



FOURTH OF JULY.

— Men like household goods or servile beasts,
 Are bought and sold, kidnapped and pirated;
 Driven in droves e'en by the Capitol;
 Then haul our striped and starry banner down;
 Our cannon freight not; stop the noisy breath
 Of heartless patriotism; be our praise unsung.
 To-day we'll not discourse of British wrong,
 Of valorous feats in arms by freemen bold,
 Nor spit on kings, nor tauntingly call names;
 But we will fall upon our bended knees,
 And weep in bitterness of heart, and pray
 Our God to save us from his gathering wrath;
 We will no longer multiply our boasts
 Of Liberty, till *all* are truly free.

W. L. GARRISON.

“Fourth of July”, A poem by William Lloyd Garrison,

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