

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

A Dramatic Poem

by
Vachel Lindsay



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It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest
Near the old court-house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or the shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high-top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us, as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

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