

Go on, until this land revokes
 The old and chartered Lie,
 The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes
 Insult humanity.

A Voice is ever at thy side
 Speaking in tones of might,
 Like the prophetic Voice, that cried
 To John in Patmos - "Write!"

Write! and tell out this bloody tale;
 Record this dire eclipse,
 This Day of Wrath, - this Endless Wail,
 This dread Apocalypse!

The Slave's Dream.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
 His sickle in his hand.
 His breast was bare, his matted hair
 Was buried in the sand.
~~He saw his native land,
 In the mist and shadow of sleep,
 He saw his native land,
 He saw his native land.~~

Like an antique cart of ~~war~~ he lay
 Beside the ungathered rice;
 A statue of bronze, a Sleeping Faun,
 In girth of strange device.
 But the visions that filled his fluttering brain
 Were visions of Paradise.

Again in the mist and shadow of sleep
 He saw his Native Land.