THE HARP OF FREEDOM.

Where is the beauty to see,
Like the sun-brilliant brow of a nation when free—Milton.

BY GEO. W. CLARK.

"Go forth with a trumpet's sound,
And tell to the nations round—
On the hills which our heroes trod,
In the shrines of the saints of God,
In the ruler's hall and captive's prison,
That the slumber is broke, and the sleepers are risen;
That the day of the scourge and the fetter is o'er,
And earth feels the tread of the Freeman once more."

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PREFACE.

In presenting to the American people a volume of Poetry and Music adapted to the great struggle now pending between Freedom and Slavery in this country, the author believes he will be rendering to the cause of humanity, a timely and efficient service. Music has ever been the faithful hand-maid of Liberty, attending and celebrating her triumphal marches, or singing in mournful numbers her defeats.

And now, when the spirit of '76 is again abroad—kindling anew in the hearts of thousands the determination to stand manfully by the principles of Freedom for which our Fore-fathers sacrificed their fortunes and their lives, the emotions thus awakened, gush forth as naturally in song, as the morning orisons of the Lark, who soars up in the sunshine like a thing of light and melody.

Who does not desire to see the day, when music of a chaste and elevated style, shall go forth with its angel voice, like a spirit of love upon the wind, exerting upon all classes of society a pure and healthful moral influence? When its wonderful power over the sentiments and passions, shall be made to subserve every righteous cause—to aid every humane effort for the promotion of man's social, civil and religious well being?

That music is capable of accomplishing vast good, and is also a source of the most elevated and refined enjoyment, when rightly cultivated and practiced, no one who understands its power or has observed its effects, will for a moment deny.

"There is a charm—a power that aways the breast,
Bids every passion revel, or be still:
Inspires with rage, or all our cares dissolves;
Can soothe destruction, and almost soothe despair."

"Thou, O music! canst assuage the pain and heal the wound
That hath defied the skill of sager comforters;
Thou dost restrain each wild emotion,
Thou dost the rage of fiercest passions chill,
Or lightest up the flames of holy fire,
As through the soul thy strains harmonious thrill."

It has been observed by travellers, that after a short residence in almost any of the cities of the eastern world, one would fancy "every second person a
musician." During the night, the streets of these cities, particularly Rome, are
filled with all sorts of minstrelsy, and the ear is agreeably greeted with a per-
petual confluence of sweet sounds. A Scotch traveller, in passing through one
of the most delightful villas of Rome, overheard a stone-mason chanting some-
thing in a strain of peculiar melancholy; and on inquiry, ascertained it to be the "Lament of Tasso." He soon learned that this celebrated piece was fa-
miliar to all the common people. Torquato Tasso was an Italian poet of great
merit, who was for many years deprived of liberty, and subjected to severe
trials and misfortunes by the jealousy and cruelty of his patron, the Duke of
Ferrara. That master-piece of music, so justly admired and so much sung by
the high and low throughout all Italy, had its origin in the wrongs of Tasso.—
An ardent love of humanity—a deep consciousness of the injustice of slavery—
its outrages upon human rights, upon free thought, free speech, a free press,
free soil and free men—a heart full of sympathy for the outraged and down
trodden, as well as a true and ardent love of Liberty and its blessings, has given
birth to the poetry comprising this volume. I have long desired to see these
sentiments of love, and of liberty, of sympathy, of justice and humanity—so
beautifully expressed in poetic measure, embalmed in sweet and stirring music.
So that the rich, the poor, the high, the low—the young, the old—who have
hearts to feel and tongues to move, may sing of the cruel wrongs and outrages
of Slavery, and the blessings of civil and religious liberty, until every human
being shall be recognized as "A MAN AND A BROTHER;" until the arm of the
oppressor shall be broken, the all-grasping and tyrannical Slave power de-
throned, our country redeemed, justice established, and the "blessings of liberty
secured to us and our posterity."

The music in this volume is arranged as solos, duetts, trios, quartettes, cho-
ruses, &c., &c., adapted to use in the domestic circle, the social gathering, the
school, the club-room, the mass-meeting, and in short, wherever music is loved
and appreciated—Slavery abhorred, and Liberty held sacred.

Let singers, having the love of liberty in their hearts, be banded together in
clubs in every town, and scatter the "Harp of Freedom" like leaves of the
forest, from Maine to Kansas, and let the heavens resound with the songs of a
people

"Not only free themselves,
But foremost to make free!"

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 1856.

GEO. W. CLARK.
THE

HARP OF FREEDOM.

FLING TO HEAVEN YOUR SIGNAL FIRES!

Freedom's light is breaking
On kindred, tongues, and people,
Whose slumbering millions at the sight
In glory and in strength are waking!

Our beacon-fires are lighted
Refulgent as the sun!
On Slavery's servile minions
Their rays are pouring down.
The noxious creeds of error,—
The damning deeds of shame,
Shall shrink away in terror,
Before the burning flame!

Right onward then victorious
Bright beacons, onward haste,
Till Freedom's banner glorious,
Shall stream o'er every waste!

The oligarchs have founded!
The tyrants gasp for breath;
Their march shall now be downward
To the depths of endless death.
The freemen all united
In one strong, conquering band
Shall sweep the despots, frightened,
From fair Columbia's land.

Right onward then victorious! &c.

Be up! be firm! untiring!
Strike at the monster's heart!
Take thought—take aim—keep firing!
He dreads your well-aimed dart.
Your deeds, we'll pray—God bless them!—
Oppression's power to quell:
Fight nobly, men, for freedom,
Your country's page shall tell.

Right onward then victorious!
Bright beacons, onward haste,
Till Freedom's banner glorious!
Shall stream o'er every waste.

o. w. c.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

CLEAR THE WAY.

Words by Charles Mackey, L. L. D.

Music by G. W. C.

1. Men of thought be up and stirring, Night and day, Night and day! Sow the seed, Withdraw the curtain—Clear the way, Clear the way! Men of glories—Of the day? Of the day? What the

2. Once the welcome light has broken, Who shall say, Who shall say, What the unimagined
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Action, aid and cheer them, As ye may, As ye

Evil that shall perish In its ray? In its

May! There's a fount about to stream, There's a

Ray! Aid the dawning tongue and pen, Aid it

Light about to beam, There's a warmth about to

Hopes of honest men; Aid it paper, aid it
HARP OF FREEDOM.

There's a flower about to blow; There's a type—
Aid it for the hour is ripe, And our mid night blackness chang-ing In to
earn est must not slack-en, In - to gray,
Men of thought, and men of play, In to play; Men of thought, and men of

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3 Lo! a cloud's about to vanish,
   From the day, from the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble,
   Into clay, into clay.
Lo! the right's about to conquer,
   CLEAR THE WAY, CLEAR THE WAY.
With that right shall many more
Enter, smiling, at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey, for their prey;
Men of thought, and men of action,
   CLEAR THE WAY, CLEAR THE WAY.

THE BREAKING DAWN.


1. With joy we see the breaking morn
   Now
2. O! 'twas a glorious morning when O'er
3. For then shall Freedom's banner wave, Be-
4. Then sound the tocsin loud and long; Through
   glimm'ring thro' the misty gloom Whose bright un-
   this fair land shone Freedom's sun; But bright-er
   yond Co-lum-bia's blood bought shore: And Freedom's
   ev'ry land, o'er isle and sea; And let its
clouded sun shall light Earth's haughty tyrants to their doom.
far will be the day Whose breaking morn is now begun.
Star, with brilliant ray, Undimm'd shine on for ever more.
echo-ing strains proclaim The Earth is only for the Free.

CHORUS,

Then hail the dawn so bright and clear, The

dawn of the good time coming! coming!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

coming! When Freedom's foes shall quake with fear At the
dawn of the good time coming. Then hail to the glorious
dawn, Then hail to the glorious dawn, Then
3. For then shall Freedom's banner wave,
   Beyond Columbia's blood-bought shore;
   And Freedom's Star, with brilliant ray,
   Undimm'd shine on for evermore

4. Then sound the tocsin loud and long,
   Through ev'ry land, o'er isle and sea:
   And let its echoing strains proclaim—
   The Earth is only for the Free.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

THE DAY SPRING BRIGHT.

Arranged from Sparkling and Bright. By G. W. C.

Holy and bright in truth and light, Shines the future on our vision, When man shall love like the saints above, and joy shall be eternian.

CHORUS.

We'll sing to night, The day spring bright, When love shall warm creation, And draw from the soul With her
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Too long hath might oppressed with blight,
The hope that virtue cherished;
Too long hath dearth o'erspread the earth,
Till famished love hath perished.
Yet sing to night, &c.

For why affright with dreams of might,
The morning's golden slumbers,
Or sadly wear the chains of care,
That now our thought encumbers;
Then sing to night, &c.

THE DAY OF PROMISE COMES.

By permission of Horace Waters. Arranged from the Hutchinsons by G. W. O.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

full of inspiration, The glorious day by
the glorious light is dawn, And watchers from the
burst his chains a wonder, While politicians
der. Whle politicians
perish and burn to
ther, The brandy, rum, and

prophets sung for the healing of the
mountain tops can see the blessed
stand a ghast in anxious fear and
gin, and wine, and all such what some-
nations. Old midnight errors flee away, they
morning, O'er all the land their voices ring, while
wonder, No longer shall the bondman sigh be-
ev, The world begins to feel the fire, and

soon will all be gone, While heavenly voices
yet the world is slumbering, And even the sluggard be-
neath the gall ing fetters, He sees the dawn of
e'en the poor be sotter, To save him self from
HARP OF FREEDOM.

seem to say the Good Time's coming on.
gins to spring, as he hears the thunders rumbling.
freedom nigh, and reads the golden letters.
burning up, jumps in the cooling water.

CHORUS.

The good time, the good time, the good time's coming on. The
The good time, the good time, the good time's coming on. The

Good time, the good time, the good time's coming on.
Good time, the good time, the good time's coming on.
ACRES AND HANDS.

By Duganne. By permission of Horace Waters, Music by T. Wood.

1. The earth is the Lord’s land hath flesh. And the
The wa — ter hath fish many a

2. Sun light and breeze and gifts to men, To men who on earth abide:
And the good God gave these gladsome flowers Are o’er the earth spread wide,

fullness thereof Says God’s most ho-ly word: bird:

And the soil is teeming o’er the earth And the
Thousands are toil ing in poisonous gloom And
HARP OF FREEDOM.

earth hath number-less lands, Yet
shack el'd with iron bands, While
millions of hands want acres, While
millions of acres want hands, While
millions of hands want acres, While
millions of acres want hands.

a-cres want hands, While millions of a-cres want hands.

a-cres want hands, While millions of a-cres want hands.
3 Never a rood hath the poor man here,
    To plant with a grain of corn;
And never a plot where his child may cull
    Fresh flowers in the dewy morn;
The soil lies fallow, the woods grow rank,
    But idle the poor man stands,
Ah! millions of hands want acres,
    And millions of acres want hands.

4 'Tis writ that "ye shall not muzzle the ox
    That treadeth out the corn"
Yet, behold! ye shackle the poor man's limbs,
    Who hath all Earth's burdens borne.
The land is the gift of the bounteous God,
    And the labor his word commands;
Yet millions of hands want acres,
    And millions of acres want hands.

5 Who hath ordained that the few shall hoard
    Their millions of useless gold;
And rob the earth of its fruits and flowers,
    While profitless soil they hold.
Who hath ordained that a parchment scroll
    Shall fence around miles of Land;
While millions of hands want acres,
    And millions of acres want hands.

6 'Tis a glaring lie on the face of day,
    'Tis robbery of men's rights:
'Tis a Lie that the word of the Lord disowns—
    'Tis a curse that burns and blights.
And 'twill burn and blight 'till the people rise,
    And swear—while they burst their bands—
That the hands henceforth shall have acres,
    And the acres henceforth have hands.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

TILL THE LAST CHAIN IS BROKEN.

Air—The last link is broken. Arranged by G. W. C.

1. Till the last chain is broken That galls the poor slave, Let us ne'er boast of freedom, And the
2. The slave's cry is unheeded, His deep groans are spurned, But a lesson of ven

"land of the brave;" For where is our shortly be learned; For God, who views

just ice? And our bravery? If the just ly Each deed we have done, May ne'er
HARP OF FREEDOM.

slave we ne'er pity, And render him free.
spurn with contempt, The poor, injured one.

CHORUS.

May each fellow being Be free as the
wave, And the fair rays of freedom

wave, And the fair rays of freedom

wave, And the fair rays of freedom

wave, And the fair rays of freedom

wave, And the fair rays of freedom

wave, And the fair rays of freedom
HARP OF FREEDOM.

light en the slave; Then shall the glad
light en the slave; Then shall the glad
story Be borne o'er the sea, And
story Be borne o'er the sea, And
tell— to our glory— CO - LUM - BIA IS FREE, Then
tell— to our glory— CO - LUM - BIA IS FREE, Then
HARP OF FREEDOM.

shall the glad story Be borne o'er the sea And

A—N
tell— to our glory—co - lum bia is free!

Then up to the effort!
Endeavor to save,
From soul-galling bondage,
The down-trodden slave;
Afford him the pleasures
Designed by his Lord,
And the richest of treasures
Shall be thy reward.

4. When the last chain is broken
That galls the poor slave,
Then the words shall be spoken,
"The land of the brave;"
For then we'll have freedom,
And true bravery,
When the poor slave we've pitied
And rendered him free.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

DAY IS BREAKING.


1. Day is breaking! day is breaking, Soon will pass the gloom of night, Ro- sy morn is now a- work, there's work to do; Up each sower, up each on with sword and shield, Truth old error now is wipe them all a way, Brok- en hearts its power are

2. Day is breaking! up each sleeper! Ho! to ro- sy morn is now a- work, there's work to do; Up each sower, up each on with sword and shield, Truth old error now is wipe them all a way, Brok- en hearts its power are

3. Hark the shouting! hark the shouting, hast en wa king, Ho! she comes in robes of light, Day is reap- er, Up each broth- er good and true, Morn is rout- ing, Soon we'll win the bat- tle field; We are know- ing, Sor- row's night is chang'd to day. Light is
HARP OF FREEDOM.

coming, light is streaming Gently from the smiling sky. O'er the coming, who rejoices Every heart that throbs with love, Hark! the

brothers, we are brothers, Working men all good and true, We can beaming, light is beaming. Now in glory from the sky, O'er the

world the light is beaming, Error's night is passing by, O'er the gladsome angel voices, Joy below and joy above. Hark! the

work as well as others, And there's work enough to do, We can world its rays are streaming. Love shall conquer, Victory's nigh, O'er the

world the light is beaming, Error's night is passing by. gladsome angel voices, Joy below, and joy above.

work as well as others, And there's work enough to do. world its rays are streaming, Love shall conquer Victory's nigh.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

THIS WORLD IS NOT ALL CHEERLESS.

Words by Emma Garrison. Music by G. W. C.

1. This world is not all cheerless, Tho' sometimes dark and
drear; There's a calm for every item pest, A
sad. Has sometimes pleasant memories To
way, And the things we cherish dear-est, 'Neath
skein, Let every heart be breathing A

2. This world is not all cheerless, The heart most lone and
glad; For love is ever
time's cold hand decay; For every pang that
grateful, gladsome, song, For the rich and countless

3. This world is not all cheerless, Tho' hope my pass a-

4. This world is not all cheerless, Then as we journey
sunshine, To make each desert bright, A glittering star to
twining Its roses 'ver our way. And friendship's light is
grieves us, And every tie that's riven; But brings our footsteps
blessings Arround our pathway shed—For the hope of bliss in

glad - den, The deep est, dark est night,
shin - ing With pure un - chang - ing ray.

near - er To hap pi ness and heaven.

be - -ven, When life’s short dream has fled.

BETTER TIMES ARE COMING FRIENDS.

By permission of Horace Waters. Arranged from Dumbleton by G. W. O

1. I will not prate of grief and care As
2. My creed is not so sad as this, Our
3. Yes, bet - ter times, when ty - rant fight, And
HARP OF FREEDOM.

is so much the fashion, Nor in each speck that world is one of beauty, And life would be un-

d.m.s the air, See clouds to blight the na-tion; Like changing bliss If man would do his du-

ty, What compass right, Nor semi-nate de-

traction, When those who mag-ni fy each ill, And swell each pet-

ty were we born for, but to aid Each poor and suff’ring ‘freedom’s ban-

ner soaring high, Shall swell the power of

sor-row, Who fain would ev’ry bosom fill With brother, Re mem-
ber what heaven’s law hath said—Be rea-son, And Art and Temp’rance aid to guide To
dark thoughts of to morrow. Who fain would ev'ry bo-som
kind to one an- other. Remember what heaven's law hath
man's di- vinenest season. And Art and Temp'rance aid to

fill With dark thoughts of to mor-row.
said— Be kind to one an oth-er.
guide To man's di vi nest sea-son.

CHORUS.

For bet-ter times are com-ing friends, bet-ter times are

For bet-ter times are com-ing friends, bet-ter times are
HARP OF FREEDOM.

coming, For errors past, to make amends,

better times are coming, Yes, better times are coming, friends, Yes, better times are coming.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.
Words altered and adapted from the Hutchinsons. Music by G. W. C.

1. One hundred years hence what a change will be

2. Our laws then will be just and equitable

made, In politics, morals, religion and trade, In

rules, Our prisons, converted to national schools; The

statesmen who wrangle and ride on the fence, These

pleasures of sinning—'tis all a pretence, And
things shall be altered one hundred years hence, one hundred years

hence—These things shall be altered one hundred years hence.

hence—The people will find it so a hundred years hence.

3 Oppression and war shall be heard of no more,
Nor the foot of a slave, leave its print on our shore;
Conventions will then be a needless expense,
For mankind shall be brothers a hundred years hence.

4 Instead of speech making to justify wrong,
All shall join in the chorus swelling freedoms glad song;
The Maine Law shall then be a temperance defense,
We'll keep time to that music a hundred years hence.

5 Lying, cheating and fraud, shall be laid on the shelf,
Men will neither get drunk or be wrapt up in self;
But all live together as neighbors and friends,
Just as good people ought to one hundred years hence.

6 Then Woman man's equal a partner shall stand,
And beauty and harmony govern the land;
To think for one's self shall not be an offence,
For the world will be thinking a hundred years hence.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

MY OLD MASSA TELLS ME SO.

Arranged from Air, Dandy Jim, with chorus,
Words from Fred Douglas's Paper.

By A. W. C.

1. Come all ye bond-men far and near, Let's
2. He tells us of that glorious one, I
3. And he informs us that there was A

put a song in massa's ear, It is a song for
think his name was Washington; How he did fight for
Con-sti-tu-tion, with this clause, That all men e-qual

our poor race, Who're whipped and trampled with disgrace.
li-ber-ty, To save a threepence tax on tea.
were created, How of-ten have we heard it sta-ted.

CHORUS.

My old mas-sa tells me, O, This is a land of

My old mas-sa tells me, O, This is a land of
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.

cho. Still 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 us O.
5. They take our wives, insult and mock,
   And sell our children on the block,
They choke us if we say a word,
   And say that niggers shant be heard.

cho. Still my old massa, &c.

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

cho. My old massa tells me O,
   This is a Christian country O,
   Let's look about and see if 'tis so,
   Just as massa tells me O.

7. 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.

cho. Now hasten 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.

8. 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 bring us back.

cho. 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.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

1. Hail Columbia, happy land!

2. Immortal Patriots! rise once more! Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let no rude foe with impious hand, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, In invade the shrine, where sacred lies Of

And when the storm of war was gone, En
HARP OF FREEDOM.

joyed the peace your valor won. Let independence
toil and blood, the well-earned prize; While offering peace sin-

be our boast, Ever mindful what it cost. cere and just, In heaven we place a manly trust, That

Ever grateful for the prize, Let its altar truth and justice may prevail, And every scheme of

reach the skies. Firm united let us be. bondage fail. Firm united, &c.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

3.

Sound, sound the trump of fame,
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let every clime, to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease,
The happier time of honest peace.
   Firm united, &c.

4.

Behold the chief, who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat!
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you;
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or Liberty.
   Firm, united, &c.
HAPPY DAYS ARE COMING RIGHT ALONG.*

NETTIE. Arranged and adapted from "Few Days," by G. W. C.

1. The days are coming, happy days; Coming right along!
   We'll sing of them in joyful lays; The good, good times!
   Yield right along, And Truth shall join her hand with Might, In the good, good times.

2. The days of progress and reform are coming right along!
   Days undarkened by a storm, In the good, good times!
   Smile right along, E'en now 'tis close at hand, The good, good times.

3. Thus while we sing in Freedom's praise; Sing right along!
   We'll work to hasten on the days, The good, good times!
   Yield right along, And Truth shall join her hand with Might, In the good, good times.
   * By permission of Firth, Pond & Co.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

CHORUS.

O what's the use of waiting, Hur ra!

Hur - ra! O what's the use of wait - ing,

Hur - ra! Hur - ra! Hur - ra! The hap py
HARP OF FREEDOM.

days are near-ing, Hur-ra! Hur-ra! The hap py
days are near-ing, Hur-ra! Hur-ra! The hap py

days are near-ing, With the good, good times.
days are near-ing, With the good, good times.

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Ye sons of Co lum bia, who brave-ly have
fought for those rights, which unstain'd from your sires have de-
scend-ed, may you long taste the bless-ings your
val-or has bought, and your sons reap the
soil which their fa-thers de-fend-ed.

'Mid the mild reign of Peace may your
na-tion in crease, With the glo-ry of
Rome, and the wis-dom of Greece.
HARP OF FREEDOM

SOLO.

And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,

CHORUS. Tenor.

And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,

Alto an Octave higher.

While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls a wave.

While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls a wave.

2.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
Has justly ennobled our nation in story,
Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day,
And enveloped the Sun of American glory—
But let traitors be told,
Who their country have sold,
And bartered their God for his image in gold,
That ne'er shall, &c.
3.
Our mountains are crowned with imperial oak,
Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourished;
But long ere our nation submits to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourished.
Should invasion impend,
Every grove would descend,
From the hill-tops they shaded, our shores to defend,
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Should invasion impend,
Every grove would descend,
From the hill-tops they shaded, our shores to defend,
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

4.
Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts ne'er could rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved at its portal, would Washington stand,
And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct with its point every flash to the deep,
For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

5.
Fear nought from without—the whole world may combine,
In a futile attempt at that temple’s o’erthrowing—
But ah, there’s one blemish corroding the shrine,
Which eats from within, and is ceaselessly growing;
Oh check it in time,
Let it spread not its slime
O’er the structure which now glitters proudly sublime;
And then shall the standard of liberty wave
O’er a land on whose bosom there breathes not a slave.

