

COLLECTED VERSE

And in that Time-enduring book,
So full of counsel and rebuke
For such as evil-doers be,
Let those who need
The warning, read
The fate of Pharaoh in the sea.

The wretches ruling southern climes
Who love the man-enslaving crimes
And crush the poor with iron heels,
May soon go down
Without renown
As low as Pharaoh's chariot wheels.

For though the man-degrading South
Has opened wide its hellish mouth
In ruthless rage for bloody fight,
The darkness felt
Of gloom and guilt
Foreshadows their Egyptian night.

I've read of one who made a pit
And dug it wide and deep, and fit
As he supposed, to take his foe,
Who like an elf
Fell in himself
And found his death and grave below.

And so the wicked, who enthrall
Their fellow-men, are doomed to fall
Into the snares that they have laid
To make the North
And all the earth
Do homage to their cursed trade.

But now we see the noble North
In earnest sending freemen forth
Resolved at once to do or die,
And wipe the scar
From every star
That glitters in the Union sky.