

Hymn 31 from

A Selection of Anti- Slavery Hymns (Boston, 1835)

O Lord! whose forming hand one blood
To all the tribes and nations gave,
And giv'st to all their daily food,
Look down in pity on the slave!

Fetters and chains and stripes remove
And freedom to their bodies give;
And pour the tide of light and love
Upon their souls, and bid them live.

Oh, kindle in our hearts a flame
Of zeal, thy holy will to do;
And bid each child, who loves thy name,
To love his bleeding brother too.

We send to foreign shores thy word,
To guide to Thee the steps that roam:
Shall we forget the myriads, Lord,
Who sit in darkness here at home?

Bend the proud hearts, the iron hands,
That vex thy sable children so,
Till they undo the heavy bands,
And let their sighing captives go.

Through all thy temples, let the stain
Of prejudice each bosom flee;
And hand in hand, let Afric's train,
With Europe's children, worship thee.

A Setting of the Truro Hymn Tune