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Lyrics and Poetry

Oliver Otis Howard Collection

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1-1-1916

### Poem - In Memory of O.O. Howard

O.O. Howard Collection

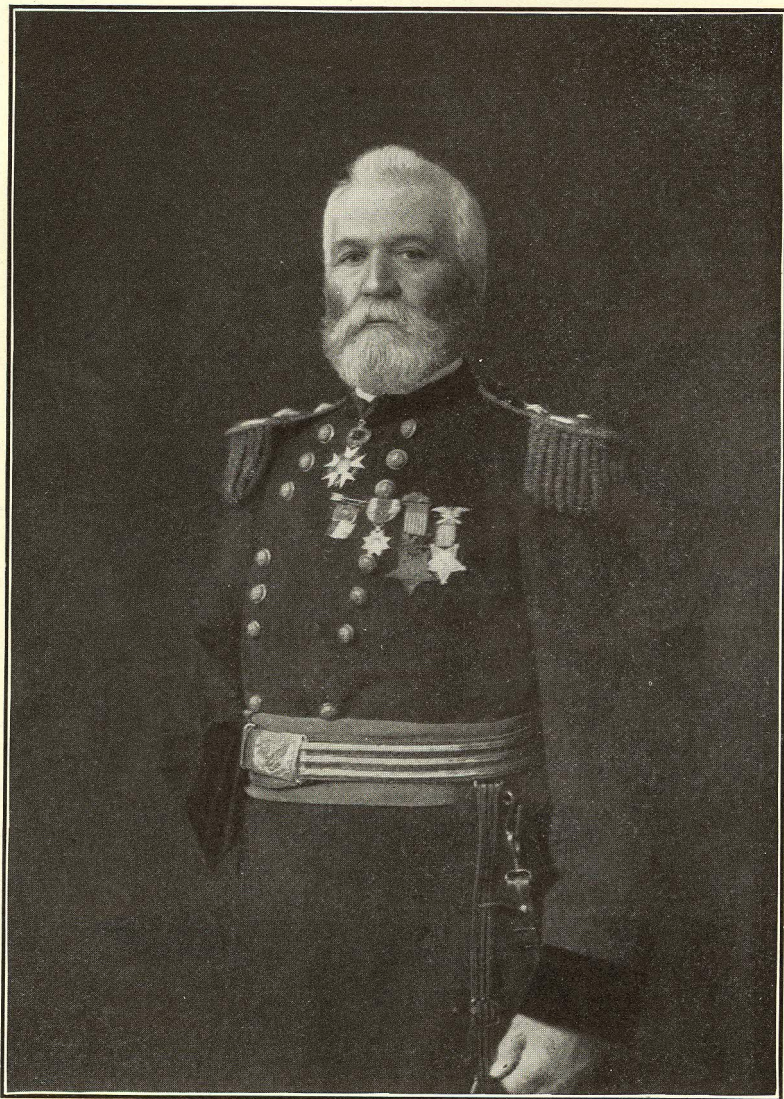
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*O. O. Howard.*

MAJOR-GENERAL. U. S. ARMY, RETIRED





GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.



IN MEMORY OF  
GEN. OLIVER OTIS HOWARD

If of dear Howard I should write,  
Howard so rich in fame,  
I'd dip my pen in the sun's own light,  
And write one glorious name.

I'd write the name of a soldier true,  
And statesman pure and tried;  
No nobler son e'er wore the blue,  
Or fought on victory's side.

A soldier, too, of the real cross,  
In faith and word and deed,  
And earthly gain he counted dross  
To reap eternal meed.

He felt no shame to be the friend  
Of hapless sons of toil;  
He spent his life to help them rend  
The hold of slavery's coil.

He was above the lust of gold,  
And raised from sordid sod,  
The view of freedmen to behold  
The nobler things of God.

He built far wiser than he knew  
Fair Howard, rich in fame,  
And richer far, old White and Blue,  
Is thine own precious name.

When ripe in years he went to meet  
His reward in the land afar,  
Our God Himself came forth to greet  
Him as he crossed the bar.



# IN MEMORY OF GEN. OLIVER OTIS HOWARD

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