

An Address to the Jews

Time was, and ye cannot forget,  
On Egypt's soil ye stood,  
Where the broad waters of the Nile  
The fertile valleys flood,  
And the huge pyramids, tho' based on sand  
From age, to age eternal seem to stand -

Ye were a weak, down trodden race,  
With sunken heart, and brow,  
While Egypt's proud, and lordly sons  
Held you as vile, and low,  
As chattels - born for labor, and for toil,  
To mould the bricks, and till the yielding soil -

Oppression's foot upon you pressed,  
Your babes were from you torn,  
And helplessly the galling chain  
By Israel's sons was worn,  
Untill the hour, when Moses, sent by God  
To Pharaoh's presence, bore the changing rod -

Ye, whom your kinsman Joseph knew  
Long since had pass'd away,  
And Goshen's fertile fields had then  
Become the dispo's prey,  
But there was one who saw your grief, and woe,  
And said to Pharaoh - "Let my people go!"

Ages have pass'd since ye were led  
A wand'ring, homeless band,  
O'er the Red Sea, and Jordan's bed  
To Canaan's promised land,  
And ye became a nation proud, and great,  
But, at Jerusalem, ye met your fate -

Dispersed, and homeless then again,  
Oppress'd in every clime,  
Pagan, and Christian tried in vain  
To blot the Jew from time,  
But still, a miracle throughout all lands,  
Firm in his faith the Son of Israel stands!

And still the same wherever his birth  
One hope expands his breast,

That on Judea's sacred earth  
His ark at last may rest,  
And waiting thus, in every land, and clime  
He stands, a spectacle of faith sublime —

Progressive ages still have seen  
Progressive beams of light,  
And Nations but by progress learn  
To nobly do the right,  
Thus, one by one, Israel's chains we see  
Are falling fast — Ye will again be free!

But, have ye learned when galling scorn  
Was heaped upon your race,  
When ev'n the name of Jew was held  
Accused in each place,  
To feel that sympathy for suffering man  
Which he who feels oppression, only can?

While struggling for your native rights  
Felt ye for others' woe?  
Remember'd ye the greater wrongs  
Your colored brethren know?  
Dear ye in mind, the chain that fetts his heel  
However linked, fate round your wrists will deal?

Ye have with them one common cause,  
Ye claim your rights again... —  
And ought the meanest man that lives  
To ask his rights in vain?  
Can Jew, or Christian, be in truth "the free"  
While the soil bears the curse of slavery?

With them again ye have to bear  
Another deep felt wrong!  
It is, the prejudice of years  
Rolling as tides along,  
Stamping like caste throughout the whole wide earth  
The Jew, and Negro, whereso'er their birth —

Then onward! On! Why will ye sleep?  
Awake! Your hour is now!  
Arouse your energies of soul!  
Light up each manly brow!  
With voice, and pen for deathless freedom plead,  
And be her Champions in her day of need!

Remember, how in Egypt once  
Your prayers went up on high,  
Until the merciful "I am"  
Responded to your cry,  
And sent his plagues upon the guilty land  
And brought you forth, with an all-powerful hand  
Then, to that God who freed you thus  
Send up unceasing praise,  
And let your orisons ascend  
Till they are answer'd here,  
Not by the plagues which ~~which~~ ancient Egypt felt,  
But that His love each human heart may melt -

Pray not alone, that Judah's sons  
Escape oppressions rod,  
But, that the soul of every man  
Be liken'd to his God,  
Prompt to good works - forgiving - loving - kind,  
Feeling his brethren to no race confined -

Thru by the memory of days  
By you in bondage past,  
By all the bright, and glorious hopes  
Seers have before you cast,  
By your strong faith that Judah yet shall reign,  
Let not the slave's appeal, be heard in vain -

From shore, to shore let Freedom's shout  
Fill every listening gale,  
'Till - "All are Free" earth shall respond,  
"Free"! echo every sail,  
"Free"! swell the <sup>chorus</sup> by each nation giv'n,  
"Free"! speak the thunder of approving heav'n -  
Mira Townsend

Bristol 10/28/58

My dear Friend,

I send thee these lines, hoping to see them  
in the Liberty Bell for this year if they are not too late. Mira  
read them to me, when I was in the city a few days since  
remarking that she had "prepared them for the intended North  
Star". I begged a copy to send thee, for tho' far from first-rate, they  
are better by much in idea & expression, than some pieces that we  
have seen in the bells. Then too I think that their publication  
there, may do Mirra good. She is whole-doubled & were it not for

PAID  
2/22/52



Maria W. Chapman  
25 Cornhill  
Boston, Mass.

Some "family reasons", I doubt not she would have  
been with us in name as well as heart. I do not desire  
seeing her - even yet a member of our Association, if it  
be meto her as the making herself of no reputation with her  
kindred. The address was suggested by her acquaintance  
with a family of Jews south, upon whose minds she  
has made & is making a good impression by declaring the  
whole truth of Anti-Slavery. - If it comes too late, or  
sho<sup>d</sup> be rejected for other reasons, please lay it  
to me after your Fair, when I hope to be with you.

MS. A. 9. 2. 4. 5  
I was at the Fair here  
at 10 o'clock  
you are welcome to return