

For The Later Days.

A DIRGE

BY THE VETERAN

"With drumbeat and heartbeat a soldier
passeth by!"

While hearts beat and drums beat and
tears bedim the eyes,

Our quivering lips breathe soft a name,

By valor consecrate to fame—

A name that ne'er shall die!

II.

With drumbeat and heartbeat a Nation
bows its head!

To drumbeat and heartbeat his sorrowing
comrades tread!

While still he leads who led of yore,

Leads onward to the sunset shore

Where sleep the ever-sleeping dead!

III.

With drumbeat and heartbeat he climbed
the heights of fame!

When drums beat and swords beat he won
a glorious name!

While yearning millions waited,

While doubting souls debated,

When beautiful Treason grated—

Because with steel he smote them—

Upon the sky we wrote then

The letters of that name!

IV.

To heartbeat and drumbeat we sound his
praise to-day,

And on his tomb, with loving hands, our
tear-gemmed offerings lay!

But in the ages yet to be

The race his mailed hand made free—

Dark, younger sons of Liberty—

With drumbeat and heartbeat we

noblest need shall pay!

With heartbeat and drumbeat we lay the
warrior low!

To drumbeat and heartbeat friend marches
not with foe!

And the peaceful Present wonders

While the battered cannon thunders,

Of the time it still remembers—

Of the Nation's dark Decembers,

In that wondrous long ago!

VI.

With drumbeat and heartbeat sing now
the banner high!

While drums beat and hearts beat beneath
the starry sky,

The patriot who adored it!

The soldier who restored it!

The hero, simple-hearted, **OUR**

GRANT, shall never die!

Thomas, Aug. 2, 1888.