

The Guilt of Prejudice

Forgive me, Lord! For in my pride,
I scorn'd the Ethiop's race;
And thought they were too darkly dy'd
To have a brother's place.

And when the bondman wept and cried, -
„Help! Help! Thy brother save!“ –
„Peace! Wretched one!“ I sharp replied:
„God made thee thus a slave.“

Thus, from the image of my God,
The offspring of his breath,
The object of a Saviour's love,
The purchase of his death.

I turned away; and proudly pray'd,
„I thank thee, God of grace!
That I of better earth was made,
Than Ham's accursed race.“

O Lord! My pride I now confess,
With shame, before thy feet;
I'll vanquish all my haughtiness,
And take the lowest seat.

No more the injur'd slave shall pine,
While non his sorrows move;
His wounds I'll soothe with oil and wine,
His aching heart with love.

(Aus: Edwin F. Hatfield: Freedoms Lyre, New York 1840; Lied Nr. 76 – ohne Vf.
<https://babel.hathitrust.org/cgi/pt?id=nnc1.50196270&view=1up&seq=80>)