



# The Nation is Weeping.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

*Air:*—Under the Willow she's sleeping.

"Lincoln has fallen! the good and great!"  
 "Wall of a people in sorrow;  
 "Martyr, we crown thee, at heaven's gate!"  
 The song of the angels to-morrow.

CHORUS.

"Rest, rest, thy labor, done!"  
 Dirge of a nation now weeping;  
 Home, home, thy bright crown won,  
 Fruit of a golden life reaping.

Drape every dwelling in sable night,  
 Symbol of deep lamentation;  
 Wreath him a garland of lilies white,  
 Fair type of the hope of a nation.

CHORUS:—Rest, rest, &c.

Lower our Banner! its stars are dim!  
 Mourn with Columbia weeping!  
 Bitter the tears she will shed for him;  
 Yet under that flag he is sleeping.

CHORUS:—Rest, rest, &c.

Under the loved flag, we lay thee down;  
 Green be thy bright fame forever;  
 God, in his goodness, gives thee a crown,  
 In realms where there's sorrowing never.

CHORUS:—Rest, rest, &c.

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