

Teach us, O Lord, to love our fellow man,
A law thou gavest when the world began,
But little understood, and practiced less:
May it be ours this passion to express.

Be Thou our help to treat man as we ought,
E'en though it be the naked Hottentot,
Or Doukhobor in like scanty clothes,
In search of clime where winter has no snows.

The docile Chinaman and little Jap,
Have come to us here at old ocean's gap;
No yellow peril need we be afraid,
This world was not for selfish mortals made.

The swarthy Hindu with turbaned head
At disadvantage has to earn his bread,
Why should we make his burden hard to bear,
When we have got enough and much to spare?