

The Project Gutenberg eBook, The Anti-Slavery Harp, by Various, Edited by William W. Brown

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*****START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE ANTI-SLAVERY HARP*****

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY HARP:

A COLLECTION OF SONGS FOR ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS

COMPILED BY

WILLIAM W. BROWN,

A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

1848.

PREFACE.

The demand of the public for a cheap Anti-Slavery Song-Book, containing Songs of a more recent composition, has induced me to collect together, and present to the public, the songs contained in this book.

In making this collection, however, I am indebted to the authors of the "Liberty Minstrel," and "the Anti-Slavery Melodies," But the larger portion of these songs has never before been published; some have never been in print.

To all true friends of the Slave, the Anti-Slavery Harp is respectfully dedicated,

W. W. BROWN.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1848.

SONGS.

HAVE WE NOT ALL ONE FATHER?

AM I NOT A MAN AND BROTHER?

AIR--Bride's Farewell.

Am I not a man and brother?
Ought I not, then, to be free?
Sell me not one to another,
Take not thus my liberty.
Christ our Saviour, Christ our Saviour,
Died for me as well as thee.

Am I not a man and brother?
Have I not a soul to save?
Oh, do not my spirit smother,
Making me a wretched slave;
God of mercy, God of mercy,
Let me fill a freeman's grave!

Yes, thou art a man and brother,
Though thou long hast groaned a slave,
Bound with cruel cords and tether
From the cradle to the grave!
Yet the Saviour, yet the Saviour,
Bled and died all souls to save.

Yes, thou art a man and brother,
Though we long have told thee nay;
And are bound to aid each other,
All along our pilgrim way.
Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Join with us to praise and pray!

O, PITY THE SLAVE MOTHER.

AIR--Araby's Daughter.

I pity the slave mother, careworn and weary,
Who sighs as she presses her babe to her breast;
I lament her sad fate, all so hopeless and dreary,
I lament for her woes, and her wrongs unredressed.
O who can imagine her heart's deep emotion,
As she thinks of her children about to be sold;
You may picture the bounds of the rock-girdled ocean,
But the grief of that mother can never be known.

The mildew of slavery has blighted each blossom,
That ever has bloomed in her path-way below;
It has froze every fountain that gushed in her bosom,
And chilled her heart's verdure with pitiless woe;
Her parents, her kindred, all crushed by oppression;
Her husband still doomed in its desert to stay;
No arm to protect from the tyrant's aggression--

She must weep as she treads on her desolate way.

O, slave mother, hope! see--the nation is shaking!
 The arm of the Lord is awake to thy wrong!
 The slave-holder's heart now with terror is quaking,
 Salvation and Mercy to Heaven belong!
 Rejoice, O rejoice! for the child thou art rearing,
 May one day lift up its unmanacled form,
 While hope, to thy heart, like the rain-bow so cheering,
 Is born, like the rain-bow, 'mid tempest and storm.

THE BLIND SLAVE BOY.

AIR--Sweet Afton.

Come back to me, mother! why linger away
 From thy poor little blind boy, the long weary day!
 I mark every footstep, I list to each tone,
 And wonder my mother should leave me alone!
 There are voices of sorrow, and voices of glee,
 But there's no one to joy or to sorrow with me;
 For each hath of pleasure and trouble his share,
 And none for the poor little blind boy will care.

My mother, come back to me! close to thy breast
 Once more let thy poor little blind one be pressed;
 Once more let me feel thy warm breath on my cheek,
 And hear thee in accents of tenderness speak!
 O mother! I've no one to love me--no heart
 Can bear like thine own in my sorrows a part;
 No hand is so gentle, no voice is so kind,
 O! none like a mother can cherish the blind!

Poor blind one! No mother thy wailing can hear,
 No mother can hasten to banish thy fear;
 For the slave-owner drives her, o'er mountain and wild,
 And for one paltry dollar hath sold thee, poor child!
 Ah! who can in language of mortals reveal
 The anguish that none but a mother can feel,
 When man in his vile lust of mammon hath trod
 On her child, who is stricken and smitten of God!

Blind, helpless, forsaken, with strangers alone,
 She hears in her anguish his piteous moan,
 As he eagerly listens--but listens in vain,
 To catch the loved tones of his mother again!
 The curse of the broken in spirit shall fall
 On the wretch who hath mingled this wormwood and gall,
 And his gain like a mildew shall blight and destroy,
 Who hath torn from his mother the little blind boy!

YE SONS OF FREEMEN.

AIR--Marseilles Hymn.

Ye sons of freemen wake to sadness,
 Hark! hark, what myriads bid you rise;
 Three millions of our race in madness
 Break out in wails, in bitter cries,
 Break out in wails, in bitter cries,
 Must men whose hearts now bleed with anguish,
 Yes, trembling slaves in freedom's land,
 Endure the lash, nor raise a hand?
 Must nature 'neath the whip-cord languish?

Have pity on the slave,
 Take courage from God's word;
 Pray on, pray on, all hearts resolved--these captives shall be free.

The fearful storm--it threatens lowering,
 Which God in mercy long delays;
 Slaves yet may see their masters cowering,
 While whole plantations smoke and blaze!
 While whole plantations smoke and blaze;
 And we may now prevent the ruin,
 Ere lawless force with guilty stride
 Shall scatter vengeance far and wide--
 With untold crimes their hands imbruing.

Have pity on the slave;
 Take courage from God's word;
 Pray on, pray on, all hearts resolved--these captives shall be free.

With luxury and wealth surrounded,
 The southern masters proudly dare,
 With thirst of gold and power unbounded,
 To mete and vend God's light and air!
 To mete and vend God's light and air;
 Like beasts of burden, slaves are loaded,
 Till life's poor toilsome day is o'er;
 While they in vain for right implore;
 And shall they longer still be goaded?

Have pity on the slave;
 Take courage from God's word;
 Toil on, toil on, all hearts resolved--these captives shall be free.

O Liberty! can man e'er bind thee?
 Can overseers quench thy flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
 Or threats thy Heaven-born spirit tame?
 Or threats thy Heaven-born spirit tame?
 Too long the slave has groaned, bewailing
 The power these heartless tyrants wield;
 Yet free them not by sword or shield,

For with men's hearts they're unavailing;

Have pity on the slave;

Take courage from God's word;

Toil on! toil on! all hearts resolved--these captives shall be free!

FREEDOM'S STAR.

AIR--Silver Moon.

As I strayed from my cot at the close of the day,

I turned my fond gaze to the sky;

I beheld all the stars as so sweetly they lay,

And but one fixed my heart or my eye.

