

## "Am I Not a Man and a Brother?," 1837

OUR COUNTRYMEN IN CHAINS!

John Greenleaf Whittier

OUR FELLOW COUNTRYMEN IN CHAINS! SLAVES—in a land of light and law !— . . . The whip on WOMAN'S shrinking flesh ! Our soil yet reddening with the stains, Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh ! What ! mothers from their children riven ! . . . To us whose boast is loud and long Of holy liberty and light— Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong Plead vainly for their plundered Right ?

. . . And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye, Clank o'er our fields his hateful chain ? And toss his fettered arm on high, And groan for freedom's gift, in vain ?

Up NOW for Freedom !—not in strife Like that your sterner fathers saw  
The awful waste of human life— The glory and the guilt of war :  
But break the chain—the yoke remove And smite to earth oppression's rod,  
With those mild arms of Truth and Love, Made mighty through the living God !