

LINCOLN AND ANNE RUTLEDGE

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Lincoln was a young man
In New Salem days,
Lincoln was a tall man
Born to country ways.

Lincoln found Anne Rutledge,
Fell in love with her,
Beautiful Anne Rutledge
Made his pulses stir.

Beautiful Anne Rutledge
Dreamed a dream and died,
"Oh, my heart lies with her"
Broken Lincoln cried.

Anne Rutledge, Anne Rutledge,
Was it you gave Lincoln his fame?
Was it born the day that you died,
When he cried, "O my Anne,
The snow and the rain will fall
On your grave, and it breaks my heart,
Breaks my heart."

The ways of God are strange
And move in a way that passeth understanding
That passeth the mind of man.
But slowly, surely
He works his plan.
Miracles are done
Under the sun.
On the strong anvil of years
Man's soul is beaten and shaped,
You can hear the hiss of his tears,
As the great blacksmith works,
Pounds with mighty laughter,
To shake the heavens' rafter,
And then the moment after
With slow strokes and sure

He tempers mirth with sorrow,
Lest the morrow
See man a laughing, useless thing,
To be flung aside like a broken spring.—
And last, the finishing strokes
Swift and faint and light
Soft as the fall of night
Soft as the fall of night.—
The ways of God are strange
And move in a way that passeth understanding
That passeth the mind of man.

“The way of a man with a maid”
So it was said,
In the day of the prophet.
The way of a maid with a man
So it began.
And a seed was sown in rugged soil
And after much toil
It burgeoned and grew
And the winds blew
And the rains fell
And cast their spell
And the seed was turned to a mighty tree
And its branches spread
Broad overhead
Making a shelter over the land
For the time of storm.
And then like a stroke
Of lightning, the tempest broke
And beat on the tree,
But steadfastly
It stood on the hill
And swayed and tossed,
But nothing was lost,
For the roots were strong,
The roots were long
And clenched in the soil
And the storm subsided, the heavens cleared
And the tree still stood, but was gnarled and seared.

Anne Rutledge, Anne Rutledge,
Did you know, did you dream
When you bade farewell,
That you'd be the urge, the gleam
That would hold your man to his purpose?
Who can tell?
For the ways of God are passing strange
And man dreams
And plans,
And God fans
The spark, and the flame shoots up
And consumes his soul,
And he sees his goal
Far ahead in the light of the skies,
And he follows and stumbles and follows
Until he dies,
Until he dies.

O beautiful Anne Rutledge,
Lincoln's fame is your fame,
Your name linked with his name.—
Dreamers together
You dreamed a dream,
You were the source,
Lincoln the stream
That forced the way to fulfilment.—
O beautiful Anne Rutledge,
Lincoln's fame is your fame
Your name linked with his name
Forever.