Air—"My faith looks up to thee."

YE SPIRITS OF THE FREE.

1. Ye spirits of the free, Can ye for
   pride and pomp to roll, Shall tyrants
   ever see Your brother man A yoked and
   from the soul God's image tear, And call the
   scourged slave, Chains dragging to his grave,
   wreck their own,— While from the eternal throne,
   And raise no hand to save? Say if you can.

2. In can ye for
   shall tyrants
   ever see Your brother man A yoked and
   from the soul God's image tear, And call the
   scourged slave, Chains dragging to his grave,
   wreck their own,— While from the eternal throne,
   And raise no hand to save? Say if you can.

They shut the stifled groan, And bitter prayer?