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

1. Now our prayer to heaven ascending, God speed the right,
In our noble cause contending, God speed the right,
HARP OF FREEDOM.

1. Be our zeal in heav’n re- cord-ed, With suc- cess on
   earth rewarded; God speed the right, God speed the right.

2. May this truth be kept before us,
   God speed the right!
   Freedom’s cause is just and glorious,
   God speed the right!
   Like the good and great in story,
   If we fail, we fail with glory,
   God speed the right! God speed the right!

3. Patient, firm and persevering,
   God speed the right!
   Ne’er the event nor danger fearing,
   God speed the right!
   Pain, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
   Millions in their chains are bleeding,
   God speed the right! God speed the right!

4. Still our onward course pursuing,
   God speed the right!
   Freedom’s foes at length subduing,
   God speed the right!
   Truth our cause, whate’er delay it,
   There’s no power on earth can stay it;
   God speed the right! God speed the right!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

Words by L. F. BLANCHARD. Music by G. W. C.

1. What need of all this fuss and strife, Each warring with his brother? Why need we through the crowd of life keep labor? He need not idly stop behind, To al leys, Go forth and dwell where health re-sorts, In

2. What if the swarthy peasant find No field for honest la bor? He need not idly stop behind, To al leys, Go forth and dwell where health re-sorts, In

3. From poisoned air ye breathe in courts, And ty-phus tainted trampling down each other? Is there no good that thrust a side his neigh-bor; There is a land of rural hills and val-leys; Where ev-ery hand that

4. What if the swarthy peasant find No field for honest la bor? He need not idly stop behind, To al leys, Go forth and dwell where health re-sorts, In

5. From poisoned air ye breathe in courts, And ty-phus tainted trampling down each other? Is there no good that thrust a side his neigh-bor; There is a land of rural hills and val-leys; Where ev-ery hand that

6. What need of all this fuss and strife, Each warring with his brother? Why need we through the crowd of life keep labor? He need not idly stop behind, To al leys, Go forth and dwell where health re-sorts, In
HARP OF FREEDOM.

can be won, Without a squeeze to gain it? No
sunny skies, Which gold for toil is giving, Where
clears a bough, Finds plenty in attendance, And

other way of getting on, But scrambling to ob-
every brawny hand that tries Its strength can get a
every furrow of the plow, A step to in de-

tain it; Oh! fellow-men, remember then, What
living; Oh! fellow-men, remember then, What
pendence, Oh! hasten then from fevered den, And
4.
In this fair region far away,
Will labor find employment;
A fair day's work, a fair day's pay,
And toil will earn enjoyment.
What need then of this daily strife,
Each warring with his brother!
Why need we in the crowd of life
Keep trampling down each other!
Oh! fellow-men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide where those abide,
There's room enough for all!
WHILE 'TIS DAY-TIME LET US WORK.

SONG OR QUARTETTE.

Con Animo.

By T. Wood. Expressly for G. W. Clark, Esq.

1. Every mortal has his mission in this
   life's a bark upon the ocean, Tossed and tossed
   world of active strife, Whether in a high position, Or a lowly walk in life.

2. Now scuds on with speedy motion, Now with rent and tattered sail.

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He it is who, now filling Every
Life's a bright and sunny morning, With some

duty day by day, Shows the mind and spirit
light refreshing showers, Followed by dark cloudy

willing To perform its onward way.

warning Of the storm that o'er us lowers.
3.
Life's the cord of silver, binding
Man in contact with his kind;
Death is but that bond unwinding,
Setting free the earth bound mind.
Life's the pitcher of the fountain,
Where immortal rills descend;
'Tis the fragile wheel surmounting
Cistern where pure waters blend.

4.
Life's the day and deed for action,
Death the rest, the time of night,
He who works with satisfaction,
Works while yet the hour is light.
Forward, then! the day is waving,
Westward sinks the setting sun;
Onward! on! without complaining,
Work, while yet it may be done.

FOR FREEDOM, HONOR, AND NATIVE LAND.

1. For freedom, honor, and native land, Each
   The host of the foe he will never fear, When

li - ber - ty's sons shall for ev - er stand,
ru in shall threat - en a land so dear.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Chorus:

All united, unafrighted, March we on in Bound in love to

freedom's cause, freedom's laws; Freedom's sacred band, True.

True to freedom's land, True to freedom's land.

True to freedom's land, True to freedom's land.

2. Abuse of power will the free repel,
The flame of sedition they'll strive to quell;
Alike are they friendly to equal rights,
And hostile to anarchy's deadly blights.
Cho.—All united, &c.

3. For equal laws and for Heaven's pure word,
The hosts of the free have their life's blood poured;
And never shall freedom's pure spirit die,
Till earth, under bondage, shall cease to die.
Cho.—All united, &c.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

FREE KANSAS.

1. Hark! on the winds we hear a cry, To
2. Her pinions spread from shore to shore, 'Tis
3. Shame! Rufians, shame! to try to drown With

which the heavens and earth reply, Our eagle, singing
heard above the ocean's roar, Now listen! would you
cannon's music, every sound, As it is echoed

as she flies, "Free.............. Kansas."
hear it more? "Free.............. Kansas."
round and round, "Free.............. Kansas."
4.
The Northern hills re-echo shame!
Though well they know, 'twere more than vai
To try to still the voice—again,
"Free Kansas."

5.
Now speed thee on, thou noble bird,
Till every Freeman brave, has heard
You sing in loudest tones the words,
"Free Kansas."

6.
And let the "Border Ruffians" hear,
And while they listen, note their fear,
As whispered round from ear to ear,
"Free Kansas."

O WHEN WE GO BACK DAR.*
Parodied and arranged from a Negro Melody, by G. W. C.

1. O whar is de spot what we were born on,
Whar is de spot what we were born on, Whar, O whar is de
spot we were born on, Way down in de Car-lina state.

* Slaves anticipating the day of deliverance from slavery, and their return to
the loved ones, and loved spot where they were born.
Sing our songs both night and morn, Case de day of slavery's gone, Way down in de Car-li-na state.

Chorus.

O den by and by we do hope to meet um,

O, den by and by we do hope to meet um,

By and by we do hope to meet um, By and by we do
56 HARP OF FREEDOM.

2.
O thar lives father, and thar lives mother,
Thar lives sister, and thar lives brother,
When shall we all meet each other,
Way down in de Carlina state.

O when we go back where we were born,
We'll sing our songs both night and morn,
Case de day of slavery's gone,
Way down in de Carlina state.

_Cho._—O, den by and by, &c.

3.
We'll have de grand times, de best we ever had dere,
We'll work no more for de tyrant lords dere,
We'll work no more for de tyrant lords dere,
Way down in de Carlina state.

O, father verry glad when he know dat it be us,
Mother verry glad too, case she can see us,
All de Massas goine for to free us,
Way down in de Carlina state.

_Cho._—O, den by and by, &c.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

THE JOYS OF FREEDOM.
Arranged and harmonized by G. W. C.

1. Mer-ri-ly ev-ery bo-som boundeth, Mer-ri-ly


O! mer-ri-ly O! Where the song of free-dom

O! wea-ri-ly O! Where the chains of slave-ry

sound-eth, Mer-ri-ly O! mer-ri-ly O!

HARP OF FREEDOM

There the parents' smile hath more brightness, There the

There the parents' smile yields to sadness, There the

youthful heart hath more lightness, Every joy the home sur-

youthful heart hath no gladness, Every flower of life de-

roundeth, Merri-ly O! merri-ly O! Merri-ly,

clin-eth, Weari-ly O! weari-ly O! Weari-ly,
HARP OF FREEDOM.


3. Cheerily then awake the chorus,
   Cheerily O! cheerily O!
   Liberty and peace before us,
   Cheerily O, cheerily O!
   Now the parent's smile beams the dearest,
   Now the parent's hopes are the clearest,
   Every joy is now before us,
   Cheerily O, cheerily O!
   Cheerily, &c.

HO! FOR KANSAS.*

Words by Lucy Larcom. Air—Nelly Bly.

1. Yeo-men strong, hith-er throng! Na-ture's hon-est men!

   We will make the wil-der-ness Bud and bloom a-gain;

   * By permission of Firth, Pond & Co.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Bringing the sickle, speed the plow, Turn the ready soil!

Freedom is the noblest pay For the true man's toil.

Chorus.

Ho! brothers! come, brothers! Hasten all with me; We'll

sing upon the Kansas plains A song of liberty!

Ho! brothers! come, brothers! Hasten all with me; We'll

sing upon the Kansas plains A song of liberty!
2. Father, haste! o'er the waste
   Lies a pleasant land,
   There your firesides—altar stones,
   Fixed in truth shall stand;
   There your sons, brave and good,
   Shall to freemen grow,
   Clad in triple mail of right,
   Wrong to overthrow.
   Ho! brothers! come, brothers!
   Hasten all with me,
   We'll sing, &c.

3. Mother, come! here's a home
   In the waiting west,
   Bring the seeds of love and peace,
   You who sow them best;
   Faithful hearts, holy prayers,
   Keep from taint the air;
   Soil a mother's tears have wet,
   Golden crops shall bear.
   Come, mother! fond mother!
   List, we call to thee,
   We'll sing, &c.

4. Brother brave, stem the wave!
   Firm the prairies tread!
   Up the dark Missouri flood
   Be your canvas spread;
   Sister true, join us, too,
   Where the Kansas flows;
   Let the northern lily bloom,
   With the southern rose.
   Brave brothers! true sisters!
   List! we call to thee,
   We'll sing, &c.

5. One and all, hear our call
   Echo through the land!
   Aid us with a willing heart,
   And the strong right hand!
   Feed the sparks the pilgrims struck,
   On old Plymouth Rock!
   To the watch-fires of the free
   Millions glad shall flock.
   Ho! brothers! come, brothers!
   Hasten all with me,
   We'll sing, &c.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

UNCLE TOM'S RELIGION.*
Arranged from C. G. Howard, by G. W. C.

1. Far a-way from wife and chil-dren, Still I plod my

way a-long. Mas-sa Clare has gone to E va,

Leav-ing friend-less poor old Tom. Yet with trust and

Then we'll get where all am free. Pa-tience here, I'll

2. Shall I turn a-gainst my broth-er, Raise the hand of

No: we must love one an oth-er,
HARP OF FREEDOM.

strength in hea-ven, I re-main a faith-ful slave,

When the whip to me am given, I'll think of Him who died to save.

When the lash makes this flesh gory, I'll pray to Him who died to save.

Good-bye, Chloe! farewell, children!

Poor old Tom you'll see no more:

Mind, be good, and have religion;

'Twill bear you to the faithful shore.

Do not weep, nor feel dejection,

Suffering's over in the grave;

But at the glorious resurrection,

We'll meet with Him who died to save.
THE BULLY BROOKS. HIS CANADA SONG.

Words by BRYANT. Music arranged from "Cork Leg." By G. W. C.

1. To Canada Brooks was asked to go, To

2. Those Jersey railroads I can't abide, 'Tis a

waste of powder a pound or so, He

dangerous thing in the trains to ride; Each

sighed as he answered, No, no, no, They might

brake-man carries a knife by his side, They'd
HARP OF FREEDOM.

There are savages haunting New York Bay,
To murder strangers that pass that way;
The Quaker, Garrison, keeps them in pay,
And they kill at least a score a day. Ri tu di nu, &c.

Beyond New York, in every ear,
They keep a supply of feathers and tar;
They daub it on with an iron bar,
And I should be smothered ere I got far. Ri tu, &c.

Those dreadful Yankees talk through the nose;
The sound is terrible, goodness knows,
And when I hear it, a shiver goes
From the crown of my head to the tip of my toes. Ri tu, &c.

So, dearest Mr. Burlingame,
I'll stay at home if 'tis all the same,
And I'll tell the world 'tis a burning shame
That we did not fight, and you're to blame. Ri tu, &c.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

THE POOR UNHAPPY SLAVE.*
G. W. H. GRIFFIN. Arranged by G. W. C.

1. 'Tis just one year a go to-day, That I remem-ber

2. She took my arm, we walked a-long In-to an o pen

well, I sat down by poor Nel-ly's side, And a
field, And there she paused to breathe a-while, Then

story she did tell: 'Twas 'bout a poor un-
to his grave did steal. She sat down by that

* By permission of W. HALL & Son.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

hap-py slave, That lived for man-y a year; But

lit-tle mound, And soft ly whis-pered there: "Come

now he's dead, and in his grave, No mas-ter does he

to me, fa- ther, 'tis thy child!" Then gen-tly dropped a

Tenor.

fear. The poor old slave has gone to rest; We

tear. The poor old slave has gone to rest; We
68

HARP OF FREEDOM.

know that he is free: Disturb him not, but

let him rest, Way down in Ten nes see.

But since that time how things have changed!

Poor Nelly, that was my bride,
Is laid beneath the cold grave sod,
With her father by her side.
I planted there, upon her grave,
The weeping willow-tree;
I bathed its roots with many a tear,
That it might shelter me.

Chorus. The poor old slave, &c.
THE STOLEN BOY.

Arranged from S. LOVER.

1. A mother came, when stars were paling, Wailing out in

2. "O'er the mountain, thro' the wild wood, Where his childhood

ac-cents wild; Thus she cried, while tears were fall-ing,

loved to play; Where the flowers are fresh-ly springing,

Call-ing for her sto-len child; "Why with spell my

There I wan-der day by day; There I wan-der,
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Why destroy a mother's blessing? Wherefore steal my

On the echoes wildly calling To restore my

baby boy? Why with spell my child decoying,

darling boy; There I wander, growing fond-er

boy caress-ing, Courting him with fairy joy?

growing fond-er Of the child that made my joy;
Luring him with gaudy toys? Why destroy a
Of the child that made my joy; On the echoes

mother's blessing? Wherefore steal my baby boy?
wildly calling To restore my stolen boy.

3.

"But in vain my plaintive calling,
Tears are falling all in vain;
He is gone for ever from me,
I no more my boy shall see;
Fare thee well, my child, for ever!
In this world I've lost my joy;
But in heaven we ne'er shall sever,
There I'll find my angel boy."
HARP OF FREEDOM.

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.*
Words by CHARLES MACKAY Arranged by EDWARD L. WHITE.

1. There's a good time coming boys, A good time coming, There's a

2. There's a good time coming boys, A good time coming, There's a

good time coming boys, Wait a little longer. We

good time coming boys, Wait a little longer. The

may not live to see the day, But earth shall glisten

pen shall succeed the sword, And right not might shall

* By permission of OLIVER DITSON.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

in the ray, Of the good time com-ing.

be the lord, In the good time com-ing.

Can - non balls may aid the truth, But thought's a wea-pon
Worth, not birth, shall rule man-kind, And be acknowledged

stronger; We'll win our battle by its aid— Wait a lit-tle
stronger; The pro- per impulse has been given—Wait a lit-tle
HARP OF FREEDOM.

3.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming,
There's a good time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer.
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. Oh!
There's a good time coming, boys, &c.
4.
There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming,
There's a good time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer.
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. Oh!
There's a good time coming, boys, &c.

TO ONE AS WELL AS ANOTHER.

1. "Keep it before the people," That the earth was made for man, That the flowers were strown, And the famine, and crime, and woe, For ever a bide, Still
fruits were grown, To bless and never to ban;
side by side, With luxury's dazzling show;

That the sun and rain, And the corn and grain, Are
That Laz-arus crawls From Di- ves' halls, And

yours and mine, my bro-ther; Free gift from heaven, And
starves at his gate, my bro-ther, Yet life was given, By
HARP OF FREEDOM.

freely given, To one as well as another,

God from heaven, To one as well as another,

"Keep it before the people,"
That the laborer claims his meed—
The right of soil,
And the right to toil,
From spur and bridle freed;
The right to bear,
And the right to share,
With you and me, my brother—
Whatever is given
By God from heaven,
To one as well as another.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

DO GOOD—THERE'S EVER A WAY. G. W. C.

1. Do good, do good, there's ever a way, A

2. If you've only old clothes, an old bonnet or hat, A kind

way where there's ever a will; Don't

word, or a smile true and soft; In the

wait till tomorrow, but do it today,

name of a brother confer it, and that
And today when the morrow comes still, If you've
Shall be counted as gold up a loft, God

money, you're armed, and can find work enough In
car-eth for all, and his glorious sun Shines a

every street, alley, and lane, If you've
like on the rich and the poor, Be
HARP OF FREEDOM.

bread, cast it off, and the waters, tho' rough,

thou like him, and bless every one,

Will be sure and return it again.

And thou'lt be rewarded sure.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION FOR EVER!*

Words by Geo. P. Morris, Esq. Arr. and harmonized by G. W. C

1. "A song for our banner," the watchword recall,

2. What God in his wisdom and mercy designed,

* By permission of Wm. Hall & Son.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Which gave the Re-pub-lic her sta-tion; U

And armed with his wea-pon of thun-der, Not

nited we stand—di vid-ed we fall! It

all the earth's des-pots and fac-tions com-bined, Have the

made and preserves us a na-tion! The u-union of lakes, the

power to con-qure or sun-der! The u-union of lakes, the
HARP OF FREEDOM.

union of lands, The union of states none can

union of lands, The union of states none can

sever, The union of hearts, the union of hands,

sever, The union of hearts, the union of hands,

And the flag of the union for ever, The

And the flag of the union for ever, The
ROUSE, BROTHERS, AROUSE!

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

Tune—Flag of our Union.

1.

Rouse, brothers, arouse! and arm for the fight!
A darkness broods over our land—
Wrong crushes the right,—arm, arm for the fight!
For freedom lift up a strong hand.
For freedom! for freedom! hark! old Bunker Hill
Echoes back the wild shout that you raise;
There our brave fathers sleep, and shall we not keep
The banner their valor did praise?

2.

Rouse, brothers, arouse! look now at our flag,
The flag of the free and the brave,
And see its black stain,—say, shall it remain
To shadow the land of the slave?
That flag is the crown of liberty's height,
But mark where 'tis trailing to-day!
Rouse, brothers, arouse! and hoist it once more
Where its stars with the eagle may play.

3.

Rouse, brothers, arouse! the good God above
Will lend his strong arm to the right,
As he did in the days when Washington prayed,
Ere trusting his sword in the fight.
The God of the right will watch o'er the fight!
Rouse! brothers, arouse and go forth,
And believe that at night the conqueror's might
Will be with the sons of the North!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

Words by Jesse Hutchinson. Air, "Kathleen O'Moore."

Oh 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.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

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.

Oh! 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.
HEARD YE THAT CRY.

From "Wind of the Winter night."

Heard ye that cry! Twas the wail of a slave,
As he sank in despair, to the rest of the grave;
Bleeding and prostrate he lies, Unfriended he lived, and unpitied he died.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

The white man oppressed him—the white man for gold,
Made him toil amidst tortures that cannot be told;
He robbed him, and spoiled him, of all that was dear,
And made him the prey of affliction and fear.

But his anguish was seen, and his wailings were heard,
By the Lord God of Hosts; whose vengeance deferred,
Gathers force by delay, and with fury will burst,
On his impious oppressor—the tyrant accurst!

Arouse ye, arouse ye! ye generous and brave,
Plead the rights of the poor—plead the cause of the slave;
Nor cease your exertions till broken shall be
The fetters that bind him, and the slave shall be free.

Sleep on my Child.

BY R. J. H.

Sleep on, my child, in peaceful rest,
While lovely visions round thee play;
No care or grief has touched thy breast,
Thy life is yet a cloudless day.

Far distant is my childhood’s home—
No mother’s smiles—no father’s care!
Oh! how I’d love again to roam,
Where once my little playmates were!

Sleep on, thou hast not felt the chain;
But though ’tis yet unmingled joy,
I may not see those smiles again,
Nor clasp thee to my breast, my boy.

And must I see thee toil and bleed!
Thy manly soul in fetters tied;
’Twill wring thy mother’s heart indeed—
Oh! would to God that I had died!

That soul God’s own bright image bears—
But oh! no tongue thy woes can tell;
Thy lot is cast in blood and tears,
And soon these lips must say—farewell!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

ZAZA—THE FEMALE SLAVE.

Words by Miss Ball. Music by G. W. C.

1. O my country, my country! how long I for thee, Far over the mountain, Far over the sea.

Where the sweet Joli ba, kiss-es the shore, Say, shall I wander by thee never more? Where the sweet Joli ba Kiss-es the shore, Say, shall I wander by thee never more.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

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 cool-ing 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.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

PRAYER FOR THE SLAVE.

Tune—Hamburgh.

Oh let the prisoner's mournful sighs

As incense in thy sight appear!

Their humble wailings pierce the skies,

If happily they may feel thee near.
The captive exiles make their moans,
   From sin impatient to be free;
Call home, call home, thy banished ones!
   Lead captive their captivity!

Out of the deep regard their cries,
   The fallen raise, the mourners cheer,
Oh, Son of Righteousness, arise,
   And scatter all their doubts and fear.

Stand by them in the fiery hour,
   Their feebleness of mind defend;
And in their weakness show thy power,
   And make them patient to the end.

Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,
   For whom thy suffering members mourn;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer;
   And break the yoke so meekly borne!

Remembering that God is just.

Oh righteous God! whose awful frown
   Can crumble nations to the dust,
Trembling we stand before thy throne,
   When we reflect that thou art just.

Dost thou not see the dreadful wrong,
   Which Afric's injured race sustains?
And wilt thou not arise ere long,
   To plead their cause, and break their chains?

Must not thine anger quickly rise
   Against the men whom lust controls,
Who dare thy righteous laws despise
   And traffic in the blood of souls?
NEVER GIVE UP!

Words by Tupper—author of "The Crock of Gold." Music by G. W. C.

