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THE
ANTI-SLAVERY HARP:

A
COLLECTION OF SONGS

FOR
ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS.

COMPILED BY
WILLIAM W. BROWN.

SECOND EDITION.

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1849.

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.

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 pathway 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 rainbow, 'mid tempest and storm.

THE BLIND SLAVE BOY.

AIR — Sweet Afion.

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.

Chorus.

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 leadest 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.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY HARP.

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, &

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, &c.

THE NORTH STAR.

AIR — Oh ! Susann

Lo ! the Northern Star is beaming
With a new and glorious light,
And its cheering radiance streaming
Through the clouds of misty night !
Freemen ! in your great Endeavor,
'Tis a signal hung on high,
And will guide us on forever,
Like a banner in the sky !
Oh ! Star of Freedom,
'Tis the star for me ;
'Twill lead me off to Canada,
There I will be free.

Growing brighter in all ages,
Cheering Freedom on its way,
Shedding o'er Time's clouded pages
Glimmers of the coming Day —
Ever telling Man the glory
And the freedom of its birth,
Waiting to record the story
Of the Freedom of the Fourth !
Oh ! Star of Freedom,
'Tis the star for me,
'Twill lead me off to Canada,
There I will be free.

The mariner, 'mid the surging
 Of the stormy waves and dark,
 Hails the Northern Star emerging
 From the clouds above his bark !
 'Tis a trust that faileth never,
 And a light that never dies —
 'Tis the beacon-star forever,
 Beaming in the arctic skies !
 Oh ! Star of Freedom,
 'Tis the star for me,
 'Twill lead me off to Canada,
 There I will be free.

'Tis the star that Freedom claimeth
 As her emblem pure and bright,
 And we watch it as it flameth
 “In the dark and troubled night :”
 While we march to battle glorious,
 With our weapons, Truth and Love,
 Freedom, as she proves victorious,
 Hails the *Banner Star* above !
 Oh ! Star of Freedom, &c.

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 be gone.

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 — Amer

Spirit of Freemen, 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 'tis done.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENTATION.

AIR — Long, long

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 !

SONG FOR THE TIMES.

I hear the cry of millions, of millions, of millions,
 I hear the cry of millions, of millions in bonds ;
 Oh ! set the captive free, set him free, set him free,
 Oh ! set the captive free from his chains.

I hear the voice of Garrison, of Garrison, of Garrison,
 I hear the voice of Garrison, loud pleading for the slave ;
 Oh ! set the captive free, set him free, set him free,
 Oh ! set the captive free from his chains.

I hear the voice of Phillips, of Phillips, of Phillips,
 I hear the voice of Phillips, in strain of eloquence ;
 Oh ! set the captive free, set him free, set him free,
 Oh ! set the captive free from his chains.

I hear the voice of Foster, of Foster, of Foster,
 I hear the voice of Foster, against the priesthood ;
 Oh ! set the captive free, set him free, set him free,
 Oh ! set the captive free from his chains.

I hear the voice of Pillsbury, of Pillsbury, of Pillsbury,
 I hear the voice of Pillsbury, with all his sarcasm ;
 Oh ! set the captive free, set him free, set him free,
 Oh ! set the captive free from his chains.

I hear the voice of Remond, of Remond, of Remond,
 I hear the voice of Remond, on prejudice 'gainst color ;
 Oh ! set the captive free, set him free, set him free,
 Oh ! set the captive free from his chains.

I hear the voice of Buffum, of Buffum, of Buffum,
 I hear the voice of Buffum, with a few more facts ;
 Oh ! set the captive free, set him free, set him free,
 Oh ! set the captive free from his chains.

I hear the voice of Quincy, of Quincy, of Quincy,
 I hear the voice of Quincy, in words of living truth,
 Oh ! set the captive free, set him free, set him free,
 Oh ! set the captive free from his chains.

I hear the voice of Walker, of Walker, of Walker,
 I hear the voice of Walker, and see his " Branded Hand ;"
 Oh ! set the captive free, set him free, set him free,
 Oh ! set the captive free from his chains.

