# THE CENTENNIAL MEDITATION OF COLUMBIA

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The Centennial Meditation of Columbia by Sidney Lanier & Dudley Buck

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## SIDNEY LANIER & DUDLEY BUCK

# THE CENTENNIAL MEDITATION OF COLUMBIA

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### 1776—1876.

BY APPOINTMENT OF THE U.S. CENTENNIAL COMMISSION.

THE

### CENTENNIAL

## MEDITATION OF COLUMBIA.

#### A CANTATA

FOR

THE INAUGURAL CEREMONIES

AT

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 10, 1876.

SIDNEY LANIER,

DUDLEY BUCK,

NEW YORK:

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G. SCHIRMER, 701 BROADWAY.

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# THE CENTENNIAL MEDITATION OF COLUMBIA.

From this hundred-terraced height Sight more large with nobler light Ranges down yon towering years: Humbler smiles and lordlier tears Shine and fall, shine and fall, While old voices rise and call Yonder where the to-and-fro Weltering of my Long-Ago Moves about the moveless base Far below my resting-place.

Mayflower, Mayflower, slowly hither flying, Trembling Westward o'er yon balking sea, Hearts within Farewell dear England sighing, Winds without But dear in vain replying, Gray-lipp'd waves about thee shouted, crying No 1 It shall not be t

> Jamestown, out of thee— Plymouth, thee—thee, Albany— Winter cries, Ye freeze: away! Fever cries, Ye burn: away! Hunger cries, Ye starve: away! Vengeance cries, Your graves shall stay!

Then old Shapes and Masks of Things, Framed like Faiths or clothed like Kings---Ghosts of Goods once fleshed and fair, Grown foul Bads in alien air---War, and his most noisy lords, Tongued with lithe and poisoned swords--- Error, Terror, Rage and Crime, All in a windy night of time Cried to me from land and sea, No! Thou shalt not be !

#### Hark!

Huguenots whispering yea in the dark, Puritans answering yea in the dark! Yea, like an arrow shot true to his mark, Darts through the tyrannous heart of Denial. Patience and Labor and solemn-souled Trial,

Foiled, still beginning,

Soiled, but not sinning,

Toil through the stertorous death of the Night, Toil, when wild brother-wars new-dark the Light, Toil, and forgive, and kiss o'er, and replight.

Now Praise to God's off-granted grace, Now Praise to Man's undaunted face, Despite the land, despite the sea, I was: I am: and I shall be—

How long, Good Angel, O how long? Sing me from Heaven a man's own song!

"Long as thine Art shall love true love, Long as thy Science truth shall know, Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove, Long as thy Law by law shall grow, Long as thy God is God above, Thy brother every man below, So long, dear Land of all my love, Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!"

O Music, from this height of time my Word unfold: In thy large signals all men's hearts Man's Heart behold: Mid-heaven unroll thy chords as friendly flags unfurled, And wave the world's best lover's welcome to the world. SIDNEY LANIER.

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