

# Frederick Douglass

A hush is over all the teeming lists,  
And there is pause, a breath-space in the strife;  
A spirit brave has passed beyond the mists  
And vapors that obscure the sun of life.  
And Ethiopia, with bosom torn,  
Laments the passing of her noblest born.

She weeps for him a mother's burning tears—  
She loved him with a mother's deepest love  
He was her champion thro' direful years,  
And held her weal all other ends above.  
When Bondage held her bleeding in the dust,  
He raised her up and whispered, "Hope and Trust."

For her his voice, a fearless clarion, rung  
That broke in warning on the ears of men;  
For her the strong bow of his pow'r he strung

And sent his arrows to the very den  
Where grim Oppression held his bloody place  
And gloated o'er the mis'ries of a race.

And he was no soft-tongued apologist;  
He spoke straight-forward, fearlessly uncowed;  
The sunlight of his truth dispelled the mist  
And set in bold relief each dark-hued cloud;  
To sin and crime he gave their proper hue,  
And hurled at evil what was evil's due.

Thro' good and ill report he cleaved his way  
Right onward, with his face set toward the heights,  
Nor feared to face the foeman's dread array—  
The lash of scorn, the sting of petty spites.  
He dared the lightning in the lightning's track,  
And answered thunder with his thunder back.

When men maligned him and their torrent wrath

In furious imprecations o'er him broke,  
He kept his counsel as he kept his path;  
'Twas for his race, not for himself, he spoke.  
He knew the import of his Master's call  
And felt himself too mighty to be small.

No miser in the good he held was he—  
His kindness followed his horizon's rim.  
His heart, his talents and his hands were free  
To all who truly needed aught of him.  
Where poverty and ignorance were rife,  
He gave his bounty as he gave his life.

The place and cause that first aroused his might  
Still proved its pow'r until his latest day.  
In Freedom's lists and for the aid of Right  
Still in the foremost rank he waged the fray;  
Wrong lived; His occupation was not gone.  
He died in action with his armor on!

We weep for him, but we have touched his hand,  
And felt the magic of his presence nigh,  
The current that he sent thro'out the land,  
The kindling spirit of his battle-cry  
O'er all that holds us we shall triumph yet  
And place our banner where his hopes were set!

Oh, Douglass, thou hast passed beyond the shore,  
But still thy voice is ringing o'er the gale!  
Thou'st taught thy race how high her hopes may soar  
And bade her seek the heights, nor faint, nor fail.  
She will not fail, she heeds thy stirring cry,  
She knows thy guardian spirit will be nigh,  
And rising from beneath the chast'ning rod,  
She stretches out her bleeding hands to God!