

**THE OLIVE-BRANCH; OR,  
POEMS ON PEACE,  
LIBERTY, FRIENDSHIP, &C.**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649661459

The Olive-Branch; Or, Poems on Peace, Liberty, Friendship, &C. by William Stokes

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**WILLIAM STOKES**

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BY

WILLIAM STOKES,

*Author of a "Prize Essay on War," "A Permanent European  
Congress," &c. &c.*

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SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED.

**Manchester :**

THE AUTHOR, 71, ROBERT STREET, C. ON M.

1863.

280. C. 220.

## THE OLIVE-BRANCH

### Reviews on the first Edition.

"Here we have poetry of no mean order, dedicated to some of the noblest themes that can thrill the soul of man."—*The Homilist*.

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APPENDIX.



### Contents :

Thy Will be Done . . . . .	119
The Saint's Farewell . . . . .	120
Lines on the Death of Prince Albert . . . . .	122
The Christian's Battle Song . . . . .	124
Matlock Bath . . . . .	125
True Manhood . . . . .	129
Marriage of the Prince of Wales . . . . .	131
Letter of acknowledgment from the Prince . . . . .	132
The Glorious Future . . . . .	133
The Soldier's Widow . . . . .	135
"My God!"—Psa. lxxiii. 1. . . . .	137
Ascription . . . . .	138



## THE OLIVE-BRANCH.

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### THE FREEMAN'S SONG.

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O give me the freedom to speak as I think,  
And liberty's fulness with Milton to drink;—  
To bask on the mountain, or bathe in the stream,  
To wander with sages—with poets to dream!

O give me the freedom to utter and teach,  
The heart-felt conviction in plain, open speech;  
With Cato, and Hampden, and Chatham to stand,  
And plead with all boldness the weal of my land!

O give me the freedom to make honest search,  
For sect and for party, for creed and for church;—  
To act for myself in all matters divine,  
Nor "soundings" to take with "another man's line!"

O give me the freedom to stand forth alone,  
And vice to expose, though the vice of the throne;  
Nor let me be shackled, or fettered, or fined,  
When stringing my bow at the faults of mankind!

O give me the freedom and home of the brave,  
 With soil never trod by the foot of the slave ;  
 Where tyrants, and dungeons, and chains are unknown,  
 And liberty's smile is the stay of the throne !

O give me this treasure!—then perish the gold,  
 That miser-fools barter for liberty sold !  
 I'll rove on the mountain, the broad ocean scan,  
 And sing the lov'd freedom that makes me a man.

---

A PRAYER FOR UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

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"Arise, O God ! let not man prevail: O God, lift up thine hand !  
 to judge the fatherless and the oppressed, that the man of  
 the earth may no more oppress."—*The Psalms.*

O Thou the Great Almighty!—Power sublime!  
 Supreme in glory ere the birth of time,—  
 Thine awful glance athwart the gloom profound,  
 Strikes through all nature to her utmost bound ;  
 Surveying men and angels, earth and sky,  
 Each thought and purpose as they open lie ;—  
 From whom the darkness hides no secret deeds,  
 Where vice defies thee, or where virtue bleeds ;—  
 Low at thy footstool, Pow'r Divine, I fall,  
 And Thee adore, great Sovereign Lord of all !

Thou King Eternal! Bliss of Heav'n above!  
 Whose reign is mercy, and whose throne is love;  
 Look down with pity, and behold the woe  
 That mars creation in thy world below;  
 Where power and pride with infamy unite  
 To rob the helpless of each holy right,  
 And Thee defying, make it cause of sin  
 That man is covered with a darker skin;  
 And thine own image barter and enchain  
 As beasts for burden, or as slaves for gain.

For this didst Thou a being give to man?  
 Was it for this our common race began?  
 Didst Thou to him of paler skin convey  
 The right his darker brother to betray,  
 And him from country and from home to steal,  
 As one too stolid or too base to feel?  
 Or didst thou make the paler brother chief,  
 To act by turns the tyrant and the thief?

No; of "one blood" Thou madest man to be  
 Equal in honour and in liberty;  
 Equal the forest and the plains to roam,  
 To sail the ocean and to choose his home;  
 Equal to tend the flock or turn the sod,  
 To serve his country, and obey his God.  
 In all things equal:—feature, limb and life,  
 In children's fondness, or in love of wife.  
 Equal in value as Thy godlike race,  
 Though rude the language, and though dark the face;