

[*Excerpt*]

...

Now first I sing of sweets, untried too long,
Now first, sweet Maple! consecrate the song!
Dancing around, in many a mazy ring,
Thee shall our youths, and thee our virgins sing;
In sacch'rine streams, thou pour'st the tide of life,
Yet grow'st still stronger from th' innocuous knife;
Thy blood, more sweet than Hyblean honey, flows
Balm for the heart-sick, cure of Slav'ry's woes;
Bleed on, blest tree! and as thy sweet blood runs,
Bestow fond hope on Afric's sable Sons.

Oh could my song impressive horror bring,
And conscience arm with more than mortal sting,
From stony eyes the tender tear should start,
And mercy melt the long obdur'd of heart.
See naked Slaves, who tend the dulcet reeds,
Whose murder'd flesh beneath their butcher bleeds,
And hear their dolorous groans!—then say, how good,
How sweet the dainties steep'd in human blood!

What tho' eternal darkness shades the race,
Tho' grosser features vilify the face;
Tho' no warm blushes changeless cheeks adorn
With crimson stains, like transient clouds of morn;
Tho' nature ne'er extends their woolly hair,
In golden ringlets, exquisitely fair!
Yet has not God infus'd immortal pow'rs,
The same their organs and their souls as ours?
Are they not made to ruminare the sky?
Or must they perish like the beasts that die?
Perish the thought, which men's high worth impairs,
Sons of Omnipotence and Glory's Heirs!

Ah! ye who love the human race divine,
And fondly wish to cherish all who pine;
In milk of human kindness bless the tree,

Which soon shall help to set the bondman free;
For soon shall int'rest man's fierce wrath assuage,
And heav'n restrain the remnant of his rage.

Not long shall human flesh be bought and sold,
The Charities of life exchange'd for gold!
For soon shall Commerce, better understood,
Teach happier barter for the mutual good.

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