

" WELL MAY WE BOAST OF LIBERTY "

Well may we boast of liberty
 Where every mortal man is free—
 Unawed by foe or tyrant knave—
 On British soil
 To rest or toil,
 No man to claim or call him slave.

Not so the great Republic nigh
 Whose vaunting words were loud and high,
 Extolling oft the people's rule ;
 For there we see
 Among the free
 Despotie power make man a fool.

The black in bondage to the white,
 The white in terror day and night,
 And slavery a curse to all.
 The burning brands
 Of Christian lands
 Aloud to Heaven for vengeance call.

The blazing fires, the cow-hide lash,
 The manacles, and maiming gash,
 The auction-sale of little ones,
 Has roused at length
 The lion-strength
 Of Afric's wrong-enduring sons.

When Israel's sons were slaves of old,
 Where Egypt's muddy waters rolled,
 Afflicted by a tyrant's hand,
 From burning flame
 The Great I Am
 Sent Moses forth to plague the land.