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Hush'd be the Camps ~~the land~~, to-day.
April 19th 1864.

Hush'd be the Camps, ~~the land~~, to-day;
And, soldiers, let us drape our war-worn weapons
And each, with ^{his own soul} musing soul retire, to celebrate,
Our dear Commander's death

2 No more for him life's stormy conflict
No more the ~~torment~~ ^{watch}, the ~~high~~ ^{high} command;
~~He was the age's sweetest, faithful friend;~~
No more ~~to~~ ^{for} him ~~the~~ ^{greatest} ~~war~~ ^{war}, ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~test~~,
Chargis like ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~crests~~,
Clouds across the sky.

3 But sing, poet, in our name,
Sing of the love we bore him - because you,
Dweller in Camps, know it truly.

4 Sing, ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~lover~~ ^{lover} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~coffin~~ ^{coffin}
There - drop in the grave ~~one~~ ^{one}