

Source: *Revue Germanique et Française* 23 (Paris, 1862) 567.

JOHN BROWN

AFTER A VICTOR HUGO DRAWING

He is there, upright and tall, motionless and immutable,
Like the truth that he affirms and believes.
He is alone, protesting beneath the cross that overpowers him,
Black as misfortune, fixed as right.

Around him, night! on the implacable earth [5]
There is nothing but darkness, mists, vapors, fear!
And the eye can see only that man on his rope,
Like a clock bell-clapper atop a belfry.

A ray of light, a single ray, in the dismaying night, [10]
Illuminates the top of the gibbet like a light-house
And the brow of a martyr dead for humanity.

Oh Lord! if this is your light and if your breath is near,
Strike that clapper, and at last sound the clock-bell,
Of right, of justice, and liberty!

- Joe Lockard, trans.