

# ROGER WILLIAMS

(c. 1604–1683)

FROM

## *A Key into the Language of America*

The Courteous *Pagan* shall condemne  
*Uncourteous Englishmen*,  
Who live like Foxes, Beares and Wolves.  
Or Lyon in his Den.

Let none sing *blessings* to their soules,  
For that they Courteous are:  
The wild *Barbarians* with no more  
Then Nature, goe so farre:

If Natures Sons both *wild* and *tame*,  
Humane and Courteous be:  
How ill becomes it Sonnes of God  
To want Humanity?

—

Course *bread* and *water's* most their fare,  
O *Englands* diet fine;  
Thy *cup* runs ore with plenteous store  
Of wholesome *beare* and *wine*.

Sometimes *God* gives them *Fish* or *Flesh*,  
Yet they're *content* without;  
And what comes in, they *part* to *friends*  
And *strangers* round about.

Gods *providence* is rich to his,  
Let none *distrustfull* be;  
In *wildernesse*, in great *distresse*,  
These *Ravens* have fed me.

—

Boast not proud *English*, of thy birth & blood,  
Thy brother *Indian* is by birth as Good.  
Of one blood God made Him, and Thee & All,  
As wise, as faire, as strong, as personall.

By nature wrath's his portion, thine no more  
Till Grace *his* soule and *thine* in Christ restore,  
Make sure thy second birth, else thou shalt see,  
Heaven ope to *Indians* wild, but shut to thee.

—

Adulteries, Murthers, Robberies, Thefts,  
Wild *Indians* punish these!  
And hold the Scales of Justice so,  
That no man farthing leese.

When *Indians* heare the horrid filths,  
of *Irish*, *English* Men,  
The horrid Oaths and Murthers late,  
Thus say these *Indians* then:

We weare no Cloaths, have many Gods,  
And yet our sinnes are lesse:  
You are Barbarians, Pagans wild,  
Your Land's the Wildernesse.

—

The *Indians* prize not *English* gold,  
Nor *English* *Indians* shell:  
Each in his place will passe for ought,  
What ere men buy or sell.

*English* and *Indians* all passe hence,  
To an eternall place,  
Where shels nor finest gold's worth ought,  
Where nought's worth ought but Grace.

This Coyne the *Indians* know not of,  
Who knowes how soon they may?  
The *English* knowing, prize it not,  
But fling't like drosse away.