**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. |