

A Song of Freedom

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FORWARD! Beyond lies freedom! Cast behind
The dying gods! Pale in the dawning light,
Their mangled 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 greet the promises of gentle May.