

## The Lost Leader

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*Glory, glory, glory,  
To those who have greatly suffered and done!*

SHELLEY

—:O:—

Strength that is born of the injustice of kings,  
Truth that survives the betrayal of crimes,  
Love that is union through life and through death,  
With one vigorous breath,  
Like the breath of a thousand springs,  
With the rush of a thousand wings,  
Wake me up from my trance like the thrust of a lance betimes.

Hate for all things that are evil and wrong,  
Hate for the power of a royal-crowned head,  
Hate for the wiles of a potentate's might,  
Thy great love of the right,  
With the breath of a force more strong  
Than the breath of a guiding song  
Hurled thee on to thy doom and thy glory-lit tomb blood-red.

Patriots weighed down with the burden of years,  
Patriots buoyed up with the balm of youth's light,  
Patriots that fear or that hope, slavery-stung,  
Shall your nerves be unstrung  
By a cold-blooded crime that sears  
Your full soul's overflowing tears,  
That has lost you your guide with his power and pride i' the night?

Land, re-awake, re-awake from thy shame!  
Let thy republican name o'er the earth  
Rise once again, never more to go down!  
Re-acquire thy renown  
With the help of thy servants' flame,  
With the help of thy past's free name!  
Let thy Son's glorious death be the life and the breath o' thy birth!

B. B.

