

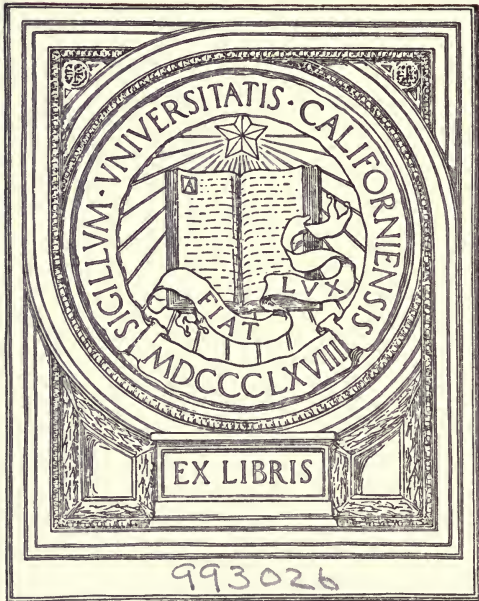
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GARRISON'S POEMS.

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GARRISON'S POEMS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Sarah BR Foster

SONNETS

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

'O my brethren! I have told
Most BITTER TRUTH, but without bitterness.
Nor deem my zeal or factious or mis-timed;
For never can true courage dwell with them,
Who, playing tricks with Conscience, dare not look
At their own vices.'—COLERIDGE.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY OLIVER JOHNSON,
And Sold at 25 Cornhill.
1843.

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OLIVER JOHNSON

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OLIVER JOHNSON

OLIVER JOHNSON
Printed and Published by Oliver Johnson,
at the District Court of Massachusetts,
in the City of Boston, in the year 1843.

OLIVER JOHNSON

OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER,
47 Court Street.

TO THE READER.

THE compiler of this volume, a short time since, announced his intention to publish a volume of Selections, in Poetry and Prose, from the Writings of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. On examination, he found a much greater amount and variety of Poetry than he anticipated; and being impressed with a conviction that Mr. GARRISON'S numerous friends and admirers would be glad to see it in a separate volume, for cheap circulation, as well as embodied in a larger work, he has ventured to publish it in its present form.

For the publication of these Poems, Mr. GARRISON is not otherwise responsible than in having kindly given his consent to it, for the personal gratification of his friends. They are simply the unstudied effusions of hours given to relaxation from the arduous labors arising from his connexion with the Anti-Slavery Enterprise; and were written without any thought of their being collected together in a volume. Having made no pretensions, therefore, to be considered a Poet, he may justly claim to be measured by his own standard, rather than by that of the critic. In the judgment of the compiler, however, the contents of this volume will not only bear the test of candid criticism, but secure for the author an honorable place among the Poets of our country.

Mr. GARRISON has been widely denounced, by the enemies of Christian Reform, (absurd and monstrous as is the charge,) as an 'infidel'!—

This has been done mainly to destroy his influence as an Abolitionist. His calumniators know that they testify falsely, and that his religious views partake of a highly spiritual and devotional character; while the productions of his pen are marked by an exalted estimate of the power and efficacy of the Gospel of Christ. It is believed that the sentiments contained in this compilation will commend themselves to the judgement, conscience and taste of the Christian reader, and serve to disabuse the public mind in relation to the man whose catholic motto is, 'MY COUNTRY IS THE WORLD; MY COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.'

The compiler wishes it to be distinctly understood, that this volume is not intended to supersede the larger work which he some time since announced his intention to publish, but rather to open a channel for its wider circulation, whenever it shall be practicable to lay it before the public.

Boston, May 1, 1843.

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P O E M S .

UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

I.

THOUGH distant be the hour, yet come it must —
Oh! hasten it, in mercy, righteous Heaven!
When Afric's sons, uprising from the dust,
Shall stand erect — their galling fetters riven;
When from his throne Oppression shall be driven,
An exiled monster, powerless through all time;
When freedom — glorious freedom, shall be given
To every race, complexion, caste, and clime,
And Nature's sable hue shall cease to be a crime!

II.

Wo if it come with storm, and blood, and fire,
When midnight darkness veils the earth and sky !
Wo to the innocent babe — the guilty sire —
Mother and daughter — friends of kindred tie !
Stranger and citizen alike shall die !
Red-handed Slaughter his revenge shall feed,
And Havoc yell his ominous death-cry,
And wild Despair in vain for mercy plead —
While Hell itself shall shrink, and sicken at the
deed !

III.

Thou who avengest blood ! long-suffering Lord !
My guilty country from destruction save !
Let Justice sheath his sharp and terrible sword,
And Mercy rescue, e'en as from the grave !
O, for the sake of those who firmly brave
The lust of Power — the tyranny of Law —
To bring redemption to the perishing slave —
Fearless, though few — Thy presence ne'er with-
draw,
But quench the kindling flames of hot, rebellious
War !

IV.

And ye — sad victims of base Avarice!

Hunted like beasts, and trodden like the earth;
Bought and sold daily, at a paltry price —

The scorn of tyrants, and of fools the mirth —

Your souls debased from their immortal birth!

Bear meekly — as ye've borne — your cruel woes;

Ease follows pain; light, darkness; plenty, dearth:
So time shall give you freedom and repose,

And high exalt your heads above your bitter foes!

V.

Not by the sword shall your deliverance be;

Not by the shedding of your masters' blood;
Not by rebellion — or foul treachery,

Upspringing suddenly, like swelling flood:

Revenge and rapine ne'er did bring forth good.

God's time is best! — nor will it long delay:

Even now your barren cause begins to bud,
And glorious shall the fruit be! — Watch and pray,
For, lo! the kindling dawn, that ushers in the day!

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PERSECUTION.

O PERSECUTION ! fearful as thou art,
With scowling brow, and aspect stern and rude,
Thy hands in blood of Innocence imbrued,
Wrung, drop by drop, from many a tortured heart, —
Why should we dread thy gibbet, axe, or stake ?
Thou dost our faith, our hope, our courage try,
And mak'st us valiant where we thought to fly :
Through thee, the crown of Victory we take.
Thy fires but purify our gold from dross ;
Once undiscerned, our value now appears,
Which shall, at interest, increase with years ;
So do we gain by thee, nor suffer loss : —
'T were base to sacrifice the TRUTH, to save
Our names from foul reproach — our bodies from
the grave.

TRUE COURAGE.

I BOAST no courage on the battle-field,
Where hostile troops immix in horrid fray;
For Love or Fame I can no weapon wield,
With burning lust an enemy to slay : —
But test my spirit at the blazing stake,
For advocacy of the RIGHTS OF MAN,
And TRUTH — or on the wheel my body break ;
Let Persecution place me 'neath its ban ;
Insult, defame, proscribe my humble name ;
Yea, put the dagger to my naked breast ;
If I recoil in terror from the flame,
Or recreant prove when Peril rears its crest,
To save a limb, or shun the public scorn —
Then write me down for aye, Weakest of woman
born !

TO A FRIEND.