1. Never! never! give up! it is wiser
2. Never! never! give up! there are chances
3. Never! never! give up! tho' the grape-shot

and better, Always to hope than once to
and changes, Helping the hopeful a hundred
may rattle, Of the full thunder-cloud o'er

de-spair; Fling off the load of doubt's canker-ing
to one, And thro' the chaos, high Wisdom ar
you burst, Stand like a rock, and the storm or the
HARP OF FREEDOM.

fet-tter, And break the dark spell of ty-ran-ni-
ran-ges Ev-er suc-cess—if you'll on ly
bat-tle Lit-tle shall harm you, tho' do ing

cal care: Nev-er! nev-er give up! or the
hope on: Nev-er! nev-er give up! for the
their worst: Nev-er! nev-er give up! if ad-

bur-den may sink you. Prov-i-dence kind ly
wis-est is bold-est, Know-ing that Prov
ver si ty press-es Prov-i-dence wise ly
has mingled the cup, And in all trials
dence mingles the cup, And of all maxims
has mingled the cup, And the best counsel

or troubles be-think you, The watchword of
the best as the old-est, Is the true watch-
in all your distresses Is the stout watch

life must be never! never give up!
word of never! never give up!
word of never! never give up!
Words by L. M. C.  

Air "Bonny Doon."

A noble man of sa - ble brow  
Came
With cautious, wea - ry step and slow,  
And
He begged if I had ought to give,  
To

to my hum - ble cot - tage door,  
asked if I could feed the poor;  
help the pant - ing fu - gi - tive.  

He begged if I had ought to give,  
To
help the pant - ing fu - gi - tive.  

D. C.
I told him he had fled away
From his kind master, friends, and home;
That he was black—a slave astray,
And should return as he had come;
That I would to his master give
The straying villain fugitive.

He fell upon his trembling knee
And claimed he was a brother man,
That I was bound to set him free,
According to the gospel plan;
And if I would God's grace receive,
That I must help the fugitive.

He showed the stripes his master gave,
The festering wound—the sightless eye,
The common badges of the slave,
And said he would be free, or die;
And if I nothing had to give,
I should not stop the fugitive.

He owned his was a sable skin,
That which his Maker first had given;
But mine would be a darker sin,
That would exclude my soul from heaven;
And if I would God's grace receive,
I should relieve the fugitive.

I bowed and took the stranger in,
And gave him meat, and drink, and rest,
I hope that God forgave my sin,
And made me with that brother blest;
I am resolved, long as I live,
To help the panting fugitive.
AM I NOT A MAN AND BROTHER?
Words by A. C. L.  Air—"Bride's Farewell."

Am I not a man and brother?
Sell me not one to another,
Christ our Saviour, Christ our Saviour.

Ought I not, then, to be free?
Take not thus my liberty.
Died for me as well as thee.
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.

Am I not a Sister?

BY A. C. L.

Am I not a sister, say?
Shall I then be bought and sold
In the mart and by the way,
For the white man's lust and gold?
Save me then from his foul snare,
Leave me not to perish there!

Am I not a sister say,
Though I have a sable hue!
Lo! I have been dragged away,
From my friends and kindred true,
And have toiled in yonder field,
There have long been bruised and peeled.

Am I not a sister, say?
Have I an immortal soul?
Will you, sisters, tell me nay?
Shall I live in lust's control,
To be chattled like a beast,
By the Christian church and priest?

Am I not a sister, say?
Though I have been made a slave?
Will you not then for me pray,
To the God whose power can save,
High and low, and bond and free?
Toil and pray and vote for me!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

YE HERALDS OF FREEDOM.

Music by Kingsley.

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.

I would not live alway.

By Pierpont.

I would not live alway; I ask not to stay,
Where I must bear the burden and heat of the day:
Where my body is cut with the lash or the cord,
And a hovel and hunger are all my reward.

I would not live alway, where life is a load
To the flesh and the spirit:—since there's an abode
For the soul disenthralled, let me breathe my last breath,
And repose in thine arms, my deliverer, Death!—

I would not live alway to toil as a slave:
Oh no, let me rest, though I rest in my grave;
For there, from their troubling, the wicked shall cease,
And, free from his master, the slave be at peace.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

OUR PILGRIM FATHERS.

Words by Pierpont. Music from "Minstrel Boy," by G. W. C.

Our Pilgrim Fathers—where are they? The waves that brought them o'er, break along the shore;

Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray as they roll in the bay, as they rolled that day, When the...
HARP OF FREEDOM.

May flower moored below; When the sea around was black with storms, And white the shore with snow.
The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep,  
Still brood upon the tide;  
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,  
To stay its waves of pride.  
But the snow-white sail, that she gave to the gale  
When the heavens looked dark, is gone;  
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,  
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile—sainted name!  
The hill, whose icy brow  
Rejoiced when he came in the morning's flame,  
In the morning's flame burns now.  
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night,  
On the hill-side and the sea,  
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;  
But the Pilgrim—where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest;  
When Summer's throned on high,  
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dress,  
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.  
The earliest ray of the golden day,  
On that hallowed spot is cast;  
And the evening sun as he leaves the world,  
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim spirit has not fled—  
It walks in noon's broad light;  
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,  
With the holy stars, by night.  
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,  
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,  
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,  
Shall foam and freeze no more.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

Words by J. G. Whittier.
Music by G. W. C.

Is this the land our fathers loved, The freedom

which they toiled to win? Is this the soil whereon they

moved? Are these the graves they slumber in? Are we the
And shall we crouch above these graves,
   With craven soul and fettered lip?
Yoke in with marked and branded slaves,
   And tremble at the driver's whip?
Bend to the earth our pliant knees,
   And speak—but as our masters please?

Shall outraged Nature cease to feel?
   Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow?
Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel—
   The dungeon's gloom—th' assassin's blow,
Turn back the spirit roused to save
   The Truth—our Country—and the Slave?

Of human skulls that shrine was made,
   Round which the priests of Mexico
Before their loathsome idol prayed—
   Is Freedom's altar fashioned so?
And must we yield to Freedom's God
   As offering meet, the negro's blood?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought
   Which well might shame extremest Hell?
Shall freemen lock th' indignant thought?
   Shall Mercy's bosom cease to swell?
Shall Honor bleed?—Shall Truth succumb?
Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?
No—by each spot of haunted ground,
Where Freedom weeps her children's fall—
By Plymouth's rock—and Bunker's mound—
By Griswold's stained and shattered wall—
By Warren's ghost—by Langdon's shade—
By all the memories of our dead!

By their enlarging souls, which burst
The bands and fetters round them set—
By the free Pilgrim spirit nursed
Within our inmost bosoms, yet,—
By all above—around—below—
Be ours the indignant answer—no!

No—guided by our country's laws,
For truth, and right, and suffering man,
Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,
As Christians may—as freemen can!
Still pouring on unwilling ears
That truth oppression only fears.
THE SLAVE'S WAIL.
Parody by Jesse Hutchinson. Old Air—"Over the mountain."

1. Over the mountain and over the moor,
The father—the mother—the children, are poor,
Give us our freedom—ye friends of Emoor,

2. Call us not ignorant, vile and degraded,
Parents and children—the young and the aged,
Give us our freedom—ye friends of E quality,

3. God in His mercy will crown your endeavor,
The promise of Jesus to you shall be given,
Give us our freedom—ye friends of Humanity,

Comes the sad wailing of many a poor slave;
And they sigh for the day they their freedom shall have.
Give us our Rights—for we ask nothing more.

White men have robbed us of all we hold dear,
Are scourged by the lash of the rough overseer.
Give us our Rights, for we ask nothing more.

The blessings of Heaven shall be your reward,
Enter, ye faithful, the joy of your Lord.
Give us our Rights, for we ask nothing more.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Pity, oh pity, ye friends of Humanity,
Pity, oh pity, ye friends of Humanity,
Pity, oh pity, ye friends of Christianity,

Cold is the world to the cries of God's Poor.
Cold, &c.
Cold, &c.
TO THOSE I LOVE.

Words by Miss E. M. Chandler. Music from an old air by G. W. C.

Oh, turn ye not displeased a way, though I should sometimes seem Too much to press upon your ear, an oft repeated theme; The story of the negro's wrongs is
I turn to you to share my joy,—to soothe me in my grief—
In wayward sadness from your smiles, I seek a sweet relief:
And shall I keep this burning wish to see the slave set free,
Locked darkly in my secret heart, unshared and silently?

If I had been a friendless thing—if I had never known,
How swell the fountains of the heart beneath affection's tone,
I might have, careless, seen the leaf torn rudely from its stem,
But clinging as I do to you, can I but feel for them?

I could not brook to list the sad sweet music of a bird,
Though it were sweeter melody than ever ear hath heard,
If cruel hands had quenched its light, that in the plaintive song,
It might the breathing memory of other days prolong.

And can I give my lip to taste the life-bought luxuries, wrung
From those on whom a darker night of anguish has been flung—
Or silently and selfishly enjoy my better lot,
While those whom God hath bade me love, are wretched and forgot?

Oh no!—so blame me not, sweet friends, though I should sometimes seem
Too much to press upon your ear an oft repeated theme;
The story of the negro's wrongs hath won me from my rest,—
And I must strive to wake for him an interest in your breast!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

ROUSE UP, NEW ENGLAND.

Words by a Yankee. Music by G. W. C.

Rouse up, New England! Buckle on your mail of proof subordinate.

lame, your stern old hate of tyranny, your

deep contempt of crime; A traitor plot is
hatching now, more full of woe and shame, Than

More slave States added at a breath! One flourish of a pen,
And fetters shall be riveted on millions more of men!
One drop of ink to sign a name, and slavery shall find
For all her surplus flesh and blood, a market to her mind!

A market where good Democrats their fellow men may sell!
O, what a grin of fiendish glee runs round and round thro' hell!
How all the damned leap up for joy and half forget their fire,
To think men take such pains to claim the notice of God's ire.

Is't not enough that we have borne the sneer of all the world,
And bent to those whose haughty lips in scorn of us are curled?
Is't not enough that we must hunt their living chattels back,
And cheer the hungry bloodhounds on, that howl upon their track?

Is't not enough that we must bow to all that they decree,—
These cotton and tobacco lords, these pimps of slavery?
HARP OF FREEDOM.

That we must yield our conscience up to glut Oppression's maw,
And break our faith with God to keep the letter of Man's law?

But must we sit in silence by, and see the chain and whip
Made firmer for all time to come in Slavery's bloody grip!
Must we not only half the guilt and all the shame endure,
But help to make our tyrant's throne of flesh and blood secure?

Is water running in our veins? Do we remember still
Old Plymouth rock, and Lexington, and glorious Bunker Hill?
The debt we owe our Father's graves? and to the yet unborn,
Whose heritage ourselves must make a thing of pride or scorn?

Grey Plymouth rock hath yet a tongue, and Concord is not dumb,
And voices from our father's graves, and from the future come;
They call on us to stand our ground, they charge us still to be
Not only free from chains ourselves, but foremost to make free!

Awake, New England! While you sleep the foes advance their lines;
Already on your stronghold's wall their bloody banner shines;
Awake! and hurl them back again in terror and despair,
The time has come for earnest deeds, we've not a man to spare.
RISE, FREEMEN, RISE.

Music by G. W. C.

Rise, freemen rise! the call goes forth, Attend the high command; Obedience to the word of God, Throughout this guilty land: Throughout this guilty land.

Rise, free the slave; oh, burst his chains, And cast his fetters down; Let virtue be your country's pride, Her diadem and crown. Then shall the day at length arrive, When all shall equal be, And Freedom's banner, waving high, Proclaim that all are free.

Remember Me.
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows! I lift my heart to thee;

In all my wrongs, oppressions, woes, Dear Lord! remember me.

Afflictions sore obstruct my way, And ills I cannot flee; Lord! let my strength be as my day, And still remember me.

Oppressed with scourges, bonds, and grief, This feeble body see; Oh! give my burdened soul relief, Hear, and remember me.
THE PRIZE SONG.

Air—Souni la Tromba. Arranged by G. W. C.

1. Men of the North, who remember
   The deeds of your sires, ever glorious,
   Join in our paean of Liberty.

2. Come from your forest-clad mountains, Come from the fields of your till age,
   Come forth from city and battle is raging, Where bleeding Kansas is to rious, The paean of Lib-er ty. Hark! on the village, Come join the hosts of the free! As from their

3. Far in the West rolls the thunder, The tumult of gales of November, Millions of voices are cavernous fountains Roll the deep floods of the foes who surround her, Lo! she implores you to
HARP OF FREEDOM.

1

116

ring ing, Glo-rious the song they are sing ing,

o cean, Join the great ar - my in mo tion,

stay her! Will you to Slav-ery be tray her?

Free-dom and Vic- to ry! Hur-rah! Join the great cho-

Marching to Vic- to ry! Hur-rah! E cho from o

Nev-er—she shall be free! Hur-rah! Swear that you'll nev-

rus they're sing ing, Free-dom and Vic to ry!

cean to o cean, Free-dom and Vic to ry!
er be tray her! Kan-sas shall yet be free!

March! we have sworn to support her;
The prayers of the righteous shall speed us;
A chief never conquered shall lead us
Right on to Victory!
Then from those fields, red with slaughter,
Slavery's hordes shall be driven,
Freedom to Kansas be given,
We're bound to make her free!
Hurrah!
To Kansas shall Freedom be given;
A glorious Victory!

4.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

117

VOICE OF NEW ENGLAND

Words by Whittier. Music by G. W. C.

Up the hill side, down the glen, Rouse the sleeping citizen; Summon out the might of men!

Like a lion growling low, Like a night-storm
It is coming—it is nigh!
Stand your homes and altars by;
On your own free thresholds shine;
Clang the bells in all your spires;
On the gray hills of your sires
Fling to heaven your signal fires.

Whoso shrinks or falters now,
Whoso to the yoke would bow,
Brand the craven on his brow.
Freedom's soil hath only place
For a free and fearless race—
None for traitors false and base.

Take your land of sun and bloom;
Only leave to Freedom room
For her plough, and forge, and loom.
Take your slavery-blackened vales;
Leave us but our own free gales,
Blowing on our thousand sails.

Onward with your fell design;
Dig the gulf and draw the line;
Fire beneath your feet the mine:

Deeply, when the wide abyss
Yawns between your land and this,
Shall ye feel your helplessness.

By the hearth, and in the bed,
Shaken by a look or tread,
Ye shall own a guilty dread.
And the curse of unpaid toil,
Downward through your generous soil,
Like a fire shall burn and spoil.

Our bleak hills shall bud and blow,
Vines our rocks shall overgrow,
Plenty in our valleys flow;—
And when vengeance clouds your skies,
Hither shall ye turn your eyes,
As the damned on Paradise!

We but ask our rocky strand,
Freedom's true and brother band,
Freedom's strong and honest hand,
Valleys by the slave untrod,
And the Pilgrim's mountain sod,
Blessed of our fathers' God!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

OUR COUNTRYMEN IN CHAINS.

Our fellow country men in chains, Slaves—crouching on the very plains Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war!

By every shrine of patriot blood, From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well.

A groan from Etaw's haunted wood— A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—
HARP OF FREEDOM.

By storied hill and hallow'd grot,
By mossy wood and marshy glen,
Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,
And hurrying shout of Marion's men!
The groan of breaking hearts is there—
The falling lash—the fetter's clank!
Slaves—slaves are breathing in that air,
Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!

What, ho!—our countrymen in chains!
The whip on woman's shrinking flesh!
Our soil yet reddening with the stains,
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!
What! mothers from their children riven!
What! God's own image bought and sold!
AMERICANS to market driven,
And barter'd as the brute for gold!

Speak! shall their agony of prayer
Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?
To us, whose fathers scorn'd to bear
The paltry menace of a chain;
To us, whose boast is loud and long
Of holy Liberty and Light—
Say, shall these writhing slaves of wrong,
Plead vainly for their plunder'd Right?

Shall every flap of England's flag
Proclaim that all around are free,
From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag
That beetles o'er the Western Sea?
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn—the Heathen's mirth—
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking Earth?
Shall our own glorious land retain
That curse which Europe scorns to bear?
Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood;

No longer let its idol drink
His daily cup of human blood:
But rear another altar there,
To Truth, and Love, and Mercy given,
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer
Shall call an answer down from Heaven!

Myron Holley.

By W. H. BURLEIGH.

Yes—fame is his:—but not the fame
For which the conqueror pants and strives,
Whose path is tracked through blood and flame,
And over countless human lives!
His name no armed battalions hail
With bugle shriek or thundering gun—
No widows curse him, as they wall
For slaughtered husband and for son.

Amid the moral strife alone,
He battled fearlessly and long,
And poured, with clear, untrembling tone,
Reprove upon the hosts of Wrong—
To break Oppression's cruel rod,
He dared the perils of the fight,
And in the name of Freedom's God
Struck boldly for the True and Right!

With faith, whose eye was never dim,
The triumph, yet afar, he saw,
When bonds smote off from soul and limb,
And freed alike by Love and Law.
The slave—no more a slave—shall stand
Erect—and loud, from sea to sea,
Exultant burst o'er all the land
The glorious song of jubilee!

Why should we mourn, thy labor done,
That thou art called to thy reward;
Rest, Freedom's war-worn champion!
Rest, faithful soldier of the Cross!
For oh, not vainly hast thou striven,
Through storm, and gloom, and deepest night—
Not vainly hath thy life been given
For God, for Freedom, and for Right.
THE MAN FOR ME.

Air, "The Rose that all are praising."

Oh, 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 mens life and lib - er - ty; Who loves a-like each
HARP OF FREEDOM.

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,
Oh 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,
Oh 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-
Oh that's the man for me.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

PILGRIM SONG.

Words by Geo. Lunt. Air “Troubadour.”

Over the mountain wave See where they come;

Storm-cloud and wintry wind Welcome them home; Yet where the sounding gale

Pilgrims and wanderers,

Howls to the sea, There their song peals a-long, Deep toned and free.

Hither we come: Where the free dare to be, This is our home

England hath sunny dales, Dearly they bloom; Scotia hath heather-hills, Sweet their perfume: Yet through the wilderness Cheerful we stray, Native land, native land— Home far away! Pilgrims, &c.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Dim grew the forest path,  
Onward they trod:  
Firm beat their noble hearts,  
Trusting in God!  
Gray men and blooming maids,  
High rose their song—  
Hear it sweep, clear and deep  
Ever along!  
Pilgrims, &c.

Not their's the glory-wreath,  
Torn by the blast;  
Heavenward their holy steps,  
Heavenward they passed!  
Green be their mossy graves!  
Ours be their fame,  
While their song peals along,  
Ever the same!  
Pilgrims, &c.

The Bondman.

FROM THE LIBERATOR.

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, oh Lord! will right  
Triumph o'er wrong ?  
Tyrants oppress the weak,  
Oh 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.
FOURTH OF JULY.

Words by Mrs. Sigourney. Music by G. W. C.

We have a good-ly clime, Broad

vales and streams we boast; Our

mountain frontiers frown sublime,

Old O-cean guards our coast.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Suns bless our harvests fair,
   With fervid smile serene,
But a dark shade is gathering there,
   What can its blackness mean?

We have a birth-right proud,
   For our young sons to claim—
An eagle soaring o'er the cloud,
   In freedom and in fame.

We have a scutcheon bright,
   By our dead fathers bought;
A fearful blot distains its white—
   Who hath such evil wrought?

Our banner o'er the sea
   Looks forth with starry eye,
Emblazoned glorious, bold and free,
   A letter on the sky—

What hand with shameful stain,
   Hath marred its heavenly blue?
The yoke, the fasces, and the chain,
   Say, are these emblems true?

This day doth music rare
   Swell through our nation's bound,
But Afric's wailing mingles there,
   And Heaven doth hear the sound.

O God of power! we turn
   In penitence to thee,
Bid our loved land the lesson learn—
   To bid the slave be free.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

YE SPIRITS OF THE FREE.

Air—"My faith looks up to thee."

1. Ye spirits of the free, Can ye for

2. In pride and pomp to roll, Shall tyrants

ev-er see Your brother man A yoked and

from the soul God's image tear, And call the

scourged slave, Chains dragging to his grave,

wreck their own,—While, from the eternal throne,

And raise no hand to save? Say if you can.

They shut the stifled groan, And bitter prayer?
HARP OF FREEDOM.

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 wait
Of tortured slave!

Sing Me a Triumph Song.

Sing me a triumph song,
Roll the glad notes along,
Great God, to thee!
Thine be the glory bright,
Source of all power and might!
For thou hast said, in might,
Man shall be free.

Sing me a triumph song,
Let all the sound prolong,
Air, earth, and sea,
Down falls the tyrant's power,
See his dread minions cower;
Now, from this glorious hour,
Man will be free.

Sing me a triumph song,
Sing in the mighty throng,
Sing Jubilee!
Let the broad welkin ring,
While to heaven's mighty King,
Honor and praise we sing,
For man is free.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

WAKE, SONS OF THE PILGRIMS.

Air—"McGregor's Gathering."

Wake sons of the Pilgrims, and look to your right! The despots of Slavery are up in their might; indulge not in sleep, it's like digging the graves of blood-purchased freedom—'tis yielding like slaves. Then halloo, halloo halloo to the contest, A-wake from your slumbers, no longer delay, But struggle for freedom, while struggle you may— Then
Wake, Sons of the Pilgrims! why slumber ye on?
Your chains are now forging, your fetters are done;
Oh! sleep not, like Samson, on Slavery's foul arm,
For, Delilah-like, she's now planning your harm.
Then halloo, halloo, halloo, to the contest!
Awake from your sleeping—nor slumber again,
Once bound in your fetters, you'll struggle in vain;
Then rally, rally, rally, rally, rally—
While your eye-balls may move, O wake up now, or never—
Wake, freemen! awake, or you're ruined forever!

Yes, freemen are waking! we fling to the breeze,
The bright flag of freedom, the banner of Peace;
The slave long forgotten, forlorn, and alone,
We hail as a brother—our own mother's son!
Then halloo, halloo, halloo, to the contest!
For freedom we rally—for freedom to all—
To rescue the slave, and ourselves too from thrall.
We rally, rally, rally, rally, rally—
While a slave shall remain, bound, the weak by the stronger,
We will never disband, but strive harder and longer
COME, JOIN THE FRIENDS OF LIBERTY.

Air—"When I can read my title clear."

1. Come, join the friends of liberty, Ye
   young men bold and strong, And with a warm and
   men of riper years, And save your wives and
   cheer-ful zeal, Come, help the cause a long: Come
   child-ren dear, From grief and bit-ter tears: From
   help the cause a-long, Come
   grief and bit-ter tears, From

2. Come, join the friends of liberty, Ye
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Help the cause a long; And with a warm and grief and bitter tears; And save your wives and cheerful zeal, Come help the cause a long.