Shine on, northern star, thou'rt beautiful and bright

To the slave on his journey afar;

For he speeds from his foes in the darkness of night,

Guided on by thy light, freedom's star.

On thee he depends when he threads the dark woods

Ere the bloodhounds have hunted him back;

Thou ledest him on over mountains and floods,

With thy beams shining full on his track.

Shine on, &c.

Unwelcome to him is the bright orb of day,

As it glides o'er the earth and the sea;

He seeks then to hide like a wild beast of prey,

But with hope, rests his heart upon thee.

Shine on, &c.

May never a cloud overshadow thy face,

While the slave flies before his pursuer;

Gleam steadily on to the end of his race,

Till his body and soul are secure.

Shine on, &c.

THE LIBERTY BALL.

AIR--Rosin the Bow.

Come all ye true friends of the nation,

Attend to humanity's call;

Come aid the poor slave's liberation,

And roll on the liberty ball--

And roll on the liberty ball--

Come aid the poor slave's liberation,

And roll on the liberty ball.

The Liberty hosts are advancing--

For freedom to *all* they declare;

The down-trodden millions are sighing--

Come, break up our gloom of despair.
Come break up our gloom of despair, &c.

Ye Democrats, come to the rescue,
And aid on the liberty cause,
And millions will rise up and bless you,
With heart-cheering songs of applause,
With heart-cheering songs, &c.

Ye Whigs, forsake slavery's minions,
And boldly step into our ranks;
We care not for party opinions,
But invite all the friends of the banks,--
And invite all the friends of the banks, &c,

And when we have formed the blest union
We'll firmly march on, one and all--
We'll sing when we meet in communion,
And *roll on* the liberty ball,
And roll on the liberty ball, dec.

**EMANCIPATION HYMN OF THE WEST INDIAN NEGROES.
FOR THE FIRST OF AUGUST CELEBRATION.**

Praise we the Lord! let songs resound
To earth's remotest shore!
Songs of thanksgiving, songs of praise--
For we are slaves no more.

Praise we the Lord! His power hath rent
The chains that held us long!
His voice is mighty, as of old,
And still His arm is strong.

Praise we the Lord! His wrath arose,
His arm our fetters broke;
The tyrant dropped the lash, and we
To liberty awoke!

Praise we the Lord! let holy songs
Rise from these happy isles!--
O! let us not unworthy prove,
On whom His bounty smiles.

And cease we not the fight of faith
Till all mankind be free;
Till mercy o'er the earth shall flow,
As waters o'er the sea.

Then shall indeed Messiah's reign
Through all the world extend;
Then swords to ploughshares shall be turned,

And Heaven with earth shall blend.

OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

Over the mountain, and over the moor,
 Hungry and weary I wander forlorn;
 My father is dead, and my mother is poor,
 And she grieves for the days that will never return;
 Give me some food for my mother in charity;
 Give me some food and then I will be gone.
 Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity,
 Cold blows the wind and the night's coming on.

Call me not indolent beggar and bold enough,
 Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew;
 I've two little brothers at home, when they're old enough,
 They will work hard for the gifts you bestow;
 Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity.
 Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on;
 Give me some food for my mother in charity,
 Give me some food, and then I will begone.

JUBILEE SONG.

Air--Away the Bowl.

Our grateful hearts with joy o'erflow,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 We hail the Despot's overthrow,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 No more he'll raise the gory lash,
 And sink it deep in human flesh,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra, Hurra
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra.

We raise the song in Freedom's name,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 Her glorious triumph we proclaim,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 Beneath her feet lie Slavery's chains,
 Their power to curse no more remains,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra.

With joy we'll make the air resound,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 That all may hear the gladsome sound,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 We glory at Oppression's fall,
 The Slave has burst his deadly thrall,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra.

In mirthful glee we'll dance and sing,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 With shouts we'll make the welkin ring,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 Shout! shout aloud! the bondsman's free!
 This, this is Freedom's jubilee!
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra.

SPIRIT OF FREEMEN, WAKE.

AIR--America.

Spirit of Freeman, wake;
 No truce with Slavery make,
 Thy deadly foe;
 In fair disguises dressed,
 Too long hast thou caress'd
 The serpent in thy breast,
 Now lay him low.

Must e'en the press be dumb?
 Must truth itself succumb?
 And thoughts be mute?
 Shall law be set aside,
 The right of prayer denied,
 Nature and God decried,
 And man called brute?

What lover of her fame
 Feels not his country's shame,
 In this dark hour?
 Where are the patriots now,
 Of honest heart and brow,
 Who scorn the neck to bow
 To Slavery's power?

Sons of the Free! we call
 On you, in field and hall,
 To rise as one;
 Your heaven-born rights maintain,
 Nor let Oppression's chain
 On human limbs remain;--
 Speak! and 't is done.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENTATION.

AIR--Long, long ago.

Where are the friends that to me were so dear,
 Long, long ago--long ago!
 Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer?

Long, long ago--long ago!
 I am degraded, for man was my foe,
 Friends that I loved in the grave are laid low,
 All hope of freedom hath fled from me now,
 Long, long ago--long, long ago!

Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head--
 Long, long ago--long ago!
 O, how I wept when I found she was dead!
 Long, long ago--long ago!
 She was my angel, my love and pride--
 Vainly to save her from torture I tried,
 Poor broken heart! She rejoiced as she died,
 Long, long ago--long, long ago!

Let me look back on the days of my youth--
 Long, long ago--long ago!
 Master withheld from me knowledge and truth--
 Long, long ago--long ago!
 Crushed all the hopes of my earliest day,
 Sent me from father and mother away--
 Forbade me to read, nor allowed me to pray--
 Long, long ago--long, long ago!

FLIGHT OF THE BONDMAN.
DEDICATED TO WILLIAM W. BROWN
And Sung by the Hutchinsons

BY ELIAS SMITH.

AIR--Silver Moon.

From the crack of the rifle and baying of hound,
 Takes the poor panting bondman his flight;
 His couch through the day is the cold damp ground,
 But northward he runs through the night.

Chorus.

O, God speed the flight of the desolate slave,
 Let his heart never yield to despair;
 There is room 'mong our hills for the true and the brave,
 Let his lungs breathe our free northern air!

O, sweet to the storm-driven sailor the light,
 Streaming far o'er the dark swelling wave;
 But sweeter by far 'mong the lights of the night,
 Is the star of the north to the slave.
 O, God speed, &c.

Cold and bleak are our mountains and chilling our winds,
 But warm as the soft southern gales
 Be the hands and the hearts which the hunted one finds,

'Mong our hills and our own winter vales.
O, God speed, &c.

