

PS 1229  
.B36  
1876

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 775 441 5



PS 1229  
.B36  
1876  
Copy 1

HISTORICAL

*Centennial Poem*

—BY—

CAPT. R. W. BURT,

JULY 4, 1876.

“To day! July the Fourth! eighteen hundred and seventy-six,  
Completes one hundred years since brave men did affix,  
The grandest, noblest names on our historic pages,  
Names to be revered through all succeeding ages.”

PEORIA, ILL.

J. W. FRANKS & SONS, BOOK & JOB PRINTERS AND BINDERS,  
1876.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1876, BY CAPT. R. W. BURT, IN THE  
OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON.

PS 1229  
B36  
1876

# Historical Centennial Poem,

BY CAPT. R. W. BURT.

---

RECITED BY CAPT. GEO. W. BAKER, AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION HELD AT  
PEORIA, ILLINOIS, JULY 4, 1876.

---

To-day! July the Fourth! Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-six,  
Completes One Hundred Years since brave men did affix  
The grandest, noblest names on our historic pages,  
Names to be revered through all succeeding ages.

Ere this, the fires of Revolution hotly ran,  
Stern hearts asserted well the Rights of Man,  
And Patrick Henry's voice 'mid cries of "TREASON!"  
Warned King George of Cæsar's fate if blind to reason;  
Bold Thomas Paine wrote "*Common Sense*," with mighty  
pen,  
Breaking the chains which bound his fellow men;  
The brave old Samuel Adams rose up in Faneuil Hall,  
And New England's "Sons of Liberty" stood ready at  
his call;  
Great Britian's odious stamp act, her taxation and her tea,  
Found no favor with a people determined to be free;  
And kindled thus the flames of Freedom broke,  
Our Father's then resolved to break the tyrant's yoke.

Then men of sternest hearts from shop and field,  
Rallied around young Freedom's Flag — *never to yield*,  
'Till England's thirteen Colonies should all be *free*,  
A glorious Nation born! a Land of Liberty!!  
And proudly o'er a people ever true and brave,  
Our Flag of Stars and Stripes was ever more to wave.

Then Britain's hosts to Boston came in panoply of war,  
Bringing King George's threats from England's throne  
afar;  
But the "Sons of Liberty" stood firm as stands old Ply-  
mouth Rock,  
For they were men who came from good old Plymouth  
stock.  
To Lexington the red-coats marched on one bright April  
morn,  
Assembled there were Freedom's Sons, and there was  
Freedom born!  
For there was Freeman's blood first shed for Freedom's  
holy cause,  
There the first grand blow was struck to break oppressive  
laws,  
A grand event so full of hope for all the world's oppressed,  
Who seek a Land of liberty, a land with Freedom blest.

Higher and wider grew young Freedom's flame,  
Spreading throughout the land — putting to shame  
All who refused to join the true and brave,  
All those who dared resist its tidal wave.

Then came the bands of Freeman hurrying forth  
From all the Colonies both South and North;  
Brave Israel Putnam leaves his field and plow,  
The light of Freedom glowing on his noble brow;  
Fathers and Sons are leaving homes and farms,  
They hear the shouts for Liberty! they hear the call "*To  
Arms!*"

They joined the camp at Cambridge, their hearts were  
all aglow,  
And gave their names for Freedom a Hundred Years ago.

Meanwhile old Ethan Allen with brave Green Mountain  
Boys,

Took Fort Ticonderoga without a battle's noise ;

He came at break of day and demanded its surrender,

"*In whose name is it demanded?*" asked the British commander,

"*In the name of the Great Jehovah,*" answered Allen (with  
a bow)

"*And the Continental Congress,* I demand the fortress  
now."

Then down went the British flag, and a victory was won,  
The first one for Freedom since the rising of its sun.

O'er Boston and Bunker Hill the war cloud threat'ning  
grew,

And soon it burst in all its power — its forked lightnings  
flew.

