

1909

**Centenary Celebration of the Birth of Abraham Lincoln/ by the
citizens of Morristown, First Presbyterian Church, Friday evening,
February twelfth, nineteen-nine, eight o'clock.**

Morristown N.J. Citizens.

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarsjunction.msstate.edu/fvw-pamphlets>

Preferred Citation

[Physical ID#]: [Item Title], Frank and Virginia Williams Collection of Lincolniana, Mississippi State University Libraries.

This Pamphlet is brought to you for free and open access by the Frank and Virginia Williams Collection of Lincolniana at Scholars Junction. It has been accepted for inclusion in Pamphlets by an authorized administrator of Scholars Junction. For more information, please contact scholcomm@msstate.libanswers.com.



CENTENARY CELEBRATION
OF THE BIRTH OF

Abraham Lincoln

BY THE CITIZENS OF
MORRISTOWN

First Presbyterian Church, Friday Evening
February twelfth, nineteen-nine, Eight O'clock

P R O G R A M

THE MAYOR, MR. THOMAS W. CAULDWELL, presiding.

ORGAN PRELUDE Pomp and Circumstance *Elgar*

SONG Star Spangled Banner *Francis Scott Keys*

(The audience will stand when the Star Spangled Banner is played, and will remain standing while the choir sings, joining in the chorus.)

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Chorus

Oh, say does that star spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the midst of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream.

Chorus

'Tis the star spangled banner, Oh! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,
 'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion?
A home and a country they'd leave us no more.
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of fight or the gloom of the grave.

Chorus

And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
 Between their loved home and the war's desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n rescued land,
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

Chorus

And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
While the land of the free is the home of the brave.

PRAYER James M. Buckley, D. D.

HYMN My Country 'Tis of Thee (Tune, "America") S. F. Smith

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride
From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templ'd hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break
 The sound prolong.

Our father's God to Thee,
Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
 Great God our King.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Stephen Pierson, M. D.

THE RECESSIONAL

Sung by the Choir

Rudyard Kipling

God of our father's known of old,
 Lord of our far flung battle line,
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, Lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away,
 On dune and head-land sinks the fire,
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget, Lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
 The Captains and the Kings depart,
 Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart,
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, Lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
 Our lesser breeds without the law,
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, Lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard—
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord! *Amen.*

ADDRESS

Abraham Lincoln, the Friend of Man. Charles Wood, D. D.
 Washington, D. C.

HYMN

Our Thought of Thee

*John G. Whittier**(Tune, Park Street, Hymn Book, Page 120)*

Our thought of thee is glad with hope,
 Dear country of our love and prayer;
 Thy way is down no fatal slope,
 But up to freer sun and air.

Great, without seeking to be great
 By fraud or conquest; rich in gold,
 But richer in the large estate
 Of virtue which thy children hold.

Tried as by furnace fires, and yet
 By God's grace only stronger made;
 In future tasks before thee set
 Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

With peace that comes of purity,
 And strength to simple justice due,
 So runs our loyal dream of thee.
 God of our fathers! make it true.

O land of lands! to thee we give
 Our love, our trust, our service free;
 For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
 And at thy need shall die for thee.

BENEDICTION

Rev. James B. Beaumont

ORGAN POSTLUDE

Variations on America

Rink