**1861.**

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| ARM'D year! year of the struggle! |

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| No dainty rhymes or sentimental love verses for you,           terrible year! |

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| Not you as some pale poetling, seated at a desk, lisp-           ing cadenzas piano; |

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| But as a strong man, erect, clothed in blue clothes,           advancing, carrying a rifle on your shoulder, |

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| With well-gristled body and sunburnt face and hands—           with a knife in the belt at your side, |

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| As I heard you shouting loud—your sonorous voice           ringing across the continent; |

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| Your masculine voice, O year, as rising amid the great           cities, |

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| Amid the men of Manhattan I saw you, as one of the           workmen, the dwellers in Manhattan; |

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| Or with large steps crossing the prairies out of Illinois           and Indiana, |

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| Rapidly crossing the West with springy gait, and de-           scending the Alleghanies; |

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| Or down from the great lakes, or in Pennsylvania, or on           deck along the Ohio river; |

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| Or southward along the Tennessee or Cumberland rivers,           or at Chattanooga on the mountain top, |

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| Saw I your gait and saw I your sinewy limbs, clothed           in blue, bearing weapons, robust year; |

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| --- |
| Heard your determin'd voice, launch'd forth again and           again; |

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| Year that suddenly sang by the mouths of the round           lipp'd cannon, |

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| I repeat you, hurrying, crashing, sad, distracted year. |