Then list to the 'plaint of the heart-broken thrall,
Ye blood-hounds, go back to your lair;
May a free northern soil soon give freedom to *all*,
Who shall breathe in its pure mountain air.
O, God speed, &c.

THE SWEETS OF LIBERTY.

AIR--Is there a heart, &c.

Is there a man that never sighed
To set the prisoner free?
Is there a man that never prized
The sweets of liberty?
Then let him, let him breathe unseen,
Or in a dungeon live;
Nor never, never know the sweets
That liberty can give.

Is there a heart so cold in man,
Can galling fetters crave?
Is there a wretch so truly low,
Can stoop to be a slave?
O, let him, then, in chains be bound,
In chains and bondage live;
Nor never, never know the sweets
That liberty can give.

Is there a breast so chilled in life,
Can nurse the coward's sigh?
Is there a creature so debased,
Would not for freedom die?
O, let him then be doomed to crawl
Where only reptiles live;
Nor never, never know the sweets
That liberty can give.

YE SPIRITS OF THE FREE.

AIR--My Faith looks up to thee.

Ye spirits of the free,
Can ye forever see
Your brother man
A yoked and scourged slave,
Chains dragging to his grave,
And raise no hand to save?
Say if you can.

In pride and pomp to roll,
 Shall tyrants from the soul
 God's image tear,
 And call the wreck their own,--
 While, from the eternal throne,
 They shut the stifled groan
 And bitter prayer?

Shall he a slave be bound,
 Whom God hath doubly crowned
 Creation's lord?
 Shall men of Christian name,
 Without a blush of shame,
 Profess their tyrant claim
 From God's own word?

No! at the battle cry,
 A host prepared to die,
 Shall arm for fight--
 But not with martial steel,
 Grasped with a murderous zeal;
 No arms their foes shall feel,
 But love and light.

Firm on Jehovah's laws,
 Strong in their righteous cause,
 They march to save.
 And vain the tyrant's mail,
 Against their battle-hail,
 Till cease the woe and wail
 Of tortured slave!

**COLONIZATION SONG.
 TO THE FREE COLORED PEOPLE.**

AIR--Spider and the fly.

Will you, will you be colonized?
 Will you, will you be colonized?

'Tis a land that with honey
 And milk doth abound,
 Where the lash is not heard,
 And the scourge is not found.
 Chorus, Will you, &c.

If you stay in this land
 Where the white man has rule,
 You will starve by his hand,
 In both body and soul.
 Chorus.

For a nuisance you are,
 In this land of your birth,
 Held down by his hand,
 And crushed to the earth.
 Chorus.

My religion is pure,
 And came from above,
 But I cannot consent
 The black negro to love.
 Chorus.

It is true there is judgment
 That hangs o'er the land,
 But 't will all turn aside,
 When you follow the plan.
 Chorus.

You're ignorant I know,
 In this land of your birth,
 And religion though pure,
 Cannot move the curse.
 Chorus.

But only consent,
 Though extorted by force,
 What a blessing you'll prove,
 On the African coast.
 Chorus.

I AM AN ABOLITIONIST.

AIR--Auld Lang Syne.

I am an Abolitionist!
 I glory in the name:
 Though now by Slavery's minions hiss'd
 And covered o'er with shame,
 It is a spell of light and power--
 The watchword of the free:--
 Who spurns it in the trial-hour,
 A craven soul is he!

I am an Abolitionist!
 Then urge me not to pause;
 For joyfully do I enlist
 In FREEDOM'S sacred cause:
 A nobler strife the world ne'er saw,
 Th' enslaved to disenthral;
 I am a soldier for the war,
 Whatever may befall!

I am an Abolitionist!
 Oppression's deadly foe;
 In God's great strength will I resist,
 And lay the monster low;
 In God's great name do I demand,
 To all be freedom given,
 That peace and joy may fill the land,
 And songs go up to heaven!

I am an Abolitionist!
 No threats shall awe my soul,
 No perils cause me to desist,
 No bribes my acts control;
 A freeman will I live and die,
 In sunshine and in shade,
 And raise my voice for liberty,
 Of nought on earth afraid.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

Air--Kathleen O'More.

O, deep was the anguish of the slave mother's heart,
 When called from her darling for ever to part;
 So grieved that lone mother, that heart broken mother,
 In sorrow and woe.

The lash of the master her deep sorrows mock,
 While the child of her bosom is sold on the block;
 Yet loud shrieked that mother, poor heart broken mother,
 In sorrow and woe.

The babe in return, for its fond mother cries,
 While the sound of their wailings, together arise;
 They shriek for each other, the child and the mother,
 In sorrow and woe.

The harsh auctioneer, to sympathy cold,
 Tears the babe from its mother and sells it for gold;
 While the infant and mother, loud shriek for each other,
 In sorrow and woe.

At last came the parting of mother and child,
 Her brain reeled with madness, that mother was wild;
 Then the lash could not smother the shrieks of that mother
 Of sorrow and woe.

The child was borne off to a far distant clime,
 While the mother was left in anguish to pine;
 But reason departed, and she sank broken hearted,
 In sorrow and woe.

That poor mourning mother, of reason bereft,
 Soon ended her sorrows and sank cold in death;
 Thus died that slave mother, poor heart broken mother,
 In sorrow and woe.

O, list ye kind mothers to the cries of the slave;
 The parents and children implore you to save;
 Go! rescue the mothers, the sisters and brothers,
 From sorrow and woe.

THE CHASE.

AIR--Sweet Afton.

Quick, fly to the covert, thou hunted of men!
 For the bloodhounds are baying o'er mountain and glen;
 The riders are mounted, the loose rein is given,
 And curses of wrath are ascending to heaven.
 O, speed to thy footsteps! for ruin and death,
 Like the hurricane's rage, gather thick round thy path;
 And the deep muttered curses grow loud and more loud,
 As horse after horse swells the thundering crowd.

Speed, speed, to thy footsteps! thy track has been found;
 Now, *sport_for the_rider_, and_blood_for the_hound!*
 Through brake and through forest the man-prey is driven;
 O, help for the hopeless, thou merciful Heaven!
 On! on to the mountain! they're baffled again,
 And hope for the woe-stricken still may remain;
 The fast-flagging steeds are all white with their foam,
 The bloodhounds have turned from the chase to their home.

Joy! joy to the wronged one! the haven he gains,
 Escaped from his thralldom, and freed from his chains!
 The heaven-stamped image--the God-given soul--
 No more shall the spoiler at pleasure control.
 O, shame to Columbia, that on her bright plains,
 Man pines in his fetters, and curses his chains!
 Shame! shame! that her star-spangled banner should wave
 Where the lash is made red in the blood of the slave.

