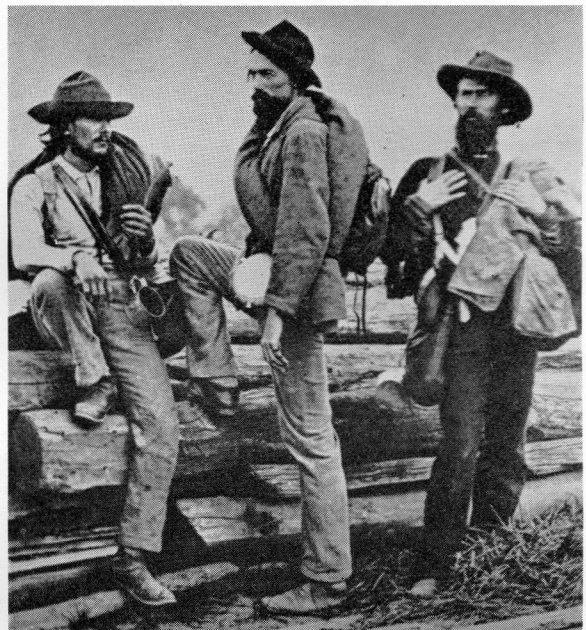


Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth, upon this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met here on a great battlefield of that war. ^{Here} ~~We~~ ^{have} come to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting place ^{for} those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow the ground. The brave men, living and dead, who ^{here} fought and here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished ^{work} which they have, thus far, so nobly commenced. It is rather

for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before ^{us}—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave ^{us} the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall have a new birth of freedom; and that this government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.



Confederate soldiers captured at Gettysburg.



Gettysburg, November 1863, showing a parade forming on Baltimore Street to march to the battlefield where President Lincoln dedicated the national cemetery.