

The Vision - April 1862.

On the strand of Carolina
 Stood an armament of might
 With its banners drooping idly
 As they waited for the fight
 From beneath the drooping cypress
 And along the yielding sand
 Came with slow and timid footsteps
 An oppression-fleeing band,
 From among the dusky rabble
 Came a man of noble mien
 And thus spake to him who foremost
 'Mid the armed host was seen:

"We have prayed and we have waited
 Watching anxiously the strand
 For the hour we knew was fated
 For the hour we hoped at hand
 When each bondman should go free
 The birth-hour of our jubilee."

We have prayed and waited long
 For the promised coming man
 Armed with might to punish wrong
 Freedom's chosen, Slavery's ban

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Who should set the bondsman free
And bring the hour of Jubilee.

We have learned by many a token
Many a word of promise high
By our martyred prophets spoken
By the signs in Earth and Sky
That our eyes would surely see
The hour that bringeth Liberty!

We have waited for your coming,
Long had waited but in vain
Till we saw the tall masts looming
O'er the ocean's billowy plain
Then we hailed your ships with glee
Trusting they brought Jubilee.

We were told, you had but come,
Threatening us with deeper woes
Making worse our hopeless doom;
But we thought that Slavery's foes
Boasting of their Liberty
Could but bring us Jubilee!

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Then we heard the battle's murmur
Rolling o'er the frightened land
And we knew the Great Confirmer -
To whom nations are but sand -
Was fulfilling His decree
And bringing us our Jubilee!

Then we told each waiting brother
Grip or token served for word
That the prayer men sought to smother
Pray our Master had been heard
And that o'er the swelling sea
He had sent us Jubilee!

Now we come to you for freedom;
We have heard that Israel's God
Sent His chosen one to lead them
Fear beyond the smiting rod
Through the cloud and through the sea
In their hour of Jubilee.

We ask not release from labor
Would not be exempt from toil
We but ask to be thy neighbor
And to share the world's turmoil
Bond no more, but men and free
Shouting songs of Jubilee!

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And we ask, by Him who brought us
Here redemption, through His blood,
Have ye learned what He hath taught us
E'er to do thy fellow good?
Pril us rise from bended knee
And hail the hour of jubilee!

Stepped from out the dark battalion
One of modest mien and guise
With the Cross upon his shoulder
And Heaven's love-light in his eyes
He with open hand extended,
He and ungloried, and yet ungrain
Grasped that of his own neighbor
And thus kindly answered him:
"Thou hast come to us for freedom!
Thou hast asked the dearest boon
Which the human spirit seeketh
Or the human heart hath known.
For thy freedom meaneth more
Than a mere release from toil
More than just release from bondage
More than shunning Earth's turmoil.

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Thou must learn of Manhood's duties
Ere thou canst be truly free
Thou must know thy Savior's teachings
Ere thy soul hath liberty.
True thy mind is not enshrouded
In Moslemah's sable pall
But I fear thy sight is clouded
Thou art Superstition's thrall
Science, too must shine upon thee
For the world is full of lore
Sest by Knowledge's crafty legion
Thou be made a slave once more.
Therefore yield thee to my guidance
— Thou and thy dark fellows all
And we'll trace the path of wisdom
Which doth lead to Freedom's hall.
We will let the tide of battle
Sweep on by us if it will
If ye may not fight for freedom
Ye may labor for it, still.
And we'll pray the God of battles
In the day-time and the night
Once again to bare His Right Arm
Once again to show His might.
And roll on the tide of battle
O'er the cursed Godom-land,

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To bring low the proud oppressors
And to smite the smiting hand,
To incline the hearts of freemen
Unto Justice and the Truth
That they smite The Gorgon Slavery
And her children Self and Ruth!!!

And I saw the ebony children
Sitting round him on the sod
While he showed the way of wisdom
And revealed the plan of God
And they gazed with mute attention
While the teacher - Youth displayed
All those strange and mystic symbols
Which at first old Cadmus made
And beneath the dark Magnolia
'Mid the down-filled Cotton-bolls
Self-forgetting there he taught them
To peruse our mystic scrolls,
And I saw them lowly bending
And I heard upon the air
Woman's voice, and Man's ascending
Unto God in fervent prayer.

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Then there came the kindly feeling
Swelling every patriot-breast
That to lift these trodden children
From the dust was God's behest.

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