FRIEND of mankind! for thee I fondly cherish
Th' exuberance of a brother's glowing love;
And never in my memory shall perish
Thy name or worth — so time shall truly prove!
Thy spirit is more gentle than a dove,
Yet hath an angel's energy and scope;
Its flight is towering as the heaven above,
And with the outstretched earth doth bravely cope.
Thou standest on an eminence so high,
All nations congregate around its base;
There, with a kindling soul and piercing eye,
The wrongs and sufferings of thy kind dost trace:
Thy country is the world — thou know'st no other —
And every man, in every clime, thy brother!

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

I.

O LINGER not, thou bright and sunny Spring —
Fair Nature's child! companion of glad hours!
But o'er the earth thy gorgeous mantle fling,
And hasten onward with thy buds and flowers!

II.

For now the northern storm howls drearily;
The winds are piercing, turbulent and loud;
Sadness and gloom pervade the glorious sky,
And all things wear Decay's pale, fearful shroud.

III.

Come, mild Deliverer! with thy magic spells
 Release th' imprisoned fount and sheeted stream;
 Forests and mountains, wasted groves and dells,
 From the strong arm of wintry Death redeem.

IV.

Let thy sweet form be seen — thy thrilling voice
 Peal gently on the ear from bough and brake;
 Bid Nature in her loveliness rejoice,
 And all her slumbering energies awake!

DEDICATORY LINES TO LIBERTY.

I.

ANOTHER year, devoted to thy cause,
O LIBERTY! has swiftly fled away:
 Not till the war is over would I pause,
 Nor for my spirit seek a holiday:
 It needs none, for its strength knows no decay.
 This is no time for loitering, while thy foe,
OPPRESSION, seeks thy precious life to slay:
 His hand is raised to give the fatal blow,
 That he may gorge himself afresh with human woe!

II.

Dispensing with all forms, I consecrate
 Anew, this day, my soul to God and thee,
 Reckless of what may be my earthly fate :
 For this I know, that all shall yet be free,
 And God and thou shall gain the victory.
 What tho' these eyes may ne'er behold the time ?
 A coming age shall hail the jubilee,
 When men of every caste, complexion, clime,
 Shall burst their chains, and stand in dignity sublime.

III.

I care not, tyrants ! for your strength or power,
 Your savage mien, your more than savage rage ;
 It is for you, not for myself, to cower !
 Sustained by TRUTH and RIGHT, I dare engage
 Your fierce array, and single combat wage.
 In FREEDOM'S cause one shall a thousand chase,
 And two ten thousand drive from off the stage ;
 The brave are never found among the base —
 Where Innocence is bold, Guilt hides his crimson
 face !

IV.

What is before me, Lord, is known to thee ;
To me all is unknown, except thy will,
That I in all things should obedient be,
Come weal or woe, come every good or ill —
Nor fear those who the body only kill.
Thy will is mine, and let thy will be done !
Thy light and love my spirit sweetly fill : —
Following with zeal the footsteps of thy Son,
With martyrs I rejoice the Christian race to run.

V.

E'en to this hour, to public gaze I stand,
An object scorned, rejected, and abhorred ;
And for my labors to redeem the land,
Reproach and infamy are my reward :
But time shall justice unto me accord.
To him who, for Thy sake, takes up his cross,
Thy promises are rich and sure, O Lord ! —
Fire from the adulterate ore extracts but dross,
But the pure gold sustains, and can sustain, no loss.

VI.

Courage, O friends ! a thousand fields are won !
Ten thousand foes lie prostrate in the dust !
Your task, though onerous, is nearly done ;
Still in the LORD JEHOVAH be your trust,
And victory crowns you, for your cause is just !
All yokes and manacles shall soon be riven ;
The monster SLAVERY shall die accursed ;
Sweet freedom to the pining thrall be given,
And a grand jubilee be kept by Earth and Heaven !

December 31, 1841.

SONG OF THE ABOLITIONIST.

I.

I AM an Abolitionist!
 I glory in the name;
 Though now by SLAVERY'S minions hissed,
 And covered o'er with shame:
 It is a spell of light and power—
 The watchword of the free:—
 Who spurns it in the trial-hour,
 A craven soul is he!

II.

I am an Abolitionist !
Then urge me not to pause ;
For joyfully do I enlist
In FREEDOM'S sacred cause :
A nobler strife the world ne'er saw,
Th' enslaved to disenthral ;
I am a soldier for the war,
Whatever may befall !

III.

I am an Abolitionist !
Oppression's deadly foe ;
In God's great strength will I resist,
And lay the monster low ;
In God's great name do I demand,
To all be freedom given,
That peace and joy may fill the land,
And songs go up to heaven !

IV.

I am an Abolitionist !
No threats shall awe my soul —

No perils cause me to desist —
No bribes my acts control ;
A freeman will I live and die,
In sunshine and in shade,
And raise my voice for liberty,
Of nought on earth afraid.

V.

I am an Abolitionist —
The tyrant's hate and dread —
The friend of all who are oppressed —
A price is on my head !
My country is the wide, wide world,
My countrymen mankind : —
Down to the dust be Slavery hurled !
All servile chains unbind !

TO AN INFANT.



FAIR bud of being! blossoming like the rose —
 Leaf upon leaf unfolding to the eye,
 In fragrance rich, and spotless purity —
That hourly dost some latent charm disclose; —
O may the dews and gentle rains of Heaven
 Give to thy root immortal sustenance;
 So thou in matchless beauty shalt advance,
Nor by the storms of life be rudely driven.
But if, O envious Death! this little flower
 Thou from its tender stem untimely break,
 An Angel shall the drooping victim take,
And quick transplant it to a heavenly bower;
Where it shall flourish in eternal Spring,
Nurtured beneath the eye of a paternal KING.

HOPE FOR THE ENSLAVED.

I.

YE who in bondage pine,
 Shut out from light divine,
 Bereft of hope ;
 Whose limbs are worn with chains,
 Whose tears bedew our plains,
 Whose blood our glory stains,
 In gloom who grope :

II.

Shout ! for the hour draws nigh,
 That gives you liberty !
 And from the dust,
 So long your vile embrace,

Uprising, take your place
Among earth's noblest race —
By right, *the first!*

III.

The night — the long, long night
Of infamy and slight,
Shame and disgrace,
And slavery, worse than e'er
Rome's serfs were doomed to bear,
Bloody beyond compare,
Recedes apace!

IV.

See! in the East breaks forth,
Kindling the West and North,
The glorious dawn
Of FREEDOM'S natal day,
That shall your race repay,
And in pure joy outweigh
Ages of scorn.

V.

For every tear of woe
Ye've shed — for every blow
 By tyrants given ;
For all your groans and sighs,
Your agonizing cries,
Piercing the far off skies,
 And moving Heaven : —

VI.

Impartial Providence
A splendid recompense
 Will you ensure :
For you, wealth, station, fame,
A proud and deathless name,
And the World's loud acclaim,
 Time shall procure.

VII.

Lorn Africa, once more,
As proudly as of yore,
 Shall yet be seen
Foremost of all the earth,

In learning, beauty, worth —
By dignity of birth,
A peerless Queen!

VIII.

