

EPILOGUE.

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ON THE
ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR INDEPENDENCE.

THE ship to the breezes is bended ;
The wind whistles off to the lee ;
The sun is arisen, the splendid !
The sun on the marvellous sea !
And the feast of your freedom is ended,
O sons of the free !

Your shouts have gone up to remember
The day of your oath to the world.
Is its flame dwindled down to an ember ?
The flag of your liberty furled ?
Your limbs are too strong to dismember—
In sloth are they curled ?

The price of your freedom—I claim it !
Your aid to make other men free !
Your strength—I defy you to shame it !
Your peace—I defy it to be
Dishonoured ! Arise and proclaim it
From sea unto sea !

From Ireland the voice of the dying,
The murdered, the starved, the exiled,
In hope to your freedom is crying
A dolorous note and a wild :
“Your star-bestrewn banner is flying,
And ours—is defiled.”

From Ind—shall her summons awaken?
Her voices are those of the dead!
By famine and cholera shaken,
By taxes and usury bled,
In the hour of her torture forsaken,
Stones given for bread!

In Africa women are fighting
Their homes and their freedom to hold
Young children and graybeards, delighting
To die for their country of old!
For the ravenous lion is smiting
A stroke for their gold.

They fall in the shelterless hollow;
They sleep in the cold and the sun;
They fight, and the Englishmen follow—
The odds are as twenty to one!
Hide, hide thy bright eyes, O Apollo!
The murder is done.

The stones should arise to declare it,
Their terror and tyrannous reign!
The earth be unable to bear it,
Gape wide, for her motherly pain!
Shalt thou, O Columbia, share it,
The shame and the stain?

Your stripes are the stripes of dishonour;
Your stars are cast down from the sky;
While earth has this burden upon her,
Your eagle unwilling to fly!
Loose, loose the wide wings! For your honour!
Let tyranny die!

Remember, this day of your glory,
Your fight for the freedom you own.
Those years—is their memory flown?
Your chains—is their memory hoary?

Your triumph is famous in story,
But yours is alone.

In the name of your Freedom I claim it,
Your power in the cause of the free!
In the name of our God as I name it,
AMEN! I demand it of ye,
Man's freedom! Arise and proclaim it,
The song of the sea!

S.S. PENNSYLVANIA,
July 4, 1900.