Then Britain's hosts from Boston came in powerful array,  
Charlestown was set on fire, and soon in ashes lay ;

And then ascending Bunker Hill with furious battle-cry,

They met a foe who ready stood for Liberty to die.

They hurled the British legions back, and then they came  
again,

A second time the Yankee guns made Redcoats seek the  
plain ;

But General Howe more legions sent their riddled ranks  
to fill,

And Freedom's Sons were then compelled to yield them  
Bunker Hill,

But not 'till Warren gave his own his country's life to save,

And over a hundred freemen fell to fill an honored grave ;

And down along the centuries will Bunker's towering col-  
umn show,

The names of those heroic men of a Hundred Years ago.

The Continental Congress then with heaven-born wisdom  
chose

The immortal GEORGE WASHINGTON to meet his country's  
foes;

To lead its armies bravely on to fight for Freedom's cause,  
Through years of sanguinary strife they gained the world's  
applause.

Then hotter waxed the conflict and wider the battle field,  
For England was determined her Colonies should yield;  
But our heroic Fathers were contending for the right —  
Were fighting for the day that would end oppression's  
night —

For a better, grander future, for the oppressor's overthrow;  
What brave and noble men were they of a Hundred Years  
ago.

The thick'ning war-cloud gathered force, its light'nings  
flashed afar,

But 'mid the darkness shone the light of Freedom's morn-  
ing star;

Though dark the days that followed the sorrow of defeat,  
Our Fathers ever nursed the hope of victory complete.

*But see that horseman coming! galloping o'er the plain,  
Shouting: "Victory! Victory!! glad news for Freemen  
again;*

*Moultrie has driven the British back to the sea in their fleet,  
The joy of victory is ours! and theirs the shame of defeat!"*

The joyful bells of Freedom rang, the flames of Freedom  
spread,

And every freeman's heart rejoiced in the glorious light it  
shed;

And deeper in our Father's hearts did love of Freedom  
grow,

Inspiring noble hopes and deeds a Hundred Years ago.

The blow was struck — the war begun — and Freemen now  
agree,



The time had come they must declare the new-born nation  
FREE ;

In Philadelphia then was penned by THOMAS JEFFERSON,  
A grander statement of men's rights than any former one ;  
And Congress then—July the Fourth—without dissenting  
vote,

Declared the Nation FREE as that great statesman wrote ;  
Pledging their lives, their sacred honor, and their all,  
Before the glorious Flag of Liberty should fall.

In letters bold JOHN HANCOCK signed his honored name  
As President. Then in their order all the others came,  
'Till all had signed it. Now we their sons, are proud to  
know

What noble men our Fathers were a Hundred Years ago.

With eager eyes and beating heart the Bell-ringer stood  
there,

His face was pale, his trembling lips denoted silent prayer,  
But when he heard those noble men declare their people  
free,

His heart was bounding with the joy of new-born liberty ;  
Then up the belfry stairs like a boy the old man sprang,  
And in tones of wildest joy that good old bell he rang,  
Proclaiming LIBERTY throughout the land unto its people  
all,

Declared by those heroic men in Independence Hall.

In the same old Hall is the same old Bell—the Bell-ringer  
we know

Has made a name that lives with the names of a Hundred  
Years ago.

The joyous days were few—then came dark days of pain,  
And Freedom's brightened skies were spread with clouds  
again ;

For Washington's brave army on Long Island met defeat,  
And escaping to New York was forced sadly to retreat ;  
Falling back to White Plains they held the foe at bay,  
But the heroes of Fort Washington all fell in bloody fray.

Then away through New Jersey and across the Delaware,  
Hotly pursued, the Patriots flee, but find a shelter there;  
Then firmly stood George Washington in his country's  
greatest need,  
Though an army of two thousand men was all he had to  
lead;  
While Britons thought that Freedom's sun in sure defeat  
had set,  
The men that followed Washington were true and loyal  
yet,  
Howe's offered pardon they would scorn, e'en with their  
dying breath,  
Still fighting for their country's cause—for "*Liberty or  
or Death!*"  
But Pennsylvania answered well the call of Washington—  
and then  
New Jersey also sent her sons 'till he had five thousand men.  
And Washington thus reinforced prepared to meet his foe,  
What a grand old Chieftain was that man of a Hundred  
Years ago.