I hear the voice of Giddings, of Giddings, of Giddings,
 I hear the voice of Giddings, in Congress, for the slave ;
 Oh ! set the captive free, set him free, set him free,
 Oh ! set the captive free from his chains.

I hear the voice of thousands, of thousands, of thousands,
 I hear the voice of thousands, in favor of " Disunion ;"
 Oh ! set the captive free, set him free, set him free,
 Oh ! set the captive free from his chains.

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!

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 forever 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.

I'LL BE FREE, I'LL BE FREE !

AIR — Sweet Afton.

I'll be free ! I'll be free ! and none shall confine
With fetters and chains this free spirit of mine ;
From my youth have I vowed in my God to rely,
And despite the oppressor, gain Freedom or die.
Though my back is all torn by the merciless rod,
Yet firm is my trust in the right arm of God ;
In his strength I'll go forth, and forever will be
'Mong the hills of the North, where the bondman is free,
'Mong the hills of the North, where the bondman is free.

Let me go ! let me go ! to the land of the brave,
Where shackles must fall from the limbs of the Slave,
Where freedom's proud Eagle screams wild thro' the sky,
And the sweet mountain-birds in glad notes reply.

I'll flee to New England, where the fugitive finds
 A home 'mid her mountains and deep forest winds,
 And her hill-tops shall ring out the wrongs done to me,
 Till responsive they sing, "Let the bondman go free."
 Till responsive they sing, "Let the bondman go free."

New England! New England! thrice blessed and free,
 The poor hunted slave finds a shelter in thee,
 Where no blood-thirsty hounds ever dare on his track,
 At thy stern voice, New England! the monster fell back.
 Go back! then, ye blood-hounds, that howl in my path,
 In the land of New England I'm free from your wrath,
 And the sons of the Pilgrims my deep scars shall see,
 Till they cry with one voice, "Let the bondman go free."

That voice shall roll on, 'mong the hills of the North,
 In murmurs more loud till its thunders break forth;
 On the wings of the wind shall its deep echoes fly,
 Swift as lightning above, from sky e'en to sky,
 Nor charters nor unions its mandates shall check,
 'Twill cry, in God's name, "Go break every yoke," —
 Like the tempests of Heaven, shaking mountain and sea,
 Shall the North tell the South, "Let the bondman go free."

Great God! hasten on the glad jubilee,
 When my brother in bonds shall arise and be free;
 And our blotted escutcheon be washed from its stains,
 Now the scorn of the world — Three Millions in chains!
 Oh! then shall Columbia's proud flag be unfurled,
 The glory of freemen, and pride of the world,
 While earth's strolling millions point hither in glee,
 "To the land of the brave and the home of the free!"

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 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 !

THE SLAVE AUCTION — A FACT.

AIR — Good bye.

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.

THE SLAVE AUCTION — A FACT.

AIR — Good bye.

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 wish to fulfil,
 Helping the tyrant, or honest or knave,
 Thinking not, caring not, for the poor slave.

Talk not of liberty, liberty's 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.

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.

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.

LAMENT OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.

“My child, we must soon part to meet no more this side of the grave. You have ever said that you would not die a slave ; that you would be a freeman. Now try to get your liberty !” — W. W. Brown's Narrative.

I've wandered out beneath the moon-lit heaven,
 Lost mother ! loved and dear,

To every beam a magic power seems given
 To bring thy spirit near ;

For though the breeze of freedom fans my brow,
 My soul still turns to thee ! oh, where art thou ?

Where art thou, mother ? I am weary thinking ;
 A heritage of pain and woe

Was thine, — beneath it art thou slowly sinking,
 Or hast thou perished long ago ?

And doth thy spirit 'mid the quivering leaves above me,
 Hover, dear mother, near, to guard and love me ?

I murmur at my lot ; in the white man's dwelling
 The mother there is found ;

Or he may tell where spring buds first are swelling
 Above her lowly mound ;

But thou, — lost mother, every trace of thee
 In the vast sepulchre of Slavery !