Speed, speed the hour, O Lord!
Speak! and, at thy dread word,
Fetters shall fall
From every limb — the strong
No more the weak shall wrong,
But Liberty's sweet song
Be sung by all!

EARTHLY FAME.



How fall FAME'S pillars at the touch of Time!
How fade, like flowers, the memories of the dead!
How vast the grave that swallows up a clime!
How dim the light by ancient glory shed!
One generation's clay enwraps the next,
And dead men are the aliment of earth;
'Passing away,' is Nature's funeral text,
Uttered coevous with Creation's birth.
I mourn not, care not, if my humble name,
With my frail body, perish in the tomb;
It courts a heavenly, not an earthly fame,
That through eternity shall brightly bloom:
Write it within thy Book of Life, O Lord,
And, in 'the last great day,' a golden crown award!

LIBERTY.



THY cause, O LIBERTY! can never fail,
Whether by foes o'erwhelm'd, or friends betray'd:
Then be its advocates of nought afraid!
As GOD is true, they surely shall prevail.
Let base oppressors tremble and turn pale!
They, they alone, may justly be dismayed;
For TRUTH and RIGHT are on thy side arrayed,
And the whole world shall yet thy triumph hail.
No blow for thee was ever struck in vain;
Thy champions, martyrs, are of noble birth;
Rare honors, blessings, praises, thanks, they gain,
And Time and Glory magnify their worth!
A thousand times defeated, thou shalt reign
Victor, O LIBERTY, o'er all the earth!

FOURTH OF JULY.

HAUL down our country's banner — let its folds
Be gathered in, nor float upon the breeze !
Our Eagle must not soar aloft to-day,
But close his wings, and stoop his lofty crest !
Ye 'red artillery,' your thunders hush !
Quench out the thousand fires that wildly blaze
Up to the kindling sky from field and hill !
It is not meet that the sweet trumpet's voice
Should rouse our sluggish blood, and nerve our souls !
Forbear, ye vaunting, fine-spun orators, —
Ye mincing fools, all fustian, noise and rant, —
To wound our ears with sickening rhapsodies !
Be hushed the general shout — let Sadness brood

Over the land, and Joy disperse his smiles!
For LIBERTY lies prostrate in the dust,
With hair dishevelled, and with zone unbound;
Her cheeks are colorless, save when a blush
Of deepest shame doth o'er them fitful steal;
And the deep brilliance of her large, fair eyes
Is now extinguished in a flood of grief;
For here, in this her sanctuary and home,
Hath Slavery boldly raised his iron throne;
And MEN, like household goods, or servile beasts,
Are bought and sold, kidnapped and pirated;
Branded with red hot irons, scourged with whips;
Laden with chains that pinch their tender flesh;
Driven in droves e'en by the Capitol;
Imported from afar, then secretly
Thrown into narrow cells and prisons drear,
Till bones and sinews in the market rise;
And Government looks tamely on the while,
Nor sheds a tear of generous sympathy,
Nor moves a finger to relieve th' oppressed!

Then haul our striped and starry banner down;
Our cannon freight not; stop the noisy breath

Of heartless patriotism; be our praise unsung.
To-day we'll not discourse of British wrong,
Of valorous feats in arms by freemen bold,
Nor spit on kings, nor tauntingly call names;
But we will fall upon our bended knees,
And weep in bitterness of heart, and pray
Our God to save us from his gathering wrath;
We will no longer multiply our boasts
Of liberty, till ALL are truly free.

THE GUILTLESS PRISONER.

PRISONER! within these gloomy walls close pent —
 Guiltless of horrid crime, or venial wrong —
Bear nobly up against thy punishment,
 And in thy innocence be tall and strong!
Perchance thy fault was love to all mankind;
 Thou didst oppose some vile, oppressive law;
Or strive all human fetters to unbind;
 Or wouldst not bear the implements of war:—
What then? Dost thou so soon repent the deed?
 A martyr's crown is richer than a king's!
Think it an honor with thy Lord to bleed,
 And glory 'midst intensest sufferings!
Though beat — imprisoned — put to open shame —
Time shall embalm and magnify thy name!

NEW YEAR'S DAY.



BRIGHTEST, merriest of days !
Welcomed in a thousand lays !
Not a heart but leaps for gladness,
Not a brow that's veiled in sadness,
Not an eye that beams not brighter,
Not a step that is not lighter !
Day of joyful hopes and wishes,
Prōdīgal of gifts and kisses ;
Want, with all his pining brood,
Leaps and sings for gratitude ;
Nakedness — a shivering claimant —
Now obtains a seemly raiment ;
Sorrow wipes her tears away,

On a happy New-Year's Day;
All the forms of sharp distress,
Charity's fair hand doth bless!

What awaits, O new-born Year!
On thy brief, untried career?
Pass not, till the world is free
From the yoke of Tyranny;
Broken be th' oppressor's rod,
In the dust his throne be trod;—
Till the sea of human blood
Cease to roll its gory flood,
And the thundering tones of War
Echo not from lands afar;
Till the scourge Intemperance,
With its train, is banished hence:
Pass not till, from sea to sea,
CHRIST shall gain supremacy;
Idols to the bats be given—
In their stead, the Lord of heaven
Be consulted, loved, adored,
By a guilty race restored!

MAY DAY.

I.

UP, ye slumberers, one and all!

Welcome in the smiling May!

Hear ye not her thrilling call?

Will ye waste in bed the day?

'Tis a morn for old and young,

Prodigal of joy and song.

II.

See! the watch-fires of the night,

One by one, are vanishing:

What a glorious tide of light

Issues from Morn's golden spring!

Flooding every land and clime,

Up the sun goes — slow — sublime!

III.

Birds of every kind and hue
 Airily are glancing by,
And with notes expressive, true,
 Fill the air with melody :
Who would lose their joyous strain ?
Who, inert, abed remain ?

IV.

Maiden, with the flashing eye,
 Quench its brilliance not in sleep ;
Let thy blushes, mounting high,
 Shame Aurora's color deep ;
Gather flowers to braid thy hair —
For a Queenly state prepare !

V.

Child, absorbed in sportive dream,
 Be not Slumber's pretty dupe ;
Up, and drive the mimic team,
 Fly the kite, or whirl the hoop ;
Let the music of thy mirth
In a merry shout have birth !

VI.

Youth, in sweetest visions lying,
Building worlds with busy thought;
Now exulting, smiling, sighing,
O'er the labors thou hast wrought;
Fairest scenes, by Fancy drawn,
Cannot match so fair a morn.

VII.

Manhood, lift thy stately head —
Stand erect, Creation's lord!
Leave the couch by dalliance spread —
O'er thy empire walk abroad;
Earth and sky were made for thee,
Dressed in royal pageantry!

VIII.

All who pine in secret love,
All whose hopes are high or low,
Ugly folks, who would improve,
Handsome, who would prettier grow —
Rich and poor, gay, wise and witty,
Leave, at earliest dawn, the city.

IX.

Exercise will use his brushes
 With a Painter's matchless skill,
 Covering palest cheeks with blushes,
 Giving eyes new power to kill:
 O, then, slumber not, I pray —
 Go, and welcome jocund May!

