

1909

Abraham Lincoln.: Centennial Memorial Service. Friday, February 12th, 1909...

Brown University.

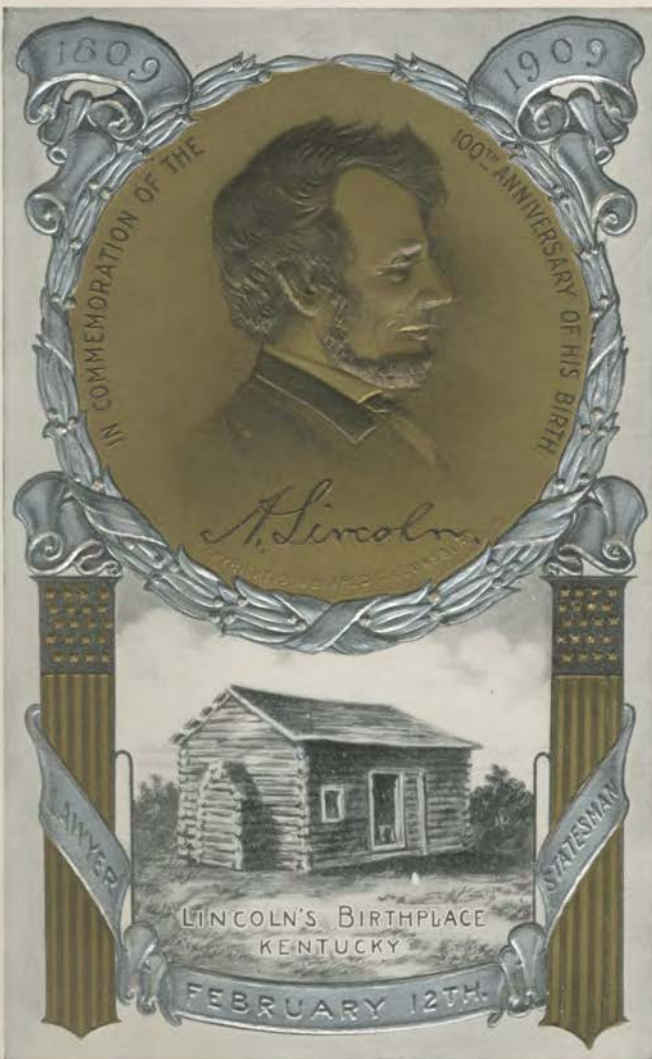
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Handwritten note: 1809





Abraham Lincoln

Centennial Memorial Service

Friday, February 12th, 1909, 2.30 P. M.

Sayles Memorial Hall & Brown University

Organ Prelude:—Festival Prelude *Clough-Leighter*

GENE WARE

Director of Music, Brown University

Prayer:—

The Reverend EDMUND S. ROUSMANIERE, D. D.

Salutation:—

THOMAS WILLIAMS BICKNELL

In Memoriam:—G. A. R.

DANIEL ROSS BALLOU

Oration:—

WILLIAM VAIL KELLEN

Benediction:—

The Reverend ASBURY E. KROM

Organ Postlude:—Marche Pittoresque

Kroeger

Lincoln's Farewell

(Springfield, Illinois, February 11, 1861)



My Friends:—No one, not in my position, can realize the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century. Here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which has developed upon any other man since the days Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine blessing which sustained him; and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support. And I hope you, my friends, will all pray, that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

THE BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
 stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword ;
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps ;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps ;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps :
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel :
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall
 deal ;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
 Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat ;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him ! be jubilant, my feet !
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make them free,
 While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.