

Sonnet to Liberty.

They tell me, Liberty! that, in thy name,
I may not plead for all the human race;
That some are born to bondage and disgrace,
Some to a heritage of woe and shame,
And some to power supreme, and glorious fame:
With my whole soul, I spurn the doctrine base,
And, as an equal brotherhood, embrace
All people, and for all fair freedom claim!
Know this, O man! whate'er thy earthly fate—
God never made a tyrant, nor a slave:
Woe, then, to those who dare to desecrate
His glorious image!—for to all He gave
Eternal rights, which none may violate;
And by a mighty hand th' oppressed He yet shall save.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison
Boston, Dec. 14, 1840