Long years have fled, since sad, faint-hearted,
 I stood on Freedom's shore,

And knew, dear mother, from thee I was parted
 To meet thee never more ;

And deemed the tyrant's chain with thee were better
 Than stranger hearts and limbs without a fetter.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY HARP.

Yet blessings on thy Roman-mother spirit ;
 Could I forget it, then,
The parting scene, and struggle not to inherit
 A freeman's birth-right once again ?
O noble words ! O holy love which gave
Thee strength to utter them, a poor, heart-broken slave !

Be near me, mother, be thy spirit near me,
 Wherever thou may'st be,
In hours like this bend near that I may hear thee,
 And know that thou art free ;
Summoned at length from bondage, toil and pain
To God's free world, a world without a chain !

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.

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 broughtest 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 !

 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 hurled 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.

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.

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 'tis 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 'tis 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 bloodhounds 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.

THE SLAVE'S SONG.

AIR — Dearest Maie.

Now freemen listen to my song, a story I'll relate,
 It happened in the valley of the old Carolina State :
 They marched me to the cotton field, at early break of day,
 And worked me there till late sunset, without a cent of pay.
 Chorus. They worked me all the day,
 Without a bit of pay,
 And believed me when I told them
 That I would not run away.

Massa gave me a holiday, and said he'd give me more,
 I thanked him very kindly, and shoved my boat from shore ;
 I drifted down the river, my heart was light and free,
 I had my eye on the bright north star, and thought of liberty.
 They worked me all the day,
 Without a bit of pay,
 So I took my flight in the middle of the night,
 When the sun was gone away.

I jumped out of my good old boat and shoved it from the shore,
 And travelled faster that night than I had ever done before ;
 I came up to a farmer's house, just at the break of day,
 And saw a white man standing there, said he, " You are run
 away."
 They worked me all the day,
 Without a bit of pay,
 So I took my flight in the middle of the night,
 When the sun was gone away.

I told him I had left the whip, and baying of the hound,
 To find a place where man was man, if such there could be
 found,
 That I heard in Canada, all mankind were free,
 And that I was going there in search of liberty.
 They worked me all the day,
 Without a bit of pay,
 So I took my flight in the middle of the night,
 When the sun was gone away.

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 Leverett street Jail, Boston.

O, kindle not that bigot fire,
 'Twill bring disunion, fear and pain ;
 'Twill 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 'tis 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*.

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 !
 'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
 When freedom wins the day.

THE SLAVE'S A MAN, FOR A' THAT.

Though stripped of all the dearest rights
 Which nature claims and a' that,
 There's that which in the slave unites
 To make the man for a' that.
 For a' that and 'a that,
 Though dark his skin, and a' that,
 We cannot rob him of his kind,
 The slave's a man, for a' that.

Though by his brother bought and sold,
 And beat and scourged, and a' that,
 His wrongs can ne'er be felt or told,
 Yet he's a man for a' that :
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His body chained and a' that,
 The image of his God remains, —
 The slave's a man for a' that.

How dark the spirit that enslaves !
 Yet darker still than a' that,
 He, who amid the light, still craves
 Apologies, and a' that :
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Small evil finds, and a' that,
 In crimes which are of darkest hue,
 And foulest deeds, and a' that.

If those who now in bondage groan,
 Were white, and fair, and a' that,
 O should we not their fate bemoan,
 And plead their cause, and a' that ?
 For a' that and a' that,
 Would any say, in a' that
 We've nought to do — they are not here —
 We'll mind our own, and a' that ?

O tell us not they're clothed and fed,
 'Tis insult, stuff, and a' that ;
 With freedom gone, all joy is fled,
 For Heaven's best gift is a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Free agency, and a' that,
 We get from Him who rules on high —
 The slave we rob of a' that.

Then think not to escape His wrath,
 Who's equal, just, and a' that ;
 His warning voice is sounded forth,
 We heed it not, for a' that :
 For a' that, and a' that,
 'Tis not less sure for a' that ;
 His vengeance, though 'tis long delayed,
 Will come at last, for a' that.

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* !

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 ?

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 pilgrim's 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 —
 Send up the shout — hurrah ! hurrah !

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