Children dear, From grief and bitter tears.

Oh that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,

Oh that will be joyful, When all mankind are
Come, join the friends of liberty,  
Ye dames and maidens fair;  
And breathe around us in our path,  
Affection's hallowed air.

O that will be joyful, joyful, 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 friends of liberty,  
Ye sons and daughters all,  
Of this our own America;  
Come at the friendly call.

O that will be joyful, joyful, 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.
WE ARE COME, ALL COME.

By G. W. C.

We are come, all come, with the crowded throng, To

join our notes in a plaintive song; For the bond man sighs, and the

scalding tear Runs down his cheek while we mingle here.

We are come, all come, with a hal lowed vow, At

the shrine of slavery never to bow, For the despois reign o'er

hill and plain, Spreads grief and woe in his hor rid train.

We are come, all come, a determined band,
To rescue the slave from the tyrants hand;
And our prayers shall ascend with our songs to Him
Who sits in the midst of the cherubim.

We are come, all come, in the strength of youth,
In the light of hope and the power of truth;
And we joy to see in our ranks to-day,
The honored locks of the good and grey.

We are come, all come, in our holy might,
And freedom's foes shall be put to flight;
Oh God! with favoring smiles from thee,
Our songs shall soon chant the victorv
THE LAW OF LOVE.

Words by a Lady. Music by G. W. C.

Blest is the man whose tender heart Feels
Whose breast expands with generous warmth, A

all another's pain, To whom the
stranger's woe to feel, And bleeds in

supplicating eye Was never

 pity o'er the wound, He wants the
He spreads his kind supporting arms,
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in his foe.

To him protection shall be shown,
And mercy from above
Descend on those, who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

Oh! Charity!

Oh charity! thou heavenly grace,
All tender, soft, and kind,
A friend to all the human race,
To all that's good inclined.

The man of charity extends
To all his helping hand;
His kindred, neighbors, foes, and friends,
His pity may command.

The sick, the prisoner, deaf, and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find;
He loves to give relief.

'Tis love that makes religion sweet
'Tis love that makes us rise,
With willing minds, and ardent feet,
To yonder happy skies.
THE MERCY SEAT.

Words by Mrs. Sigourney. Music by C. W. C.

From every stormy wind that blows,
There is a place where Jesus sheds

From every swelling tide of
The oil of gladness on our

woes,
There is a calm a sure re-

heads,
A place than all beside more
There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet,
Around one common Mercy-Seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When hunted, scourged, oppressed, dismayed,—
Or how our bloody foes defeat,
Had suffering slaves no Mercy-Seat!

Oh! let these hands forget their skill,
These tongues be silent, cold, and still,
These throbbing hearts forget to beat,
If we forget the Mercy-Seat.

Friend of the Friendless.
God of my life! to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not thy word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God forgets me not;
And he is safe, he must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.
WAKE YE NUMBERS!

Words by Lewis. Air, "Strike the Cymbals."

Wake ye numbers! from your slumbers,
Flags are waving, all tyrants braveing,

Chorus.

Hear the song of freedom pour! By its shaking,
Proudly, freely, o'er our plains; Let no minions

fiercely breaking, Every chain upon our shore,
check our pinions, While a single grief remains.

Solo 1mo.

Proud oblations, thou Queen of nations! Have been poured up-
on thy wa-ters; Af-ric's bleed-ing sons and daugh-ters,

Chorus.

Now be-fore us, loud implore us, Look-ing to Je-

Trio. Lento.

ho- vah's throne, Chains are wear-ing, hearts de-spairing,

Chorus. Tempo.

Will ye hear a na-tions moan? Soothe their sorrow,
HARP OF FREEDOM.

ere the morrow Change their aching hearts to stone: Then the

light of nature's smile Freedom's realm shall bless the while; And the

pleasure mercy brings Flow from all her latent springs; De

light shall spread, shall spread her shining wings, Re-joyc-
Daily, nightly, burning brightly,
Glory's pillar fills the air;
Hearts are waking, chains are breaking,
Freedom bids her sons prepare:
O'er the ocean, in proud devotion,
Incense rises to the skies;
From our mountains, o'er our fountains,
See, our Eagle proudly flies!

What deploring impedes his soaring?
Millions still in bondage sighing!
Long in deep oppression lying!
Shall their story mar our glory?
Must their life in sorrow flow?
Tears are falling! fetters galling!
Listen to the cry of woe!
Still oppressing! never blessing!
Shall their grief no ending know?
Yes! our nation yet shall feel;
Time shall break the chain of steel;
Then the slave shall nobly stand;
Peace shall smile with lustre bland;
Glory shall crown our happy land—
Forever.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

COMFORT FOR THE BONDMAN.

Air—"Indian Philosopher."

Come on, my partners in distress, My comrades in this

wilderness, Who groan beneath your chains; A

while forget your griefs and fears, And look beyond this

vale of tears, To yon celestial plains.
Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
Which mortals never trod;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
Work out your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

If, like our Lord, we suffer here,
We shall before his face appear,
And at his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
For all who to the end endure
Shall wear a glorious crown.

Thrice blessed, exalted, blissful hope!
It lifts our fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead;
Our bondage here will soon be past,
Then we shall rise and reign at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

Come and see the Works of God.

Lift up to God the shout of joy,
Let all the earth its powers employ,
To sound his glorious praise;
Say, unto God—“How great art thou!
Thy foes before thy presence bow!
How gracious are thy ways!”

To thee all lands their homage bring,
They raise the song, they shout, they sing
The honors of thy name.”
Come! see the wondrous works of God;
How dreadful is his vengeful rod!
How wide extends his fame!

He made a highway through the sea,
His people, long-enslaved, to free,
And give them Canaan's land;
Through endless years his reign extends,
His piercing eye to earth he bends—
Ye despots! fear his hand.

O! bless our God, lift up your voice
Ye people! sing aloud—rejoice—
His mighty praise declare;
The Lord hath made our bondage cease,
Broke off our chains, brought sure release,
And turned to praise our prayer.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

HARK! A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

Words by Oliver Johnson. Music—“Zion.”

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; Proud oppression.
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 slumber long and deep;
And the friends of God are 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.
Joy to the pleasant land we love, The

The wise sits meekly by the hearth, Her

land our fathers trod! Joy to the land for

infant child beside; The father on his

which they won "Freedom to worship God." For

noble boy Looks with a fearless pride. The

Words by N. P. Willis. Air, Carrier Dove.
peace on all its sunny hills, On grey old man, beneath the tree, Tales of his childhood tells; And sweetly in the hush of morn Peal out the Sabbath bells.

every mountain broods, And sleeps by all its gushing rills, And all its mighty floods.
And we are free—but is there not
One blot upon our name?
Is our proud record written fair
Upon the scroll of fame?
Our banner floateth by the shore,
Our flag upon the sea;
But when the fettered slave is loosed,
We shall be truly free!

The Freed Slave.

Yet once again, once more again,
My bark bounds o'er the wave;
They know not, who ne'er clanked the chain,
What 'tis to be a slave:
To sit alone, beside the wood,
And gaze upon the sky:
This may, indeed, be solitude,
But 'tis not slavery.

Son of the sword! on honor's field
'Tis thine to find a grave;
Yet, when from life's worst ill twould shield,
It comes not to the slave.
The lightsome to the heavy heart,
The laugh changed to the sigh;
To live from all we love apart—
Oh! this is slavery.

The Flag of the Free.

By G. W. C.

Fling abroad its folds to the cooling breeze,
Let it float at the mast-head high;
And gather around, all hearts resolved,
To sustain it there or die:
An emblem of peace and hope to the world,
Unstained let it ever be;
And say to the world, where'er it waves,
Our flag is the flag of the free!

Then on high, on high let that banner wave,
And lead us the foe to meet,
Let it float in triumph o'er our heads,
Or be our winding sheet:
And never, oh, never be it furled,
'Till it wave o'er earth and sea;
And all mankind shall swell the shout
Our flag is the flag of the free.
MARCH TO THE BATTLEFIELD.
G. W. C.

Air "Oft in the stilly night."

March to the battlefield, The foe is now before us; Each heart is freedom's shield, And heaven is smiling o'er us. The
HARP OF FREEDOM.

I will:

woes and pains of slavery's chains, That

bind their millions under; In proud disdain we'll

burst in twain, And tear each link a

D.C.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Who for his country brave,
   Would fly from her invader?
Who his base life to save
   Would traitor like degrade her?
Our hallowed cause—
   Our homes and laws,
'Gainst tyrant hosts sustaining,
   We'll win a crown of bright renown,
Or die, man's rights maintaining,
   March to the battlefield, &c.

Oft in the Chilly Night.

BY PIERPONT.

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.
SONG OF THE FREE.

Parodied by G. W. C. Tune, Lutzow's Wild Hunt.

From valley and mountain, from hill-top and glen, What

shouts thro' the air are rebounding! And echo is sending the sounds

back again, And loud thro' the air they are sound-ing, And
loud through the air they are sounding: And if you

ask what those joyous strains? 'Tis the 'Tis the

songs of bond-men now bursting their chains.
And who through our nation is waging the fight?
What host from the battle is flying?
Our true hearted freemen maintain the right,
And the monster oppression is dying,
And the monster oppression is dying:
And if you ask what you there behold?
'Tis the army of freemen, the true and the bold.

Too long have slave-holders triumphantly reigned.
Too long in their chains have they bound us;
To freedom awaking, no longer enchained,
The goddess of freedom has saved us,
The goddess of freedom has saved us:
And if you ask what has made us free?
'Tis the vote that gave us our liberty.

Holy Freedom.

BY OLIVER JOHNSON.

The bondmen are free in the isles of the main!
The chains from their limbs they are flinging!
They stand up as men!—never tyrant again,
In the pride of his heart, shall God's image profane!
It is Liberty's song that is ringing!
Hark! loud comes the cry o'er the bounding sea,
"Freedom! Freedom! Freedom, our joy is in thee!"

Alas! that to-day, on Columbia's shore,
The groans of her slaves are resounding!
On plains of the South their life-blood they pour!
O, Freemen! blest Freemen! your help they implore!
It is Slavery's wail that is sounding!
Hark! loud comes the cry on the Southern gale,
"Freedom! Freedom! Freedom or death must prevail!"

O ye who are blest with fair Liberty's light,
With courage and hope all abounding,
With weapons of love be ye bold for the right!
By the preaching of truth put oppression to flight!
Then, your altars triumphant surrounding,
Loud, loud let the anthem of joy ring out!
"Freedom! Freedom!" is all the world to the shout!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

ARE YE TRULY FREE?

Words by J. R. Lowell. Air, "Martyn."

Men! whose boast it is that ye Come of fathers
If there breathe on earth a slave, Are ye truly

Are ye not base slaves in-deed, Men un-wor-thy

Are brave and free; If ye do not feel the
free and brave? to be freed?

chain, When it works a broth-er'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?
HARP OF FREEDOM.

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.

That's my Country.

Does the land, in native might,
Pant for Liberty and Right?
Long to cast from human kind
Chains of body and of mind—
That's my country, that's the land
I can love with heart and hand,
O'er her miseries weep and sigh,
For her glory live and die.

Does the land her banner wave,
Most invitingly, to save;
Wooing to her arms of love,
Strangers who would freemen prove?
That's the land to which I cling,
Of her glories I can sing,
On her altar nobly swear
Higher still her fame to rear.

Does the land no conquest make,
But the war for honor's sake—
Count the greatest triumph won,
That which most of good has done—
That's the land approved of God;
That's the land whose stainless sod
O'er my sleeping dust shall bloom,
Noblest land and noblest tomb!
Ye sons of freemen wake to sadness, Hark! hark, what myriads bid you rise; Three millions of our race in madness Break out in walls, 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 En-

dure the lash, nor raise a hand? Must
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Have pity on the slave, Take courage from God's word; Pray on, pray on, all hearts re-

nature 'neath the whip-cord languish? Have
HARP OF FREEDOM.

solved, These captives shall be free, Pray

on, Pray on, all hearts re-

solved 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!  
And we may now prevent the ruin,  
Ere lawless force with guilty stride  
Shall scatter vengeance far and wide—  
With untold crimes their hands embruing.  
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!  
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?  
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 heart's they're unavailing.  
Have pity on the slave:  
Take courage from God's word;  
Vote on! vote on! all hearts resolved—these captives shall be free!
BE FREE, O MAN, BE FREE.
Words by Mary H. Maxwell. Music by G. W. C.

The storm-winds wildly blowing, The bursting billows
As, with their foam-crests glowing, They dash the sea-girt mock, rock;
A mid 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."

Arouse! Arouse!
Arouse, arouse, arouse!
Ye bld New England men!
No more with sullen brows,
Remain as ye have been:

Your country's freedom calls,
Once bought by patriots' blood
Rouse, or that freedom falls
Beneath the tyrant's rod!

Three million men in chains,
Your friendly aid implore;
Slight you the piteous strains
That from their bosoms pour?
Shall it be told in story,
Or troll'd in burning song,
New England's boasted glory
Forgot the bondman's wrong?

Shall freeman's sons be taunted,
That freedom's spirit's fled;
That what the fathers vaunted,
With sordid sons is dead?
That they in grovelling gain
Have lost their ancient fire,
And 'neath the despot's chain,
Let liberty expire?

Oh no, your father's bones
Would cry out from the ground;
Ay, e'en New England's stones
Would echo on the sound;
Rouse, then, New England men!
Rally in freedom's name!
In your bosoms once again
Light up the sleeping flame!
THE LAST NIGHT OF SLAVERY.

Tune—"Cherokee Death-song.

Let the floods clap their hands, Let the mountains re-

oice, Let all the glad lands Breathe a jubilant

voice; The sun that now sets on the waves of the

sea Shall gild with his rising the land of the free.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Let the islands be glad!
For their King in his might,
Who his glory hath clad
With a garment of light,
In the waters the beams of his chambers hath laid,
And in the green waters his pathway hath made.

No more shall the deep,
Lend its awe-stricken waves,
In their caverns to steep
Its wild burden of slaves;
The Lord sitteth King—sitteth King on the flood,
He heard, and hath answered the voice of their blood.

Dispel the blue haze,
Golden fountain of morn!
With meridian blaze
The wide ocean adorn:
The sunlight has touched the glad waves of the sea,
And day now illumines the land of the free.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

THE LITTLE SLAVE GIRL.

Words by a Lady. Air—Morgiana in Ireland.

When bright morning lights the hills,

Where free children sing most cheerily, My young breast with

sorrow fills, While here I plod my

way so wearily: Sad my face, more sad my heart, From

home, from all I had to part, A

loving mother, my sister, my brother, For

chains and lash in hopeless misery,
Children try it, could you try it;

But one day to live in slavery, Children try it,

try it, try it; Come, come, give me liberty.

Ere I close my eyes to sleep,
Thoughts of home keep coming over me;
All alone I wake and weep—
Yet mother hears not—no one pities me—
Never smiling, sick, forlorn,
Oh that I had ne'er been born!
I should not sorrow to die to-morrow,
Then mother earth would kindly shelter me;
Children try it, could you try it!
Give me freedom, yes, from misery!
Children try it, try it, try it!
Come, come, give me Liberty!
GET OFF THE TRACK.

Words by Jesse Hutchinson. 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, roll it along, roll it along,

thro' the na-tion, Freedom's car, Eman-cipa-tion!

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.

Railroads to emancipation
Cannot rest on false foundation.
And the road of Hunkerdation
Leads direct to slave extension.
      Pull up the rails! Emancipation
      Cannot rest on such foundation.

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.

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 depôts thousands greet us;
All take seats with exultation,
In the Car Emancipation.
      Huzza! Huzza!! Emancipation
      Soon will bless our happy nation.
      Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!!!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

1 FREEDOM'S GLORIOUS DAY

Words from the "Bangor Gazette." Air, "Crambambule."

Let waiting throngs now lift their voices, As
While every gentle tongue rejoices, And

Freedom's glorious day draws near,
Each bold heart is filled with cheer,

slave has seen the Northern star, He'll soon be free, hurrah, hurrah!

Hurrah, hurrah, 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 deliv'rance 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 weepest,
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!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

HARBINGER OF LIBERTY.

Words by a Lady. Music by G. W. C.

See yon glorious star ascending, Brightly
Truth and peace on earth portending, Herald

o'er the Southern sea! Hail it, Free-men! Hail it
of a jubilee! Free-men! 'Tis the star of Liberty.
Jim at first—but widely spreading,
Soon 'twill burst supremely bright,
Life and health and comfort shedding
O'er the shades of moral night;
Hail it, Bondmen!
Slavery cannot bear its light.

Few its rays—'tis but the dawning
Of the reign of truth and peace;
Joy to slaves—yet sad forewarning,
To the tyrants of our race;
Tremble, Tyrants!
Soon your cruel pow'r will cease.

Earth is brighten'd by the glory
Of its mild and peaceful rays;
Ransom'd slaves shall tell the story,
See its light, and sing its praise;
Hail it, Christians!
Harbinger of better days.

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 ev'ry 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.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

BREAK EVERY YOKE.
Tune—"O no, we never mention her."

Break every yoke, the Gospel cries,
Let every captive taste the joys

Send thy good Spirit from above,
Send sweet deliverance to the slave,

let the oppressed go free,
peace and liberty,

Lord, when shall man thy

voice obey, And rend each iron chain,

Crown his day—O'er-flow his heart with love,

when shall love its golden sway, O'er all the earth maintain.

him that straight and narrow way, Which leads to rest above.
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 faint in the ear of our dreams! How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye, Like a star glancing out from the
HARP OF FREEDOM.

blue of the sky! And lightly and

free ly 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.

Oh, 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!

Oh, 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."

"Go back, haughty Southerner! 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 summer 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."
THE SLAVE'S LAMENTATION.

A Parody Air, "Long, long ago."

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

Friends that I loved in the grave are laid low,
All hope of
Long, long ago, Long, long ago,
Long, long ago, Long, long ago!

I am degraded, for man was my foe,
Long, long ago, long, long ago.

Friends that I loved in the grave are laid low,
All hope of
Long, long ago, Long, long ago.
Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head—
Long, long ago—long ago!
Oh, how I wept when I found she was dead!
Long, long ago—long ago!
She was my angel, my love and my 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!
THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

Montgomery and Denison. Tune, "Duane Street."

A poor way-faring man of grief, Hath

of-ten cross-ed me on my way, Who sued so humbly

for re-lief, That I could nev-er an-swer nay; I

had not power to ask his name, Whither he went or
whence he came; Yet there was something in his eye, Which
won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spake—
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again:
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

'Twas night. The floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof:
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
I laid him on my couch to rest:
Then made the ground my bed and seeme;
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

I saw him bleeding in his chains,
And tortured 'neath the driver's lash,
His sweat fell fast along the plains,
Deep dyed from many a fearful gash:
But I in bonds remembered him,
And strove to free each fettered limb,
As with my tears I washed his blood,
Me he baptized with mercy's flood.
I saw him in the negro pew,
    His head hung low upon his breast,
His locks were wet with drops of dew,
    Gathered while he for entrance pressed
Within those aisles, whose courts are given
That black and white may reach one heave;
And as I meekly sought his feet,
He smiled, and made a throne my seat.

In prison I saw him next condemned
    To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
    And honored him midst shame and scorn,
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
    The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
    My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spoke, and my poor name he named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed,
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."
HARP OF FREEDOM.

WE'RE FOR FREEDOM THOUGH THE LAND.

Words by J. E. Robinson. Music arranged from the "Old Granite State."

We are coming, we are coming! freedom's

battle is begun! No hand shall furl her

banner ere her victory be won! Our
HARP OF FREEDOM.

shields are locked for liberty, and mercy goes before: Tyrants tremble in your citadel! oppression shall be o'er. We will vote for
HARP OF FREEDOM.

We have hatred, dark and deep, for the fetter and the thong;
We bring light for prisoned spirits, for the captive's wail a song;
We are coming, we are coming! and, "No league with tyrant man,"
Is emblazoned on our banner, while Jehovah leads the van!

We will vote for freedom,
We will vote for freedom,
We will vote for freedom,
Throughout our native land.

We are coming, we are coming! but we wield no battle brand;
We are armed with truth and justice, with God's charter in our hand;
And our voice which swells for freedom—freedom now and ever more—
Shall be heard as ocean's thunders, when they burst upon the shore!

We will vote for freedom,
We will vote for freedom,
We will vote for freedom,
Throughout our native land.
Be patient, O, be patient! ye suffering ones of earth!
Denied a glorious heritage—our common right by birth;
With fettered limbs and spirits, your battle shall be won!
O be patient—we are coming! suffer on, suffer on!
  We will vote for freedom,
  We will vote for freedom,
  We will vote for freedom,
  Throughout our native land.

We are coming, we are coming! not as comes the tempest's wrath,
When the frown of desolation sits brooding o'er its path;
But with mercy, such as leaves his holy signet-light upon
The air in lambent beauty, when the darkened storm is gone.
  We will vote for freedom,
  We will vote for freedom,
  We will vote for freedom,
  Throughout our native land.

O, be patient in your misery! be mute in your despair!
While your chains are grinding deeper, there's a voice upon the air!
Ye shall feel its potent echoes, ye shall hear its lovely sound,
We are coming! we are coming! bringing freedom to the bound!
  We will vote for freedom,
  We will vote for freedom,
  We will vote for freedom,
  Throughout our native land.

Note.—Suggested by a song sung by George W. Clark, at a recent Convention held in Rochester, N. Y.
Raise a Shout for Liberty.

Air, "Old Granite State."

Come, all ye sons and daughters,
Raise a shout from freedom's quarters,
Like the voice of many waters,
   Let it echo through the land;
      And let all the people,
         And let all the people,
            And let all the people,
                  Raise a shout for liberty!

We have long been benighted,
And the cause of freedom slighted;
But we now are all united
   To redeem our native land;
      And we mean to conquer, [Repeat]
With a shout for liberty!

Let us raise a song of gladness,
To subdue the tyrant's madness,
Let us cheer the bondman's sadness,
   With the chorus of the free;
      And let all the people, &c.
Raise a shout for liberty!

Let Liberty awaken,
And never be forsaken,
Till the enemy is taken,
   And the victory is won:—
      Then will all the people, &c.
Raise a shout for liberty!

Come and join our holy mission,
      Whosoever your condition,
Let each honest politician,
   Come and labor for the slave;
      We will bid you welcome, &c.
With a shout for liberty!

