

**MAPLE
LEAVES: POEMS**

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Maple Leaves: Poems by Thomas C. Harbaugh

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THOMAS C. HARBAUGH

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LEAVES: POEMS**

MAPLE LEAVES. †

POEMS,

BY
THOMAS C. HARBAUGH.



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MAPLE LEAVES.

Decoration Day.

FAIR Summer once more weaves her sheen
Of velvet leaves and grasses green,
Again the bee, through sunny hour,
Industrious flits from flow'r to flow'r ;
Blue is the sky that bends above—
The arc of God's eternal love ;
And fair the earth, o'er which we tread
To decorate our gallant dead.
Who are they? Ask the loyal North
Whose patriotism sent them forth :
Go, ask the snowy woods of Maine,
Where pine tree bends to pine again ;
Go, ask the winds that, wild and free,
Ripple the placid Tennessee ;
And ask the widow as she stands
To-day with flowers in her hands.
Each year we seek the sacred place
Where sleep the heroes of the race :

Each year we come with varied bloom
To decorate the soldier's tomb,
And open in our hearts the good
And great flood-gates of gratitude!

All o'er the world the gallant dead
In many lands are cherished!
The Scot still hears at Ben-Venue
The bugle blast of Rhoderick Dhu;
And once a year, by Allen tide,
He sees Fitz James's troopers ride.
Around the hearth, in Sweden bleak,
Still glows with pride the childish cheek,
As grandsire doth the story tell
How great Gustavus fought and fell.
In every land, whose honored sod,
By martyrs and by heroes trod,
Is green to-day, Remembrance weaves
The patriot's crown of fadeless leaves.
Go, scan the mighty Book of Time,
Whose pages glow with deeds sublime,
And read, with proudly swelling soul,
The names on Honor's muster roll.
Immortal names! I scan the list;
Fame has no Union soldier miss'd!
All, all are there, and yet we say,

As beats our hearts with pride to-day,
They were the bravest, truest, best—
The blue coats of the North and West.
Not better they who, in the dell,
With Home and Douglas fought and fell;
Not braver they whose trumpet calls
Still echo round old Warsaw's walls;
Nor truer they whose courage broke,
In Greece, the Macedonian yoke!
What hand would blot from Hist'ry's page
The proudest record of the age?—
That twice two hundred thousand men,
Whose like we ne'er shall see again,
Gave up their lives without a moan,
That Liberty's foundation stone,
Wrought by their sires, should still uphold,
Unbroke, her temple, grand and old.
To fame their gallant deeds belong;
They stand immortalized in song.
Let Gettysburg the pean swell,
And Mission Ridge the story tell;
Let Chattanooga's cloud-kissed peak
The annals of devotion speak;
And let each grove, whose branches wave
Above the loyal hero's grave,
In low, sweet song—calm Nature's verse—