

Four score and seven years ago

our fathers brought forth on this

continent, a new nation,

conceived in Liberty, and dedicated

to the proposition that all men

are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great

civil war, testing whether that

nation, or any nation so
conceived and so dedicated, can
long endure. We are met on a great
battle-field of that war. We have
come to dedicate a portion of that
field, as a final resting place for
those who here gave their lives
that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper

that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not

dedicate—we can not consecrate—we

can not hallow—this ground.

The brave men, living and dead,

who struggled here, have

consecrated it, far above our poor

power to add or detract.

The world will little note, nor

long remember what we say here,

but it can never forget what they

did here. It is for us the living,

rather, to be dedicated here to the

unfinished work which they who

fought here have thus far so nobly

advanced. It is rather for us to
be here dedicated to the great task
remaining before us—that from
these honored dead we take
increased devotion to that cause
for which they gave the last full
measure of devotion—that we here
highly resolve that these dead shall

not have died in vain—that this
nation, under God, shall have a
new birth of freedom—and that
government of the people, by the
people, for the people, shall not
perish from the earth.

"With malice toward none,

with charity for all,

with firmness in the right as God

gives us to see the right,

let us strive to finish the work

we are in,

to bind up the nation's wounds,

to care for him who shall have

borne the battle and for his

widow and his orphan,

to do all which may achieve

and cherish a just and lasting

peace among ourselves

and with all nations."

Matthew 12:25

And Jesus knew their thoughts,

and said unto them,

Every kingdom divided against

itself is brought to desolation;

and every city or house divided

against itself shall not stand.

Psalm 133:1

Behold, how good and how

pleasant it is for brethren to dwell

together in unity!

I hear America singing,

the varied carols I hear,

Those of mechanics, each one

singing his as it should be blithe

and strong,

The carpenter singing his as he

measures his plank or beam,

The mason singing his as he

makes ready for work, or leaves

off work,

The boatman singing what

belongs to him in his boat,

the deckhand singing on the

steamboat deck,

The shoemaker singing as he sits

on his bench, the hatter singing

as he stands,

The wood-cutter's song,

the ploughboy's on his way in

the the morning, or at noon

intermission or at sundown,

The delicious singing of the

mother, or of the young wife at

work, or of the girl sewing or

washing,

Each singing what belongs to him

or her and to none else,

The day what belongs to the

day-at night the party of young

fellows, robust, friendly,

Singing with open mouths their

strong melodious songs.

Calm as that second summer

which precedes

The first fall of the snow,

In the broad sunlight of heroic

deeds,

The City bides the foe.

As yet, behind their ramparts

stern and proud,

Her bolted thunders sleep-

Dark Sumter, like a battlemented

cloud,

Looms o'er the solemn deep.

No Calpe frowns from lofty cliff

or scar

To guard the holy strand;

But Moultrie holds in leash her

dogs of war

Above the level sand.

And down the dunes a thousand

guns lie couched,

Unseen, beside the flood-

Like tigers in some Orient jungle

crouched

That wait and watch for blood.

Meanwhile, through streets still

echoing with trade,

Walk grave and thoughtful men,

Whose hands may one day wield

the patriot's blade

As lightly as the pen.

And maidens, with such eyes as

would grow dim

Over a bleeding hound,

Seem each one to have caught the

strength of him

Whose sword she sadly bound.

Thus girt without and garrisoned

at home,

Day patient following day,

Old Charleston looks from roof,

and spire, and dome,

Across her tranquil bay.

Ships, through a hundred foes,

from Saxon lands

And spicy Indian ports,

Bring Saxon steel and iron to

her hands,

And summer to her courts.

But still, along you dim

Atlantic line,

The only hostile smoke

Creeps like a harmless mist above

the brine,

From some frail, floating oak.

Shall the spring dawn, and she

still clad in smiles,

And with an unscathed brow,

Rest in the strong arms of her

palm-crowned isles,

As fair and free as now?

We know not; in the temple of

the Fates

God has inscribed her doom;

And, all untroubled in her faith,

she waits

The triumph or the tomb.