

**THE LINCOLN BOOK
OF POEMS, PP. 7-31**

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The Lincoln Book of Poems, pp. 7-31 by William L. Stidger

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WILLIAM L. STIDGER

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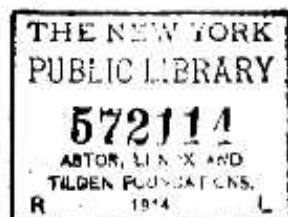
WILLIAM L. STIDGER



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W3M W3M
W3M W3M
W3M W3M

A stamp consisting of three rows of characters. Each row contains two identical, mirrored-looking strings of characters: 'W3M W3M'. The characters are spaced out and appear to be a stylized or mirrored font.

THE GORNAX PRESS BOSTON, U. S.

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LINCOLN'S HEART AN AEOLIAN HARP

Open to the gentle touch of every tiny breeze
That drifts along the river o'er the fields and trees;
Atune to every breath of wind that wavers on the
hill,

A breath of harmony and song, that breaths above
the rill.

Aeolian Harp of highly tempered, vibrant strings;
Aeolian Harp that whispers, crys, and laughs, and
sings

Athrough the sunny day, and through the wind
tossed night;

An answering chord of sympathy to every breath—
or dark or light!

Open, his heart to every gentle touch of every tiny
pain

That came into the childish heart when baby hopes
were slain;

Atune to every cruel hurt that moaned athrough the
land,

A soothing touch beside white cots, of rough yet
gentle hand;

Aeolian Harp of highly tempered, vibrant strings
Responding quick to all the pain of bitter things

That came to weary hearts; with joy responding to
the breeze

Of joy that played in laughter in and out among the
happy leaves.

And then in turn wept bitter tears with every
Mother's pain,

Because of brother, father, son, in cruel battle slain.

Ah, Harp atune to every wind that blows along
the hill;

Ah, Heart that vibrates to the pulse of every hu-
man ill!

HAPPY WHEN OTHERS WERE HAPPY SORRY WHEN OTHERS WERE SAD

"Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable, nothing more happy than to know you were so." Lincoln, in a letter written to Miss Mary Owens, August 16th, 1837. Springfield, Ill.

Happy when others were happy,
Sorry when others were sad;
Such was the love of his great true heart,
Such was the soul that he had!

Smiled with the boy at his playtime,
Laughed with his brave soldier men;
Stories of fun and of frolic
Rang through the camping place, when
Lincoln with tender heart journeyed that way.
Loud rang the mirth and the laughter,
Droll was the wit and the story that day.

Happy when others were happy,
Sorry when others were sad;
Such was the love of his great true heart,
Such was the soul that he had!

Boy on the night watch is sleeping,
Homesick, and weary worn lad;
Mother comes, broken, and weeping,
Pleading, and yearning and sad;
Finds a great heart full of pity,
Finds a sad head bended low.
Out of that room full of gladness
With tear bedimmed eyes see her go!

Happy when others were happy,
Sorry when others were sad;
Such was the love of his great true heart,
Such was the soul that he had!