

And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swoe it would forever wave;
Swoe that foeman's sword could never,
Hearts like theirs entwined, disjoin
Till that flag would float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that proudly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe;
For though conquered they adore it,
Love the cold hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed ~~stare~~ it,
And oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner true to glory,
Get its wreathed around with glory.

And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down with ages,
Furl its folds, though now we must.

Furl that banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently, it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.
Tuck it not, unfurl it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are fled.

You must excuse the copying of this
I am most ~~xxx~~ ashamed to send
it.

Are we not having some pretty
weather just at this time, I hardly
think I ever saw such a fall.
I had four Chills last week, but
have been clear of them for one
week today. I trust I have had