'T was on a wintry Christmas night that those heroic men,  
Were crossing the icy Delaware to meet the foe again;  
They fought the hireling Hessian hosts 'till the rising of  
the sun,  
When it appeared the Yankee Boys had a glorious victory  
won.  
From Trenton's victory they marched to Princeton's glo-  
rious field,  
And there also the Redcoats did to Yankee soldiers yield;  
And following up their victories through winter's frost and  
snow,  
Made brighter hopes for Freedom's cause a Hundred  
Years ago.

Two years had passed away in sanguinary strife,  
Thousand of heroes' graves had told the sacrifice of life;  
Mothers had sent their sons and husbands to the field,

And thousands more must follow before the foe would yield.  
Ah! "*these were times that tried men's souls,*" but still in  
    *God they trust,*

And still they hope for victory because their cause is just;  
And yet each victory that is gained is but a single blow,  
Of all the victories yet to gain to lay the oppressor low.

There's oft repeated contests on mountain, hill and plain.  
Bennington and Ridgefield gave Freemen welcome gain;  
Burgoyne to General Gates is then compelled to yield,  
And Arnold showed his bravery on Saratoga's field.  
At Quebec we lose Montgomery, a General brave and true,  
And bravely falls at Ridgefield old General Wooster too;  
But Saratoga's victory was to British arms a blow,  
That gave our Fathers heartfelt joy a Hundred Years ago.

Then rose a star for Liberty (a star that never sat,)  
'Twas Washington's illustrious friend, the gallant Lafa-  
    yette;

A name that stands highest among our country's friends,  
And to our country's history a brilliant lustre lends;  
He helped to gain our freedom from England's odious  
    laws,  
And shed his blood at Brandywine for Freedom's glorious  
    cause.

The British army led by Howe sailed up the Chesapeake,  
Philadelphia to seize, for they thought our army weak;  
But they met the Patriot Yankee Boys all in battle line,  
Ready to fight the British hosts on the banks of Brandy-  
    wine;

And bravely was the battle fought, though victory was  
    not won,

And Congress justly voted thanks to General Washington.  
But Philadelphia City the British gained at last,  
And little gain it was for them — the Yankees held them  
    fast,

And surprising them at Germantown they almost won  
the day,  
Though the British force in numbers were thousands more  
than they;  
For Britons fled for miles that day across the battle plain,  
Pursued by the gallant soldier's of Old Mad Anthony  
Wayne.

While in camp at White Marsh our army watched the foe,  
The British from Philadelphia marched led by Sir William  
Howe;  
Who thought to drive Washington's brave army all away,  
But after reconnoitering withdrew without delay,  
And back to Philadelphia he made a quick retreat,  
Thus acknowledging his fear of meeting a defeat;  
Washington would have gladly met his country's hostile  
foe,  
God bless our noble Washington of a Hundred Years ago.

But battle-fields of bloody strife were not the sum of all  
The sacrifice our fathers made to meet their country's call.  
The camp at Valley Forge has told its tale of human woe,  
Of starving soldiers clothed in rags, and shoeless in the  
snow.  
But love of freedom nerved those men their hardships to  
endure,  
And the liberty we now enjoy they suffered to secure.  
Who does not feel, with all his heart, how much it is we  
owe,  
To the noble and heroic men of a Hundred Years ago.

Meanwhile the French alliance which Franklin had se-  
cured,  
Threw brighter rays of hope amidst the sufferings endured;  
And when from Philadelphia the enemy withdrew,  
Close on Sir Henry Clinton's rear did Washington pursue,  
'Til on the plains of Monmouth a great victory was won,

And the British were retreating ere another morning's sun.  
And in New York, by Washington, they soon were held  
secure,  
From whence Lord Howe had driven him less than two  
years before.

