

**1784**

**LIBERTY AND PEACE**

**Phillis Wheatley**

*Wheatley, Phillis (1753-1784) - African-born American poet, she was the first African-American woman writer. Bought as a slave by a merchant, she demonstrated unusual intelligence as a youth and was given an education. Her poems, well-received at home and abroad, were praised by George Washington. Liberty and Peace (1784) - First published as a four-page pamphlet. Opening lines: Lo! Freedom comes. Th' prescient muse foretold, / All eyes th' accomplish'd Prophecy behold: ...*

## LIBERTY AND PEACE

LO! Freedom comes. Th' prescient Muse foretold, All Eyes th' accomplish'd Prophecy behold: Her Port describ'd, "She moves divinely fair, "Olive and Laurel bind her golden Hair." She, the bright Progeny of Heaven, descends, And every Grace her sovereign Step attends; For now kind Heaven, indulgent to our Prayer, In smiling Peace resolves the Din of War.

Fix'd in Columbia her illustrious Line, And bids in thee her future Councils shine.

To every Realm her Portals open'd wide, Receives from each the full commercial Tide.

Each Art and Science now with rising Charms Th' expanding Heart with Emulation warms.

E'en great Britannia sees with dread Surprise, And from the dazzling Splendors turns her Eyes!

Britain, whose Navies swept th' Atlantic o'er, And Thunder sent to every distant Shore; E'en thou, in Manners cruel as thou art, The Sword resign'd, resume the friendly Part!

For Galia's Power espous'd Columbia's Cause, And new-born Rome shall give Britannia Law, Nor unremember'd in the grateful Strain, Shall princely Louis' friendly Deeds remain; The generous Prince th' impending Vengeance eye's, Sees the fierce Wrong, and to the rescue flies.

Perish that Thirst of boundless Power, that drew On Albion's Head the Curse to Tyrants due.

But thou appeas'd submit to Heaven's decree, That bids this Realm of Freedom rival thee!

Now sheathe the Sword that bade the Brave attone With guiltless Blood for Madness not their own.

Sent from th' Enjoyment of their native Shore Ill-fated- never to behold her more!

From every Kingdom on Europa's Coast Throng'd various Troops, their Glory, Strength and Boast.

With heart-felt pity fair Hibernia saw Columbia menac'd by the Tyrant's Law: On hostile Fields fraternal Arms engage, And

mutual Deaths, all dealt with mutual Rage: The Muse's Ear hears  
 mother Earth deplore Her ample Surface smoake with kindred  
 Gore: The hostile Field destroys the social Ties, And every-lasting  
 Slumber seals their Eyes.

Columbia mourns, the haughty Foes deride, Her Treasures  
 plunder'd, and her Towns destroy'd: Witness how Charlestown's  
 curling Smoaks arise, In sable Columns to the clouded Skies!

The ample Dome, high-wrought with curious Toil, In one sad Hour  
 the savage Troops despoil.

Descending Peace and Power of War confounds; From every  
 Tongue celestial Peace resounds: As for the East th' illustrious King  
 of Day, With rising Radiance drives the Shades away, So Freedom  
 comes array'd with Charms divine, And in her Train Commerce  
 and Plenty shine.

Britannia owns her Independent Reign, Hibernia, Scotia, and the  
 Realms of Spain; And great Germania's ample Coast admires The  
 generous Spirit that Columbia fires.

Auspicious Heaven shall fill with fav'ring Gales, Where e'er  
 Columbia spreads her swelling Sails: To every Realm shall Peace  
 her Charms display, And Heavenly Freedom spread her golden  
 Ray.

**THE END**