

## THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA

God looked to the earth! 'twas bristled with spears,  
    'Twas wet with the blood of the brave;  
He saw the widow's and orphan's tears,  
    He heard the groaning slave.

Yea! even his chosen people bow'd [5]  
    To tyranny's iron rod;  
For Egypt's despot fierce and proud,  
    Mock'd Israel and their God.

God spake! an angel sprang from the throne, [10]  
    High the commission he bore,  
Redeem the earth from zone to zone,  
    Spread freedom from shore to shore.

Rapidly rapid that angel sped  
    Past many a glittering star,  
That laughed in the light his glory shed, [15]  
    And flashed their joy afar.

Careering onward his course to earth,  
    He saluted each sister orb,  
Who blush'd as she breathed the balmy breath  
    Of freedom's angel Lord. [20]

And soon he waved o'er Egypt's vale  
    His plume of fire and flame:  
But tyranny's breath had so poisoned the gale  
    That few dared breathe his name.

He stood on that vale's luxuriant soil [25]  
    And said, "God's sons, be free!  
From the hidden source of the dark, deep Nile,  
    To the Mediterranean Sea."

And free they were, and away they sprang  
    With hearts of mirthful joy. [30]  
While one loud Hallelujah flung,  
    Their rapture to the sky.

Then on! on! on! to their deep, deep tread,

Their Hallelujah's rose:  
Even those who sentineled their bed [35]  
Praised God for their repose.

And soon across the deep Red Sea,  
The morning gleams afar.  
Oh! where shall Israel's thousands flee  
From Pharoah's hosts of war. [40]

Freedom's angel breathed! The flood  
Divided! On they go!  
While panting with a thirst for blood,  
On came the murderous foe.

Their battle chariots quickly throng [45]  
To fill oppression's van,  
While Pharoah flew the hosts among,  
And cheered them man by man.

"Where they have fled we can pursue,  
On! on!" he sternly cried, [50]  
"Miss not the chance, the game's in view,"  
Then headlong on they hied.

To heaven the Hallelujah's ring!  
Freed Israel treads the shore.  
Freedom's angel waves his wing! [55]  
Proud Pharoah breathes no more.

Source: *The Pacific Appeal*, vol. 1, no. 1 (April 5, 1862) 4.  
No author listed.

For the Pacific Appeal.

**ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN D.C.**

Thank God! from our old ensign  
Is erased one mark of shame,  
Which leaves one less to rapine,  
One less to blight our fame.  
For two and sixty summers [5]  
Has our broad escutcheon waved,  
Amid the ceaseless murmurs  
And wails of the enslaved;

But in the blest hereafter [10]  
Shall our oft afflicted ears,  
Be solaced with bright laughter,  
With gladsome praise and cheers.  
For freedom's altar's basis  
More permanent shall be,  
When rid the gaunt embraces [15]  
Of fell barbarity.

\* \* \* \* \*

If Congress hath the power  
To expel from ten miles square  
The Goliah of the hour,  
And charge the tainted air [20]  
With the pure breath of freedom,  
As to baffle all return,  
Should she not e'en from Sodom  
The vaunted monster spurn?

Roaring like distant waters [25]  
Which no power can repress  
Up from ten thousand quarters  
Comes the responsive yes!  
Yes! yes; Our nation's banner  
We should purge from all its stains, [30]  
Nor yield to might nor manner,  
Till Right triumphant reigns.

J.M.B. [James Madison Bell]

Source: *The Pacific Appeal*, vol. 1, no. 4 (April 26, 1862) 4.

For the Pacific Appeal.

**“WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE CONTRABANDS?”**

Shall we arm them? Yes, arm them! give to each  
man  
A rifle, a musket, a cutlass or sword;  
Then on to the charge! let them war in the van,  
Where each may confront with his merciless [5]  
lord,  
And purge from their race, in the eyes of the  
brave,  
The stigma and scorn now attending the slave.

I would not have the wrath of the rebels to cease, [10]  
Their hope to grow weak nor their courage to  
wane,  
Till the Contrabands join in securing a peace,  
Whose glory shall vanish the last galling chain,  
And win for their race an undying respect [15]  
In the land of their prayers, their tears and ne-  
glect.