Sons of old Pilgrim Fathers! and are ye thus dumb?
 Shall tyranny triumph, and freedom succumb?
 While mothers are torn from their children apart,
 And agony sunders the cords of the heart?
 Shall the sons of those sires that once spurned the chain,
 Turn bloodhounds to hunt and make captive again?
 O, shame to your honor, and shame to your pride,
 And shame on your memory ever abide!

Will not your old sires start up from the ground,
 At the crack of the whip, and bay of the hound,

And shaking their skeleton hands in your face,
Curse the germs that produced such a miscreant race?

O, rouse ye for freedom, before on your path
Heaven pours without mixture the vials of wrath!
Loose every hard burden--break off every chain--
Restore to the bondman his freedom again.

FLING OUT THE ANTI-SLAVERY FLAG.

AIR--Auld Lang Syne

Fling out the Anti-slavery flag
On every swelling breeze;
And let its folds wave o'er the land,
And o'er the raging seas,
Till all beneath the standard sheet,
With new allegiance bow;
And pledge themselves to onward bear
The emblem of their vow.

Fling out the Anti-Slavery flag,
And let it onward wave
Till it shall float o'er every clime,
And liberate the slave;
Till, like a meteor flashing far,
It bursts with glorious light,
And with its Heaven-born rays dispels
The gloom of sorrow's night.

Fling out the Anti-Slavery flag,
And let it not be furled,
Till like a planet of the skies,
It sweeps around the world.
And when each poor degraded slave,
Is gathered near and far;
O, fix it on the azure arch,
As hope's eternal star.

Fling out the Anti-Slavery flag,
Forever let it be
The emblem to a holy cause,
The banner of the free.
And never from its guardian height,
Let it by man be driven,
But let it float forever there,
Beneath the smiles of heaven.

THE YANKEE GIRL.

She sings by her wheel at that low cottage door,
Which the long evening shadow is stretching before;

With a music as sweet as the music which seems
Breathed softly and faintly in the ear of our dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!
And lightly and freely her dark tresses play
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage door--
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?
'Tis the great Southern planter--the master who waves
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

"Nay, Ellen, for shame! Let those Yankee fools spin,
Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their skin;
Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel
Too stupid for shame and too vulgar to feel!

"But thou art too lovely and precious a gem
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them--
For shame, Ellen, shame!--cast thy bondage aside,
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

"O, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,
Where the shade of the palm-tree is over my home,
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom!

"O, come to my home, where my servants shall all
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;
They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and awe,
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law."

O, could ye have seen her--that pride of our girls--
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,
With a scorn in her eye which the gazer could feel,
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel:

"Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of gold
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold!
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear!

"And the sky of thy South may be brighter than ours,
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers;
But, dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,
Than the sweet sunny zephyr which breathes over slaves!

"Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be
In *fetters_ with _them_, than in freedom with _thee!*"

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

JEFFERSON'S DAUGHTER.

"It is asserted, on the authority of an American Newspaper, that the daughter of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States, was sold at New Orleans for \$1,000."--Morning Chronicle.

Can the blood that, at Lexington, poured o'er the plain,
When the sons warred with tyrants their rights to uphold,
Can the tide of Niagara wipe out the stain?
No! Jefferson's child has been bartered for gold!

Do you boast of your freedom? Peace, babblers--be still;
Prate not of the goddess who scarce deigns to hear;
Have ye power to unbind? Are ye wanting in will?
Must the groans of your bondman still torture the ear?

The daughter of Jefferson sold for a slave!
The child of a freeman for dollars and francs!
The roar of applause, when your orators rave,
Is lost in the sound of her chain, as it clanks.

Peace, then, ye blasphemers of Liberty's name!
Though red was the blood by your forefathers spilt,
Still redder your cheeks should be mantled with shame,
Till the spirit of freedom shall cancel the guilt.

But the brand of the slave is the tint of his skin,
Though his heart may beat loyal and true underneath;
While the soul of the tyrant is rotten within,
And his white the mere cloak to the blackness of death.

Are ye deaf to the plaints that each moment arise?
Is it thus ye forget the mild precepts of Penn,--
Unheeding the clamor that "maddens the skies,"
As ye trample the rights of your dark fellow-men?

When the incense that glows before Liberty's shrine,
Is unmixed with the blood of the galled and oppressed,
O, then, and then only, the boast may be thine,
That the stripes and stars wave o'er a land of the blest.

THE SLAVE-AUCTION--A FACT.

Why stands she near the auction stand,
That girl so young and fair;
What brings her to this dismal place,
Why stands she weeping there?

Why does she raise that bitter cry?
Why hangs her head with shame,
As now the auctioneer's rough voice,
So rudely calls her name?

But see! she grasps a manly hand,
 And in a voice so low,
 As scarcely to be heard, she says,
 'My brother, must I go?'

A moment's pause: then midst a wail
 Of agonizing woe,
 His answer falls upon the ear,
 'Yes, sister, you must go!'

'No longer can my arm defend,
 No longer can I save
 My sister from the horrid fate
 That waits her as a SLAVE!'

Ah! now I know why she is there,
 She came there to be sold!
 That lovely form, that noble mind,
 Must be exchanged for gold!

O God! my every heart-string cries,
 Dost thou these scenes behold
 In this our boasted Christian land,
 And must the truth be told?

Blush, Christian, blush! for e'en the dark
 Untutored heathen see
 Thy inconsistency, and lo!
 They scorn thy God, and thee!

GET OFF THE TRACK.

Air--Dan Tucker.

Ho! the car Emancipation
 Rides majestic thro' our nation,
 Bearing on its train the story,
 Liberty! a nation's glory.
 Roll it along, thro' the nation,
 Freedom's car, Emancipation!

First of all the train, and greater,
 Speeds the dauntless Liberator,
 Onward cheered amid hosannas,
 And the waving of free banners.
 Roll it along! spread your banners,
 While the people shout hosannas.

Men of various predilections,
 Frightened, run in all directions;
 Merchants, editors, physicians,
 Lawyers, priests, and politicians.

Get out of the way! every station!
Clear the track of 'mancipation!

Let the ministers and churches
Leave behind sectarian lurches;
Jump on board the car of Freedom,
Ere it be too late to need them.
Sound the alarm! Pulpits thunder!
Ere too late you see your blunder!

Politicians gazed, astounded,
When, at first, our bell resounded;
Freight trains are coming, tell these foxes,
With our *votes_ and _ballot boxes*.
Jump for your lives! politicians,
From your dangerous, false positions.