TO WILLIAM LADD,

THE DISTINGUISHED ADVOCATE OF PEACE.



THE conquerors of the earth have had their day —
Their fame lies weltering in a bloody shroud ;
As Crime and Desolation haste away,
So fade their glory and their triumphs proud.
Great advocate ! a fairer wreath is thine,
Base Envy cannot soil, nor Time destroy ;
Thou art enlisted in a cause divine,
Which yet shall fill all earth and heaven with joy.
To calm the passions of a hostile world ;
To make content and happiness increase ;
In every clime to see that flag unfurled,
Long since uplifted by the Prince of Peace ;
This is thy soul's desire, thy being's aim,
No barriers can impede, no opposition tame.

TO MY WIFE.



THOU mistress of my heart! my chosen one!
To what shall I my love for thee compare?
Not to the star that lights the upper air,
For that goes out when Night's career is run:
Not to the moon, which clouds, opaque and dun,
Obscurely hide — though beautiful and fair,
Marks of inconstancy its features wear:
Not to the flaming, overheated sun:
Not to the trusty needle, ever pointing North;
For, though attracted, it vibration knows.
Nor star, moon, sun, nor needle, can show forth
The steadfast love that in my bosom glows:
Bright is the flame — undying as thy worth —
Changeless as Truth, and chaste as wintry snows.

TO THE SAME.

HELEN, if thus we tenderly deplore
Our separation for a few brief days,
Yearning upon the much loved one to gaze,
With admiration and delight once more —
Lavish of sighs, and tears that vainly pour:
Ah! what must be the misery that preys
Upon their hearts — ah! what the woes that craze
Their brains, who pine in exile on our shore!
Parents from children are remorseless torn!
The infant from the mother! and the wife
From the distracted husband! — they are borne
Away in chains, no more to meet in life!
In vain they shriek, and supplicate, and mourn —
Tortures and blows shall quell Affection's strife.

TO MY FIRST-BORN.

I.

HEAVEN'S long-desired gift! my first-born child!
Pledge of the purest love! my darling son!
Now do I feel a father's bliss begun, —
A father's hopes and fears, — babe undefiled!
Should'st thou be spared, I could be reconciled
Better to martyrdom, — so may be won
Freedom for all, and servile chains undone.
For if, amid this conflict, fierce and wild,
With the stout foes of God and man, I fall,
Then shalt thou early fill my vacant post,
And, pouring on the winds a trumpet-call,
Charge valiantly OPPRESSION'S mighty host:
So captive millions thou shalt disenthral,
And, through the mighty God, of victory boast.

II.

Remember, when thou com'st to riper years,
That unto GOD, from earliest infancy,
Thy grateful father dedicated thee,
And sought HIS guidance through this vale of tears.
Fear GOD — then disregard all other fears ;
Be, in HIS Truth, erect, majestic, free ;
Abhor OPPRESSION — cling to LIBERTY —
Nor recreant prove, though horrid Death appears.
I charge thee, in the name of HIM who died
On Calvary's cross, — an ignominious fate, —
If thou wouldst reign with the GREAT CRUCIFIED,
Thy reputation and thy life to hate :
Thus shalt thou save them both, nor be denied
A glittering crown and throne of heavenly state !

III.

Flesh of my flesh ! now that I see thy form,
And catch the starry brilliance of thine eyes,
And hear — sweet music ! thy infantile cries,
And feel in thee the life-blood beating warm,
Strange thoughts within me generate and swarm ;

Streams of emotion, overflowing, rise ;
Such joy thy birth affords, and glad surprise,
O nursling of the sunshine and the storm !
Bear witness, Heaven ! do I hate Slavery less, —
Do I not hate it more, intensely more, —
Now this dear babe I to my bosom press ?
My soul is stirred within me — ne'er before
Have horrors filled it with such dire excess,
Nor pangs so deep pierced to its inmost core !

IV.

Bone of my bone ! not all Golconda's gold
Is worth the value of a hair of thine !
Yet is the Negro's babe as dear as mine —
Formed in as pure and glorious a mould ;
But, ah ! inhumanly 'tis seized and sold !
Thou hast a soul immortal and divine,
My priceless jewel ! — In a sable shrine
Lies a bright gem, 'bought with a price' untold !
A little lower than th' angelic train
Art thou created, and a monarch's power,
My potent infant ! with a wide domain,

O'er beast, bird, fish, and insect, is thy dower :
The Negro's babe with thee was made to reign —
As high in dignity and worth to tower !

V.

O, dearest child of all this populous earth !
Yet no more precious than the meanest slave !
To rescue thee from bondage, I would brave
All dangers, and count life of little worth,
And make of stakes and gibbets scornful mirth !
Am I not perilling as much to save,
E'en now, from bonds, a race who freedom crave ?
To bless the sable infant from its birth ?
Yet I am covered with reproach and scorn,
And branded as a madman through the land !
But, loving thee, FREE ONE, my own first-born,
I feel for all who wear an iron band —
So Heaven regard my son when I am gone,
And aid and bless him with a liberal hand !

TO BENJAMIN LUNDY.

SELF-TAUGHT, unaided, poor, reviled, contemned —
 Beset with enemies, by friends betrayed;
 As madman and fanatic oft condemned,
 Yet in thy noble cause still undismayed!
 Leonidas could not thy courage boast;
 Less num'rous were his foes, his band more strong;
 Alone, unto a more than Persian host,
 Thou hast undauntedly given battle long.
 Nor shalt thou singly wage th' unequal strife;
 Unto thy aid, with spear and shield, I rush,
 And freely do I offer up my life,
 And bid my heart's blood find a wound to gush!
 New volunteers are trooping to the field —
 To die we are prepared — but NOT AN INCH TO YIELD!

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME.



THANK God, that though thy body Death has slain,
Thy quenchless spirit nothing could subdue;
That though thou art removed from mortal view,
Thou livest ever more — and not in vain!
Our loss is but thine everlasting gain!
Of FREEDOM'S friends, the truest of the true
Wast thou, as all her deadly foes well knew!
For bravely her good cause thou didst maintain.
No threats could move, no perils could appal,
No bribes seduce thee, in thy bright career:
O, many a fettered slave shall mourn thy fall,
And many a ransomed one let drop the tear;
A Nation, wakened by thy trumpet-call —
The World itself — thy memory shall revere!

ON LEAVING MY NATIVE LAND

FOR ENGLAND, MAY, 1833.

Unto the winds and waves I now commit
My body, subject to the will of Heaven;
Its resting-place may be the watery pit —
'Tis His alone to take, who life has given.
But, O ye elements! the deathless SOUL,
Impalpable, out-soaring time and space,
Submits not to your mightiest control,
Nor meanly dwells in any earthly place.
Ocean may bleach, earth crumble, worms devour,
Beyond identity, its wondrous frame;
Decay blights not the Spiritual Flower,
Nor age suppresses the ethereal flame:
Thus thy dread sting, O DEATH! I dare to brave —
Thus do I take from thee the victory, O GRAVE!

