

Source: Lydia Maria Child, *The Freedmen's Book* (Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co., 1869) 241.

JOHN BROWN AND THE COLORED CHILD

[When John Brown went from the jail to the gallows, in Charlestown, Virginia, December 3, 1859, he stooped to kiss a little colored child.]

A winter sunshine, still and bright,
The Blue Hills bathed with golden light,
And earth was smiling to the sky,
When calmly he went forth to die.

Infernal passions festered there, [5]
Where peaceful Nature looked so fair;
And fiercely, in the morning sun,
Flashed glitt'ring bayonet and gun.

The old man met no friendly eye, [10]
When last he looked on earth and sky;
But one small child, with timid air,
Was gazing on his hoary hair.

As that dark brow to his upturned,
The tender heart within him yearned;
And, fondly stooping o'er her face, [15]
He kissed her for her injured race.

The little one she knew not why
That kind old man went forth to die;
Nor why, 'mid all that pomp and stir,
He stooped to give a kiss to *her*. [20]

But Jesus smiled that sight to see,
And said, "He did it unto *me*."
The golden harps then sweetly rung,
And this the song the angels sung:

"Who loves the poor doth love the Lord; [25]
Earth cannot dim thy bright reward:
We hover o'er yon gallows high,
And wait to bear thee to the sky."