All true friends of Emancipation,
Haste to Freedom's railroad station;
Quick into the cars get seated,
All is ready and completed.
Put on the steam! all are crying,
And the liberty flags are flying.

Now again the bell is tolling,
Soon you'll see the car-wheels rolling;
Hinder not their destination,
Chartered for Emancipation.
Wood up the fire! keep it flashing,
While the train goes onward dashing.

Hear the mighty car-wheels humming!
Now look out! *the Engine's coming!*
Church and statesmen! hear the thunder!
Clear the track or you'll fall under.
Get off the track! all are singing,
While the *Liberty bell* is ringing.

On, triumphant see them bearing,
Through sectarian rubbish tearing;
The bell and whistle and the steaming,
Startle thousands from their dreaming.
Look out for the cars while the bell rings!
Ere the sound your funeral knell rings.

See the people run to meet us;
At the depots thousands greet us;
All take seats with exultation,
In the Car Emancipation.
Huzza! Huzza!! Emancipation
Soon will bless our happy nation,
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!!!

BE FREE, O MAN, BE FREE.

The storm-winds wildly blowing,
 The bursting billows mock,
 As with their foam-crests glowing,
 They dash the sea-girt rock;
 Amid the wild commotion,
 The revel of the sea,
 A voice is on the ocean,
 Be free, O man, be free.

Behold the sea-brine leaping
 High in the murky air;
 List to the tempest sweeping
 In chainless fury there.
 What moves the mighty torrent,
 And bids it flow abroad?
 Or turns the rapid current?
 What, but the voice of God?

Then, answer, is the spirit
 Less noble or less free?
 From whom does it inherit
 The doom of slavery?
 When man can bind the waters,
 That they no longer roll,
 Then let him forge the fetters
 To clog the human soul.

Till then a voice is stealing
 From earth and sea and sky,
 And to the soul revealing
 Its immortality.
 The swift wind chants the numbers
 Careering o'er the sea,
 And earth, aroused from slumbers,
 Re-echoes, "Man, be free."

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE TO THE CHRISTIAN.

The fetters galled my weary soul--
 A soul that seemed but thrown away;
 I spurned the tyrant's base control,
 Resolved at last the man to play:--
 The hounds are baying on my track;
 O Christian! will you send me back?

I felt the stripes, the lash I saw,
 Red, dripping with a father's gore;
 And worst of all their lawless law,
 The insults that my mother bore!
 The hounds are baying on my track,

O Christian! will you send me back?

Where human law o'errules Divine,
 Beneath the sheriff's hammer fell
 My wife and babes,--I call them mine,--
 And where they suffer, who can tell?
 The hounds are baying on my track,
 O Christian! will you send me back?

I seek a home where man is man,
 If such there be upon this earth,
 To draw my kindred, if I can,
 Around its free, though humble hearth.
 The hounds are baying on my track,
 O Christian! will you send me back?

RESCUE THE SLAVE!

AIR--The Troubadour.

This song was composed while George Latimer, the fugitive slave, was confined in Leverett Street Jail, Boston, expecting to be carried back to Virginia by James B. Gray, his claimant.

Sadly the fugitive weeps in his cell,
 Listen awhile to the story we tell;
 Listen ye gentle ones, listen ye brave,
 Lady fair! Lady fair! weep for the slave.

Praying for liberty, dearer than life,
 Torn from his little one, torn from his wife,
 Flying from slavery, hear him and save,
 Christian men! Christian men! help the poor slave.

Think of his agony, feel for his pain,
 Should his hard master e'er hold him again;
 Spirit of liberty, rise from your grave,
 Make him free, make him free, rescue the slave.

Freely the slave master goes where he will;
 Freemen, stand ready, his wishes to fulfil,
 Helping the tyrant, or honest or knave,
 Thinking not, caring not, for the poor slave.

Talk not of liberty, liberty is dead;
 See the slave master's whip over our head;
 Stooping beneath it, we ask what he craves,
 Boston boys! Boston boys! catch me my slaves.

Freemen, arouse ye, before it's too late;
 Slavery is knocking, at every gate,
 Make good the promise, your early days gave,
 Boston boys! Boston boys! rescue the slave.

THE SLAVE-HOLDER'S ADDRESS TO THE NORTH STAR.

Star of the North! Thou art not bigger
 Than is the diamond in my ring;
 Yet, every black, star-gazing nigger
 Looks at thee, as at some great thing!
 Yes, gazes at thee, till the lazy
 And thankless rascal is half crazy.

Some Abolitionist has told them,
 That, if they take their flight toward thee,
 They'll get where "massa" cannot hold them,
 And therefore to the North they flee.
 Fools to be led off, where they can't earn
 Their living, by thy lying lantern.

We will to New England write,
 And tell them not to let thee shine
 (Excepting of a cloudy night)
 Anywhere south of Dixon's line;
 If beyond that thou shine an inch,
 We'll have thee up before Judge Lynch.

And when, thou Abolition star,
 Who preachest Freedom in all weathers,
 Thou hast got on thy coat of tar,
 And over that, a cloak of feathers,
 Thou art "fixed" none will deny,
 If there's a fixed star in the sky.

SONG OF THE COFFLE GANG.

This song is said to be sung by Slaves, as they are chained in gangs, when parting from friends for the far off South--children taken from parents, husbands from wives, and brothers from sisters.

See these poor souls from Africa,
 Transported to America:
 We are stolen, and sold to Georgia, will you go along with me? We are stolen and sold to Georgia, go sound the jubilee.

See wives and husbands sold apart,
 The children's screams!--it breaks my heart;
 There's a better day a coming, will you go along with me?
 There's a better day a coming, go sound the jubilee.

O, gracious Lord? when shall it be,
 That we poor souls shall all be free?
 Lord, break them Slavery powers--will you go along with me? Lord, break them Slavery powers, go sound the jubilee.

Dear Lord! dear Lord! when Slavery'll cease,
 Then we poor souls can have our peace;

There's a better day a coming, will you go along with me?
 There's a better day a coming, go sound the jubilee.

ZAZA--THE FEMALE SLAVE.

O, my country, my country!
 How long I for thee,
 Far over the mountain,
 Far over the sea.
 Where the sweet Joliba,
 Kisses the shore,
 Say, shall I wander
 By thee never more?
 Where the sweet Joliba kisses the shore,
 Say, shall I wander by thee never more.

Say, O fond Zurima,
 Where dost thou stay?
 Say, doth another
 List to thy sweet lay?
 Say, doth the orange still
 Bloom near our cot?
 Zurima, Zurima,
 Am I forgot?
 O, my country, my country, how long I for thee,
 Far over the mountain, far over the sea.

