

The Pinehurst Outlook.

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PRICE THREE CENTS.

OUR NATIONAL HYMN.

Facsimile of the Original Manuscript of "America."

Words of the Author's Last Patriotic Song, "Young America."

Interesting Facts About the Author, Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D.D., by Gen. H. B. Carrington, His Intimate Friend.

By permission of Mr. R. Chase Carrington, who so largely contributed to our musical entertainments last winter, we are permitted to use for our columns the plate, of which he controls the copyright, of the original draft of "America," the national hymn, written by Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., while at Andover, in 1832.

At the jubilee festival given to Dr. Smith in Boston, April 3, 1895, at Music Hall, another piece of music was rendered by the pupils of the public schools, entitled, "Young America, or Patriot Sons of Patriot Sires." The music was composed, at request of Dr. Smith, by Mr. R. Chase Carrington, the words having been written for the School Reader "Beacon Lights of Patriotism," published at the same time as the music, by Silver, Burdett & Co., of Boston. The sheet of music contains the facsimile of both sets of words.

Few Americans realize the fact that the whole life of Dr. Smith was filled with choice poetic creations of great literary merit, and that the volume referred to contains nearly three hundred of the best. He was editor of the leading Baptist church collection; and other poems delivered at civic, literary, and other celebrations, are rare in beauty and spirit. Space admits of reference only to a few, which are classic among Christian minstrelsy, such as "The morning light is breaking," "Sister, thou wert fair and lovely," "The Prince of Salvation in triumph is riding," "Now is the accepted time," "When shall we meet again, meet ne'er to sever?" "Morn of Zion's glory," and "Softly fades the twilight ray."

The words of "Young America" are as follows:

YOUNG AMERICA.

"The small life coiled within the seed,—
The promise hid away,—
But dimly heralds what shall be,
When comes the perfect day;
But sun, and rain, and frost, and heat,
Enrich the fertile fields,
And the small life of earlier years,
A waving harvest yields.

The corn that slumbers in the hill,—
A disk of golden grain,—
Stands up, at last, a rustling host,
And covers all the plain;

Who knows to what that infant germ,
In coming seasons, leads,
Or how the golden grain expands,
And mighty armies feeds!

The acorn, in its little cup,
High on the breezy hill,
Waits for the fullness of the times,
Its mission to fulfill,
And year by year grows grand and strong,—
What shall the future be?
A noble forest on the land,
Or navy on the sea.

The bright-eyed boys, who crowd our schools,
The knights of book and pen,
Weary of childish games and moods,
Will soon be stalwart men;
The leaders in the race of life,
The men to win applause,
The great minds, born to rule the state,
The wise, to make our laws.

Teach them to guard with jealous care
The land that gave them birth,
As 'Patriot Sons of Patriot Sires,'—
The dearest spot on earth;

Teach them the sacred trust to keep,
Like true men, pure and brave,
And o'er them, through the ages, bid
Freedom's fair banner wave."

At the one hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of Washington as president of the United States, the venerable poet added another verse to "America," which was sung on that occasion at St. Paul's church, New York City. We give a facsimile of the original draft of the verse.

One hymn, written by Dr. Smith at the national convention of the Baptist church, at Albany, in 1878, and contained in the volume of his poems, and called "The Lone Star," has a history and blessing hardly equalled by any other single sacred verse. The question of abandoning a small isolated mission far from the coast, in India, was pending. Dr. Smith made no comments. As the guest of Judge Harris, he was requested during the evening to give his opinion in the morning. The sole reply was the reading of this hymn which he had written. The audience was melted to tears. Subscriptions poured in, and now that mission with its dependent accessories embraces the largest number of communicants of any church in the world. Not many years since, Dr. Smith, and his wife who still lives at the age of 83 at Newton Centre, Mass., visited that mission, where two majestic palms, one named Dr. Smith, and the other Mrs. Smith, are monuments to the love of the native Christians for the preserver of their precious mission.

While "America" will perpetuate its author's memory as long as this nation lasts, his sacred verse will no less animate Christians the world over. It is but recently that a patriotic Japanese hymn was adapted to the music of "America," while "My country, 'tis of thee," has

been translated into thirty-eight different languages.

Card of Thanks.

The members of the Beulah Hill Baptist church desire to express their thanks to the ladies of the First Baptist church of Medford, Mass., for their generous contribution toward the erection of a meeting house on Beulah hill.

DUGAL B. CADDELL,
DUNCAN BLACK,
JOHN I. HAWLEY. } Trustees.

[27]
My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty;
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's 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 fertile 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 fathers' 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,
Ourselves our King.

Facsimile of Manuscript, 1832.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty.
Of thee I sing,
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's 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 topped 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 fathers' 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,
Sweet God, our King.

Facsimile of Manuscript, 1895.

Our joyful hearts to day
Their grateful tribute pay,
Happy and free,
After our trials and fears,
After our blood and tears,
Strong with our hundred years,
To God, to Thee.

Facsimile of verse written for, and sung at New York, on the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Inauguration of Washington as the First President of the United States.