

Cawein Madison Julius

An Ode



Madison Cawein

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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 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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