Under the baobab
 Oft have I slept,
 Fanned by sweet breezes
 That over me swept.
 Often in dreams
 Do my weary limbs lay
 'Neath the same baobab,
 Far, far away.
 O, my country, my country, how long I for thee,
 Far over the mountain, far over the sea.

O, for the breath
 Of our own waving palm,
 Here, as I languish,
 My spirit to calm--
 O, for a draught
 From our own cooling lake,
 Brought by sweet mother,
 My spirit to wake.
 O, my country, my country, how long I for thee,
 Far over the mountain, far over the sea.

YE HERALDS OF FREEDOM.

Ye heralds of freedom, ye noble and brave,

Who dare to insist on the rights of the slave,
Go onward, go onward, your cause is of God,
And he will soon sever the oppressor's strong rod.

The finger of slander may now at you point,
That finger will soon lose the strength of its joint;
And those who now plead for the rights of the slave,
Will soon be acknowledged the good and the brave.

Though thrones and dominions, and kingdoms and powers,
May now all oppose you, the victory is yours;
The banner of Jesus will soon be unfurled,
And he will give freedom and peace to the world.

Go under his standard and fight by his side,
O'er mountains and billows you'll then safely ride;
His gracious protection will be to you given,
And bright crowns of glory he'll give you in heaven.

WE'RE COMING! WE'RE COMING.

AIR--Kinloch of Kinloch.

We're coming, we're coming, the fearless and free,
Like the winds of the desert, the waves of the sea!
True sons of brave sires who battled of yore,
When England's proud lion ran wild on our shore!
We're coming, we're coming, from mountain and glen,
With hearts to do battle for freedom again;
Oppression is trembling as trembled before
The slavery which fled from our fathers of yore.

We're coming, we're coming, with banners unfurled,
Our motto is FREEDOM, our country the world;
Our watchword is LIBERTY--tyrants beware!
For the liberty army will bring you despair!
We're coming, we're coming, we'll come from afar,
Our standard we'll nail to humanity's car;
With shoutings we'll raise it, in triumph to wave,
A trophy of conquest, or shroud for the brave.

Then arouse ye, brave hearts, to the rescue come on!
The man-stealing army we'll surely put down;
They are crushing their millions, but soon they must yield, For *freemen_ have _risen* and taken the field.
Then arouse ye! arouse ye! the fearless and free,
Like the winds of the desert, the waves of the sea;
Let the north, west, and east, to the sea-beaten shore,
Resound_ with a _liberty triumph_ once more.

ON TO VICTORY.

AIR--Scots wha hae.

Children of the glorious dead,
 Who for freedom fought and bled,
 With her banner o'er you spread,
 On to victory.
 Not for stern ambition's prize,
 Do our hopes and wishes rise;
 Lo, our leader from the skies,
 Bids us do or die.

Ours is not the tented field--
 We no earthly weapons wield--
 Light and love, our sword and shield,
 Truth our panoply.
 This is proud oppression's hour;
 Storms are round us; shall we cower?
 While beneath a despot's power
 Groans the suffering slave?

While on every southern gale,
 Comes the helpless captive's tale,
 And the voice of woman's wail,
 And of man's despair?
 While our homes and rights are dear,
 Guarded still with watchful fear,
 Shall we coldly turn our ear
 From the suppliant's prayer?

Never! by our Country's shame--
 Never! by a Saviour's claim,
 To the men of every name,
 Whom he died to save.
 Onward, then, ye fearless band--
 Heart to heart, and hand to hand;
 Yours shall be the patriot's stand,
 Or the martyr's grave.

THE MAN FOR ME.

AIR--The Rose that all are praising.

O, he is not the man for me,
 Who buys or sells a slave,
 Nor he who will not set him free,
 But sends him to his grave;
 But he whose noble heart beats warm
 For all men's life and liberty;
 Who loves alike each human form,
 O, that's the man for me.

He's not at all the man for me,
 Who sells a man for gain,
 Who bends the pliant servile knee,

To Slavery's god of shame!
 But he whose God-like form erect
 Proclaims that all alike are free
 To think, and speak, and vote, and act,
 O, that's the man for me.

He sure is not the man for me
 Whose spirit will succumb,
 When men endowed with Liberty
 Lie bleeding, bound and dumb;
 But he whose faithful words of might
 Ring through the land from shore to sea,
 For man's eternal equal right,
 O, that's the man for me.

No, no, he's not the man for me
 Whose voice o'er hill and plain,
 Breaks forth for glorious liberty,
 But binds himself, the chain!
 The mightiest of the noble band
 Who prays and toils the world to free,
 With head, and heart, and voice, and vote,
 O, that's the man for me.

THE BONDMAN.

AIR--Troubadour.

Feebly the bondman toiled,
 Sadly he wept--
 Then to his wretched cot
 Mournfully crept;
 How doth his free-born soul
 Pine 'neath his chain!
 Slavery! Slavery!
 Dark is thy reign.

Long ere the break of day,
 Roused from repose,
 Wearily toiling
 Till after its close--
 Praying for freedom,
 He spends his last breath:
 Liberty! Liberty!
 Give me or death.

When, when, O Lord! will right
 Triumph o'er wrong?
 Tyrants oppress the weak,
 O Lord! how long?
 Hark! hark! a peal resounds
 From shore to shore--

Tyranny! Tyranny!
Thy reign is o'er.

E'en now the morning
Gleams from the East--
Despots are feeling
Their triumph is past--
Strong hearts are answering
To freedom's loud call--
Liberty! Liberty!
Full and for all.

RIGHT ON.

AIR--Lenox.

Ho! children of the brave,
Ho! freemen of the land,
That hurl'd into the grave
Oppression's bloody band;
Come on, come on, and joined be we
To make the fettered bondman free.

Let coward vassals sneak
From freedom's battle still,
Poltroons that dare not speak
But as their priests may will;
Come on, come on, and joined be we
To make the fettered bondman free.

On parchment, scroll and creed,
With human life blood red,
Untrembling at the deed,
Plant firm your manly tread;
The priest may howl, the jurist rave,
But we will free the fettered slave.

The tyrant's scorn is vain,
In vain the slanderer's breath,
We'll rush to break the chain,
E'en on the jaws of death;
Hurrah! Hurrah! right on go we,
The fettered slave shall yet be free.

Right on, in freedom's name,
And in the strength of God,
Wipe out the damning stain,
And break the oppressor's rod;
Hurrah! Hurrah! right on go we,
The fettered slave shall yet be free.

