

There is one whose brow is of ebon hue,
Whose toil begins with the rising sun ;
That beautiful world he cannot view,
And sighs when Freedom he thinks upon.

He looks at the bird of airy wing
Mocking his thralldom, soaring high ;
Oh for a taste of that heavenly spring !
Lost to the slave : sweet Liberty.

For the slave has a soul, though his brow be dark,
And immortal honors he yet may wear ;
Death shall erase that cruel mark
That embittered his life in a world so fair.

Or, far in the land where rich perfume
Is borne on a thousand airy wings,
Where beauty dwells in her sweetest bloom,
A land where the heart to the bright world clings :

It appears as if death could not enter there,
So near perfection doth all things seem ;
But he softly comes on the perfumed air,—
They wither and fade as a fleeting dream.

January, 1854.