

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 the 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

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 | 33: |

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 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.

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.