

**THE ANTI-SLAVERY  
POEMS OF  
JOHN PIERPONT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649760930

The Anti-Slavery Poems of John Pierpont by John Pierpont

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**JOHN PIERPONT**

**THE ANTI-SLAVERY  
POEMS OF  
JOHN PIERPONT**



87-16

THE  
ANTI-SLAVERY POEMS

OF

✓  
JOHN PIERPONT.

“Was it right,  
While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,  
That I should dream away the entrusted hours  
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart,  
With feelings all too delicate for use?” — COLERIDGE.

BOSTON:  
PUBLISHED BY OLIVER JOHNSON,  
And Sold at 25 Cornhill.  
1843.

PS 2584  
.P7 A75.

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1844,  
By OLIVER JOHNSON,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

5917

OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER,  
47 Court Street.

25-573

## TO THE READER.

---

THIS compilation embraces all the Poems that Mr. PIERPONT has written on the subject of Slavery. Several of them are contained in the complete collection of his Poems, published in 1840.\* Alluding to these, in his preface to that volume, the author says:—'Though some of my friends may grieve, and wish that I had been more prudent than to write the pieces that touch thus upon Human Liberty, and upon the outrageous wrongs that, in these days and in this our land, it has suffered, their grandchildren will thank me, and may be freer men for them.' There are others of Mr. PIERPONT's friends, who, feeling that they are freer men for them, will not leave it for their grandchildren to thank him. It was to gratify such, and to increase their number, till the American slave, too, shall be free, that the compiler obtained the author's permission to publish this selection for them to circulate; sharing their conviction, that the fit offering of gratitude to the pious man and the poet is the diffusion of his soul-stirring words and ennobling thoughts.

Boston, May 25, 1843.

\* *'Airs of Palestine, and other Poems, by John Pierpont.'* Boston: James Munroe and Co.

ANTI-SLAVERY POEMS.

---

PRAYER OF THE CHRISTIAN.

---

With thy pure dews and rains,  
Wash out, O God, the stains,  
From Afric's shore ;  
And, while her palm trees bud,  
Let not her children's blood,  
With her broad Niger's flood,  
Be mingled more !

Quench, righteous God, the thirst,  
That Congo's sons hath cursed —  
The thirst for gold !



Shall not thy thunders speak,  
Where Mammon's altars reek,  
Where maids and matrons shriek,  
    Bound, bleeding, sold?

Hear'st thou, O God, those chains,  
Clanking on Freedom's plains,  
    By Christians wrought?  
Them, who those chains have worn,  
Christians from home have torn,  
Christians have hither borne,  
    Christians have bought!

Cast down, great God, the fanes  
That, to unhallowed gains,  
    Round us have risen —  
Temples, whose priesthood pore  
Moses and Jesus o'er,  
Then bolt the black man's door,  
    The poor man's prison!

Wilt thou not, Lord, at last,  
From thine own image, cast

Away all cords,  
But that of love, which brings  
Man, from his wanderings,  
Back to the King of kings,  
The Lord of lords!

1829.

## A WORD FROM A PETITIONER.

WHAT! our petitions spurned! The prayer  
Of thousands, — tens of thousands, — cast  
Unheard, beneath your Speaker's chair!  
But ye *will* hear us, first or last.  
The thousands that, last year, ye scorned,  
Are millions now. Be warned! Be warned!

Turn not, contemptuous, on your heel; —  
It is not for an act of grace  
That, suppliants, at your feet we kneel, —  
We stand; — we look you in the face,  
And say, — and we have weighed the word, —  
That our petitions **SHALL** be heard.