

The Abolitionist Hymn

By:Unknown

We ask not that the slave should lie
As lies his master at his ease
Beneath a silken canopy
Or in the shade of blooming tree.

We ask not "eye for eye" that all
Who forge the chain and ply the whip
Should feel their torture while the thrall
Should wield the scourge of mastership.

We mourn not that the man should toil
'Tis nature's need; 'Tis God's decree
But let the hand that tills the soil
Be like the wind that fans it, free.