

**COLUMBIA, THE
LAND OF THE FREE**

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Columbia, the land of the free by Anna Singleton Macdonald

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ANNA SINGLETON MACDONALD

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BY

ANNA SINGLETON MACDONALD

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1907

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DEDICATED

TO

HON. HENRY ST. GEORGE TUCKER,

President of the Jamestown Exposition

"Ceci ne saurait rien ajouter à l'éclat de votre nom qui
jettera son magique reflet sur ce livre."

356340

COLUMBIA, THE LAND OF THE FREE

PRELUDE

Now as the world through changing cycles speeds,
And onward moves to its appointed end,
Land reaches unto land, creeds blend in creeds;
To meet, to fuse, to mingle all things tend:
Thus meet the Nations of earth to-day,
Thus mingling Arts seek universal sway.

Four centuries the moons have waxed and waned,
Four centuries the winds and waves have met,
Four centuries has Progress wrought and reigned—
While in their courses stars have risen and set
Since first Columbus looked with eager eyes
Toward the West, where golden visions rise.

The prophet in his land no honor gains,
The hero oft is scorned in his own age;
Pined Galileo in ignoble chains;
The deeds of martyrs fill the storied page—
Yet soon or late repentant nations come
To heap with laurel the neglected tomb.

And hither came all nations of the earth
With grateful homage to Columbus' name—
All honor to the land that gave him birth,
All honor to the land that gave him fame;
Columbia welcomed them with heart and hand,
His praises vibrate on this distant strand.

Now seek they JAMESTOWN'S famed historic shore,
The sheltering cradle of this Western world;
The Eaglet's nest ere yet its wings could soar,
The spot where liberty her flag unfurled,
The consecrated ground—the woodland glade
Where POCAHONTAS' maiden footsteps strayed.