Four years in bloody conflict past, and yet our Fathers see,  
In the dim future still the hope that they will yet be free;  
And still on land and sea is heard the battle's noisy din,  
Those noble men cling to the hope that they will Freedom  
win.

Glad news is heard from Stony Point—'tis in the hands of  
Wayne,  
The Indians flee from Sullivan back to their homes again,  
The allied arms Savannah gain, but with a fearful strife,  
And for the victory that day Pulaski gave his life;  
While Sumpter and Marion annoyed their British foe,  
Hunting them through woods and swamps a Hundred  
Years ago.

John Paul Jones on Scotland's coast a naval victory won,  
He grappled with the Serapis and nobly was it done;  
His ship Bon Homme Richard was riddled through and  
through,  
But he boarded the Serapis and fought her British crew,  
The contest was desperate, but soon the Stripes and Stars.  
Were floating from her masthead o'er his Yankee Tars.

Then turned the tide of victory to British arms again,  
Charleston falls in British hands, they win on Camden's  
plain,  
Baron De Kalb on Camden's field for Freedom nobly dies,  
And Freedom's brave but conquered sons before the  
British flies.  
Then turns the battle's tide again on Cowpen's glorious  
field,  
Where the British General Tarlton to General Morgan  
yields.



But still Cornwallis held his grasp upon the sunny South,  
And victory must be gained at the roaring cannon's mouth.

Then fell from Freedom's sky a star that had with lustre  
shone,—

Thank God that Benedict Arnold's name as *traitor* stands  
alone,

Among the galaxy of names as brilliant as the stars,  
Of those on our historic page who fought in Freedom's  
wars.

The traitor fell, but not the fort the British sought to gain,  
For Washington with firmer grasp West Point did still  
retain,

And watching well the enemy, prepared to strike a blow  
To gain the cause our Fathers loved a Hundred Years ago.

The traitor, a British brigadier, was to Virginia sent,  
With bitter hate destruction marked his path where'er he  
went,

But Lafayette was seeking him, and well did Arnold know  
His only safety was in flight, and quickly did he go.

Lord Cornwallis with his army was pursuing Lafayette,  
“*The boy cannot escape me,*” his lordship said, and yet  
The Marquis kept Cornwallis so handsomely at bay.  
That he abandoned the pursuit and let him go his way;  
And laying waste the country where his lordship passed  
along.

He went in camp at Yorktown and fortified it strong.

Washington meanwhile had thought New York he would  
attack,

But now he made a change of plan that took his foe aback;  
For days Sir Henry watched New York with an unwonted  
care,

But found at last that Washington had crossed the Del-  
aware.

With rapid marches on he went—through Philadelphia  
pass'd.

His army filled with the joyous hope of victory at last;  
Soon Washington and Rochambeau joined Lafayette and  
Wayne,

Our noble allies join the strife our liberty to gain.

Meanwhile the Count de Grasse in the Cheasapeake ap-  
peared,

And from the bay with his French fleet the British fleet  
he cleared,

And thus Cornwallis found himself hemmed in by sea and  
land,

Without the hope of succor Yorktown he must defend.

A stormy night—October sixth—in seventeen eighty-one,  
The seige of Yorktown was commenced by General Wash-  
ington;

And as before the fortress strong he laid each parallel,  
Day after day the British hurled their shot and bursting  
shell,

But firmly did our Fathers stand, 'til the works were all  
complete,

Then bravely storming two redoubts, the British they  
defeat.

But many a hero gave his life as the siege went bravely on,  
While Lafayette and Hamilton their names with glory  
crown.

But still undaunted were the foe, still hot and fierce the  
strife,

*Our Fathers now must strike the blow that saves the coun-  
try's life,*

Inspired with love of Liberty *they strike the final blow,*  
CORNWALLIS YIELDS! YORKTOWN IS OURS!! AND INDEPENDENCE  
too!!!

