

From: Edward S. Creamer, *An Epic of Heaven and Other Poems* (New York: Broadway Publishing Co., 1910) 92-93.

JOHN BROWN

Nature has her own way to move man-
kind,

Taking for heroes righteous ones of earth,
Clothed in the ruggedness of right from

birth,

[5]

Of radical proclivities which bind

Fast to the task she teaches they must do,
And wealth, nor ease, no beauty ever frees
Them from the work which warms their ener-
gies.

[10]

Their raiment may be rough, their food part
rue,

Their pilgrimage on earth be 'mid despair;

They may be called fanatic, fool, or worse,
And their intention may be deemed a curse

[15]

To shatter much in life thought good and fair;

Yet working for the right they miss God's
frown,--

The shackles of each slave were on John
Brown.

[20]