FUGITIVE'S TRIUMPH.

Go, go, thou that enslav'st me,
 Now, now thy power is o'er;
 Long, long have I obeyed thee,
 I'm not a slave any more;
 No, no--oh, no!
 I'm a *free man* ever more!

Thou, thou brought'st me ever,
 Deep, deep sorrow and pain;
 But I have left thee forever,
 Nor will I serve thee again;
 No, no--oh, no!
 No, I'll not serve thee again.

Tyrant! thou hast bereft me
 Home, friends, pleasures so sweet;
 Now, forever I've left thee,
 Thou and I never shall meet;
 No, no--oh, no!
 Thou and I never shall meet.

Joys, joys, bright as the morning,
 Now, now, on me will pour,
 Hope, hope, on me is dawning,
I'm not a slave any more!
 No, no--oh, no,
 I'm a FREE MAN evermore!

A SONG FOR FREEDOM.

AIR--Dandy Jim.

Come all ye bondmen far and near,
 Let's put a song in massa's ear,
 It is a song for our poor race,
 Who're whipped and trampled with disgrace.

Chorus.

My old massa tells me O
 This is a land of freedom O;
 Let's look about and see if't is so,
 Just as massa tells me O.

He tells us of that glorious one,
 I think his name was Washington,
 How he did fight for liberty,
 To save a threepence tax on tea.

Chorus.

My old massa, &c.

And then he tells us that there was

A Constitution, with this clause,
That all men equal were created,
How often have we heard it stated.

Chorus.
My old massa, &c.

But now we look about and see,
That we poor blacks are not so free;
We 're whipped and thrashed about like fools,
And have no chance at common schools.

Chorus.
Still, my old massa, &c.

They take our wives, insult and mock,
And sell our children on the block,
Then choke us if we say a word,
And say that "niggers" shan't be heard.

Chorus.
Still, my old massa, &c.

Our preachers, too, with whip and cord,
Command obedience in the Lord;
They say they learn it from the book,
But for ourselves we dare not look.

Chorus.
Still, my old massa tells me O,
This is a *Christian* country O, &c.

There is a country far away,
Friend Hopper says 't is Canada,
And if we reach Victoria's shore,
He says that we are slaves no more.

Chorus.
Now hasten all bondmen, let us go
And leave this Christian country O;
Haste to the land of the British Queen,
Where whips for negroes are not seen.

Now if we go, we must take the night--
We're sure to die if we come in sight--
The blood-hounds will be on our track,
And wo to us if they fetch us back.

Chorus.
Now haste all bondmen, let us go,
And leave this *Christian* country O;
God help us to Victoria's shore,

Where we are free and slaves no more.

FREEDOM'S BANNER.

AIR--Freedom's Banner.

My country, shall thy honored name,
Be as a by-word through the world?
Rouse! for as if to blast thy fame,
This keen reproach is at thee hurled;
The banner that above thee waves,
Is floating over three millions slaves.

That flag, my country, I had thought,
From noble sires was given to thee,
By the best blood of patriots bought,
To wave alone above the Free!
Yet now, while to the breeze it waves,
It floats above three millions slaves,

The mighty dead that flag unrolled,
They bathed it in the heaven's own blue;
They sprinkled stars upon each fold,
And gave it as a trust to you;
And now that glorious banner waves
In shame above three millions slaves.

O, by the virtues of our sires,
And by the soil on which they trod,
And by the trust their name inspires,
And by the hope we have in God,
Arouse, my country, and agree
To set thy captive children free.

Arouse! and let each hill and glen
With prayer to the high heavens ring out,
Till all our land with freeborn men,
May join in one triumphant shout,
That freedom's banner does not wave
Its folds above a single slave.

YOUR BROTHER IS A SLAVE.

O weep, ye friends of Freedom, weep!
Shout liberty no more;
Your harps to mournful measures sweep,
Till slavery's reign is o'er.
O, furl your star-lit thing of light--
That banner should not wave
Where, vainly pleading for his right,
Your Brother toils--*a Slave!*

O pray, ye friends of Freedom, pray
 For those who toil in chains,
 Who lift their fettered hands to day
 On Carolina's plain!
 God is the hope of the Oppressed;
 His arm is strong to save;
 Pray, then, that freedom's cause be blest,
 Your Brother is *a Slave!*

O toil, ye friends of Freedom, toil!
 Your mission to fulfil,--
 That Freedom's consecrated soil
 Slaves may no longer till;
 Ay, toil and pray from deep disgrace
 Your native land to save;
 Weep o'er the miseries of your race,
Your Brother is a Slave!

COME JOIN THE ABOLITIONISTS.

AIR--When I can read my title clear.

Come join the Abolitionists,
 Ye young men bold and strong.
 And with a warm and cheerful zeal,
 Come help the cause along;
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful, when Slavery is no more,
 When Slavery is no more.
 'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
 When Slavery is no more.

Come join the Abolitionists,
 Ye men of riper years,
 And save your wives and children dear,
 From grief and bitter tears;
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful, when Slavery is no more,
 When Slavery is no more,
 'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
 When Slavery is no more.

Come join the Abolitionists,
 Ye dames and maidens fair,
 And breathe around us in our path
 Affection's hallowed air;
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful, when woman cheers us on,
 When woman cheers us on, to conquests not yet won.
 'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
 When woman cheers us on.

Come join the Abolitionists,
 Ye sons and daughters all
 Of this our own America--
 Come at the friendly call;
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful, when all shall proudly say,
 This, this is Freedom's day--Oppression flee away!
 'T is then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
 When freedom wins the day.

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming boys,
 A good time coming;
 There's a good time coming boys,
 Wait a little longer.
 We may not live to see the day,
 But earth shall glisten in the ray
 Of the good time coming;
 Cannon balls may aid the truth,
 But thought's a weapon stronger;
 We'll win our battle by its aid,
 Wait a little longer.
 O, there's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming boys,
 A good time coming;
 The pen shall supersede the sword,
 And right, not might shall be the lord,
 In the good time coming.
 Worth, not birth shall rule mankind,
 And be acknowledged stronger,
 The proper impulse has been given,
 Wait a little longer.
 O, there's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming boys,
 A good time coming;
 Hateful rivalries of creed,
 Shall not make their martyrs bleed,
 In the good time coming.
 Religion shall be shorn of pride,
 And flourish all the stronger;
 And Charity shall trim her lamp,
 Wait a little longer.
 O, there's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming boys,
 A good time coming;
 War in all men's eyes shall be,
 A monster of iniquity,
 In the good time coming.

