

FROM "VOICES OF FREEDOM"

TO FANEUIL HALL

Up, and let each voice that speaks
 Ring from thence to Southern plains,
 Sharply as the blow which breaks
 Prison bolts and chains;
 Speak as well becomes the free:
 Dreaded more than steel or ball,
 Shall your calmest utterance be,
 Heard from Faneuil Hall!

Have they wronged us? Let us then
 Render back nor threats nor prayers;
 Have they chained our free-born men?
 Let us unchain theirs;
 Up, your banner leads the van,
 Blazoned "Liberty for all!"
 Finish what your sires began!
 Up, to Faneuil Hall!

LEGENDARY.

EXTRACT FROM THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks
 On either side of the great crucifix.
 God's will may spare them on his errands sped,
 Or he can give you golden ones instead."

Then spake Tritemius, "Even as thy word,
 Woman, so be it! (our most gracious Lord
 Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
 Pardon me if a human soul I prize,
 Above the gifts upon his altar piled!)
 Take what thou askest and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy alms
 He placed within the beggar's eager palms;
 And as she vanished down the linden shade,
 He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed, and when the twilight came
 He woke to find the chapel all aflame,
 And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
 Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

FROM "ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER."

"Lord, be merciful to me!"
 Nothing of desert I claim,