The sunlight breaking through the clouds gave promise  
then of peace,

The war was o'er—'twas soon proclaimed hostilities would  
cease,

And o'er the ocean tidings came in seventy-eighty three,  
That England had proclaimed the Colonies were free.  
Then on November twenty-fifth the Britons left our shores,  
And in New York our Fathers raised the glorious Stripes  
and Stars.

Then oh, the joy throughout the land the grand result to  
know,  
And glad are *we* for victories won a Hundred Years ago.

All o'er the land the joyful bells the welcome tidings tell.  
FREEDOM IS OURS! and Washington his army bids farewell;  
His Officers are moved to tears in parting with their Chief,  
And for a time Mount Vernon gives the Hero sweet relief.

Oh, could we write the glorious names on Freedom's  
galaxy,  
The names of those who fought and bled to gain our  
Liberty;  
We'd write in gold the names of Stark, of Lincoln, Lee,  
and Heath,  
Of Mercer, Knox, Steuben and Greene, entwined in glory's  
wreath,  
But stay—those grand old names count many thousands  
yet,  
But over all stands WASHINGTON and gallant LAFAYETTE.

The Constitution then was framed, and then was Wash-  
ington  
With one accord made President—who had our freedom  
won;  
The Father of his country lived and died with greatest  
fame,  
A halo ever will surround the glorious Hero's name.  
Years passed, and the United States became a nation  
strong,  
And thousands came to Freedom's shores, and joined in  
Freedom's song;



While Adams and Jefferson with wisdom ruled the free,  
And greatly were the people blest with the fruits of liberty.

Thirty years had past—thirty grand years of a people free,  
When England claimed supremacy upon the great high  
sea;

She searched our ships wherever met,—impressed our  
Yankee Tars,  
And offered frequent insults to our glorious Stripes and  
Stars.

'Till Congress would no longer bear the insults to our Flag,  
But war declared in eighteen twelve. The Freemen did  
not lag,

For soon was heard on land and sea the battle's raging din,  
And those who once for Freedom fought now bravely fight  
again.

For two long years the foe contend with our brave Yan-  
kee Tars,

The victories are five to one for Freedom's Stripes and  
Stars;

Bainbridge, Hull and Lawrence each gain a glorious name,  
Decatur, Biddle, Porter, shine on the roll of fame;

Their courage won for Freedom's flag respect upon the  
seas,—

Americans can feel secure where it floats upon the breeze.  
But hark! these words come o'er the land, Shout! Sons  
of Liberty!

*"We've met the enemy—and they are ours," 'tis Perry's  
Victory.*

The conflict on the land begins with sore defeat and shame.  
And Hull's surrender gives to him an ignominious name;  
But soon heroic names arise to brighten Freedom's sky,  
And all along the northern lakes is heard the battle cry.  
Jessup and Biddle, Brown and Scott, our Country's flag  
maintain,

On the fields of Chippewa, and glorious Lundy's Lane;

While Harrison and Johnson the Indians overthrow,  
By the death of brave Tecumseh — savage ally of the foe.

Then the Capitol at Washington the British set on fire,  
And then attacking Baltimore — defeated they retire;  
Then comes another victory, McDonough on Champlain,  
And following soon the welcome news — the dawn of peace  
again.

But ere the news of peace had spread o'er Freedom's  
broad domains,  
Brave Jackson had a victory won on the field of New  
Orleans.

Then came again the years of Peace and Progress in the  
land,

Our commerce spreads o'er every sea, our products find  
demand;

Inventive Genius, Literature, and Art, add to our fame,  
And Americans are proud of gaining such a name.

Such names as Webster, Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, Benton,  
Wright,

Add glory to our statesmanship — make history's pages  
bright;

The Union in its glorious strength, its boundaries spread-  
ing wide,

Year after year with new-born States, goes on with rapid  
stride,

'Til seventy years of freedom pass — then war appears  
again,

And on the fields of Mexico it leaves its bloody stain.

Brave Taylor gains the victory at the siege of Monterey,  
Santa Anna's army meets — at Buena Vista gains the day;  
Then General Scott wins Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo too,  
Triumphantly he marches on to the City of Mexico.