With the flag of freedom o'er us,
And the light of truth before us,
Let all freemen raise the chorus,
   And the nation shall be free;
      Then with all the people, &c.
Raise a shout for liberty!

Then spread the proclamation,
Throughout this guilty nation,
And let every habitation
   Be a dwelling of the free!
      And let all the people, &c.
Raise a shout for liberty!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

WE ARE ALL CHILDREN OF ONE PARENT.

Words from the Youth's Cabinet. Music by L. Mason.

Sister, thou art worn and weary, Toiling for another's gain;
Thou must rise at dawn of light, And thy daily task pursue,

Life with thee is dark and dreary, Filled with wretchedness and pain.

Till the darkness of the night Hide thy labors from thy view.

Oft, alas! thou hast to bear
Sufferings more than tongue can tell;
Thy oppressor will not spare,
But delights thy griefs to swell;
Oft thy back the scourge has felt,
Then to God thou'st raised the cry
That the tyrant's heart he'd melt
Ere thou should'st in tortures die.

Injured sister, well we know
That thy lot in life is hard;
Sad thy state of toil and wo,
From all blessedness debarred.
While each sympathizing heart
Pities thy forlorn distress;
We would sweet relief impart,
And delight thy soul to bless.

And what lies within our power
We most cheerfully will do,
That will haste the blissful hour
Fraught with news of joy to you;
And when comes the happy day
That shall free our captive friend,
When Jehovah's mighty sway
Shall to slavery put an end:

Then, dear sister, we with thee
Will to heaven direct our voice;
Joyfully with voices free
We'll in lofty strains rejoice;
Gracious God! thy name we'll bless,
Hallelujah evermore,
Thou hast heard in righteousness,
And our sister's griefs are o'er.
FUGITIVE'S TRIUMPH.

Parody

Music by Pax.

1. Go, go, thou that enslav'st me, Now, now thy power is o'er; Long, long
2. Thou, thou, brought'st me ever, Deep, deep sorrow and pain; But I
3. Tyrant! thou hast bereft me Home, friends, pleasures so sweet, Now,

have I obeyed thee, I'm not a slave any more—No, no—oh, no!
have left thee forever, Nor will I serve thee again—No, no—oh, no!
forever I've left thee, Thou and I never shall meet—No, no—oh, no!

I'm a free man ever—more!
No, I'll not serve thee a gain.
Thou and I never shall meet.

IV.

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!
192 HARP OF FREEDOM.

Tenderly.

HELP! O HELP!

G. W. C

1. Help! O help! thou God of Christians! Save a mother from des-

2. From my arms by force they're rended, Sailors drag them to the

3 There my son lies pale and bleeding; Fast with cords his hands are

4. See his little sister by him, Quaking, trembling, how she

5. Hear the little daughter begging—Take me, white men, for your

pair; Cru - el white men steal my children, God of sea—Yonder ship at an - chor rid - ing, Swift will bound; See the ty - rants, how they scourge him; See his

lies! Drops of blood her face be - sprinkle—Tears of own; Spare! O spare my darl - ing brother! He's my

Christians, who's the God you worsh'p? Is he cruel, fierce, or good?

Does he take delight in mercy, Or in spilling human blood?

Christians! hear my prayer. car - ry them a way. sides a reek - ing wound.

“Ah! my poor distracted mother! Hear her scream upon the shore!”

Down the savage captain struck her Lifeless on the vessel's floor.

Up his sails he quickly hoisted, To the ocean bent his way:

Headlong plunged the raving mother From a rock into the sea.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

THE TREMBLING FUGITIVE.

G. W. C.

Slow.

1. To-night the bond-man, Lord, Is bleeding in his chains; And
2. To-night is heard the shriek Of pain and anguish wild; And
3. To-night, with stealthy tread, While doors and locks are barr’d, The

4. To-night, in swamp or brake,
   The fugitive, Oh God!
   Hears baying blood-hounds on his track,
   Eager to drink his blood!

5. Oh, may no cloud arise
   To hide the pole-star’s ray,
   Which smiles and beckons from the skies,
   To cheer him on his way.

6. Whilst he pursues his flight
   With bleeding heart and limb—
   Shall we petition Thee, to-night,
   And not remember him?

7. O God! do thou provide,
   And sure assistance give;
   And in thy dark pavilion hide
   The trembling fugitive.
1. My country, 'tis for thee, Dark land of slavery,
2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free—
3. From every mountain side, Upon the ocean's tide,

For thee I weep; Land where the slave has sighed,
Of liberty— My native country, weep!
They call on thee; A mid thy rocks and rills,

And where he toiled and died, To serve a
A fast in sorrow keep; The stain is
Thy woods and templed hills, I hear a
HARP OF FREEDOM.

4. Arise! break every band,
    And sound throughout this land,
    Sweet freedom's song;
    No groans their song shall break,
    But all that breathe partake,
    And slaves their silence break—
    The sound prolong.

5. Our fathers' God! to thee,
    Author of liberty,
    To thee we pray:
    Soon may our land be pure,
    Let freedom's light endure,
    And liberty secure,
    Beneath thy sway.

THE LIBERTY ARMY.

Our brother, lo! we come!
But not with sounding drum
    We come to thee.
No bloody flag we bear;
No implements of war,
Nor carnage red shall mar
    Our victory.
Our flag is spotless white,
Our watch-word, "Freedom's Right
    To all be given."
Our emblem is the dove,
Our weapons, Truth and Love,
Our Captain, God above,
    Who rules in heaven.

Behold! Salvation's King
On the dark tempest's wing
    In haste comes down.
Oppression's cheek is pale,
And despots blanch and quail;
The parting clouds reveal
    Jehovah's frown!
Exult ye valleys now!
Ye melting mountains flow
    To meet your King!
Let Slavery's knell be rung!
Oppression's dirge be sung!
And every bondman's tongue
    Of freedom sing!

SPIRIT OF FREEMEN, AWAKE:

Spirit of Freemen, wake;
No truce with slavery make,
    Thy deadly foe;
In fair disguises dressed,
Too long hast thou caressed
The serpent in thy breast;
    Now lay him low.

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 SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

LONGFELLOW.

Bavaria—German Air.

Loud he sang the psalm of David! He a
Sang of Israel's glorious victory, Sang of
D. C. In a voice so sweet and clear That I
Fine.

ne - gro and en - slaved,
Zi - on, bright and free,
In that hour, when night is
could not choose but hear.

calm - est, Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,

2.

Songs of triumph and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.
And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion,
For its tones by turns are glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

3.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.
But, alas, what holy angel
Brings the slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?
FREEMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.*

Tune—"Watchman, tell us of the night."

Question.

1. Free-man, tell us of the night, What its
2. Free-man, tell us of the night, Does its
3. Free-man, shall our fet ter'd race Plead for

Answer.

signs of promise are: Bondman—lo! Brit-tan-nia's star ap-proach our land? Bondman—mark yon dawning lib-er ty in vain? Bondman—lo! the God of

light! Free-dom's glo ry beaming star! Free-man! light! Lo! the break-ing day's at hand; Free-man! peace Comes to break your gall-ing chain! Free-man!

* To be sung, when practicable, responsively, or as a Dialogue.
do its bless-ed rays Prom ise good to slaves like

can these beams a lone Bid our dread-ful bon-dage
can it, can it be? Shall we share thy glo-rious

Answer.

me? Bondman! yes, its glo-rious blaze Lights your

cease? Bondman! God is on the throne, He will

name? Bondman! yes, thou shalt be free—Spread thy

All join.

path to lib-er ty. Bondman! yes, its glo-rious

bring thee quick re-lease. Bondman! God is on the
great De - liv'-rer's name. Bondman! yes, thou shalt be
HARP OF FREEDOM.

APPEAL TO WOMAN.

AIR—Bavaria, page 196.

1.

Sister! were thy brother bleeding,
Shedding slavery's scalding tear,
If for him we now came pleading,
Should we meet the cruel sneer?
Daughter! were thy parent weeping,
Clanking now the iron chain,
Should we come and find thee sleeping,—
Rouse thee, but to plead in vain?

2.

Mother! were thy nursling taken
From thee by a ruffian hand,
Should we find thee now unshaken,
Hear thee say,—"Tis God's command!"
Should thou see thy loved and chosen—
Thy fond husband sold for gain,
Thou wouldst deem that bosom frozen,
That should heedless know thy pain.

3.

Why then loiter, freedom's daughter!
Hear ye not the plaintive tone
Wafted from the field of slaughter?
"Tis a sister's dying moan!
Sisters! Mothers! lift your voices,
Join, the cursed chain to break;
Onward, till the slave rejoices,
Freed from bondage: wake—oh! wake.
THE BRANDED HAND. *

Words by Whittier. Music by G. W. C.

1. Welcome home again, brave seaman! With thy
2. Why, that brand is brightest honor!—Than its
3. As the tem - plar home was welcomed, Back a

thoughtful brow and gray, And the old hero - ic
tra - ces nev er yet Up - on old ar - mo - rial
gain from Sy - rian wars, The scars of A - rab

spi - rit, Of our ear - lier, bet - ter day—With that
hatchments Was a proud - er bla - zon set; And thy
lan - ces, And of Pay - nim scim - e - tars, The

* JONATHAN WALKER, a citizen of Massachusetts, returning from Flori-
da, on the high seas, took on board his ship, and befriended some poor
fugitives escaping from the horrors of slavery. For this humane act he was
imprisoned at Pensacola, Florida, made to pay a fine, put in the stocks,
pelted with eggs, and at last the letters "S. S." branded into the living
flesh of his right hand, with a hot iron. These lines were addressed to him
by Whittier, on his return home.
HARP OF FREEDOM

brow of calm endurance, On whose
unborn generations, As they
palor of the prisoner, And the

steady nerve in vain Pressed the iron of the
crowd our rocky strand, Shall tell with pride the
shackle's crimson span, So we meet thee, so we

prison, Smote the fiery shafts of pain!
story Of their father's branded hand!
greet thee, Truest friend of God and man!
4.

He suffered for the ransom
Of the dear Redeemer's grave,
Thou for his living presence
   In the bound and bleeding slave;
He for a soil no longer
   By the feet of angels trod;
Thou for the true Shechina,
   The present home of God.

5.

In thy lone and long night watches,
   Sky above and wave below,
Thou didst learn a higher wisdom
   Then the babbling schoolmen know;
God's stars and silence taught thee,
   As his angels only can,
That the one sole, sacred thing
   Beneath the cope of heaven is man!

6.

That he, who treads profanely
   On the scrolls of law and creed,
In the depths of God's great goodness
   May find mercy in his need:
But woe to him that crushes
   The soul with chain and rod,
And herds with lower nature,
   The awful form of God.

7.

Then lift thy manly right hand,
   Bold ploughman of the wave!
Its branded palm shall prophecy
   "Salvation to the slave!"
Hold up its fire-wrought language,
   That whoso reads may feel
His heart swell strong within him,
   His sinews change to steel.

8.

Hold it up before our sunshine,
   Up against our Northern air—
Ho! men of Massachusetts,
   For the love of God look there!
Take it henceforth for your standard—
   Like Bruce's heart of yore,
In the dark strife closing round ye,
   Let that hand be seen before!
"HOLY TIME."

"The Sabbath was made for man."

Tune—"Somerville."

1. What's "holy time!" what's "holy time!" There is no time too pure To win the erring
   he hath suffered long, To bid him hope with
   many a dreary hearth; To raise once more the

2. To raise the bondman from the dust, Where is no time too pure To win the erring
   he hath suffered long, To bid him hope with
   many a dreary hearth; To raise once more the

3. The light of home again to shed O'er back from crime, The wav'ring to secure; To
   joy ful trust, Take courage, and be strong; To
   tones long fled—The tones of joy and mirth, For
whisper to the doubting soul, "The pledge to him our heart and hand, That this the Sabbath's hours were given, For temptation draught be-ware! Touch not, touch not the firmly by his side, Shoulder to shoulder this was it designed, That we there-in might sparkling bowl—Touch not—for death is there!" we will stand, As brethren true and tried. worship Heaven, By toiling for mankind.
SLAVEHOLDER'S LAMENT.

Words by L. P. Judson. Music arranged from "Lucy Neal," by G. W. C.

1. What shall we do? slaveholders cry, O'erwhelmed with dreadful grief,
2. We preach and print in every mood, And rob the "negro-pen,"
3. These are our fears, and this our dread. They're based on grounds too true,
4. We've work'd and toil'd, and rav'd and foam'd, And hop'd to keep them down,
5. What shall we do? O what, say what? Our foes increase and rise,

Slave - ry, we fear must quickly die, Un-less we find re - lief,
Railroads and stages throng the wood, Take "things" and make them men;
That slavery soon must yield its head, And vanish like the dew;
By prayers to Congress snugly roomed, Unread, referred or known;
Old slavery reels! the fever's hot, She pants, she gasps, she dies,

Fa - na-tics la-bor night and day, The North is in a blaze, While
But worst of all, the Free soil crew Seem reckless of our fate, Of
The old "North Star" we've voted down, and told him not to shine, But
We've robbed the mail, And taken lives, And then to fright the rest. We've
What shall we do? we'll give it up, And with the North agree, To
In the South there's many a man Fears not his voice to raise. 
all the acts we've seen them do, The vote's the thing we hate. 
still he gives Victoria's crown These "things" from Southern clime, 
brandished rifles, bowie-knives, "Cold steel and Dupont's best, 
take the draught from freedom's cup, Let all mankind be free.
Harp! harp! the sound! Echoes around! Come, come a-
Then as they roll! Quick to the poll! Haste, haste a-
way, And give your vote for liberty.

3. O'er the land the peal is ringing!
4. Young and old in one combining!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

And hope is bright, and hearts are gay!
And fair or withered, sad or gay;

Every lip a welcome singing,
All as with one soul uniting—

Come, and help the cause to day.
Come, and help the cause to day.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE!

Words by Mrs. Hemans. Music by G. W. C.

1. I dream of all things free!
2. I dream of some proud bird,
3. Of a happy for est child,
Of a gal lant, gal lant bark, That
A bright-eyed mountain king; In my
With the fawns and flowers at play; Of an
sweeps thro' the storm at sea, Like an
visions I have heard The
In dian 'midst the wild, With the
HARP OF FREEDOM.

ar row to its mark! Of a
rust ling of its wing. I fol
stars to guide his way: Of a

stag that o'er the hills Goes
low some wild riv er, On whose
chief his war riors lead -ing, Of an

bound -ing in his glee; Of a
breast no sail may be; Dark
arch er's green wood tree— My
HARP OF FREEDOM.

thou sand flash - ing rills— Of
woods a round it shiv er— I
heart in chains is bleed - ing, And I

all things glad and free. Of
dream of all things free. I
dream of all things free, And I

all things glad and free.
dream of all things free.
dream of all things free.
THE NEGR0 FATHER'S LAMENT.*

SONG AND CHORUS. WURZEL.

1. They've sold me down the river, And
2. My little ones are mourning, I
3. But I will cease my mourning, My

I must parted be, From all I loved most
know 'tis for my sake, My poor lone wife is
sorrows meekly bear, For there is One a
dearly, And all who care for me;
weeping, As tho' her heart would break,
bove us, Who listens to our prayer;

My heart is filled with sorrow, There's
O, Mas sa, do not grieve them, When
An eye that looks up on us, And

naught for me but woe, They've sold me down the
I am far from thee, But ever treat them
when our toils are o'er, He'll take us up to

river, And I, a last must go!
kindly, As thou hast treated me.
Heaven, To dwell for ever more.

* By permission of Wm. HALL & Son.
CHORUS.

Fare well! my peaceful cabin, Be

side the old oak tree, Fare-well, my wife and

child, And all that's dear to me.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

Words by William Leggett. Music by G. W. C.

If you bright stars which gem the night, Each a blissful dwellingsphere, Whom death has torn asunder here,

be

reunite
HARP OF FREEDOM.

How sweet it were at once to die,
   And leave this blighted orb afar!
Mix soul with soul to cleave the sky,
   And soar away from star to star!

But oh! how dark, how drear, how lone,
   Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
   We failed to find the loved of this!

If there no more the ties should twine,
   Which Death's cold hand alone can sever,
Ah! then those stars in mockery shine,
   More hateful as they shine forever!

It cannot be—each hope and fear,
   That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
   Than this bleak world that holds us now!

There is a voice which sorrow hears,
   When heaviest weighs life's galling chain,
'Tis heaven that whispers, "dry thy tears,
   The pure in heart shall meet again."

The Poor Little Slave.

FROM "THE CHARTER OAK."

O pity the poor little slave,
   Who labors hard through all the day—
   And has no one,
   When day is done,
   To teach his youthful heart to pray.

No words of love—no fond embrace—
   No smiles from parents kind and dear;
   No tears are shed
   Around his bed,
   When fevers rage, and death is near.

None feel for him when heavy chains
   Are fastened to his tender limb;
   No pitying eyes,
   No sympathies,
   No prayers are raised to heaven for him.

Yes I will pity the poor slave,
   And pray that he may soon be free
   That he at last,
   When days are past,
   In heaven may have his liberty.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

THE BALLOT-BOX.

Air—from "Lincoln."

Freedom's consecrated dower, Cass ket

Guard it, Free-men! guard it well, Spot less

of a priceless gem! Nobler heritage of power,

as your maiden's fame! Never let your children tell

Than imperial diadem! Corner-stone, on which was

Of your weakness, of your shame; That their fathers basely

reared, Liberty's triumphal dome, When her

sold. What was bought with blood and toil, That you
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Let your eagle's quenchless eye,
    Fixed, unerring, sleepless, bright,
Watch, when danger hovers nigh,
    From his lofty mountain height;
While the stripes and stars shall wave
O'er this treasure, pure and free—
The land's Palladium, it shall save
    The home and shrine of liberty.

Christian Mother.

BY MISS C.

Christian mother, when thy prayer,
    Trembles on the twilight air,
And thou askest God to keep
In their waking and their sleep,
Those, whose love is more to thee
Than the wealth of land or sea—
Think of those who wildly mourn
    For the loved ones from them torn.

Christian daughter, sister, wife,
Ye who wear a guarded life,
Ye, whose bliss hangs not, thank God,
On a tyrant's word or nod,
Will ye hear, with careless eye,
Of the wild, despairing cry,
Rising up from human hearts,
As their latest bliss departs.

Blest ones, whom no hands on earth,
Dare to wrench from home and hearth
Ye, whose hearts are sheltered well
By affection's holy spell;
Oh, forget not those for whom
Life is nought but changeless gloom!
O'er whose days, so woe-begone,
Hope may paint no brighter dawn.
SLAVE'S WRONGS.

Words by Miss Chandler. Arranged from "Rose of Allandale"

With ach-ing brow and wea ried limb, The
slave his toil pur-sued; And oft I saw the
cru el scourge Deep in his blood im-
bru ed; He tilled op-pres sion's soil where men For
The earth was filled with the triumph shout
Of men who had burst their chains;
But his, the heaviest of them all,
Still lay on his burning veins;
In his master's hall there was luxury,
And wealth, and mental light;
But the very book of the Christian law,
Was hidden from his sight.

In his master's halls there was wine and mirth,
And songs for the newly free;
But his own low cabin was desolate
Of all but misery.
He felt it all—and to bitterness
His heart within him turned;
While the panting wish for liberty,
Like a fire in his bosom burned.

The haunting thought of his wrongs grew changed
To a darker and fiercer hue,
Till the horrible shape it sometimes wore
At last familiar grew;
There was darkness all within his heart,
And madness in his soul;
And the demon spark, in his bosom nursed,
Blazed up beyond control.

Then came a scene! oh! such a scene!
I would I might forget
The ringing sound of the midnight scream,
And the hearth-stone redly wet!
The mother slain while she shrieked in vain
For her infant's threatened life;
And the flying form of the frightened child,
Struck down by the bloody knife.

There's many a heart that yet will start
From its troubled sleep, at night,
As the horrid form of the vengeful slave
Comes in dreams before the sight.
The slave was crushed, and his fetters' link
Drawn tighter than before;
And the bloody earth again was drenched
With the streams of his flowing gore.

Ah! know they not, that the tightest band
Must burst with the wildest power?—
That the more the slave is oppressed and wronged,
Will be fiercer his rising hour?
They may thrust him back with the arm of might,
They may drench the earth with his blood—
But the best and purest of their own,
Will blend with the sanguine flood.

I could tell thee more—but my strength is gone,
And my breath is wasting fast;
Long ere the darkness to-night has fled,
Will my life from the earth have passed:
But this, the sum of all I have learned,
Ere I go I will tell to thee;—
If tyrants would hope for tranquil hearts,
They must let the oppressed go free.
MY CHILD IS GONE.

Doloroso.

Harp of Freedom.

Music by G. W. C.

Hark! from the winds a voice of woe, The
wild Atlantic in its flow, Bears on its breast the
murmur low, My child is gone!

Like savage tigers o'er their prey,
They tore him from my heart away;
And now I cry, by night by day—
My child is gone!

How many a free-born babe is press'd
With fondness to its mother's breast,
And rocked upon her arms to rest,
While mine is gone!

No longer now, at eve I see,
Beneath the sheltering plantain tree,
My baby cradled on my knee,
For he is gone!

And when I seek my cot at night,
There's not a thing that meets my sight,
But tells me that my soul's delight,
My child is gone!

I sink to sleep, and then I seem
To hear again his parting scream
I start and wake—'tis but a dream—
My child is gone!

Gone—till my toils and griefs are o'er,
And I shall reach that happy shore,
Where negro mothers cry no more—
My child is gone!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

THE BLIND SLAVE-BOY.

Words by Mrs. Dr. Bailey. Music arranged from Sweet Afton.

Come back to me, mother! why linger away
From thy poor little blind boy, the long weary day!
I mark every step, I list to each tone,
And wonder my mother should leave me a-

[Music notation]
HARP OF FREEDOM.

lone! 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
HARP OF FREEDOM.

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,
Oh! 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!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE TO THE CHRISTIAN.

Words by Elizur Wright, jr.
Music arranged from Cracovienne

The fetters galled my weary soul, —

The soul that seemed but thrown away; I spurned the tyrants

base control, Re-solved at last the

man to play:— The hounds are baying

Chorus.
on my track; O Christian! will you send me back? 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!

The Strength of Tyranny.