THE PRINCE OF PHILANTHROPISTS.

I.

SAVIOUR! though by scorn requited,
 Oftener than by gratitude,
 Still, on earth, thy soul delighted,
 Constantly, in DOING GOOD.

II.

Wealth, complexion, grandeur, station,
 Vain distinctions were to thee;
 LOVE like thine, nor caste, nor nation,
 Bounded its Infinity!

III.

Thou didst heal the lame — the dying ;
Feed the multitude with bread ;
Not a suppliant denying ;
Raising up to life the dead !

IV.

Not with such thy mercy ended —
Not alone were these restored ;
In thy character were blended
All divinest traits, O Lord !

V.

Sunk in hopeless depravation, —
Great Physician of the soul !
Dreaming not of restoration,
Thou the sin-diseased made whole.

VI.

Though the powers of hell assailed thee,
Sought with demon hate thy life,
Never once thy courage failed thee,
Never blenched thou in the strife.

VII.

Like a conqueror, thou didst trample
On the things of sense and time :
O, how wondrous thy example —
How resplendent — how sublime !

VIII.

Though for us thy life thou gavest,
And thy blood on Calvary spilt,
By an inward power thou savest,
Cleansing us from sin and guilt.

IX.

As the WAY, to glory leading,
As the TRUTH, that sets us free,
As the LIFE, from God proceeding,
SAVIOUR! do we honor thee.

X.

'FOLLOW ME,' is thy direction ;
In thy footsteps will we tread ;
Thus attaining to perfection,
Kept through faith in Thee, our HEAD.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

ENGLAND! I grant that thou dost justly boast
Of splendid Geniuses beyond compare;
Men great and gallant — Women good and fair —
Skilled in all arts, and filling every post
Of learning, science, fame — a mighty host!
Poes divine, and Benefactors rare —
Statesmen — Philosophers — and they who dare
Boldly to explore Heaven's vast and boundless coast.
To one alone I dedicate this rhyme,
Whose virtues with a starry lustre glow;
Whose heart is large, whose spirit is sublime,
The friend of Liberty, of Wrong the foe:
Long be inscribed upon the roll of Time,
The name, the worth, the works, of HARRIET
MARTINEAU.!

TO ELIZABETH PEASE,

OF DARLINGTON, ENGLAND.



A NATIVE dignity and gentle mien ;
An intellect expansive, clear and strong ;
A spirit that can tolerate no wrong ;
A heart as large as ever yet was seen ;
A soul in every exigence serene,
In which all virtuous excellencies throng :
These, best of women ! all to thee belong :
What more of Royalty has England's Queen ?
Thy being is absorbed in doing good,
As was thy LORD's, to all the human race ;
With courage, faith, hope, charity endued,
All forms of wretchedness thou dost embrace ;
Still be thy work of light and love pursued,
And thy career shall angels joy to trace.

ON THE DEATH OF JAMES CROPPER,

THE ENGLISH PHILANTHROPIST.



CROPPER! among the wise, the great, the good,
The friends of MAN, whate'er his caste or clime,
Thy memory shall be hailed with gratitude —
Thy labors honored to the end of time!
Thine was a soul with sympathy imbued,
Broad as the earth, and as the heavens sublime;
Thy godlike object, steadfastly pursued,
To save thy race from misery and crime.
Mourn, England! for the loss thou hast sustained,
And let the nations of the earth lament,
With spirit broken, and with grief unfeigned;
And to her tears let LIBERTY give vent;
A star of glory has in darkness waned —
No more on earth survives the good man eloquent.

CHRISTIAN REST.

'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you REST.'—*Jesus Christ.*

'For we who have believed do enter into REST.'—*Paul.*

If thou should'st fail to find true rest
 On earth, thou 'lt find it not in heaven;
 Here must it dwell within thy breast,
 Or thou must tempest-tost be driven.
 For what *is* REST? Not indolence
 Of body, or of mind, or soul;
 Not in the loss of sight or sense —
 Not in the grave, our earthly goal.
 It is not freedom from 'the ills
 That flesh is heir to' — sickness, pain,

Malice that wounds, or Death that kills,
Temptation's lure, or Penury's chain.
In vain in Nature's solitude
'T is fondly sought — in hermit's cell,
Where stranger-footsteps ne'er intrude —
On mountain-top, in silent dell :
It reigns not in the peasant's cot,
Nor in the palace of the king ;
It is not found by chance or lot,
'T is not a partial, birth-right thing.
Gold cannot buy, nor valor win,
Nor power command, nor station gain it ;
Whatever bears a taint of sin,
Unpurified, cannot obtain it.
Thou may'st have beauty, wit, and parts,
That shall secure thee vast acclaim,
And be the idol of all hearts,
And gather universal fame ;
And by the potentates of earth
Be honored as a chosen guest ;
And be exalted from thy birth —
Yet never know one hour of rest !
Thou may'st upon thy very knees

Have gone on many a pilgrimage,
And far excelled all devotees,
That ever trod this mortal stage,
In self-inflicted agonies,
All sinful lusts to crucify:
In vain thy tears, and groans, and cries —
Rest, by such acts, thou canst not buy.
Thou may'st have joined some chosen sect,
And given thy sanction to a creed,
And been pronounced among th' elect,
And zealous been in word and deed —
Most orthodox of proselytes,
Strict in observing seasons, days,
Church order, ceremonies, rites,
Constant at church to pray and praise —
Munificent in all good works,
That with the gospel may be blest
All heathen tribes, Jews, Greeks and Turks —
Yet still a stranger be to REST.
For what *is* REST? 'Tis not to be
Half saint, half sinner, day by day;
Half saved, half lost; half bound, half free;
Half in the fold, and half astray;

Faithless this hour, the next most true ;
 Just half alive, half crucified ;
Half washed, and half polluted too ;
 To Christ and Belial both allied !
Now trembling at Mount Sinai's base —
 Anon, on Calvary's summit shouting ;
One instant, boasting of free grace —
 The next, God's pardoning mercy doubting !
Now sinning, now denouncing sin ;
 Filled with alternate joy and sorrow ;
To-day, feel all renewed within,
 But fear a sad relapse to-morrow !
All ardent now, and eloquent,
 And bold for God, with soul on fire ;
At once, complete extinguishment
 Ensues, and all its sparks expire !
O, most unhappy of mankind !
 In thee what contradictions meet !
Seeing thy way, yet groping blind !
 Most conscientious, yet a cheat !
Allowing what thou dost abhor,
 And hating what thou dost allow ;
Dreaming of freedom by the law,

Yet held in bondage until now !
This is 'the old man with his deeds,'
Striving to do his very best :
'T is crucifixion that he needs —
Self-righteous, how can *he* know rest ?
What, then, *is* REST ? It is to be
Perfect in love and holiness ;
From sin eternally made free ;
Not under law, but under grace ;
Once cleansed from guilt, forever pure ;
Once pardoned, ever reconciled ;
Once healed, to find a perfect cure ;
As JESUS blameless, undefiled ;
Once saved, no more to go astray ;
Once crucified, then always dead ;
Once in the true and living way,
True ever to our living Head ;
Dwelling in God, and God in us ;
From every spot and wrinkle clear ;
Safely delivered from the curse ;
Incapable of doubt or fear.
It is to have eternal life,
To follow where the Saviour trod ;

