**SOAPStone:**

**S: Who is the Speaker?**

* The speaker is the voice that tells the story

**O: What is the Occasion?**

* The time and the place of the piece; the context that prompted the writing

**A: Who is the Audience?**

* The group of readers to whom the piece is directed

**P: What is the Purpose?**

* The reason behind the text

**S: What is the Subject?**

* What the piece is about; a paper should focus on the same subject throughout

**Tone: What is the tone?**

* The attitude of the author is expressed through their word choices, sentence construction, and imagery

**Identify the SOAPStone elements in this anti-slavery argument:**

**Frederick Douglass:**

I have often been utterly astonished, since I came to the north, to find persons who could speak of the singing, among slaves, as evidence of their contentment and happiness. It is impossible to conceive of a greater mistake. Slaves sing most when they are most unhappy. The songs of the slave represent the sorrows of his heart; and he is relieved by them, only as an aching heart is relieved by its tears. At least, such is my experience. I have often sung to drown my sorrow, but seldom to express my happiness. Crying for joy, and singing for joy, were alike uncommon to me while in the jaws of slavery. The singing of a man cast away upon a desolate island might be as appropriately considered as evidence of contentment and happiness, as the singing of a slave; the songs of the one and of the other are prompted by the same emotion."

**Slave songs were full of code words and meanings — using your knowledge of slavery, runaway slaves, the Underground Railroad, and the Civil War, write down your best guess on what the secret meaning of this slave song is:**

#### **"Steal Away"**

*Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus,*

*Steal away, steal away home,*

*I ain’t got long to stay here.*

*My Lord he calls me, he calls me by the thunder,*

*The trumpet sounds within my soul.*

*I ain’t got long to stay here.*

*Green trees are bending, poor sinner stands a trembling,*

*The trumpet sounds within my soul,*

*I ain’t got long to stay here.*