Nations shall not quarrel then,
 To prove which is the stronger;
 Nor slaughter men for glory's sake,
 Wait a little longer.
 O, there's a good time, &c.

THE BIGOT FIRE.

Written on the occasion of George Latimer's Imprisonment in Levorott street Jail, Boston.

O, kindle not that bigot fire,
 'T will bring disunion, fear and pain;
 'T will rouse at last the souther's ire,
 And burst our starry land in twain.

Theirs is the high, the noble worth,
 The very soul of chivalry;
 Rend not our blood-bought land apart,
 For such a thing as slavery.

This is the language of the North,
 I shame to say it but't is true;
 And anti-slavery calls it forth,
 From some proud priests and laymen too.

What! bend forsooth to southern rule?
 What! cringe and crawl to souther's clay,
 And be the base, the supple tool,
 Of hell-begotten slavery?

No! never, while the free air plays
 O'er our rough hills and sunny fountains,
 Shall proud New England's sons be *free*,
 And clank their fetters round her mountains.

Go if ye will and grind in dust,
 Dark Afric's poor, degraded child;
 Wring from his sinews gold accursed,
 And boast your gospel warm and mild.

While on our mountain tops the pine
 In freedom her green branches wave,
 Her sons shall never stoop to bind
 The galling shackle of the slave.

Ye dare demand with haughty tone,
 For us to pander to your shame,
 To give our brother up alone,
 To feel the lash and wear the chain.

Our brother never shall go back,
 When once he presses our free shore;

Though souther's power with hell to back,
Comes thundering at our northern door.

No! rather be our starry land,
Into a thousand fragments riven;
Upon our own free hills we'll stand,
And pour upon the breeze of heaven,
A curse so loud, so stern, so deep,
Shall start ye in your guilty sleep.

OFT IN THE CHILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the chilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
When all her silvery light
The moon is pouring round me,
Beneath its ray I kneel and pray
That God would give some token
That slavery's chains on Southern plains,
Shall all ere long be broken;
Yes, in the chilly night,
Though slavery's chain has bound me,
Kneel I, and feel the might
Of God's right arm around me.

When at the driver's call,
In cold or sultry weather,
We slaves, both great and small,
Turn out to toil together,
I feel like one from whom the sun
Of hope has long departed;
And morning's light, and weary night,
Still find me broken hearted;
Thus, when the chilly breath
Of night is sighing round me,
Kneel I, and wish that death
In his cold chain had bound me.

ARE YE TRULY FREE?

AIR--Martyn.

Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free;
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Men unworthy to be freed,
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain?

Women! who shall one day bear

Sons to breathe God's bounteous air,
 If ye hear without a blush,
 Deeds to make the roused blood rush
 Like red lava through your veins,
 For your sisters now in chains;
 Answer! are ye fit to be
 Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And, with leathern hearts forget
 That we owe mankind a debt?
 No! true freedom is to share
 All the chains our brothers wear,
 And with hand and heart to be
 Earnest to make others free.

They are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak;
 They are slaves, who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
 Rather than, in silence, shrink
 From the truth they needs must think;
 They are slaves, who dare not be
 In the right with *two_ or _three*.

EMANCIPATION SONG.

AIR--Crambambule.

Let waiting throngs now lift their voices,
 As Freedom's glorious day draws near,
 While every gentle tongue rejoices,
 And each bold heart is filled with cheer;
 The slave has seen the Northern star,
 He'll soon be free, hurrah, hurrah!

Though many still are writhing under
 The cruel whips of "chevaliers,"
 Who mothers from their children sunder,
 And scourge them for their helpless tears--
 Their safe deliverance is not far!
 The day draws nigh!--hurrah, hurrah!

Just ere the dawn the darkness deepest
 Surrounds the earth as with a pall;
 Dry up thy tears, O thou that weapest,
 That on thy sight the rays may fall!
 No doubt let now thy bosom mar;
 Send up the shout--hurrah, hurrah!

Shall we distrust the God of Heaven?--

He every doubt and fear will quell;
 By him the captive's chains are riven--
 So let us loud the chorus swell!
 Man shall be free from cruel law,--
 Man shall be MAN!--hurrah, hurrah!

No more again shall it be granted
 To southern overseers to rule--
 No more will pilgrims' sons be taunted
 With cringing low in slavery's school.
 So clear the way for Freedom's car--
 The free shall rule!--hurrah, hurrah!

Send up the shout Emancipation--
 From heaven let the echoes bound--
 Soon will it bless this franchised nation,
 Come raise again the stirring sound!
 Emancipation near and far--
 Swell up the shout--hurrah! hurrah!

WHAT MEAN YE?

AIR--Ortonville.

What mean ye that ye bruise and bind
 My people, saith the Lord,
 And starve your craving brother's mind,
 Who asks to hear my word?

What mean ye that ye make them toil,
 Through long and dreary years,
 And shed like rain upon your soil
 Their blood and bitter tears?

What mean ye, that ye dare to rend
 The tender mother's heart?
 Brothers from sisters, friend from friend,
 How dare you bid them part?

What mean ye, when God's bounteous hand
 To you so much has given,
 That from the slave who tills your land
 Ye keep both earth and heaven?

When at the judgment God shall call,
 Where is thy brother? say,
 What mean ye to the Judge of all
 To answer on that day?

LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Hark! a voice from heaven proclaiming

Comfort to the mourning slave:
 God has heard him long complaining,
 And extends his arm to save;
 Proud Oppression
 Soon shall find a shameful grave.

See! the light of truth is breaking
 Full and clear on every hand;
 And the voice of mercy, speaking,
 Now is heard through all the land;
 Firm and fearless,
 See the friends of Freedom stand!

Lo! the nation is arousing
 From its slumbers, long and deep;
 And the church of God is waking,
 Never, never more to sleep,
 While a bondman
 In his chains remains to weep.

Long, too long, have we been dreaming
 O'er our country's sin and shame:
 Let us now, the time redeeming,
 Press the helpless captive's claim,
 Till, exulting,
 He shall cast aside his chain.

THE FLYING SLAVE.

Air--To Greece we give our shining blades.

The night is dark, and keen the air,
 And the Slave is flying to be free;
 His parting word is one short prayer;
 O God, but give me Liberty!
 Farewell--farewell;
 Behind I leave the whips and chains,
 Before me spreads sweet Freedom's plains.

One star shines in the heavens above,
 That guides him on his lonely way;--
 Star of the North--how deep his love
 For thee, thou star of Liberty!
 Farewell--farewell;
 Behind he leaves the whips and chains,
 Before him spreads sweet Freedom's plains.

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