## M0015999: Poem and scene showing Florence Nightingale in a hospital

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# In Iddress in aid of the "Mightingale Testimonial."

SAINT of another creed, in distant lands:
In ours, a Woman self-devoted, wise,
With dauntless heart, and never-tiring hands,—
Thus she appears unto our English eyes!

Eyes that, through all their tears, have gather'd still
This comfort, o'er our dear and absent dead,
That one, uniting scientific skill
With woman's tenderness, watch'd round their bed.

Letters in life: in death all cherished things;

Last words she sent, with sever'd locks of hair,

Witness our Angel, with her steadfast wings,

Troubled the pool at frequent seasons there.

To Oh! how many, a pool whose glassy wave Gives red reflections of the battle-strife! 'Neath which, in endless shadow, is the grave Of all they held of hope or joy in life!

Ye who have tasted of that bitter cup;

Ye who were spared it;—all who love our land,
I charge you now to build her memory up,

Who nursed our sons with more than mother's hand.

September, 1855.

Not in proud trophies:—not in builded tow'rs,

Nor sculptured marbles:—not in gold or plate:—

Vanities fitting other days than ours,

And other names than we perpetuate.

Be hers a monument to meet the age,
Advancing now, on wider social grounds,
When Woman's name shall shine on history's page,
Yet not by striking out of Woman's bounds!

And be it one where practical result

Of bright example, in her brave career,

Through straits of sickness, dark and difficult,

May be expanded, in a wider sphere!—

An Altar, where, unbound by any vow,

Her meet companions in the foregone toil,

And all with heart to follow, may bestow

Their free-will gifts of Christian wine and oil!

Her gift, her life; and many a voice shall bless

Those soothing hands, through all its fever-means!—

Be this her Monument! Our gifts are less—

Let us lay gladly the foundation-stones!

H. A.