The tyrant's chains are only strong
While slaves submit to wear them;
And, who could bind them on the strong,
Determined not to wear them!
Then clank your chains, e'en though the links
Were light as fashion's feather:
The heart which rightly feels and thinks
Would cast them altogether.

The lords of earth are only great
While others clothe and feed them!
But what were all their pride and state
Should labor cease to heed them?
The swain is higher than a king:
Before the laws of nature,
The monarch were a useless thing,
The swain a useless creature.

We toil, we spin, we delve the mine,
Sustaining each his neighbor;
And who can hold a right divine
To rob us of our labor?
We rush to battle—bear our lot
In every ill and danger—
And who shall make the peaceful co;
To homely joy a stranger?

Perish all tyrants far and near,
Beneath the chains that bind us;
And perish too that servile fear
Which makes the slaves they find us:
One grand, or e universal claim—
One peal of moral thunder—
One glorious burst in Freedom's name,
And rend our bonds asunder!
O PITY THE SLAVE MOTHER.

Words from the Liberator, Air, Araby's Daughter.

I pity the slave mother, careworn and weary, Who
lament her sad fate, all so hopeless and dreary, I la-

You may picture the bounds of the rock-girdled ocean, But the

sighs as she presses her babe to her breast;
ment for her woes, and her wrongs un-re-dressed.

grief of that mother can nev-er be known.

who can imagine her heart's deep emotion, As she

thinks of her children about to be sold;
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.

How long! O! how long!

How long will the friend of the slave plead in vain?
How long e'er the Christian will loosen the chain?
If he, by our efforts, more hardened should be,
O Father, forgive him! we trust but in thee.
That 'we're all free and equal,' how senseless the cry,
While millions in bondage are groaning so nigh!
O where is our freedom? equality where?
To this none can answer, but echo cries, where?

O'er this stain on our country we'd fain draw a veil,
But history's page will proclaim the sad tale,
That Christians, unblushing, could shout 'we are free,'
Whilst they the oppressors of millions could be.
They can feel for themselves, for the Pole they can feel,
Towards Afric's children their hearts are like steel;
They are deaf to their call, to their wrongs they are blind;
In error they slumber nor seek truth to find.

Though scorn and oppression on our pathway attend,
Despised and reviled, we the slave will befriend;
Our Father, thy blessing! we look but to thee,
Nor cease from our labors till all shall be free.
Should mobs in their fury with missiles assail,
The cause it is righteous, the truth will prevail;
Then heed not their clamors, though loud they proclaim
That freedom shall slumber, and slavery reign.
THE QUADROON MAIDEN.

Words by Longfellow. Theme from the Indian Maid

The Slaver in the broad lagoon, Lay moored with idle sail; He waited for the rising moon, And for the evening gale.

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Plan-ter un-der his roof of thatch, Smoked thoughtfu-
ly and slow; The Slav-er's thumb was
on the latch, He seemed in haste to go.
He said, "My ship at anchor rides
In yonder broad lagoon;
I only wait the evening tides,
And the rising of the moon.

Before them, with her face upraised,
In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half amazed,
A Quadroon maiden stood.

And on her lips there played a smile
As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle,
The features of a saint.

"The soil is barren, the farm is old,"
The thoughtful Planter said,
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife,
With such accursed gains;
For he knew whose passions gave her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak:
He took the glittering gold!
Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
In a far and distant land.

We hail thee in the rugged soil
Of this waste wilderness,
To cheer our way and cheat our toil,
With gleams of happiness.

In thy mild light we travel on,
And smile at toil and pain;
And think no more of Eden gone,
For Eden won again.

Such, Emily, the bliss, the joy
By Heaven bestowed on you;
A husband kind, a lovely boy,
A father fond and true.

Religion adds her cheering beams,
And sanctifies these ties;
And sheds o'er all the brighter gleams,
She borrows from the skies.

But ah! reflect; are all thus blest?
Hath home such charms for all?
Can such delights as these invest Foul slavery's wretched thrall.
Can those be happy in these ties
Who wear her galling chain?
Or taste the blessed charities That in the household reign?
Can those be blest, whose hope, whose life,
Hang on a tyrant's nod;
To whom nor husband, child, nor wife
Are known—yea, scarcely God?
Whose ties may all be rudely riven,
At avarice' fell behest;
Whose only hope of home is heaven,
The grave their only rest.
Oh! think of those, the poor, th'oppressed,
In your full hour of bliss;
Nor e'er from prayer and effort rest,
While earth bears woe like this.

Domestic Bliss.

BY REV. JAMES GREGG.

Domestic bliss; thou fairest flower
That erst in Eden grew,
Dear relic of the happy bower,
Our first grand parents knew!
BROTHERS BE BRAVE FOR THE PINING SLAVE.

Air—"Sparkling and Bright."

Solo.

1. Heavy and cold in his dungeon hold, Is the yoke of the oppressor; Dark o'er the soul is the fell control Of the stern and dread transgressor.

Chorus.

On then come all to bring the thrall Up from his deep despairing, And
HARP OF FREEDOM.

out of the jaw of the bandit's law, Re-

take the prey he's tearing: O

then come all to bring the thrall Up from his deep de-

spair ing, And out of the jaw of the
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Brothers be brave for the pining slave,
From his wife and children riven;
From every vale their bitter wail
Goes sounding up to Heaven.

Then for the life of that poor wife,
And for those children pining;
O ne'er give o'er till the chains no more
Around their limbs are twining.

Gloomy and damp is the low rice swamp,
Where their meagre bands are wasting;
All worn and weak, in vain they seek
For rest, to the cool shade hasting;

For drivers fell, like fiends from hell,
Cease not their savage shouting;
And the scourge's crack, from quivering back,
Sends up the red blood spouting.

Into the grave looks only the slave,
For rest to his limbs aweary;
His spirit's light comes from that night,
To us so dark and dreary.

That soul shall nurse its heavy curse
Against a day of terror,
When the lightning gleam of his wrath shall stream
Like fire, on the hosts of error.

Heavy and stern are the bolts which burn
In the right hand of Jehovah;
To smite the strong red arm of wrong,
And dash his temples over;

Then on amain to rend the chain,
Ere bursts the vallied thunder;
Right onward speed till the slave is freed--
His manacles to n asunder.

E. D.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

HARK! I HEAR A SOUND OF ANGUISH.

Air, "Calvary."

Hark! I hear a sound of anguish

In my own, my native land; Brethren,

doomed in chains to languish, Lift to heaven the

suppliant hand, And despairing, And de-
Let us raise our supplication
   For the wretched suffering slave,
All whose life is desolation,
   All whose hope is in the grave;
         God of mercy!
   From thy throne, O hear and save.

Those in bonds we would remember
   As if we with them were bound;
For each crushed, each suffering member
   Let our sympathies abound,
         Till our labors
   Spread the smiles of freedom round.

Even now the word is spoken;
   "Slavery's cruel power must cease,
From the bound the chain be broken,
   Captives hail the kind release,"
         While in splendor
   Comes to reign the Prince of Peace.
Why did ye wake me from my sleep? It was a dream of bliss, And ye have torn me from that land, to pine again in this; Methought, beneath yon whispering tree, That I was laid to rest, The turf, with all its
with 'ring flowers, up on my cold heart pressed.

My chains, these hateful chains, were gone—oh, would that I might die,
So from my swelling pulse I could forever cast them by!
And on, away, o'er land and sea, my joyful spirit passed,
Till, 'neath my own banana tree, I lighted down at last.

My cabin door, with all its flowers, was still profusely gay,
As when I lightly sported there, in childhood's careless day!
But trees that were as sapling twigs, with broad and shadowing bough,
Around the well-known threshold spread a freshening coolness now.

The birds whose notes I used to hear, were shouting on the earth,
As if to greet me back again with their wild strains of mirth;
My own bright stream was at my feet, and how I laughed to lave
My burning lip, and cheek, and brow, in that delicious wave!

My boy, my first-born babe, had died amid his early hoars,
And there we laid him to his sleep among the clustering flowers;
Yet lo! without my cottage-door he sported in his glee,
With her whose grave is far from his, beneath yon linden tree.

I sprang to snatch them to my soul; when breathing out my name,
To grasp my hand, and press my lip, a crowd of loved ones came!
Wife, parents, children, kinsmen, friends! the dear and lost ones all,
With blessed words of welcome came, to greet me from my thrall.

Forms long unseen were by my side; and thrilling on my ear,
Came cadences from gentle tones, unheard for many a year;
And on my cheeks fond lips were pressed, with true affection's kiss—
And so ye waked me from my sleep—but 'twas a dream of bliss!
I AM MONARCH OF NOUGHT I SURVEY.

A Parody. Air “Old De-Fleury.”

I am monarch of nought I survey, My wrongs there are none to dispute; My master conveys me a way, His whims or caprices to suit. O slavery, where are the
HARP OF FREEDOM.

I am out of humanity's reach,
And must finish my life with a groan;
Never hear the sweet music of speech
That tells me my body's my own.
Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon some,
Are blessings I never can prove,
If slavery's my portion to come.

Religion! what treasures untold,
Reside in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver or gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.

But I am excluded the light
That leads to this heavenly grace;
The Bible is clos'd to my sight,
I can never can trace.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this sorrowful land,
Some cordial endearing report,
Of freedom from tyranny's hand.

My friends, do they not often send,
A wish or a thought after me?
O, tell me I yet have a friend,
A friend I am anxious to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight;
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.

When I think of Victoria's domain,
In a moment I seem to be there,
But the fear of being taken again,
Soon hurries me back to despair.

The wood-fowl has gone to her nest.
The beast has lain down in his lair;
To me, there's no season of rest,
Though I to my quarter repair.

If mercy, O Lord, is in store,
For those who in slavery pine;
Grant me when life's troubles are o'er,
A place in thy kingdom divine.
NEGRO BOY SOLD FOR A WATCH.*

Words by Cowper. Arranged by G. W. C. from an old theme.

When av-a-rice en-slaves the mind, And selfish views a-

lone bear sway Man turns a sav age to his kind, And

blood and ra-pine mark his way. A-las! for this poor

sim-ple toy, I sold the hap less Ne-gro boy.

* An African prince having arrived in England, and having been asked what he had given for his watch, answered, "What I will never give again—I gave a fine boy for it."
HARP OF FREEDOM.

His father's hope, his mother's pride,
Though black, yet comely to the view
I tore him helpless from their side,
And gave him to a ruffian crew—
To fiends that Afric's coast annoy,
I sold the hapless Negro Boy.

From country, friends, and parents torn,
His tender limbs in chains confined,
I saw him o'er the billows borne,
And marked his agony of mind;
But still to gain this simple toy,
I gave the weeping Negro Boy.

In isles that deck the western wave
I doomed the hapless youth to dwell,
A poor, forlorn, insulted slave!
A BEAST THAT CHRISTIANS BUY AND SELL!
And in their cruel tasks employ
The much-enduring Negro Boy.

His wretched parents long shall mourn,
Shall long explore the distant main
In hope to see the youth return;
But all their hopes and sighs are vain:
They never shall the sight enjoy,
Of their lamented Negro Boy.

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command,
He wears away his youthful prime;
Far distant from his native land,
A stranger in a foreign clime.
No pleasing thoughts his mind employ,
A poor, dejected Negro Boy.

But He who walks upon the wind,
Whose voice in thunder's heard on high,
Who doth the raging tempest bind,
And hurl the lightning through the sky,
In his own time will sure destroy
The oppressor of the Negro Boy.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

OUR COUNTRYMEN

Words by C. W. Dennison. Tune—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

Our country-men are dying Beneath their cankering chains,

Full many a heart is sighing, Where nought but slavery reigns;

No note of joy and gladness, No voice with freedom's lay, Fall
Where proud Potomac dashes
Along its northern strand,
Where Rappahannock lashes
Virginia's sparkling sand;
Where Eutaw, famed in story,
Flows swift to Santee's stream,
There, there in grief and gory
The pining slave is seen!

And shall New England's daugh-
ters,
Descendants of the free,
Beside whose far-famed waters
Is heard sweet minstrelsy—
Shall they, when hearts are break-
ing,
And woman weeps in woe,
Shall they, all listless waiting,
No hearts of pity show?

No! let the shout for freedom
Ring out a certain peal;
Let sire and youthful maiden,
All who have hearts to feel,
Awake! and with the blessing
Of Him who came to save,
A holy, peaceful triumph,
Shall greet the kneeling slave!

The Free Soller's Song.

We hoist fair Freedom's standard,
On hill and dale it stands;
From broad Atlantic's borders,
To Oregon's far lands.
Where'er the winds may wander,
Where'er the waters roll,
Its wide-spread folds extending,
Shall spread from pole to pole.

Tho' slavery's frightened forces
May sound their loud alarms,
And call their flying squadrons
To muster up their arms.
Tho' Slavery's minions falter,
And knees of Doughface shake,
No freeman's soul shall tremble
Nor for slave thunder quake.

Tho' Fillmoreites and Buckites
May jibe, and jeer, and flout,
With "freedom" on our banner,
We'll whip the cravens out.
"Free soil, free speech" for ever,
Shall on our "free flag" fly,
Till mountain and till valley
Shall echo back the cry.
THE NEGRO'S APPEAL.

Words by Cowper. Tune—"Isle of Beauty."

Forced from home and all its pleasures, Africa's coast I
To increase a stranger's treasures, O'er the raging

But though slave they have enrolled me, Minds are never

Left forlorn; Billows borne. Christian people

To be sold.
Is there, as ye sometimes tell me,  
Is there one who reigns on high?  
Has he bid you buy and sell me,  
Speaking from his throne—the sky?  
Ask him, if your knotted scourges,  
Matches, blood-extorting screws,  
Are the means that duty urges  
Agents of his will to use.

Hark! he answers—wild tornadoes,  
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks,  
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,  
Are the voice with which he speaks.  
He, foreseeing what vexations  
Afric's sons should undergo,  
Fixed their tyrant's habitations,  
Where his whirlwinds answer—No!

By our blood in Afric' wasted,  
Ere our necks received the chain;  
By the miseries that we tasted,  
Crossing in your barks the main:  
By our sufferings, since ye brought us  
To the man-degrading mart,  
All sustained by patience, taught us  
Only by a broken heart—

Deem our nation brutes no longer,  
Till some reason ye shall find,  
Worthier of regard and stronger  
Than the color of our kind.  
Slaves of gold! whose sordid dealings  
Tarnish all your boasted powers;  
Prove that you have human feelings,  
Ere you proudly question ours.
SLAVE GIRL MOURNING HER FATHER.
Parodied from Mrs. Sigourney by G. W. C.

They say I was but four years old When father was sold a-
Yet I have never seen his face Since that sad parting

way; } He went where brighter flowrets grow Be-

neath the Southern skies; Oh who will show me

on the map Where that far country lies?
I begged him, "father, do not go!
For, since my mother died,
I love no one so well as you;"
And, clinging to his side,
The tears came gushing down my cheeks
Until my eyes were dim;
Some were in sorrow for the dead,
And some in love for him.
He knelt and prayed of God above,
"My little daughter spare,
And let us both here meet again,
O keep her in thy care."
He does not come!—I watch for him
At evening twilight grey,
Till every shadow wears his shape,
Along the grassy way.
I muse and listen all alone,
When stormy winds are high,
And think I hear his tender tone,
And call, but no reply;
And so I've done these four long years,
Without a friend or home,
Yet every dream of hope is vain,—
Why don't my father come?

The Slave and her Babe
WORDS BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.
"Can a woman forget her sucking child?"
Air—"Slave Girl mourning her Father."
O, massa, let me stay, to catch
My baby's sobbing breath;

His little glassy eye to watch,
And smooth his limbs in death,
And cover him with grass and leaf,
Beneath the plantain tree!
It is not sullenness, but grief—
O, massa, pity me!

God gave me babe—a precious boon,
To cheer my lonely heart,
But massa called to work too soon,
And I must needs depart.
The morn was chill—I spoke no word,
But feared my babe might die,
And heard all day, or thought I heard,
My little baby cry.

At noon—O, how I ran! and took
My baby to my breast!
I lingered—and the long lash broke
My sleeping infant's rest.
I worked till night—till darkest night,
In torture and disgrace;
Went home, and watched till morning light,
To see my baby's face.

The fulness from its cheek was gone,
The sparkle from its eye;
Now hot, like fire, now cold, like stone,
I knew my babe must die.
I worked upon plantation ground,
Though faint with woe and dread,
Then ran, or flew, and here I found—
See massa, almost dead.

Then give me but one little hour—
O! do not lash me so!
One little hour—one little hour—
And gratefully I'll go.
Ah me! the whip has cut my boy,
I heard his feeble scream;
No more—farewell my only joy,
My life's first gladsome dream!

I lay thee on the lonely sod,
The heaven is bright above:
These Christians boast they have a God,
And say his name is Love:
O gentle, loving God, look down!
My dying baby see;
The mercy that from earth is flown,
Perhaps may dwell with Thee!
THE BEREAVED FATHER.

Words by Miss Chandler.  

Ye've gone from me, my gentle ones! With all your shouts of mirth; A silence is within my walls, A darkness round my
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Woe to the hearts that heard, unmoved,
The mother's anguish'd shriek!
And mock'd, with taunting scorn, the tears
That bathed a father's cheek.

Woe to the hands that tore you hence,
My innocent and good!
Not e'en the tigress of the wild,
Thus tears her fellow's brood.

I list to hear your soft sweet tones,
Upon the morning air;
I gaze amidst the twilight's gloom,
As if to find you there.

But you no more come bounding for
To meet me in your glee;
And when the evening shadows fall,
Ye are not at my knee.

Your forms are aye before my eyes,
Your voices on my ear,
And all things wear a thought of you,
But you no more are here.

You were the glory of my life,
My blessing and my pride!
I half forgot the name of slave,
When you were by my side!

Woe for your lot, ye doom'd ones! woe
A seal is on your fate!
And shame, and toil, and wretchedness,
On all your steps await!
WHAT MEANS THAT SAD AND DISMAL LOOK?
Words by Geo. Russell. Arranged from "Near the Lake," by G. W. C.

1. What means that sad and dismal look, And
why those falling tears? No voice is heard, no
word is spoke, Yet nought but grief appears.
Harp of Freedom

Ah! Mother, hast thou ever known
The pain of parting ties?
Was ever infant from thee torn
And sold before thine eyes?

Say, would not grief thy bosom swell?
Thy tears like rivers flow?
Should some rude ruffian seize and sell
The child thou lovest so?

There's feeling in a Mother's breast,
Though colored be her skin!
And though at Slavery's soul best,
She must not weep for kin.

I had a lovely, smiling child,
It sat upon my knee;
And oft a tedious hour beguiled,
With merry heart of glee.

That child was from my bosom torn,
And sold before my eyes;
With outstretched arms, and looks forlorn,
It uttered piteous cries,

Mother! dear Mother!—take, O take
Thy helpless little one!
Ah! then I thought my heart would break;
My child—my child was gone.

Long, long ago, my child they stole,
But yet my grief remains;
These tears flow freely—and my soul
In bitterness complains.

Then ask not why "my dismal look,"
Nor why my "falling tears,"
Such wrongs, what human heart can brook?
No hope for me appears.

The Slave Boy's Wish

BY ELIZA LEE POLLEN.

I wish I was that little bird,
Up in the bright blue sky;
That sings and flies just where he will,
And no one asks him why.

I wish I was that little brook,
That runs so swift along;
Through pretty flowers and shining stones,
Singing a merry song.

I wish I was that butterfly,
Without a thought or care;
Sporting my pretty, brilliant wings,
Like a flower in the air.

I wish I was that wild, wild deer,
I saw the other day;
Who swifter than an arrow flew,
Through the forest far away.

I wish I was that little cloud,
By the gentle south wind driven;
Floating along, so free and bright
Far, far up into heaven.

I'd rather be a cunning fox,
And hide me in a cave;
I'd rather be a savage wolf,
Than what I am—a slave.

My mother calls me her good boy,
My father calls me brave;
What wicked action have I done,
That I should be a slave.

I saw my little sister sold,
So will they do to me.
My Heavenly Father, let me die,
For then I shall be free.
GONE, SOLD AND GONE.

Words by Whittier. Music by G. W. Clark.

1. Gone, gone—sold and gone, To the rice-swamp dank and lone, Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings, Where the noisome insect stings, Where the fever de mon mother's ear can hear them; Never when the torturing

2. Gone, gone—sold and gone, To the rice-swamp dank and lone, There no mother's eye is near them, There no
HARP OF FREEDOM.

strews Poison with the falling dews, Where the lash Seams their back with many a gash, Shall a sickly sunbeams glare Through the hot and misty mother's kindness bless them, Or a mother's arms caress air,— Gone, gone—sold and gone, To the them. Gone, gone—sold and gone, To the rice-swamp dank and lone, From Virginia's hills and rice-swamp dank and lone, From Virginia's hills and
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
Oh, when weary, sad, and slow,
From the fields at night they go,
Faint with toil, and rack'd with pain,
To their cheerless homes again—
There no brother's voice shall greet them—
There no father's welcome meet them.—Gone, &c.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the tree whose shadow lay
On their childhood's place of play—
From the cool spring where they drank—
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank—
From the solemn house of prayer,
And the holy counsels there.—Gone, &c.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
Toiling through the weary day,
And at night the Spoiler's prey;
Oh, that they had earlier died,
Sleeping calmly, side by side,
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
And the fetter galls no more!—Gone, &c.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
By the holy love He beareth—
By the bruised reed He spareth—
Oh, may He, to whom alone
All their cruel wrongs are known,
Still their hope and refuge prove,
With a more than mother's love.—Gone, &c.
JOHNNY BULL TO BROTHER JONATHAN, ON THE SPLIT.

United States, if our good will
Could but command its way,
You would remain united still,
For ever and a day.
Does England want to see you split,
United States?—the deuce a bit.

Why, who are we? Almost alone,
With you, upon this earth,
We bow before no tyrant's throne.
Believe us, aught but mirth
Your noble commonwealth, if cleft,
Would cause us Britons, weaker left.

What head we might, against the wrong,
Together make, O friends!
We wish you to continue strong,
On union strength depends.
So that your State may keep compact
Is our desire—now that's a fact.

By priest and soldier's twofold ways,
The old world groans, opprest.
We, and you only, far away,
With liberty are blest.
And may we still example give,
And "teach the nations how to live."

