

Suggested by the death of Lt. P. Lady
fatally wounded at the battle of Gettysburg
July 1st died July 24th 1863 -
By Kathie Arnold

The peals of the bells & the heat of the drum
Shout of Gethysburg taken & victory ours;
But hear not a word of the lips ^{dumb} that live
Of the hearts that no more shall take note of ^{the hour}

Drop to the sky where its colors were torn
Fly our dear flag while the land ^{has} cannot
Yet ask? to the thousands who ^{miss} greeted the
The God-given spirit it cannot rustone.

Prince the blue sky with your rockets ^{of flame}
While the glad shouts from our cities ^{ascend}
But oh! to the desolate talk not of fame
If you cannot give back the sons, ^{friends} brother &
But ^{loose} ~~lose~~ ^{only to die} from that battle field

sleep

vainly we ask it, he sleeps his last
where the Mohawk he loved, winds
surrounding by.

And the friends of his childhood
may longen to weep.

Copy of M. Palmer.