

To Henry Clay,

Weep not for thy son, from the battle plain gory,  
He's ascended the skies, he has gone to his glory.  
Honoured, and loved, ah! bravely he fell,  
When defending his country, he bade thee farewell.  
The battle's loud din, and the cannon's fierce roar,  
Shall fall on his ears, like a death-knell, no more.  
The trample of steeds, as they rush on the plain,  
Shall never be heard by the brave one, again.  
Father, weep not for the fate of thy son,  
Though his body lie stiff, with the wounds he has won,  
He has gained his reward, his unsullied name,  
Still lives with his country, untarnished by shame.  
On! On! and the battle cry loudly is given,  
On, On, but he heeds not, his soul is in Heaven.  
Weep not for thy son, he has gone to his rest,  
And the turf lies soft, on a soldier's breast.  
What! weep for the brave one? bright laurels he won,  
He soared like the eagle, he died at the sun.

Friend truly,

Julia O. Fowler,

Columbia, Penna.

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