# Garfield's Grave - song lyrics

## American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

GARFIELD'S GRAVE.
By J. W. Kelley.

With steady step and muffled drum the cortege passed along.
And mournful silence reigned supreme amid that mighty throng:
The somber toiling of the bells reminded us we must
In time, just like our President, return again to dust.
Men with heads uncovered would mutter Guiteau's name,
And there feelings, on that day I'm certain were the same;
But if the villain then was free no power on earth could save
The man who Bent our President to his untimely grave.

The city was in mourning whichever way you'd go.
And everyone their sympathy in some way tried to show;
Many a wife and mother a fervent prayer has said,
And taught it to the little once when putting them to bed.
When all was o'er and the sufferer laid in his resting place.
There came an aged colored man, the tears rolled down his face;
He brought a little bouquet And a card marked "Uncle Dave,"
'Twas all he had, wild flowers bright, for Massa Garfield's grave.

How sad, indeed, it was to see his patient, hopeful wife,
And dear, old gray-haired mother, who for him would have given her life;
How different were their feelings when around him they did stand,
To see him honored by the highest place in freedom's land.
Although he once felt poverty, he always was a man.
Who thought that truth and honesty would he the better plan;
Then peaceful rest the ashes of the soldier true and brave.
And our nation's tears will moist the earth on James A. Garfield's grave.