## A SONG OF FREEDOM.

Forward! Beyond lies freedom! Cast behind
The dying gods! Pale in the dawning light,
Their mingled limbs sway flapping in the wind;
Together freed, women and men shall know
Beauty: a day of toil; a starry night;
The wonder of the endless ebb and flow.

Has heaven barred its portals? Then the earth Shall wider be when men at length are free! Fair Science, mother-like, awaits the birth Of the new Man, and, by the open grave Of all the gods together huddled—see! The banner of Humanity shall wave!

A nobler earth! A vista unexplor'd!

How weak the moaning of the dying gods

Where Beauty is the queen, and Love is Lord!

Methinks the earth spins faster, and the stars

Echo her song of freedom! The fierce rods

Of priests are turned to hollow-sounding bars!

Onward! Ah! who shall stay the splendid tide Of freedom? Who shall mar the World to be? As on the flood the clear-eyed prophets ride With arms extended to the stars, a song
Of freedom floats over the eager sea:
"The dawn approaches, though the night was long!"

Love! Freedom! Beauty! They are almost won!
A struggle with the dying powers that be—
A leap into the glory of the sun!
Fearless we stand and watch the dawning day—
A day when life shall rise unawed and free,
To chase the specters of the night away.