To be removed from earthly strife —
Joint heirs with Christ — and sons of God!
Never from rectitude to swerve,
Though by the powers of hell pursued ;
To consecrate, without reserve,
All we possess, in 'doing good.'
It is to glory in the Cross,
Endure reproach, despise the shame,
And wisely count as dung and dross,
All earthly grandeur, homage, fame ;
To know the Shepherd of the sheep —
Be gentle, harmless, meek and lowly ;
All joy, all hope, all peace — to keep,
Not one in seven, but all days holy !
It is to be all prayer and praise,
Not in set form or phrase expressed,
But ceaseless as angelic lays —
This, only this, is CHRISTIAN REST !
He who, believing, hath obtained
This REST, shall ne'er be troubled more,
Though round him lions, fierce, unchained,
For his destruction rage and roar !
He may be famishing for bread,

Or be of men the jest and mirth,
And have no where to lay his head,
No spot to call his own on earth ;
Temptation, with its endless wiles,
May strive to turn his feet aside —
And Flattery, with its treacherous smiles,
May hope to flush some latent pride ;
He may be hunted as a beast —
As heretic dragged to the stake —
Placed on the rack Revenge to feast,
And Bigotry's fierce wrath to slake ;
Or whether earth or hell assail,
It matters not — within his breast
Is joy, is peace, that cannot fail —
Nought shall destroy his CHRISTIAN REST !

THE BIBLE.

O BOOK of books! though Skepticism flout
Thy sacred origin, thy worth decry;
Though Atheistic folly give the lie
To what thou teachest; though the Critic doubt
This fact, that miracle, and raise a shout
Of triumph o'er each incongruity,
He in thy pages may perchance espy;
As in his strength th' effulgent SUN shines out,
Hiding innumerable stars, so dost thou shine
With heavenly light, all human works excelling:
Thy Oracles are holy and divine,
Of free salvation, through a SAVIOUR, telling:
All Truth, all Excellence, dost thou enshrine —
The mists of Sin and Ignorance dispelling!

THE TRUE CHURCH.



CHURCH of the living God ! in vain thy foes
Make thee, in impious mirth, their laughing-stock ;
Contemn thy strength, thy radiant beauty mock :
In vain their threats, and impotent their blows —
Satan's assaults — Hell's agonizing throes !
For thou art built upon the Eternal Rock,
Nor fears't the thunder storm, the earthquake
shock,
And nothing shall disturb thy calm repose.
All human combinations change and die ;
Whate'er their origin, name, form, design ;
But, firmer than the pillars of the sky,
Thou standest ever by a power Divine :
Thou art endowed with Immortality,
And canst not perish — GOD'S OWN LIFE IS THINE !

HOLY TIME.



O THOU, by whom Eternal Life is given,
Through Jesus Christ, thy well-beloved Son;
As is thy will obeyed by all in heaven,
So let it now by all on earth be done!
Not by th' observance of one day in seven
As holy time, but of ALL DAYS AS ONE;
The soul set free — all legal fetters riven —
Vanished the law — the reign of grace begun!
Dear is the Christian Sabbath to my heart,
Bound by no forms — from times and seasons free;
The whole of life absorbing — not a part;
Perpetual rest and perfect liberty!
Who keeps not this, steers by a Jewish chart,
And sails in peril on a storm-tossed sea!

WORSHIP.

THEY who, as worshippers, some mountain climb,
Or to some temple, made with hands, repair,
As though the Godhead specially dwelt there,
And absence, in Heaven's eye, would be a crime,
Have yet to comprehend this truth sublime:—

The freeman of the Lord no chain can bear—
His soul is free to worship every where,
Nor limited to any place or time.

No worldly sanctuary now may claim
Man's reverence as a consecrated pile;
Mosque, synagogue, cathedral, are the same,
Differing in nought but architectural style:
Avaunt, then, Superstition! in God's name,
Nor longer thy blind devotees beguile!

FREEDOM OF THE MIND.



High walls and huge the BODY may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways :
Yet scorns th' immortal MIND this base control !
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose :
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And, in a flash, from earth to heaven it goes !
It leaps from mount to mount — from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers ;
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,
Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours.
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And, in its watches, wearies every star !

Baltimore Jail, May, 1830.

TO THE HON. THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN :

ON READING HIS ELOQUENT SPEECH IN DEFENCE OF INDIAN RIGHTS,
IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, IN 1830.*

I.

IF unto marble statues thou hadst spoken,
Or icy hearts congealed by polar years,
The strength of thy pure eloquence had broken —
Its generous heat had melted them to tears;
Which pearly drops had been a rainbow token,
Bidding the red men sooth their gloomy fears.

* It is painful to be compelled to say, that the course pursued by Mr. Frelinghuysen, in relation to the rights and the wrongs of our colored population, has not been such as to justify the unqualified eulogium conveyed in these lines.

II.

If Honor, Justice, Truth, had not forsaken
The place once hallowed as their bright abode,
The faith of Treaties never had been shaken,
Our country would have kept the trust she owed ;
Nor Violence nor Treachery had taken
Away those rights which Nature's God bestowed.

III.

Fruitless thy mighty efforts — vain appealing
To grasping Avarice, that ne'er relents ;
To Party Power, that shamelessly is stealing,
Banditti-like, whatever spoil it scents ;
To base Intrigue, his cloven foot revealing,
That struts in Honesty's habiliments.

IV.

Our land, once green as Paradise, is hoary,
E'en in its youth, with tyranny and crime ;
Its soil with blood of Afric's sons is gory,
Whose wrongs Eternity can tell — not Time ;
The red man's woes shall swell the damning story,
To be rehearsed in every age and clime !

V.

Yet, FRELINGHUYSEN ! gratitude is due thee,
And loftier praise than language can supply :
Guilt may denounce, and Calumny pursue thee,
And pensioned Impudence thy worth decry ;
Brilliant and pure, Posterity shall view thee
As a fair planet in a troublous sky.

VI.

Be not dismayed ! — On God's own strength relying,
Stand boldly up, meek soldier of the Cross !
For thee ten thousand pray'rs are heav'nward flying ;
Thy soul is purged from earthly rust and dross :
Patriot and Christian ! ardent, self-denying —
How could we bear, resignedly, thy loss ?

Baltimore Jail, May 22, 1830.

LIBERTY FOR ALL.



THEY tell me, LIBERTY ! that, in thy name,
I may not plead for all the human race ;
That some are born to bondage and disgrace,
Some to a heritage of woe and shame,
And some to power supreme, and glorious fame :
With my whole soul, I spurn the doctrine base,
And, as an equal brotherhood, embrace
All people, and for all fair freedom claim !
Know this, O man ! whate'er thy earthly fate —
GOD NEVER MADE A TYRANT, NOR A SLAVE :
Woe, then, to those who dare to desecrate
His glorious image ! — for to all HE gave
Eternal rights, which none may violate ;
And, by a mighty hand, th' oppressed HE yet shall
save !

