

# AMERICA'S MISSION

**B**RED to the White Man's burden—  
Exiles from native land  
By stormy seas were driven  
On a bleak and hostile strand,  
To fix a nation's moorings  
In unknown regions wild,  
Filled with fierce, painted people,  
"Half devil and half child."

Bred to the White Man's burden—  
Defending home and hearth  
From savage tribes, and Despot—  
The greediest of Earth,  
Through years of bloody warfare  
To victory—and yet,  
"Take up the White Man's burden!"  
He saith, "lest we forget."

Bred to the White Man's burden—  
With fortitude to wait  
Christ's promise to the humble,  
Despite oppression's hate,  
Until o'er plains and mountains,  
Reaching from sea to sea,  
Extends, at last, one Nation—  
"Home of the brave and free."

Bred to the White Man's burden—  
Alike through war and peace  
Who "filled the mouth of famine,  
And bade the sickness cease,"—  
Who smote the heartless tyrant  
In sea-girt isles and fair,  
To break the bondsman's fetters  
And plant God's freedom there?

Bred to the White Man's burden—  
Why sings our British bard  
To lead untutored statesmen,  
In lines untried and hard?  
Nor England's lust for treasure  
Nor Spain's blind, cruel pride,  
Shines forth in cloudless splendor,  
Meet for Columbia's guide.

Not haughty pomp of empire,  
Not greed of shining gold,  
May guide our Ship of Freedom  
Through ages yet untold;  
'Tis but time-serving folly,  
This "judgment of our peers,"  
The King of kings in judgment  
Doth sit through all the years.

Not by the curse of Noah  
Can Japheth's sons reclaim  
Their dark-eyed, down-trod brothers,  
From sloth and heathen shame;  
But through Christ's new commandment,  
With Justice, Truth, and Right,  
The blood-stained, sea-girt islands  
Shall bask in Freedom's light.

*R. K. Beecham.*