Is the war one for Freedom? Then why, tell me  
why,  
Should the wronged and oppressed be debarred [20]  
from the fight?  
Does not reason suggest, it were noble to die  
In the act of supplanting a wrong for the right?  
Then lead to the charge! for the end is not far,  
When the Contraband host are enrolled in the [25]  
war.

J.M.B. [James Madison Bell]

Source: *The Pacific Appeal*, vol. 1, no. 8 (May 24, 1862) 4.

**ALL HAIL! DAY OF GLADNESS!**

By Robert Hamilton  
Sung at the New York Celebration of the  
Emancipation of Slavery in the District of Columbia

Air—"Annie of the Vale"

All hail! day of gladness,  
We banish fear and sadness;  
Our voices clear in loudest strains we raise—  
And freedom's praises singing  
Our hymns of joy out-ringing [5]  
To Him who crowns the labors of our day.

**CHORUS.**—Sing! sing! ye grateful hearted! Bring  
Songs of triumphant melody  
In sweetest numbers sounding  
While hills and vales resounding [10]  
"Fair Washington, our capital, is free."

O! tell wide the story,  
How like a bright crown of glory;  
She rests by bright Potomac's gentle stream—  
Her name now ascending, [15]  
Her influences blending  
In beauteous rays, o'er Southern plains shall beam.  
Sing! Sing! &c.

There freedom's sun is shining,  
The slaves no more repining; [20]  
For wife and children separated wide—  
Nor scourges without number  
From slave-markets, by the river's flowing tide.  
Sing! Sing! &c.

Let hope on faith's pinions, [25]  
O'er all our vast dominions;  
Anticipate the day now coming on—  
When Lincoln's proclamation,  
Shall say unto the Nation,  
Foul slavery's curse no longer shall be known. [30]  
Sing! Sing! &c.

Source: *The Pacific Appeal*, vol. 1, no. 12 (June 21, 1862) 4.

For the Pacific Appeal.

**FREEDOM IS MARCHING ON.**

**AIR**—*John Brown.*

Written for the Emancipation Celebration, Aug. 1, 1862.  
By Z.F.B.

Hail! All hail! 'Tis Freedom's jubilee  
That made the Isles of Western Ocean free,  
And burst the bonds of Negro Slavery!  
For Freedom's marching on.  
Glory hallelujah, &c. [5]

The District of Columbia is free,  
Our Capital's no longer the mart of Slavery:  
May Washington henceforth be the home of Liberty.  
For Freedom's marching on.  
Glory hallelujah, &c. [10]

To Heaven we'll raise our joyous songs;  
To Heaven on high all praise belongs;  
God has redeemed the captive's many wrongs;  
For Freedom's marching on.  
Glory hallelujah, &c. [15]

Source: *The Pacific Appeal*, vol. 1, no. 17 (July 26, 1862) 4.

For the Pacific Appeal.

### THE CONTRABAND

#### I.

The dreadful night is past,  
And day is breaking:  
Morn has come at last,  
Thank God! My limbs were aching:  
Crouched like a hare behind the logs. [5]  
All night I've waited for this hour  
With patience, lest the dogs  
Might find me helpless in their power.

#### II.

I saw with joy the morning star  
Ascending up the eastern sky; [10]  
I heard the words, "Prepare for war!"  
And bade my hut good by.  
Behind the stumps and brush,  
Groping I made my way;  
With eager feet in constant rush, [15]  
Before the break of day.

#### III.

With lightening speed I made my way  
Into the federal camp,  
My clothes by bushes torn away,  
My limbs all cold and damp. [20]  
As I emerged from out the woods,  
The sentinel challenged: "Stand!"  
"Hold!" I cried; "I bring you news!  
I am a contraband!"

#### IV.

I 'scaped from out the rebel line, [25]  
Last night, to bring you word,  
Because your enemies are mine—  
At least, so I have heard.  
The Northman is the bondman's friend,  
And wishes he were free: [30]  
I've perilled all for that one end—  
I want my liberty.

#### V.

First, let me tell you what I heard,

Then your protection claim:  
For I have braved both fire and sword, [35]  
And freedom was my aim.  
Freedom for me and all my race,  
I trust in God's good name:  
May Freedom yet redeem the land, and peace  
Restore its tranquil fame. [40]

VI.

