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FREEDOM, DEDICATED TO THE MARTYR BROWN

J.T. Powers

Arise! strike off his chains!
Hark to the awful sound!
Our brother dies beneath the lash;
His blood cries from the ground!

Behold the oppressor's rod! [5]
Hear the loud cries ascend!
Shall Afric's son in vain still plead
For brother and for friend?

O, no; the day shall dawn!
Night shall be overpast! [10]
Those cries, those groans, those bitter tears
Shall cease, thank God, at last!

The bondman's Savior dies!
His blood a holy sea;
His words of power come forth,— [15]
The slave-man shall go free!

John Brown stands glorified!
In vestments pure and white
He passes on to God and heaven;
He conquers in the fight! [20]

His name shall be revered,
Inscribed from age to age;
In characters of flame and light
Tis writ on Freedom's page.

He dared to live and die [25]
For Afric's sable race:
A glory as of God surrounds
And falls upon his face!

Amid the martyr's fires
That flash about his form, [30]
With faith in God and love to Man,
He safe outrides the storm.

He speaks: Arise! awake!
My brothers, sleep no more,
Till freedom lives, and leaps, and glows, [35]

And spreads from shore to shore!

Till Ethiop's scar-crowned race,—
The children of our God,—
Shall feel their galling chains no more,
No more the oppressor's rod!

[40]

Hark! hear the battle-shout!
Awake! arise! come forth!
Let word of cheer and prayer ascend—
Thank God! there is a North!