

Israel - soldiers of grace every soldier mounted to -
- day -

I - The wonder-worker of Galilee -

II - Weavers of the blue should mirror their
Counselors -

~~Israel~~ The hour of Transfiguration

Samson attacked

Men wept because they were
too late

Bull Run

The Peninsula

Sharpsburg

Chancellorsville

Fredericksburg

Gettysburg -

Through the wilderness with

The man of destiny

Petersburg

Richmond

Danville

Pittsburg Landing

Paducah

~~Corinth~~

Vicksburg

Corinth

Memphis

Chickamauga

Lookout

Mission Ridge

Recon - Kenesaw

The March to the Sea
Acorn Run - Atlanta

Song omitted Charleston
with its dreary wastes of
lonely dunes ————— Foot Fisher

or

Trouble + Harriet — Foot Dr. Phillip

naval battles

III — The freedmen should mourn for those
dying agonies were the birth-throws of
their freedom —

IV — The brave men who fought against them
will naturally pay tribute to their valor

#V — Two peoples before the war —

Two antagonistic views of the nation

Two separate and dissimilar de-
velopments —————

The people of the two sections would
not know each other —

VI - The dead of the two hostile
armies are the hostages for the
future -

By their deaths they have de-
cided this one fact that we are
a nation - single, compact, - one
not many -

Cremation a humbug -

~~VII - The benediction of Peace -~~

The nation should en-
shrine the dead of both

VIII - The benediction of Peace

Bring flowers bright flowers
That Beauty may receive
Their gulands of glory ~~as~~
as sadly we give -

Unloose the shoe's latchet

The dew-spangled sod
Is holy as that

By the Holiest trod -

Bring flowers, bright flowers
To garnish the tomb
When heroes sleep lightly
Unmurmured of gloom

Bring flowers bright all fragrant to bloom
On the dew-spangled couch
Of the undying robe

Were they right? were they wrong?

Whom we mourn on their graves

Along ~~the~~ questioning daisies

Who came, and who knows?

It is the thought that enframes

Not the overlooking fact

The motive that lives

Not the possible act

Two
 One year ago, I wrote the poem
 which was read at the Confederate
 Memorial services in ^{the city where I reside} Greensboro.
 A more earnest, though unworthy
 tribute was never offered to de-
 parted valor. * Today in Illinois
 and Ohio - our comrades at this
 very hour, are streaming ^{flowers upon} the graves
 of their fallen foes - are decora-
 ting the graves of the Confeder-
 ate dead in like manner with
 our ^{own} - not from pity but from
 respect - When in these Memorial
 services we shall sink the cause we
 seek only to honor the valor of the
 dead; - when hatred shall be forgotten
 and the rancor born of strife
 shall be laid aside; - when as Amer-
 icans we shall regard only the ~~color~~
 of bright record of kindled
 heroes; - then and not till then will
^{when all American citizens shall unite to do honor}
^{to our common dead} this day have been properly observed
 and every ^{citizen} will take part in
 such observance.

It will be remembered that
 even after our Savior's resurrection
 his first word of salutation to those
 disciples whom he met was "Peace!"

"Peace be unto you!" Peace be in
 your oh midst of you! It is called
 Benediction of Peace, ^{the kindly opportunity} which the ^{gentle}
 sent ^{back} to those ^{tumbling souls} who had not yet en-
 tered its ^{terrifying} portals - A like mes-
 sage is wafted to us today from
 these low and silent ~~ground~~ ^{tombs} -
 Peace! Peace to the turmoils of
 strife! Peace to the ~~anxiety~~ ^{and}
 bitterness of war! Peace to the
 reunited land! Peace under
 the starry banner! Peace is upon
 such benediction - settles in each
 banner and ~~banner~~ ^{turns} ~~with~~ ^{with} the
 voluminous folds of the draped ensign!
 Peace as unbroken as the slumber
 of the tomb and as sacred as
 its precincts! God grant that
 the kindly ^{of moulding lips} ~~benison~~ ^{may} work
 its own ^{complete} fulfillment!