

Cawein Madison Julius

# An Ode



# Madison Cawein

## An Ode

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*An Ode Read August 15, 1907, at the dedication of the monument erected at Gloucester, Massachusetts, in commemoration of the founding of the Massachusetts Bay colony in the year sixteen hundred and twenty-three:*

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An Ode Read August 15,  
1907, at the dedication of  
the monument erected at  
Gloucester, Massachusetts,  
in commemoration of the  
founding of the Massachusetts  
Bay colony in the year sixteen  
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**An Ode**

**READ AUGUST 15, 1907, AT THE DEDICATION  
OF THE MONUMENT ERECTED AT  
GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, IN  
COMMEMORATION OF THE FOUNDING OF  
THE MASSACHUSETTS BAY COLONY IN THE  
YEAR SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-  
THREE BY MADISON CAWEIN JOHN P.  
MORTON & COMPANY, INCORPORATED**

**LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY MCMVIII**

# An Ode

## In Commemoration of the Founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in the Year 1623

### I

They who maintained their rights,  
Through storm and stress,  
And walked in all the ways  
That God made known,  
Led by no wandering lights,  
And by no guess,  
Through dark and desolate days  
Of trial and moan:  
Here let their monument  
Rise, like a word  
In rock commemorative  
Of our Land's youth;  
Of ways the Puritan went,  
With soul love-spurred  
To suffer, die, and live  
For faith and truth.

Here they the corner-stone  
Of Freedom laid;  
Here in their hearts' distress  
They lit the lights  
Of Liberty alone;  
Here, with God's aid,  
Conquered the wilderness,  
Secured their rights.  
Not men, but giants, they,  
Who wrought with toil  
And sweat of brawn and brain  
Their freehold here;  
Who, with their blood, each day  
Hallowed the soil.  
And left it without stain  
And without fear.

## II

Yea; here, from men like these,  
Our country had its stanch beginning;  
Hence sprang she with the ocean breeze  
And pine scent in her hair;  
Deep in her eyes the winning,  
The far-off winning of the unmeasured West;  
And in her heart the care,

The young unrest,  
Of all that she must dare,  
Ere as a mighty Nation she should stand  
Towering from sea to sea,  
From land to mountained land,  
One with the imperishable beauty of the stars  
In absolute destiny;  
Part of that cosmic law, no shadow mars,  
To which all freedom runs,  
That wheels the circles of the worlds and suns  
Along their courses through the vasty night,  
Irrevocable and eternal as is Light.

### III

What people has to-day  
Such faith as launched and sped,  
With psalm and prayer, the Mayflower on its way? —  
Such faith as led  
The Dorchester fishers to this sea-washed point,  
This granite headland of Cape Ann?  
Where first they made their bed,  
Salt-blown and wet with brine,  
In cold and hunger, where the storm-wrenched pine  
Clung to the rock with desperate footing. They,  
With hearts courageous whom hope did anoint,



Despite their tar and tan,  
Worn of the wind and spray,  
Seem more to me than man,  
With their unconquerable spirits. — Mountains may  
Succumb to men like these, to wills like theirs, —  
The Puritan's tenacity to do;  
The stubbornness of genius; — holding to  
Their purpose to the end,  
No New-World hardship could deflect or bend; —  
That never doubted in their worst despairs,  
But steadily on their way  
Held to the last, trusting in God, who filled  
Their souls with fire of faith that helped them build  
A country, greater than had ever thrilled  
Man's wildest dreams, or entered in  
His highest hopes. 'Twas this that helped them win  
In spite of danger and distress,  
Through darkness and the din  
Of winds and waves, unto a wilderness,  
Savage, unbounded, pathless as the sea,  
That said, "Behold me! I am free!"  
Giving itself to them for greater things  
Than filled their souls with dim imaginings.

## IV

Let History record their stalwart names,  
And catalogue their fortitude, whence grew,  
Swiftly as running flames,  
Cities and civilization:  
How from a meeting-house and school,  
A few log-huddled cabins, Freedom drew  
Her rude beginnings. Every pioneer station,  
Each settlement, though primitive of tool,  
Had in it then the making of a Nation;  
Had in it then the roofing of the plains  
With traffic; and the piercing through and through  
Of forests with the iron veins  
Of industry.  
Would I could make you see

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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