

# 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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