Santa Anna's army yields and flies in sore defeat,  
And there in Montezuma's Halls the victory is complete.

And finally Scott ends the war and we by treaty gain  
The whole of Northern Mexico to Freedom's grand domain,  
Then California's golden mines the nation's wealth increase,  
And many are the happy years that we are blessed with peace.

An age of mighty progress comes—we hailed the age of  
steam,  
It opened ways to greater wealth than grandest poet's dream;  
The North and South, the East and West, bound with a thousand chains  
Of railroads and telegraphs across their hills and plains,  
Developing the country's wealth in the products of her soil,  
And in her mountains reaching mines to reward the laborer's toil;  
And rapidly the new States came into the Union fold,  
Even far off California with all her mines of gold.  
Did Robert Fulton ever have in visionary dream,  
A foresight of the grand results to follow the use of steam.

But a dark spot was on our Flag, and growing darker still,  
So like a cancer near its heart, our Country's life to kill;  
Our Fathers saw it,—Jefferson with wisdom saw and said:  
*"I tremble when I think of it, my Country's danger dread."*  
And as the years pass'd on, the internal trouble grew,  
And Slavery raised its dragon head, and its bloody dagger too;  
And at the Union aimed a blow, intent upon its life,  
And thus in eighteen sixty-one began a bloody strife.  
Then Lincoln called on Freedom's Sons the Union's life to save,  
And grand was the response that came from Freemen true and brave;

All party lines were thrown aside, and noble Douglas came,  
And offered Lincoln all the help and influence of his name.  
And thousands came from every State in answer to the  
call

To rally round the Union Flag, and loyal were they all;  
Our liberties they would preserve, the Union's worth they  
know,  
For they remember what it cost a Hundred Years ago.

No words can tell the awful tale of sad fraternal strife,  
For hundreds were the battles fought to save the Union's  
life;  
Fort Sumpter speaks from shattered walls where first the  
Rebel foe  
Fire on their Country's honored Flag, first strike rebel-  
lious blow.  
And flushed with easy victory on that eventful day,  
They boast the Rebel Flag shall float o'er Washington in  
May.

The greatest battle fields alone to memory we recall,  
Manassas — Donaldson — Pea Ridge — and Shiloh's thun-  
ders fall;  
Fair Oaks — Antietam — Fredericksburg — and Murfrees-  
boro tell  
Where Union soldiers bravely fought, and glorious heroes  
fell;  
The Wilderness and Chancellorsville were hot 'tween *Blue*  
and Grey,  
But Union men were joyful made on Independence Day,  
When Gettysburg and Vicksburg bring victory for the *Blue*,  
Their shouts were heard for General Meade, for Grant  
and Sherman too,  
Singing "Rally 'round the Flag, boys, rally once again,  
Three hundred thousand more will come the Union to  
sustain."

Then Chickamauga's awful strife gave gain to neither side,  
But Lookout Mountain — Mission Ridge — are names we  
speak with pride,

And proud are we of Winchester — though twenty miles  
away,

Brave Sheridan, on his noble steed, rode fast and saved  
the day;

Nashville too gave laurels bright to General Thomas' name,  
Fort Fisher also falls at last and adds to Terry's fame;

While Farragut — brave commodore — clings to his flag-  
ship's mast,

The rebel forts 'round Mobile Bay — he conquers them at  
last;

And Sherman with his boys in blue go marching to the  
sea,

And Grant at Five Forks dictates terms to General Rob-  
ert Lee.

Then General Sherman marches North with all his boys  
in blue,

When Johnson ends Rebellion's war by his surrender too.

Jeff Davis fled to save his life as soon as Richmond fell;

Thus mad Rebellion met its death, and Slavery as well.

Our glorious Union saved, with the sacred rights of man,  
Four million freemen more than when the war began.

But 'mid the joy of victory there came sad days of grief.

A nation mourned the tragic death of its beloved chief;

Struck down by an assassin's hand and slavery's bitter  
hate,

In the moment of his greatest joy he met a martyr's fate.

