



## To the Portage County Volunteers

Dear ones, farewell! With trembling voice, and low  
We bid you hasten at a Nation's call!  
How we shall miss you--He alone can know,  
Who bends from Heaven to watch our tear-drops fall,  
The while with close-clasped hands we kneel and pray,  
God's blessing, and his tender care to be  
The shield of those we love--while far away  
With strong, true hearts--they fight for Liberty!

And yet we hide our pain--and as we take  
Perchance the last sweet meaning from proud eyes,  
We thank our God that for our country's sake,  
Our woman hearts may make such sacrifice!  
And oh! if, where the star-gem'd banners wave--  
Where sword and spear gleam in the noonday sun,  
One--wildly worshiped--finds an early grave,  
And sleeps in death, ere victory is won;

Still--though our lips be white as winter's snow  
Still--though we drink from wasting sorrow's cup  
And die in anguish--not a tear shall flow  
In vain repentance that we gave you up!  
Go! He who rules our Nation's destiny--  
Who whispered  
"Peace" and the wild waves were still,  
Will lead our loved ones on to victory,  
And give us strength to say again--farewell.

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