"The rebel lines are moving down  
To take you by surprise:  
They say that you shall bite the ground  
Before the sun shall rise—  
That Lincoln's abolitionist band [45]  
Has come to free the slaves,  
And desecrate their 'sacred soil  
With heathen Fire Zouaves."

VII.

Hark! The watchers of the night  
Are startled with alarms; [50]  
The hurried words are past around.  
"Every man to arms!"  
And now the glistening bayonet,  
And now the cannon roar!  
The wounded—dying—cold and wet, [55]  
Lie by the Shenandoah

VIII.

God speed the right! Those in the strife  
Who fight for Liberty!  
Their prospered arms and guarded life  
Shall make the bond go free. [60]  
Hail! instruments of liberty!  
With cannon and sword,  
Your deeds shall tune my minstrelsy  
In praises to the Lord!

**BENICIANO**

Source: *The Pacific Appeal*, vol. 1, no. 22 (August 30, 1862) 4.

For the Pacific Appeal

[Untitled]

From Africa, our father land,  
We were brought across the sea,  
And sold amongst a venal band,  
Opposed to Liberty.

From father, mother, sister, brother, [5]  
And to all mortals dear,  
We were forced to toil and labor  
In bondage and in fear.

From year to year, from age to age, [10]  
Our sires afflictions bore,  
And looked with grief and saddened hearts  
To the happy days of yore.

But a brighter day is dawning  
For the oppressed, and sure  
The cursed cords that bind us down [15]  
Shall soon be felt no more.

We look and see with anxious gaze  
The signs of Freedom as they swell,  
Above the din of breaking chains,  
The sound of Slavery's funeral knell. [20]

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Source: *The Pacific Appeal*, vol. 1, no. 22 (August 30, 1862) 4.

For the Pacific Appeal

**THE BONDSMAN'S HOPE**

In that far-off land where the wrong is felt,  
Where the lord of miracle has ever dwelt—  
Where never a ray of hopeful delight  
Had pierced the thick gloom of that moral night  
Till the bow of promise, all bright and clear, [5]  
Betokening the day of redemption near,  
Encircled the heavens, and the languid eye  
Grew intensely bright, but it knew not why;  
Nay, it knew not why it had brighter grown  
Till an angel sped from a distant throne, [10]  
And solved the bright bow and its blest intent,  
Which God through the wrath of vain man had  
sent.

Then the millions drank with an eager ear  
The glorious news of the unborn year, [15]  
And their hearts beat quick and their pulse was fast  
As the nightshades told that a day had past—  
That a day had past and the truth revealed  
Of the proud decree being unappealed—  
That a day had past and a record made [20]  
In the Book of Time of its light and shade;  
But still there would sweep through the anxious  
mind,  
The query, Oh! will the morrow prove kind?  
Will the night pass thus and the morning come, [25]  
And continue thus till the day of doom?

All weary and worn and with cares opprest,  
They laid [t]hem down on their couch to rest;  
But a vision stole on the panting soul,  
And bore it away from the base control [30]  
Of the tyrant's lust and the despot's ire,  
To a land of rest, the weary's desire—  
A land of bright waters and fragrant flowers,  
And verdant landscapes and fruitful bowers,  
Oh, freedom, how sweet! Even the thought thereof [35]  
Inspires the soul till it soars aloft,  
Forgetful of life and its cumbrous chains,  
And strolls for awhile through elysian plains.

Ere the morn had crowned the mountains with  
gray, [40]  
On the day's dull round they were plodding their  
way,  
But their minds looked out in the future nigh,  
And the bow was dim in the blackening sky,  
And they sank in spirit to wait in pain [45]  
The severing stroke of fetter and chain.

Oh! when will it come? Will the funeral chime  
Of the dying year bring the prayed for time?  
Will the tocsin blast of the New Year's birth  
Proclaim to the long oppressed of earth, [50]  
A glorious ransom from the dirth and blight  
Of the cheerless gloom of oppression's night?  
God grant that it may, is our earnest prayer,  
Tremblingly uttered, 'twixt hope and despair!

J.M.B. [James Madison Bell]

Source: *The Pacific Appeal*, vol. 1, no. 39 (December 27, 1862) 4.