

“O’ the ‘chickens of the den!’ in the day
with whose people gentle both Thompson and Anderson
freedom—over with the monster of his sin, in view
of the fearful scenes at Philadelphia, in the following
re-entraining verse.

[For the Liberator.]

THE TOCSIN.

Wah! a children of the one who fill,
‘All men are free!’—Their spirit come
back to the place where they had
In Freedom’s holy martyrdom,
And had gone sleeping on their graves,
And hugging their chains,—ye slaves!

As—saves of slaves! What, sleep ye yet,
And dream of Freedom, while ye sleep?
Ay—dream, while Slavery’s foot is set
So firmly on your neck,—while sleep
The chain her gathering web around
Grows, like a cancer, into yours!

Hah! say ye that I’ve shakely spoken,
Calling ye slaves!—Then prove ye not
Worth a free press!—Ye’ll not it make,
Stand, so it find it,—ye’ll be shot—
O’ra! but people should not know
From what the brotherhood’ word have!

Then from your lips be words of grace,
Gleamed from the Holy Bible’s pages,
Fain while ye’re pleading for a sign
Whose blood has drow’d thro’ chains the ages—
And say—‘Lark, in thy kingdom come!
And as if ye’re not stricken dumb.

Ye, men of God, ye may not speak
At ye the Word of God, ye’re hidden—
By the press’d lip,—the blanking cheek,
Ye set yourselves rich and children,
And if ye’re not cut out, ye fear it—
And why?—‘The brotherhood’ not have it
Since, then, through pain, or through penance,
Ye prove your freedom ye’re not able,
Go—like the fire of righteousness,
By your own hands,—and a snail
Lead slow to Liberty your lane!

Say then that God made all men free?
Then there,—and Freedom’s voice ye’ll bludge,
Kin of her form ye’ve caught a glimpse,
Even there, in the infernal light,
And ye’ve driven out by Slavery’s imp.

Ah well!—so persecuting day
The prospect of a forever lay—
Go, then, and build yourselves a hall,
To prove ye’re not yet slaves, but men!
Wise ‘Fascism’ on an overing wall!
Baptist is on the sacred of the
And give it to the holy name,
Beneath the sign of her love!

Within, in Freedom’s sister’s wall—
And, while your hearts beat to thro,
And here within you—Hark! the yell—
‘The north—the terror of the Mass—
They’re Slavery’s troops that round you sweep,
And leave your hall a smouldering heap!

At Slavery’s beck, the prayer ye sing
On your own servants, through the door
Of your own mouths,—and the scourge
May gash your brother’s back no more,
Are mingled underneath that tree,
While ye stand praying in the street!

At Slavery’s beck, ye send your sons
To have down Indian, African or Spanish,
Doomed to the lash—Yes, and their bones,
Whining and wailing and crawling,
Where no mortal goes to give them grace,
Prove that ye are not Slavery’s slaves!

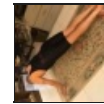
At Slavery’s beck, the very hands
Ye lift to heaven, as if ye’re free,
Will break a piece, to seize the hands
Of Canada or Christian!

Ye—nor a dog, that Tares hounds
Hoggers, and shak’d it with their creeds!
Ye—nor a stone, shak’d by God!
To pay it back by justice bound there—
Even now, I see the tale by ye—
Thy—manly, leashed and growing round them—
Slip there out yet, in mercy—Ye—
Thy wish yet longer to remain—

O—in thy kingdom, Slavery, come!
Let Church, in due, secretly drain!
Let pulpits, press, and hall be dumb,
If so the brotherhood’ robes!
The Hives her own indignant spirit
Shall and speak out—and men shall hail it.

Yea—while, at Concord, there’s a stir,
That she can strike her foe from earth
While there’s a spark in Lexington,
O’ hall a cut on Bunker’s Hill,
Then shall she stand and strike her foe,
And Truth and Freedom shall stand by her,
But should she stand by made by force,
For power might she’ll please her wing—
Spraying a hail of slaves, to heaven
She’ll sing,—when she can huddy sing—
God of our fathers speed her child!
God of the free,—let me go with her!

The Tocsin, by John Pierpont



Clipped By:

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