But Lincoln's name will never die — beloved by freedom's  
sons,

It stands on Freedom's brightest page with that of Wash-  
ington.

In memory the heroic dead bring tears to every eye,

Ellsworth and Baker — Lyon and Wallace — how bravely  
did they die;

McPherson, Kearney, Stevens too, then Sedgwick and  
McCook,  
Died nobly for their country—its cause they ne'er forsook.  
And tens of thousands more that died—ah! nobly did  
they die,  
And on a hundred battle fields in honored graves they lie.

We cannot write the honored names of all who fought  
and bled,

McClellan, and Rosencrans, and Pope, our armies led,  
Fremont, Hancock, and Seigle, Buell and Hooker too,  
With Burnside, Howard, Logan, and they were but a few  
Of the Union's brave defenders who led its armies on,  
True and loyal to their cause until victory was won.  
One Hundred Years of Freedom past—its sun will never  
set

With such a glorious scroll of names so true and loyal yet.

But there were dearer, sweeter names of *Mother, Sister,*  
*Wife,*

Who worked at home with earnest hands to cheer the sol-  
dier's life—

Who watched the sick in hospitals with sad and anxious  
care,

And comforted the dying with sweetest words and prayer;  
Of such Miss Dix and Barton, Mrs. Gage and Bickerdyke,  
And Mrs. Livermore, and Hoge, and Breckenridge were  
like;

And the Sisters of Charity, what angels too were they,  
Watching by the bedside where the sick and wounded lay.  
God bless those noble women! their names will brighter  
grow,

Worthy daughters of the mothers of a Hundred Years  
ago.

At last the war is over—the Rebellion we subdue,  
The Boys in Grey submitting, they yield to Boys in Blue;



Two great armies then disbanding, and laying down their  
arms,  
Had settled the great issues that had brought us war's  
alarms;  
They could only thus be settled, and the wrong we now  
forget,  
For we trust that all our people will be true and loyal yet.  
A hundred coming years of peace our Country bless at  
length,  
And the Union grow the stronger for the storms that tried  
its strength.

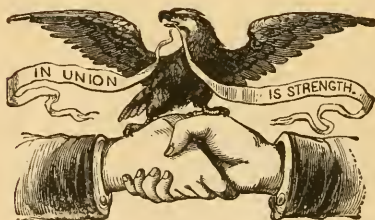
A half a score of years has peace with sunny smile,  
Been healing up our Country's wounds — and now awhile  
We moralize. We ask if Liberty is worth its cost?  
Or would we be contented if we had Freedom lost?  
Has all the blood so nobly shed in Freedom's holy cause  
Been a sad waste? Are we not blessed with equal laws  
As not another nation on the earth can boast?  
A broad land of liberty from Atlantic to Pacific coast,  
Teeming with the abundant fruits of her people's honest  
toil,  
Inviting the world to welcome homes upon our own free  
soil.

Since by our Fathers' blood our liberties were bought,  
We now can see the grand results a hundred years has  
wrought;  
Twas then but thirteen states along the Atlantic coast,  
While now they belt the Continent and thirty-eight we  
boast.  
More than forty million freemen and not a single slave;  
Long may our Spangled Banner float o'er the free and  
brave;  
Our Stars and Stripes are honored on every land and sea,  
In all the world regarded as the ensign of the Free,

And this day we all remember how much of this we owe  
To those *grand old Heroes* of a Hundred Years ago.

Then ring the bells of Freedom all o'er our happy land,  
And wave our Spangled Banner,—forever let it stand  
Where RIGHT, and TRUTH, and FREEDOM shall be the highest aim

Of those who seek for glory and climb the heights of fame;  
Then shall we be a nation that is founded on a rock,  
True Sons of Hero Fathers of the good old Patriot stock;  
And down along the centuries our historic page will glow  
With the grand results of victories won a Hundred Years ago.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 775 441 5



LIBRARY



0 015 7

L75

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 775 441 5