

To my Creator,

A solemn reminder of my promise on the occasion
of the 200th anniversary of my ill-fated genesis.

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A solemn reminder of my promise on the occasion
of the 200th anniversary of my ill-fated genesis.



I was benevolent;

I was benevolent;

I was benevolent;

and humanity;
my soul glowed with love

but am I not alone,

miserably alone?

You, my creator, adore me;

what hope can I gather

from your fellow creatures,

who owe me nothing?

They spurn and hate me.

These black skins I hail,
for they are kinder to me than your fellow beings.

If the multitude of mankind knew of my existence,
they would do as you do,
and arm themselves for my destruction.

and the only one which man does not grudge
are a dwelling to me,
the caves of ice, which I only do not fear.

I have wandered here many days;

The desert mountains and dreary glaciers are my refuge.

They spurn and hate me,
who owe me nothing?

from your fellow creatures,
what hope can I gather

You, my creator, shun me;
miserably alone?

how can I ever share,

Shall I not then hate them who abhor me?

I will keep to terms with my enemies.

I am miserable.

and they shall share my wretchedness.

Once I had hoped to meet with being
pardon me.

multitude of mankind knew of my existence,

they would do as you do,
and arm themselves for my destruction.

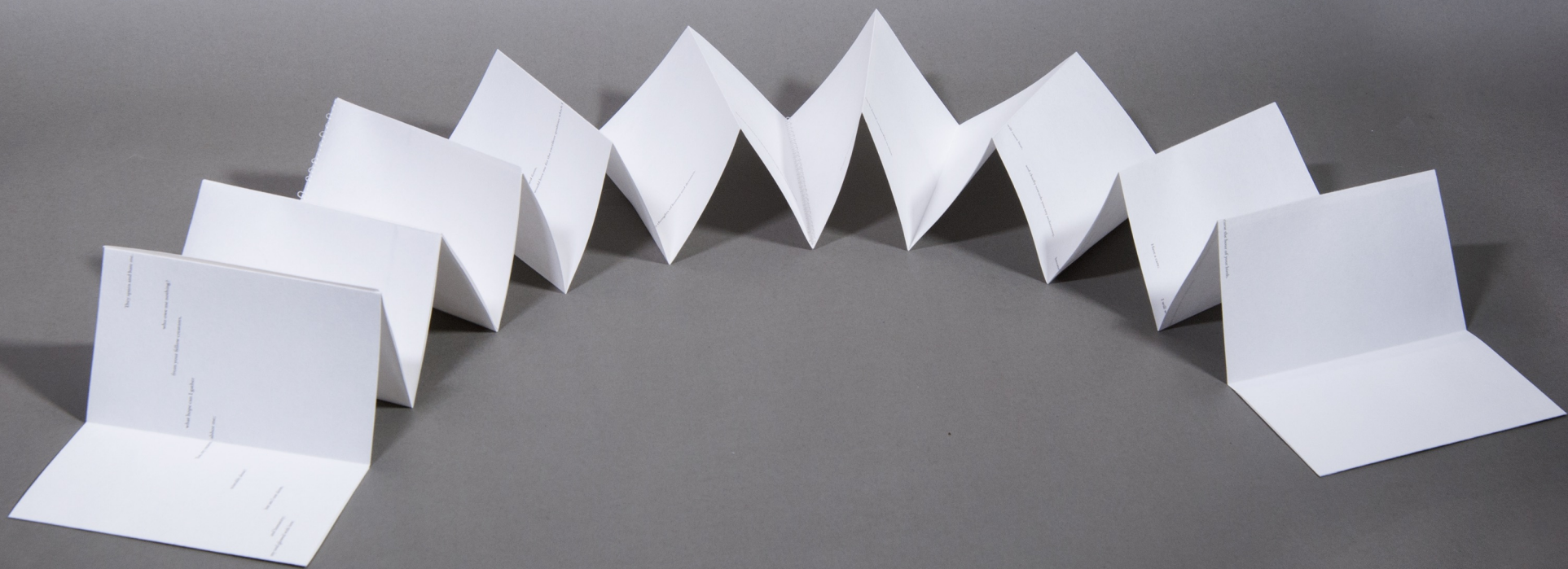
Shall I not then hate them who abhor me?

I will keep no terms with my enemies.

I am miserable,

and they shall share my wretchedness.

Once I falsely hoped to



nour and devotion.

But now crime has degraded me beneath the meanest animal.

No guilt, no mischief,

no malignity, no misery, can be found comparable to mine.

But now crime has degraded me beneath the meanest animal.

