of forgotten care!

Thy Soil's sweets on thy natal day,
God grant be pass not clean away!

The Journal, &c. 1881.