

LINES ON THE
Proclamation
 Issued by the Tyrant Lincoln,
 April First, 1863.
 By a Rebel.

"Are there no stones in heaven but what serve for the thunder—precious villain?"

We have read the tyrant's order,
 And the signet to the rule,
 And thought the kingly jester meant
 To make an April fool;
 For we knew that nothing better
 Than a joke in such a strain,
 Could e'er be made to emanate
 From his degraded brain;
 For he orders every man and child,
 In palace or in cot,
 To fast and pray on such a day;—
 To fast and pray for what?

To bend devoutly on your knees
 To mock Almighty God,
 Insult him with hypocrisy,
 And court his angry rod;
 To ask that God to be unjust
 Who rules infinite space,
 To ask Jehovah's blighting curse
 Upon his chosen race;
 To ask of God to hallow crime—
 Oh horrid, impious thought—
 The tyrant asks—the heart replies—
 To fast and pray for what?

To ask Almighty God to bless
 A despot's roll of crime;
 To ask that he will bring distress
 On a more Christian clime;
 To ask that murder, rapine, blood
 May meet with more success;
 That the noblest, fairest land on earth
 Be made a wilderness;
 To ask the pure and holy God
 To bless his guilty plans,
 And with approval sanctify
 The tyrant's blood-washed hands.

Pray that a mother's prayer be lost
 When dragged from home in chains;
 The orphan's cry ascend unheard,
 When weeping it complains.
 Pray that the tyrant's iron bands
 May rust on maiden forms,
 And that his galling manacles
 May bruise their fair white arms.
 Pray that their tender voices die,
 Their tears in torrents pour,
 And that their bleaching bones may strew
 The gloomy dungeon's floor.

Pray for a rack—a guillotine—
 On which to lash the free,
 That the music of their torture,
 And their cries of agony,
 May mingle with the stifled sob
 Of woman's broken heart
 To sate the maniacs tyrant's soul
 And blunt remorse's dart.
 Pray for more women-searchers,
 With their coward hireling band,
 To degrade a helpless people
 And insult a fallen land.

Dare you—minion though you be
 Exempt from human laws,
 Dare you ask Almighty God
 To enlist in such a cause;
 Dare you to ask the Holy One,
 To write His name in crime,
 To write His name in guilt and shame,
 In basely serving Time?
 Oh, is there in our native State
 A soul so black and base;
 As to hurl such mocking insult
 Into Jehovah's face?

Then, Father in Heaven! hear our pray'r,
 The wail of the oppressed,
 Lend energy to our despair,
 And strength to the distressed;
 And as, from dungeons damp and cold,
 Thy children cry to Thee,
 Oh, nerve our arms and steel our hearts
 That we may yet be free!
 Then teach us all some fitting words
 To offer on that day,
 When for success to *Southern arms*
 We gladly fast and pray.

Oh, God! To Thee Thy people cry,
 The God in whom they trust,
 That Thou wilt aid them in their need,
 And raise them from the dust;
 And in Thy vengeance, Mighty God!
 Thy lightning-dagger thrust
 Into that shameless tyrant's heart,
 And drain its sordid lust;
 Hurl down his broken sceptre,
 And break his blood-stained throne,
 And applauding worlds shall clap their hands
 To drown the tyrant's groan!