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

‘Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them.’—*Paul.*

I.

NEVER, O God! can I too thankful be,
 That thou hast given me perfect liberty;
 That, from my birth, thine image has been seen,
 Acknowledged, and respected, in my mien;
 That, as an equal being, I may claim
 Affinity with men of every name;
 That man's inalienable rights are mine,
 And spiritual life, and light divine!

II.

O, to be freer than the chainless wind!
Beyond all human power to hold or bind;
To go or come, rise up or seek repose,
Labor or rest, just as the mind shall choose;
To stand erect, with glory and honor crowned,
And no superior find the world around:
'Tis this that makes existence bright and dear,
Ennobles man, and gladdens his career!

III.

But, to be yoked and fettered, bought and sold,
Like a dumb brute, or grovelling swine, for gold;
To have no home, no country, and no friend, —
Unrecompensed to toil till life shall end;
Covered with scars, and famishing for food, —
Crushed and despoiled, and robbed of every good:
O, direful thought! O, miserable doom!
Thrice welcome death — a refuge in the tomb!

IV.

If such a horrid fate were mine, O God!
If o'er my head were held a tyrant's rod;

If my loved wife could from my fond embrace
 Be wrested, flogged, defiled before my face ;
 If the dear children, granted me by Heaven,
 Could to the shambles be like cattle driven ;
 What floods of tears would drown my weeping eyes !
 What anguish fill my breast ! how loud would be
 my cries !

V.

How would my spirit yearn for liberty !
 How would I supplicate to be set free !
 By day, by night, plot how my chains to break,
 And with my wife and children to escape ;
 Call upon all the friends of God and man,
 For our deliverance to toil and plan, —
 Forgetful of each other's caste or creed,
 And nobly emulous our cause to plead !

VI.

O, hence it is, — remembering those in bonds
 As bound with them, — my yearning soul responds
 To all their groans, each briny tear that starts,
 Each direful pang that rends their bleeding hearts ;

And therefore do I cease not to proclaim
My country's guilt, barbarity and shame ;
And therefore Slavery do I execrate,
And warn the tyrant of his awful fate !

VII.

Down with the hellish system, now — forever !
Break every yoke — each galling fetter sever !
Come to the rescue, all your means unite,
Ye friends of Justice, Liberty, and Right !
And, as ye triumph in this holy cause,
All heaven, all earth, shall ring with loud applause ;
A ransomed host a choral song shall raise,
And myriad voices shout JEHOVAH'S praise !

TO ISAAC T. HOPPER.

HOPPER! thou venerable friend of man,
In heart and spirit young, though old in years;
The tyrant trembles when thy name he hears,
And the slave joys thy countenance to scan.
A friend more true and brave, since time began,
HUMANITY has never found:—her fears
By thee have been dispelled, and wiped the tears
Adown her sorrow-stricken cheeks that ran.
If like Napoleon's appears thy face,*
Thy soul to his bears no similitude;
He came to curse, but thou to bless our race—
Thy hands are white—in blood were his imbrued:
His memory shall be covered with disgrace,
But thine embalmed among the truly great and
good!

* The resemblance of this venerable Philanthropist, in person and features, to Napoleon, is said, by Joseph Bonaparte, to be most remarkable.

ON COMPLETING MY THIRTIETH YEAR.

YE Angels, and the Spirits of the Just!
Crowned as ye are, and throned in royal state!
In full seraphic strains congratulate,
Upon his waning years, a child of dust,
Who, as he fades, doth firmer find his trust
In God — and holds the world at a mean rate,
But upon heaven puts a high estimate!
This fills his soul with joy — *that*, with disgust.
The thirtieth round of my brief pilgrimage
To-day is ended — 't is perchance the last
I shall complete upon this earthly stage;
For toils increase, and perils thicken fast,
And mighty is the warfare that I wage:
Yet 't is my foes, not I, that stand aghast!

ON COMPLETING MY THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.



If to the age of three-score years and ten,
God of my life! thou shalt my term prolong,
Still be it mine to reprobate all wrong,
And save from woe my suffering fellow-men.
Whether, in Freedom's cause, my voice or pen
Be used by Thee, who art my boast and song,
To vindicate the weak against the strong,
Upon my labors rest Thy benison!
O, not for Afric's sons alone I plead,
Or her descendants; but for all who sigh
In servile chains, whate'er their caste or creed:
They not in vain to Heaven send up their cry;
For all mankind from bondage shall be freed,
And from the earth be chased all forms of tyranny.

TO APRIL.



THOU art to Spring what sunrise is to Day,
Sweet APRIL! vivifying Earth and Sea!
The exiled bird returns — the humming bee
Forsakes his hive, and wanders far away,
O'er field and brook — whole tribes of insects gay,
Come forth, and flit around right merrily.
I grant, indeed, superior charms to May;
But thy sweet buds are dearer far to me,
Than her superfluous, many-colored flowers;
More joy I feel, the first-born grassy spire
To see, than greenest fields and fairest bowers:
In full fruition there is lost desire:
Bright are thy smiles, and fruitful are thy showers,
Gentle thy mien, and modest thy attire.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

PART I.

I.

THE bells are ringing merrily,
 The cannon loudly roar,
 And thunder-shouts for Liberty
 Are heard from shore to shore;
 And countless banners to the breeze
 Their 'stars and stripes' display:
 What calls for sights and sounds like these?
 'T is Independence day!

II.

Our fathers spurned the British yoke,
Determined to be free ;
And, full of might, they rose and broke
The chains of tyranny !
O, long they toiled, with zeal unfeigned,
And kept their foes at bay,
Till, by their valorous deeds, they gained
Our Independence day !

III.

They fought not for themselves alone,
But for the RIGHTS OF ALL,
Of every caste, complexion, zone,
On this terrestrial ball :
To God they made their high appeal,
In hope, not in dismay ;
For well they trusted He would seal
Their Independence day !

IV.

Their creed how just — their creed how grand !
' ALL MEN ARE EQUAL BORN !'
Let those who cannot understand

This truth, be laughed to scorn!
Cheers for the land in which we live,
The free, the fair, the gay!
And hearty thanks to Heaven we'll give,
For Independence day!

PART II.

I.

O God! what mockery is this!
Our land how lost to shame!
Well may all Europe jeer and hiss,
At mention of her name!
For, while she boasts of liberty,
'Neath SLAVERY'S iron sway
Three millions of her people lie,
On Independence day!

II.

She may not, must not, thus rejoice,
Nor of her triumphs tell:
Hushed be the cannon's thundering voice,
And muffled every bell!

Dissolved in tears, prone in the dust,
For mercy let her pray,
That judgements on her may not burst,
On Independence day!

III.

Lo! where her starry banner waves,
In many a graceful fold —
There toil, and bleed, and groan, her slaves,
And men, like brutes, are sold!
Her hands are red with crimson stains,
And bloody is her way;
She wields the lash, she forges chains,
On Independence day!

IV.

