

Four score and seven years ago our fathers

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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.

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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.

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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.

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"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

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and lasting peace among ourselves and with

---

all nations."

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Matthew 12:25

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And Jesus knew their thoughts,

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and said unto them,

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Every kingdom divided against itself is brought

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to desolation;

---

and every city or house divided against itself

---

shall not stand.

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Psalm 133:1

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Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for

---

brethren to dwell together in unity!

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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 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.

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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?

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We know not; in the temple of the Fates

---

God has inscribed her doom;

---

And, all untroubled in her faith, she waits

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The triumph or the tomb.

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