

Slaves

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Don't you know my name?
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Little bird got a name
You call it "Sparrow"
Drop of water got a name
You call it "rain"
He is a man
But it's "slave" you call Him
You have seen His face
Don't you know His name?

When your fields come apart
You call their pardon
When the burrow grow green
Call it "sugarcane"
He works your fields
Till He's old and weary
Still it's "boy" you call Him
Don't you know His name?

Without no name
It's a lot hard dirty
Without no name
Lord no soul to save
When He's dead and gone
Who will remember?
Without no name to mark His grave?

Water, water, water in a pail
Still the sweet rain water
Little barrow in a cage
Sparrow just the same
But a man in chains
No, you can't call Him nothing
But when His chains be gone
And His soul be His
When you call Him free
Then you'll know His name

Then you'll know His name