How all the despots would rejoice,
Should you break up and fail;
How would the flunkey's echoing voice
Take up their master's tale.
"Free institutions will not do,"
Would be the cry of all the crew.

The press is gagged—the mouth is shut—
None dare their thoughts to name,
In Europe round; and lackeys strut,
Arrayed in splendid shame;
And creeds are at the bayonet's point,
Enforced in this time out of joint.

Still be it yours and ours to bear
Our witness 'gainst these days.
The world at least will not despair,
Whilst we our free flags raise.
Then may you still your stripes possess,
And may your stars be never less.

Strange it may seem, and yet is not;
The peril of the free,
All springs from one unhappy blot,
The taint of slavery.

That, that is all you have to dread:
Get rid of that, and go ahead.—Punch.
A voice has gone forth, and the land is awake! Our
free-men shall gather from ocean to lake, Our
cause is as pure as the earth ever saw, And our
HARP OF FREEDOM.

faith we will pledge in the thrilling huz-za.

Then huz-za, then huz-za, Truth’s glittering fal-chi-on for freedom we draw.
Let them blacken our names and pursue us with ill,
Our hearts shall be faithful to liberty still;
Then rally! then rally! come one and come all,
With harness well girded, and echo the call.

Thy hill-tops, New England, shall leap at the cry,
And the prairie and far distant south shall reply;
It shall roll o'er the land till the farthermost glen
Gives back the glad summons again and again.

Oppression shall hear in its temple of blood,
And read on its wall the handwriting of God;
Niagara's torrent shall thunder it forth,
It shall burn in the sentinel star of the North.

It shall blaze in the lightning, and speak in the thunder,
Till Slavery's fetters are riven asunder,
And freedom her rights has triumphantly won,
And our country her garments of beauty put on.

Then huzza, then huzza,
Truth's glittering falchion for freedom we draw.

Be kind to each other.

Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!
Then 'midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection,
Of kindness—returned!

When day hath departed,
And memory keeps

Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love!

Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!
Oh! be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.
THE LIBERTY BALL.

G. W. C.

Air, "Rosin the Bow."

Come all ye true friends of the nation, Attend to humanity's call; Come aid in your Country's salvation. And roll on the liberty ball—And roll on the liberty
HARP OF FREEDOM.

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 Fogies quit Slavery's minions,
And boldly renounce your old pranks;
We care not for party opinions,
But invite you all into our ranks—
And invite you all into our ranks.

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 question of test is now turning,
And freedom or slavery must fall,
While hope in the bosom is burning,
We'll roll on the liberty ball;
We'll roll on the liberty ball, &c.

Ye freemen attend to your voting,
Your ballots will answer the call;
And while others attend to log-rolling,
We'll roll on the liberty ball—
We'll roll on the liberty ball, &c.

The Home of the Free.

Hark! hark! to the TRUMPET of FREEDOM!
Her rallying signal she blows:

How can you stand halting while virtue
Is sweetly appealing to all;
Then haste to the standard of duty,
And roll on the liberty ball;
And roll on the liberty ball, &c.

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HARP OF FREEDOM.

Come, gather around her broad banner,
And battle 'gainst Liberty's foes.

Our forefathers plighted their honor,
Their lives and their property, too,
To maintain in defiance of Britain,
Their principles, righteous and true.

We'll show to the world we are worthy
The blessings our ancestors won,
And finish the temple of Freedom,
That Hancock and Franklin begun.

Hurra, for the old-fashioned doctrine,
That men are created all free!
We ever will boldly maintain it,
Nor care who the tyrant may be.

When Poland was fighting for freedom,
Our voices went over the sea,
To bid her God-speed in the contest—
That Poland, like us, might be free.

When down-trodden Greece had up-risen,
And baffled the Mahomet crew;
We rejoiced in the glorious issue,
That Greece had her liberty, too.

Repeal, do we also delight in—
Three cheers for the "gem of the sea!"
And soon may the bright day be dawning,
When Ireland, like us, shall be free.

Like us, who are foes to oppression;
But not like America now.

With shame do we blush to confess it,
Too many to slavery bow.

We're foes unto wrong and oppression,
No matter which side of the sea;
And ever intend to oppose them,
Till all of God's image are free.

Some tell us because men are colored,
They should not our sympathy share;
We ask not the form or complexion—
The seal of our Maker is there!

Success to the old-fashioned doctrine,
That men are created all free!
And down with the power of the despot
Wherever his strongholds may be.

We're proud of the name of a freeman
And proud of the character, too;
And never will do any action,
Save such as a freeman may do.

We'll finish the Temple of Freedom,
And make it capacious within,
That all who seek shelter may find it,
Whatever the hue of their skin.

For thus the Almighty designed it,
And gave to our fathers the plan;
Intending that liberty's blessings,
Should rest upon every man.

Then up with the cap-stone and cornice,
With columns encircle its wall,
Throw open its gateway, and make it
A HOME AND A REFUGE FOR ALL!
WE'RE COMING! WE'RE COMING!

Parody by G. W. C. Air, "Kinloch of Kinloch."

We're coming, we're coming, the fearless and free, Like the True sons of brave fathers who battled of yore, When winds of the desert, the waves of the sea! 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; The
HARP OF FREEDOM.

slave power is trembling as trembled before, The

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.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

THE CLARION OF FREEDOM.

Words from the Emancipator. Music "The Chariot."

The clar-ion— the clar-ion of Freedom now sounds, From the east to the west Independence resounds; From the hills, and the streams, and the far distant skies, Let the
The army—the army have taken the field,
And the hosts of Freemen never, never will yield;
By free principles strengthened, each bosom now glows,
And with ardor immortal the struggle they close.

The armor, the armor that girds every breast,
Is the hope of deliverance for millions oppressed;
O'er the tears, and the sighs, and the wrongs of the slave,
See the white flag of freedom triumphantly wave.

The conflict—the conflict will shortly be o'er,
And the demon of slavery shall rule us no more;
And the laurels of victory shall surely reward
The heroes immortal who've conquered for God.
WAKE, WAKE, YE FREEMEN ALL!

Air, "Lucy Long."

Wake, wake, ye freemen all, 'Tis past the breaking dawn; Rouse ye at freedom's call; Up with the risen morn; Come on, come on again, Ye stout hearts and ye free, From
Redeem, redeem the land,
Accurs'd with slavery's chain;
Be strong in his right hand,
Whose strength is never vain.
Grasp, grasp with all your might,
The freeman's holy sword,
And let its blade of light,
Leap forth at freedom's word.

Down, down, that banner black,
Polluting freedom's air,
And drive the minions back,
Who come to plant it here!
Lift, lift the ensign white,
In heaven's broad canopy,
And spread its folds of light,
To flash from sea to sea!

Strike, strike your manhood blow;
Strike sure, and strike it home!
Nor let earth's darkest foe,
Up from the grave-dust come.
Shout, shout the victory!
Earth's joyous realms around;
Till the loud pealing cry,
Back from the skies resound!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

THE VOTER'S SONG.

Words by E. Wright, jr.
Air, from "Niel Gow's Farewel'."

The vote, the vote, the mighty vote, Though once we used a

humbler note, And prayed our servants to be just, We

tell them now they must, they must. The tyrant's grapple

by our vote, We'll loosen from our brother's throat, With
HARP OF FREEDOM.

We'll scatter not the precious power
On parties that to slavery cower;
But make it one against the wrong,
Till down it comes, a million strong.
The tyrant's grapple, &c.

We'll bake the dough-face with our vote,
Who stood the scorching when we wrote;
An though they spurned our earnest prayers,
The ballot bids them now, beware.
The tyrant's grapple, &c.

Our vote shall teach all statesmen law,
Who in the Southern harness draw;
So well contented to be slaves,
They fain would prove their fathers knaves!
The tyrant's grapple, &c.

We'll not provoke our wives to use
A power that we through fear abuse;
His mother shall not blush to own
One voter of us for a son.
The tyrant's grapple, by our vote,
We'll loosen from our brother's throat;
With Washington we here agree,
Whose mother taught him to be free!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

LIBERTY BATTLE-SONG.

Air—"Our Warrior’s Heart.”

A rouse, ye friends of law and right, A-
All who in Free-dom’s cause de-light, A-

Then clear the decks for ac tion, clear! A-

rouse, a-rouse, a-rouse! A-rouse, a-rouse, a-rouse! { The time, the time, is
rouse, a-rouse, a-rouse!

draw-ing near, When we must at our posts ap-pear;

Awake, and couch Truth’s fatal dart,
Awake! awake! awake!
Bid error to the shades depart,
Awake! awake! awake!
Prepare to deal the deadly blow,
To lay the power of Slavery low,
A ballot, lads, is our veto;
Awake! awake! awake!

Arise! ye sons of honest toil,
Arise! arise! arise!
Ye freeborn tillers of the soil,
Arise! arise! arise!
Come from your workshops and the field,
We’ve sworn to conquer ere we’ll yield;
The ballot-box is Freedom’s shield,
Arise! arise! arise!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Unite and strike for equal laws,
Unite! unite! unite!

For equal justice! that's our cause,
Unite! unite! unite!

Shall the vile slavites win the day?
Shall men of whips and blood bear sway?

Unite, and dash their chains away!
Unite! unite! unite!

March on! and vote the hirelings down,
March on! march on! march on!

Our blighted land with blessings crown,
March on! march on! march on!

Shall Manhood ever wear the chain?
Shall Freedom look to us in vain?

Up to the struggle! Strike again!
March on! march on! march on!

'Tis a glorious Year.
Words by Jesse Hutchinson, jr.

'Tis a glorious year in which we live,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

And now three hearty cheers we'll give,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

From all the honest sons of toil,
The cry is heard—"free soil! free soil!"

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

On every breeze glad tidings roll,
Hurrah, &c.

And echoes bound from pole to pole,
Hurrah, &c.

All parties are rallying to the test,
From the north and east and glorious west,

Hurrah, &c.

We pledge to freedom the eastern States,

Hurrah, &c.

And the west will go for our candidates,

Hurrah, &c.

Whigs, democrats, and nativites,
Will yet unite—for our cause is right,

Hurrah, &c.

The good time, boys, is coming near,

Hurrah, &c.

And myriad hearts shall bless this year,

Hurrah, &c.

The orator's tongue and poet's pen
All tell us where, and how, and when,

Hurrah, &c.

Then let us give three cheers once more,

Hurrah, &c.

With a voice as loud as "Niagara's roar,"

Hurrah, &c.

This shall inspire us as we toil;

Free men, free speech, and God's free soil,

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Hurrah, &c.
PARTY OF THE WHOLE.

Words by E. Wright, jr.  
Tune—"'Tis Dawn, the Lark is Singing."

1. Will ye despise the acorn, Just thrusting out its

2. Wilt thou despise the crescent, That trembles, newly

born,  Thou bright and peerless plan et, Whose

strike the deepest root?  Will ye despise the

reign shall reach the morn?  Time now his scythe is

stream-lets Up on the mountain side;  Ye

whetting, Ye giants of the forest, That

Ye
broad and mighty rivers, On sweeping to the tide?

That crescent, faint and trembling,
Her lamp shall nightly trim,
Till thou, imperious planet,
Shall in her light grow dim.
And so shall wax the Party,
Now feeble at its birth,
Till Liberty shall cover
This tyrant trodden earth.

That party, as we term it,
The Party of the Whole—
Has for its firm foundation,
The substance of the soul;
It groweth out of Reason,
The strongest soil below;
The smaller is its budding,
The more its room to grow!

Then rally to its banners,
Supported by the true—
The weakest are the waning,
The many are the few:
Of what is small, but living,
God makes himself the nurse;
While "Onward" cry the voices
Of all his universe.

Our plant is of the cedar,
That knoweth not decay:
Its growth shall bless the mountains,
Till mountains pass away.
God speed the infant party,
The party of the whole—
And surely he will do it,
While reason is its soul.
SONG FOR THE ELECTION.

Ye who know and do the right, Ye who cherish
Boasts your vote no higher aim; Than between two
hon or bright, Ye who worship love and light.
blots of shame That would stain our country's fame.

Choose your side today. Suc cor free dom
Just to choose the least? Let it stern ly
now you can, Voting for an honest man;
an swer no! Let it straight for Freedom go;
Let not slavery's blight and ban, On your bal-lot lay.
Let it swell the winds that blow From the north and east.

Blot!—the smaller—is a curse,
Blighting conscience, honor, purse;
Give us any, give the worse,
'Twill be less endured.

Freemen, is it God who wills
You to choose, of foulest ills,
That which only latest kills?
No; he wills it cured.

Do your duty, He will aid;
Dare to vote as you have prayed;
Who e'er conquered, while his blade
Served his open foes?

Right established would you see?
Feel that you yourselves are free;
Strike for that which ought to be—
God will bless the blows.

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.
We've all turn'd out this glorious day, To
The beacon lights of Liberty, Are

join the congregation—To cheer the friends of
spreading thro' the nation, North, east and west are

liberty, And stop the slave extension. Then,
all on fire, In one great conflagration. Then,

cheer up, my lively lads, in spite of Slavery's power,
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Cheer up, we'll stop their craft, and up Salt river sail her.

Our Southern friends are coming on—
Fraternity's our motto;
We welcome them with all our heart,
As every freeman ought to.
Then cheer up my lively lads,
In spite of Slavery's power;
Cheer up, we'll stop their craft,
And up Salt River sail her.

We'll sing "free speech," "free men," my boys,
Nor sing for Buck and Fillmore;
For Hunker rhymes are growing stale,
And Hindoo songs grow staler.
Then, cheer up, &c.

Now Slavery's craft is floating by,
Containing Buck and Fillmore—
Aboard, my boys, and seize the helm,
And up Salt River sail her.
Then, cheer up, &c.

For conscience and your Country's sake,
Come every true reformer—
Here join to stay proud Slavery's curse,
And from free soil to spurn her.
Then, cheer up, &c.

Our flag is floating on the breeze,
Though not for the Pirate Slaver—
'Tis for Free Speech, Free Soil, Free Men,
And to the mast we'll nail her.
Then, cheer up, &c.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

RIGHT ONWARD WE GO!

We're a-float! we're a-float! on a fierce rolling tide, Freedom is our bark and the Truth is our heard; What matter? our bark ri-deth on like a guide; No rest for the sluggard, no peace for the bird; With the flag of the Union above our free
Far above the dark storm-cloud the clear sunbeams rest,
And the bright bow of promise gleams forth on its breast;
Before us a future of labor and love—
Free brethren around us—a just God above.

A future of labor, brave, honest and free—
No monarch, no slaves, but a brotherhood we;
A future of love, when the just and the true
Shall rule in the place of the strong and the few.

Throw out the broad canvass to catch the free wind—
Leave old party issues, like rubbish, behind;
With Justice and Love to lead on our van,
Live and die we, for Freedom, for Truth, and for Man.
FREE STATE SONGS.

HURRAH! FOR OUR CAUSE.

Air—The Campbells are coming.

1. Hur-rah! for our cause: we now bid you all welcome,
2. The North and the South shall no longer be kneeling, For

Come join in the song we are singing for freedom; The
chang'd are the purpose, the will, and the feeling; The

Right is our motto—its success we are sure on't And we
path we have cho-sen is wis er and better, Than with
work, hand in hand, for Dayton and Fremont. Free party to cling to the iron-bound fetter. Free

States-men are coming, oh! ho! oh! ho! Free

States-men are coming, oh! ho, oh! ho, From

mountain and valley, They meet and they rally, They
Free States we will have—work without melancholy,
For Toil to the Freeman is pleasant and holy;
We'll bow to no power but the Spirit who gave us
Such hearts—that Tyrants shall never enslave us.

*Chorus.* Free Statesmen are coming, &c.

One effort, my brother—one pull all together,
And the balance of party is light as a feather;
One party is trembling—hurrah! for our thunder,
And the other—believe me—goes tumbling under.

*Chorus.* Free Statesmen are coming, &c.

Then Freedom and Labor shall hold sweet communion;
The Rich and the Poor find a brotherly union;
The record of Time tell of Liberty's story,
And "Our Country" again be the watchword of glory.

*Chorus.* Free Statesmen are coming, &c.
THE FREE STATE DEBATE.
Air, "Old Granite State."

We have come to our meeting, Each
Our stand for Right we've taken, And with

other kindly greeting, Resolved to have no
energy unshaken, The Nation we'll a-

cheating, In the free State debate. O, the
waken, In the free State debate. In

HARP OF FREEDOM.

We have come to our meeting, Each
Our stand for Right we've taken, And with

other kindly greeting, Resolved to have no
energy unshaken, The Nation we'll a-

cheating, In the free State debate. O, the
waken, In the free State debate. In
mischief is a brewing, For Slavery's utter
spite of all those graces, The Hunkers make wry
ruin, For the folks are up and doing, In the
faces, When they see us take our places, In the
free State debate. Then hurrah for
free State debate. Then hurrah for
Then hurrah for
HARP OF FREEDOM.

0, the Slavocrats are quaking, at the move we are making,
They make a dreadful shaking, at the free State debate;
By the men whom they have cheated, they are sure to be defeated,
Measure for measure meted, in the free State debate:

Chorus—Then hurrah for Freedom, Then hurrah for Freedom,
Then hurrah for freedom, Throughout our native land.

We'll have in our delegation honest men of every station,
Who're resolved to save the nation, in the Congress at hand;
For our faith we have plighted, that Dough faces shall be righted,
And we'll all be united as a true brother band.

Chorus—Then hurrah for freedom, Then hurrah for freedom,
Then hurrah for freedom, Throughout our native land.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

The Free Soil Voter's Song.

BY A. WARREN STEARNS.

Air, " Old Granite State."

Hark! the sound is swelling louder,
Hear it booming o'er the plain,
Like the rush of mighty waters—
Hark! the echo rings again!
Through the valley, o'er the mountain,
By the river-side and sea,
From Penobscot's farthest fountain,
And from every northern lea.

Chorus—We are all for freedom, We are all for freedom,
We are all for freedom, And we'll sound it thro' the land.

List, again! the sound approaches,
Nearer yet, and nearer still—
Lo, they come! the marshalled forces,
Streaming over yonder hill!
'Tis the mighty hosts of freemen,
And the hardy sons of toil,
They are girding on their armor,
And their cry is heard—" Free Soil!"

Chorus—We are all

Freemen, up! let's join the chorus,
Let us swell the increasing throng;
All around us, and before us,
See the tide that rolls along;
They rally from the northern lake,
And from the eastern hill,
While from their western prairie homes,
Behold them, coming still!

Chorus—We are all

Who would tarry now, or linger?
Coward! let him stay behind!
Freedom's cause must not be periled,
We a better man can find!

On, with speed! our eagle soaring,
Waves his pinions once again,
Slavery's chains shall break asunder,
Ere it reach the western main.

Chorus—We are all

Sing aloud the songs that gladden
Every freeman's swelling heart;
Foes are spreading, hopes may wither,
One more cheer and then we part.
Huza! huza! for freedom's cause,
Nor yield it but with life—
We've enlisted for the battle,
We are ready for the strife.

Chorus—We are all
HARP OF FREEDOM.

BRIGHT IS THE DAYBREAK.
Air, "Rory O'More," Arranged by G. W. C.

Oh, bright is the daybreak, and thrilling the sight of A-
Rhode Island is lit-tle, but goeth it strong; And Con-
mer i ca's ral-ly for free-dom and right; Her
nec ti-cut too, who don't 'cal-cu-late' wrong; New
sons and her daughters she calls from a-far, To
York! no mis-take, she will take up the Van; When New
hail the bright ad-vent of Li-ber-ty's star. Old
Jer sey a-ri-ses, beat her if you can. Pennsyl-
Maine stand-eth firm with breast to the floods; Her
vania is rea - dy, the old State of Penn—How
sons' hearts as high as their tall pi-ny woods; And
can she do oth er than succor free men? And
should-er to shoulder, New Hampshire is there, With
Del aware, too, with old Ma - ry-land yet; For free
lots of brave freemen, enough and to spare! Ver-
soil and free-men will a pre - ce - dent set! Illi-
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Mont, who shall count all her Green mountain boys? When nois, In di an-a, I-o-wa, and all, With O-

Li-ber-ty rais-eth her cla-ri-on voice; Massa-

chu-setts, God bless her! When freedom's at stake, Every soon thro' the length and the breadth of our land; Not a

soul of her children are up and a-wake! Heart shall be cold, not a re-cre-ant hand!
CHARLES SUMNER.

Sumner! thy name shall long recorded be
Among the champions of Liberty!
And hoary sires, their grandsons on their knee,
Shall teach the debt of love they owe to thee.
God shield thy consecrated head from harm,
Restore thy health, invigorate thine arm,
Raise up his servant, Freedom's cause to plead,
And her triumphant hosts to victory lead!
Yes, Liberty shall triumph, God hath said
The proud oppressor captive shall be led,
The slave shall yet exult that he is free,
And, Sumner, then he'll cherish thoughts of thee

DO YOUR BEST.

The times are hard, an' fortune shy,
Has lang been ilka grummler story,
But work aye on, an' aim aye high,
The harder work—the greater glory.
The honest mind, the sterling man,
The chains o' poortith canna fetter;
So strive, an' do the best ye can,
An' tak my word, ye'll sune be better.

Although ye toil for little gear—
Tho' wiles you labor may be slighted,
The darkest sky is sure to clear,
An' virtue's wrangs wi' aye be richted.
Ne'er deem yoursel' an ill-used man,
Nor ca' the world a heartless debtor,
But strive, and do the best ye can,
An' tak my word, ye'll sune be better.

Oh, sweet is freedom's caller air,
An' sweet is bread o' aine's ain winning!
To work, and win, be aye your care,
Great things hae aft a sma' beginning.
Let naught e'er ding ye frae your plan;
Stick to your creed in ilka letter:
But strive to do the best ye can,
An' tak my word, ye'll sune be better.

[James Ballantyne.]
FREE SOIL CHORUS.

Air, "Auld Lang Syne."

All hail! ye friends of liberty, Ye
We wage no bloody warfare here, But
Nor care we aught for party names, We

hon est sons of toil, Come, let us raise a

glad ly would we toil, To show the South the

ask not for the spoils; But what we'll have is

shout to-day, For freedom and free soil.

match less worth Of freedom and free soil.

lib er ty, For free men and free soil.

Chorus.

For freedom and free soil, my boys, For
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Too long we've dwelt in party strife,
'Tis time to pour in oil;
So here's a dose for Uncle Sam,
Of freedom and free soil.
   For freedom, &c.