Friends of your country — of your race —
Of Freedom, and of God!
Combine Oppression to efface,
And break the tyrant's rod;
All traces of Injustice sweep,
By moral power, away;
Then a glorious Jubilee we'll keep,
On INDEPENDENCE day!

WEST-INDIA EMANCIPATION.

I.

Lo! the bondage of ages has ceased!
 The chains of the tyrant are riven!
 No more, as a chattel or beast,
 Shall man to his labor be driven:
 Where the groans and the shrieks of despair
 From heart-broken victims were heard,
 Songs of rapturous joy fill the air,
 More sweet than the notes of a bird!

II.

Lo! the gloom and the blackness of night
Have suddenly vanished away,
And all things rejoice in the light
Of Freedom's meridian day!
Restored to their sight are the blind —
No longer they grope for the wall;
All who seek may with certainty find,
For clear is the vision of all!

III.

Hark! a voice from the Isles of the Sea!
Its echoes are heard round the world;
O, joyful its message — 'WE ARE FREE!
To the dust Oppression is hurled!
We are free as the waves of the deep,
As the winds that sweep o'er the earth;
And therefore we Jubilee keep,
And hallow the day of our birth!'

IV.

Praise, praise to the name of the Lord!
What wonders his right hand hath done!

How mighty and sure is his word !

How great is the victory won !

The Power that Jehovah defied,

In ruin and infamy lies :

O, spread the intelligence wide —

For marvellous 't is in all eyes !

V.

Columbia ! O, shame on thee now !

Repent thee in ashes and dust !

There is blood on thy hands — on thy brow —

And thou art by Slavery cursed !

Thy millions of vassals set free,

Away with the scourge and the rod —

Then join with the Isles of the Sea,

In a shout of thanksgiving to God !

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.



THE grave, dear sufferer, had for thee no gloom,
And Death no terrors when his summons came :
— Unto the dust returns the mortal frame,
But the SOUL spurns the bondage of the tomb,
And soars to flourish in immortal bloom !

Thou hast attained, at last, thy glorious aim —
Heaven and its joys ! through faith in Christ's
dear name.

Why should we grieve, then, at thy early doom ?
If thy freed spirit be indeed at rest,
And singing sweetly in another sphere ;
If, as we trust, thou art among the blest,
Redeemed from all that made life painful here ;
Songs of rejoicing far become us best,
For light resplendent beams around thy bier !

THE POOR DEBTOR.

I.

He lay upon a loathsome floor,
 A log the pillow for his head —
 Nor straw nor blanket for his bed —
 His locks with age were hoar.

II.

'T was sad upon his blanched cheek
 To see what furrows grief had made;
 A poor old man bereft of aid —
 Ah! who his woes shall speak?

III.

What was the glorious sun to him?
The jewelled sky? the earth in bloom?
Confined within a living tomb,
Useless was every limb.

IV.

As if he were a beast of prey —
The deadly foe of human kind —
Strong bolts and bars his frame confined,
Lest he should break away!

V.

His food was scanty, coarse, unchanged;
Through grates he gasped for vital air;
Thieves, cut-throats, his companions were —
From Virtue's paths estranged.

VI.

Yet, in his country's proud defence,
He once his blood had freely poured,
And valiantly had borne the sword —
This was his recompense!

VII.

What was his crime, do you inquire ?
The worst of all — 't was *poverty* !
A trifling debt he owed — and he,
For this, was caged in ire !

VIII.

Not long did that old man remain
Within his cold and gloomy cell :
Thanks to a friend ! — What friend, pray tell ?
'T was DEATH that broke his chain !

IX.

O, God protect the guiltless Poor !
For man towards man has fiendish grown —
His heart of flesh is turned to stone :
How long shall this endure ?

X.

Shame on the Age, that thus confounds
Misfortune with revolting Crime !
Shame on that People, through all time,
That Innocence impounds !

TO MY BIRTH-PLACE.



WHETHER a persecuted child of thine
Thou deign to own, my lovely native place,*
In characters that Time cannot efface,
Thy worth is graved upon this heart of mine.
Forsake me not in anger, nor repine
That with this nation I am in disgrace:
From ruthless bondage to redeem my race,
And save my country, is my great design.
How much soe'er my conduct thou dost blame,
(For Hate and Calumny belie my course,)
My labors shall not sully thy fair fame;
But they shall be to thee a fountain-source
Of joyfulness hereafter — when my name
Shall e'en from tyrants a just tribute force.

* Newburyport, Mass.

THE KNEELING SLAVE.

'Am I not a man and a brother?'

My heart is sad as I contemplate thee,
Thou fettered victim of despotic sway;
Driven, like a senseless brute, from day to day,
Though equal born, and as thy tyrant free.
With hands together clasped imploringly,
And face upturned to Heaven, (Heaven shall
repay!)
For liberty and justice thou dost pray,
In piteous accents, and on bended knee.
Thy exclamation, 'AM I NOT A MAN?
A BROTHER?' thrills my soul! I answer — YES!
Though placed beneath an ignominious ban,
That thou art both, all shall at last confess:
To rescue thee incessantly I'll plan,
And toil and plead, thy injuries to redress.

TO SLEEP:

AFTER A NIGHT'S INCARCERATION IN PRISON.

THOU art no fawning sycophant, sweet Sleep!
That turn'st away if Fortune rudely frown,
Leaving the stricken one alone to weep,
And mourn his former opulent renown:
O, no! but here — even to this desolate place —
Thou com'st as 't were a palace trimm'd with gold;
Its architecture of Corinthian grace;
Its gorgeous pageants dazzling to behold:
No prison walls nor bolts can thee affright —
Where dwelleth Innocence, there thou art found!
How pleasant, how sincere wast thou last night!
What blissful dreams my morning slumber
crowned!
Health-giving Sleep! than mine a nobler verse
Must to the world thy matchless worth rehearse.

THE NEW YEAR.



Now let there be on earth an end of sin,
And all contention cease throughout the world;
The glorious reign of HOLINESS begin,
And Satan's empire to the dust be hurled!
Let PEACE, at last, a final victory win!
Let WAR's red banner be forever furled!
Resolve, Mankind! to love and bless each other;
Forget each hateful caste, each jarring creed;
Behold in every man a friend and brother,
And minister to him as he hath need.
Are ye not children of a common Father?
Then to His will implicitly give heed:
So Crime and Poverty shall disappear,
And perfect bliss shall crown each new-born Year!

THE DYING YEAR.



THOU brief, eventful, fleeting, dying Year!
O, that with thee might die all mortal feud!
Wrath, Hatred, Malice, Envy, Lust, and Fear—
All of Sin's hellish and accursed brood!
For, oh! what woes, what crimes, what horrors dire,
Torment, affright, and curse the human race!
O, Prince of Peace! Emanuel! Messiah!
Make Earth, as Heaven, a holy dwelling-place!
Are not the kingdoms of this world thine own,
By promise, and a rich inheritance?
Then seize the sceptre, and ascend thy throne,
And let thy cause from shore to shore advance;
And from the river to remotest sea,
Let there go up the shout of victory!







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