

POETRY.

From the Liberty Minstrel.

THE MAN FOR ME.

Air, "The Rose that all are Praising."

Oh, he is not the man for me,
who buys or sells a slave,
Nor he who will not set him free,
But sends Him to his grave;
But he whose noble heart beats warm
For all men's life and liberty;
Who loves a-like each human form
Oh that's the man for me,
Oh that's the man for me,
Oh that's the man for me.

He's not at all the man for me,
Who sells a man for gain,
Who bends the pliant servile knee,
To Slavery's God of shame!
But he whose God-like form erect
Proclaims that all alike are free
To think, and speak, and vote and act.
Oh that's the man for me.

He sure is not the man for me
Whose spirit will succumb,
When men endowed with Liberty
Lie bleeding, bound and dumb;
But he whose faithful words of might
Ring through the land from shore
sea,

For man's eternal equal right,
Oh that's the man for me.

No, no, he's not the man for me
Whose voice o'er hill and plain,
Breaks forth for glorious liberty,
But binds himself the chain!
The mightiest of the noble band
Who prays and toils the world to free,
with head, and heart and voice and lip,
Oh that's the man for me.