Our southern neighbors feel our power,
And gladly would recoil;
But 'tis "too late," the cry's gone forth,
For freemen and free soil.
   For freemen, &c.

Then let opponents do their best
Our spirits to embroil;
No feuds shall e'er divide our ranks
Till victory crowns free soil.
   For freemen, &c.

They've called us Sisslers long enough,
We now begin to boil,
And ere November shall come round,
We'll cook them up free soil.
   For freedom, &c.

Then let us sing God bless the free,
The noble sons of toil;
And let the shout ring all about,
Of freedom and free soil.
   For freedom, &c.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

SWANEE RIVER.

Tune—"Old Folks at Home."

Way down upon de Swanee River, far, far away,
Thar's whar my heart is turning ever,
Thar's whar de loved ones stay;—
All up and down de whole creation, sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de loved ones at home.

All de world am sad and dreary
When I roam,
When will de day of Mancipation
Bring all de darkies home?

All round de little farm I wandered when I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brother, happy was I,
But when dey sold me down de River,
Den seemed my heart would die.

Chorus—All de world, &c.

One little hut among de bushes, one dat I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove;—
When shall I hear de bees a humming all round de comb?
When shall I hear de sound of Freedom
Down in my dear old home?

All de world am sad and dreary
When I roam,
When will de day of Mancipation
Bring all de darkies home?

OH, CARRY ME BACK!

Tune—"Carry me back to Old Virginny."

The burning sun from day to day,
Look's down on toil and pain,
Where drivers hold their heartless sway
With whip and clanking chain;
With cracking whip and clanking chain,
Our woes will soon be o'er—
Oh, carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore!
Where broad Potomac rolls away,
A snow-white cabin gleams,
A mother with her child at play—
Oh, God, they mock my dreams.
The cracking whip and clanking chain,
In dreams are heard no more.
Oh, carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore.

They coin our very heart for gold,
Our sweat makes rich their soil,
Where cotton fields are wide unrolled
We drop and die in toil;
The cracking whip and clanking chain
In death are heard no more.
Oh, carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore.

THEY WORKED ME ALL THE DAY WITHOUT A BIT OF PAY.

Tune—"Dearest May."

Come, freemen, listen to my song, a story I'll relate,
It happened in the valley of the old Carline State.
They marched me to the cotton field at early dawn of day,
And worked me there from morn till night without a bit of pay.

Chorus—They worked me all the day without a bit of pay,
So I took my flight in the middle of the night
When the moon am gone away.

Old massa give me a holler day and say he'd give me more,
I thank'd 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.

Chorus—They worked me all the day, &c.

I jumped out of my good old boat, and pushed it from the shore
And travelled faster on that night than ever I'd done before;
I came up to a farmer's house just at the break of day,
And saw a white man standing there—says he, You're a runaway
Yes, but they worked me all the day, &c.

I told him I had left the whips, and the baying of the hound,
To find a place where man is man, if such there could be found
That I had heard in Canada that all mankind were free,
That I was going northward now in search of liberty;—
For they worked me all the day, &c.
SLAVE'S ADDRESS TO THE EAGLE.

Tune—"Carrier Dove."

Fly away from thy native hills, proud bird,
Thou emblem of the free;
For a deep-drawn sigh in the land is heard,
It crosses the waves of the sea;
'Tis the sigh of the slave who pines in his chain,
As he bends 'neath the despot's yoke,
Where the scorn, and the lash, and the tyrant's rein,
Have his spirit subdued and broke.

As he goes to his toil at early morn,
The bloodhounds are watching his track
And the pay for his work when his labor is done,
Can be known by the scars on his back!
His wife, she is torn from his bosom away,
No more shall her form greet his sight,
And, helpless, he no word can say
'Gainst this power that tramples on right.

The children that played round his cabin door,
To gladden his heart by their glee,
Are torn from his arms, and he no more
Their cherished forms shall see;
He himself hath no home or abiding place,
Like a beast he is forced by the rod
To the auction-block, oh! deep disgrace,
To be endured by the image of God!

Oh, fly from this land, from scenes like these,
As dark and as drear as the grave!
Where the songs of the free, as they float on the breeze,
Are drowned by the cry of the slave!
Go to the haughty tyrant's throne;
Leave this, thy native land,
Where the rulers may buy, or sell, or own,
The life of a brother man.

THE POOR VOTER’S SONG.

Air—"Lucy Long."

They knew that I was poor,
And they thought I was base;
They thought that I'd endure
To be covered with disgrace;
They thought me of their tribe,  
Who on filthy lucre doat,  
So they offered me a bribe  
For my vote, boys! my vote!  
O shame upon my betters,  
Who would my conscience buy!  
But I'll not wear their fetters,  
Not I, indeed, not I!

My vote? It is not mine  
To do with as I will;  
To cast, like pearls, to swine,  
To these wallowers in ill.  
It is my country's due,  
And I'll give it, while I can,  
To the honest and the true,  
Like a man, like a man!  
O shame, &c.

No no, I'll hold my vote,  
As a treasure and a trust,  
My dishonor none shall quote,  
When I'm mingled with the dust;  
And my children, when I'm gone,  
Shall be strengthened by the thought,  
That their father was not one  
To be bought, to be bought!  
O shame, &c.

MANHOOD.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Tune—"Our Warriors' Hearts."

Is there for honest poverty,  
That hangs his head, and a' that;  
The coward slave, we pass him by,  
We dare be poor, for a' that;  
For a' that and a' that;  
Our toils obscure, and a' that,  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.  
What though on homely fare we dine,  
Wear hodden gray and a' that;  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
A man's a man for a' that;
HARP OF FREEDOM.

The honest man tho' e'er so poor,
Is king o' men for a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that;
For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world all o'er,
Shall brother's be, for a' that.

Terms explained:—**Gowd**—gold. ** Hodden**—homespun, or mean. **Gree**—honor, or victory.

THE BALLOT.

BY J. E. DOW.

Air—"*Bonnie Doon*.

And shall the safeguard of the free,
By valor won on gory plains,
Become a solemn mockery
While freemen breathe and virtue reigns?
Shall liberty be bought and sold
By guilty creatures clothed with power?
Is honor but a name for gold,
And principle a withered flower?

The parricide's accursed steel
Has pierced thy sacred sovereignty;
And all who think and all who feel,
Must act or never more be free.
No party chains shall bind us here;
No mighty name shall turn the blow;
Then, wounded sovereignty, appear,
And lay the base apostates low.

The wretch, with hands by murder red,
May hope for mercy at the last;
And he who steals a nation's bread,
May have oblivion's statute passed.
But he who steals a sacred right,
And brings his native land to scorn,
Shall die a traitor in her sight,
With none to pity or to mourn.
HAIL THE DAY!

Tune—"Wreath the Bowl," or "Yankee Doodle."

Hail the day
Whose joyful ray
Speaks of emancipation!
The day that broke
Oppression's yoke—
The birth-day of a nation!

When England's might
Put forth for right,
Achieved a fame more glorious
Than armies tried,
Or navies' pride,
O'er land and sea victorious!

Soon may we gain
An equal name
In honor's estimation!
And righteousness
Exalt and bless
Our glorious happy nation!

Brave hearts shall lend
Strong hands to rend
Foul slavery's bonds asunder,
And liberty
Her jubilee
Proclaim, in tones of thunder.

We hail afar
Fair freedom's star,
Her day-star brightly glancing;
We hear the tramp
From Freedom's camp,
Assembling and advancing!

Come join your hands
With freedom's bands,
New England's sons and daughters!
Speak your decree—
Man shall be free—
As mountains, winds, and waters!

And haste the day
Whose coming ray
Speaks our emancipation!
Whose glorious light,
Enthroning right,
Shall bless and save the nation!
FOR THE ELECTION.

Tune—"Scots wha hae with Wallace bled."

Ye who know and do the right,
Ye who cherish honor bright,
Ye who worship love and light,
    Choose your side to-day,
Succor Freedom, now you can,
Voting for an honest man;
Let not slavery's blight and ban,
    On your ballot lay.

Boasts your vote no higher aim,
Than between two blots of shame
That would stain our country's fame,
    Just to choose the least?
Let it sternly answer no!
Let it straight for Freedom go;
Let it swell the winds that blow
    From the north and east.

Blot!—the smaller—is a curse,
Blighting conscience, honor, purse;
Give us any, give the worse,
    'Twill be less endured.
Freemen, is it God who wills
You to choose, of foulest ills,
That which only latest kills?
    No; he wills it cured.

Do your duty, He will aid;
Dare to vote as you have prayed;
Who e'er conquered while his blade
    Served his open foes?
Right established would you see?
Feel that you yourselves are free?
Strike for that which ought to be—
    God will bless the blows.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PILGRIMS.

Tune—"Be free, Oh, man, be free."

The spirit of the Pilgrims
    Is spreading o'er the earth,
And millions now point to the land
    Where freedom had her birth:
Hark! Hear ye not the earnest cry
That peals o'er every wave?
  'God above,
   In thy love,
     O liberate the slave!'

Ye heard of trampled Poland,
And of her sons in chains,
And noble thoughts flashed through your minds,
And fire flowed through your veins.
Then wherefore hear ye not the cry
That breaks o'er land and sea?
  "On each plain,
    Rend the chain,
      And set the captive free!"

Oh, think ye that our fathers,
(That noble patriot band,)
Could now look down with kindling joy,
And smile upon the land?
Or would a trumpet-tone go forth,
And ring from shore to shore;
  "All who stand,
    In this land,
      Shall be free for evermore!"

Great God, inspire thy children,
And make thy creatures just,
That every galling chain may fall,
And crumble into dust;
That not one soul throughout the land
Our fathers died to save,
      May again,
        By fellow-men,
          Be branded as a Slave!

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THE MINSTREL BOY.

(Air on page 101.)

The Minstrel Boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His Father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp hung behind him:
  "Land of song," said the warrior bard—
    "Tho' all the world betrays thee;
One sword at least thy right shall guard—
One faithful harp shall praise thee."
HARP OF FREEDOM.

The Minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under:
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder,
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou son of love and bravery,
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in Slavery!"

THE SLAVEHOLDER'S PRAYER.

BY B. C.—WITH CHORUS BY G. W. C.

Tune—"Dandy Jim," with variation. (See page 33.)

These slaves I now possess are mine,
Sanction'd by laws of earth and heaven;
I thank thee, oh! thou Great Divine,
That unto me this boon is given!

Chorus—My old master tells me so!
'Tis a blessed system O,
It came from heaven, this I know,
For my old master tells me so.

In Scripture thou hast bade us make
Slaves of the heathen and the stranger;
And if we heathen "niggers" take,
There is no harm nor any danger.

Chorus—My old master, &c.

Sure in thy wisdom thou made us
The instruments to show thy power;
And thus fulfil on them the curse
Of "Cain,"—nay, "Ham," until this hour.

Chorus—My old master, &c.

What care we for the Northern fools,
Who talk about the rights of "niggers?"
We know that we were made to rule,
And they ordained to be the diggers.

Chorus—My old master, &c.

Besides, it can be seen at sight,
Our slaves, if freed, would turn out lazy;
And if the fanatics are right,
The Bible's wrong and we are crazy.

Chorus—My old master, &c.

Then hold on, brethren of the South—
They tell me agitation's dying;
This cry's in almost every mouth,
Unless you think the rascal's lying.

Chorus—My old master, &c.
Whether or not this "corner-stone"
Of our republic shall e'er crumble,
Our laws and niggers are our own,
So let the poor fanatics grumble.
_Chorus_—My old master, &c.

**RAISE A SHOUT FOR LIBERTY.**

_Air_—"_Old Granite State._"

Come all ye sons and daughters,
Raise a shout for freedom's quarters,
Like the voice of many waters,
Let it echo through the land:
And let all the people,
And let all the people,
And let all the people,
Raise a shout for liberty.

We have long been benighted,
And the cause of freedom slighted,
But we now are all united
To reform our native land:
And we mean to conquer, _Repeat_
With a shout for liberty!

Let us raise a song of gladness,
To subdue the tyrant's madness,
Let us cheer the bondman's sadness,
With the chorus of the free;
And let all the people, &c.
Raise a shout for liberty!

Let Liberty awaken,
And never be forsaken,
Till the enemy is taken,
And the victory is won:—
Then will all the people, &c.
Raise a shout for liberty!

Come and join our holy mission,
Whatsoever your condition,
Let each honest politician
Come and labor for the slave
We will bid you welcome, &c.
With a shout for liberty!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

With the flag of freedom o'er us,
And the light of truth before us,
Let all freemen raise the chorus,
   And the nation shall be free,
Then will all the people, &c.
Raise a shout for liberty!

Then spread the proclamation,
Throughout this guilty nation,
And let every habitation
   Be a dwelling of the free!
And let all the people, &c.
Raise a SHOUT FOR LIBERTY.

WE'VE HAD A CORDIAL GREETING.*

Air—"Old Granite State."

Here we've had a cordial greeting,
And we've had a thrilling meeting,
And our labor here completing
   We'll seek the next town,
From town to town we'll battle,
From town to town we'll battle,
From town to town we'll battle,
   Until slavery's beat down.

But we leave here faithful legions,
To defend these conquer'd regions,
And to keep the battle raging,
   In all the towns about,
Here you'll guard the fortress, &c.
   And put the foe to rout.

Now the churches must awaken,
The State must now be shaken,
And a mighty stride be taken,
   Towards the truth and the light;
And all must fear and tremble, &c.
   Who refuse to do the right.

Now we'll give the foe no quarter,
At the ballot-box or altar,—
She is Babylon's foul daughter,
   And our work, it must not pause,
And we'll fight for freedom, &c.
   True religion and just laws.

* To be sung at the close of anti-slavery meetings and conventions.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

MARCH ON! MARCH ON!

Tune—"The Pirate's Glee."

March on! march on, ye friends of freedom for all,
For truth and right contend;
Be ever ready at humanity's call,
Till tyrants' power shall end.

The proud slaveholders rule the nation,
The people's groans are loud and long;
Arouse, ye men, in every station,
And join to crush the power of wrong.

March on! march on, &c.

Fight on! fight on, ye brave, till victory's won
And justice shall prevail;
Till all shall feel the rays of liberty's sun,
Streaming o'er hill and dale.

The tyrants know their guilt and tremble,
The glowing light of truth they fear;
Then let them all their hosts assemble,
And slavery's dreadful sentence hear.

Fight on! fight on, &c.

Roll on! roll on, ye brave, the liberty car,
Our country's name to save;
Soon shall our land be known to nations afar,
As the home of the free and brave.

The voice of free men loud hath spoken,
A brighter day we soon shall see;
When Slavery's chains shall all be broken,
And all the captive millions free.

Roll on! roll on, &c.

THE EMBLEM OF THE FREE.

Air—"'Tis dawn, the lark is singing;"

Our emblem is the Cedar,
That knoweth not decay;
Its growth shall bless the mountains
Till mountains pass away.

Its top shall greet the sunshine—
Its leaves shall drink the rain;
And on its lower branches,
The slave shall hang his chain.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

God bless the people's party—
The party of the free,
And give it faith and courage
To strike for Liberty.

This party—we will name it
The Party of the Whole!—
Hath for its firm foundation,
The substance of the Soul.

It groweth out of reason,
The strongest soil on earth;
How glorious is the promise
Of Him who gave it birth!

Of what is true and living
God makes himself the nurse;
While "ONWARD!" cry the voices
Of all His Universe.

ECHO FROM THE ROCKS OF MAINE.

Air—"Auld Lang Syne," page

Hurrnah to the note that rising swells
From lake to rolling sea!
Of truth and victory it tells—
'Tis the watchword of the Free
That watchword comes o'er hill and plain,
From western lands afar;
Our ocean waves repeat the strain—
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

The star our fathers watched of yore,
To guide their steps aright,
Though long bedimm'd, displays once more
Its rays of peerless light.
It shines on many a hill and plain
Of Western lands afar;
It gleams upon the rocks of Maine—
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

And sunnier climes the anthem spread
O'er their time-honored graves,
To tell us Freedom's light is shed,
E'en on a land of slaves.
The free notes from fair Kansas' plain,
Where sinks the evening star,
Is echoing from the rocks of Maine,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hail to the tillers of the land,
Whose brave hearts beating free,
Disdain with fettered slaves to stand,
And bend the suppliant knee.
Their watchword from fair Kansas' plain,
Borne on the breeze afar,
Is echoing from the rocks of Maine,
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

We vow by all the rights of toil,
And by our fathers' graves,
The air that floats o'er Freedom's soil,
Shall not be breathed by slaves!
Our free note from fair Kansas' plain,
Where sets the western star,
Is echoing from the rocks of Maine—
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

YE SONS OF THE SOIL!

Air—"Campbells are coming," page

Ye sons of the soil, where for freedom your sires
Struck the sparks from the flint to enkindle its fires,
Shall the demon of Slavery now rule with a rod,
The soil that was wet with your forefathers' blood?

Chorus.—From the shores of Atlantic e'en to the far West,
Where'er beats a heart in a true freeman's breast,
From hill-top and mountain to valley below,
Let the answer be echoed in thunder-tones—"No!"

Then, freemen, arouse and go forth in your might,
United and firm for the truth and the right;
With the right on our side and the power in our hand,
Shall oppression be suffered to stalk through the land?

Chorus.—From the shores of Atlantic, &c.

In the conflict with slavery, shall freedom succumb,
And the priests of her altar be silent and dumb?
Shall the sons of the pilgrim bow down with dismay,
And cravenly cower beneath slaveholding sway?

Chorus.—From the shores of Atlantic, &c.

Huzza for Free Soil! Free Soil evermore,
Till its boundaries embrace on our land every shore;
And should traitors essay the foul curse to extend,
Shall it any less speedily come to its end?

Chorus.—From the shores of Atlantic, &c.
UP, LAGGARDS OF FREEDOM.

BY WHITTIER.

Tune—"Campbells are Coming,"

Whoso loves not his kind, and fears not the Lord,
Let him join that foe's service, accurs'd and abhor'd!
Let him do his base will, as the slave only can—
Let him put on the bloodhound, and put off the Man!

Let him go where the cold blood that creeps in his veins
Shall stiffen the slave-whip, and rust on his chains—
Where the black slave shall laugh in his bonds, to behold
The white slave beside him, self-fettered and sold!

But ye, who still boast of hearts beating and warm,
Rise, from lake, shore, and ocean, like waves in a storm!
Come, throng round our banner in Liberty's name,
Like winds from your mountains, like prairies a-flame!

Our foe, hidden long in his ambush of night,
Now, forced from his covert, stands black in the light.
Oh, the cruel to Man, and the hateful to God,
Smite him down to the earth, that is curs'd where he trod!

For deeper than thunder of Summer's loud shower,
On the dome of the sky God is striking the hour!
Shall we falter before what we've prayed for so long,
When the Wrong is so weak, and the Right is so strong?

Come forth, altogether!—come old and come young—
Freedom's vote in each band, and her song on each tongue;
Truth naked is stronger than Falsehood in mail—
The Wrong cannot prosper, the Right cannot fail!

Like leaves of the Summer once numbered the foe,
But the hoar-frost is falling, the Northern winds blow;
Like leaves of November, ere long shall they fall,
For Earth wearies of them, and God's over all!

THE GATHERING.

Tune—"Hunter's Chorus."

From hill and from valley
They eagerly sally,
Like billows of Ocean,
The Mass is in motion—
The lines are extending
O'er mountain and plain;
Like torrents descending,
  They hurry amain.
The Gathering! The Gathering!
  We'll be there! we'll be there!
The Gathering! The Gathering!
  We'll be there! we'll be there!
  There! there! there!
  
Each eye flashes brightly,
Each bosom beats lightly—
The banners are glancing,
And merrily dancing,
While proudly the standard
Of Liberty floats,
And the music is swelling
Inspiring notes.
The Victory! The Victory!
  That we'll gain! that we'll gain!
The Victory! The Victory!
  That we'll gain! that we'll gain!
  Gain! gain! gain!

Again we assemble—
The traitor shall tremble!
For strong as the ocean,
A people in motion!

THE IDES OF NOVEMBER,
  The day of his doom,
He long shall remember
In silence and gloom.
He long shall remember
In silence and gloom.
The Traitor! The Traitor!
He shall fall! he shall fall!
The Traitor! The Traitor!
He shall fall! he shall fall!
  Fall! FALL! FALL!

THE NEB-RASCALITY.

Sung to the air of "Dandy Jim."

1. Kind friends, with your permission, I
    Will sing a few short stanzas,
    About this new "Nebraska Bill,"
    Including also Kansas;

* This may be sung to the air as indicated, or to the tune of Yankee Doodle throughout.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

All how they had it "cut and dried,"
To rush it through the Senate
Before the people rallied, and
Before they'd time to mend it.

Air—"Yankee Doodle."

2. Iniquity so very great,
Of justice so defiant,
Of course could only emanate
From brain of mighty giant
This giant now is very small,
As all of you do know, sirs,
But then there is no doubt at all
That he expects to grow, sirs.

3. There's one thing more I ought to say,
And that will make us even;
It is to mention by the way,
The giant's name is—Stephen.

"Fe, fi, fo, fe, fi, fum,
I smell the blood of free-dom;
Fe, fi, fo fe, fi, fum,
Dead or alive, I'll have some."

4. Oh, terribly the giant swore,
With awful oaths and curses,
And language such as I cannot
Engraft into my verses.

There was a giant once before,
And with a sling they slew him;
That Stephen could be slued with one,
No one would say who knew him.

Air—"Burial of Sir John Moore."

5. 'Twas at the dead of night they met,
(So I'm informed the case is,)
Stephen in person leading on
The army of "dough-faces."

They voted, at the dead of night,
While all the land lay sleeping,
That all our sacred, blood-bought rights,
Were not worth the keeping.

Air—"Yankee Doodle, Double Quick Time."

6. Oh! bless those old forefathers, in
Their Continental "trowsers,"
Who in their wisdom looked so far,
And organized two houses—
So let them shout, their time is short,
They'll very soon be stiller;
For in the house they'll find a boy
Called "Jack the Giant Killer."

Air—"Scott's wha' ha' wi' Wallace bled."

And now, kind friends, for once and all,
Let's swear upon the altar
Of plighted faith and sacred truth,
To fight and never falter—
That Liberty and Human Rights
Shall be a bright reality,
And we'll resist with all our might
This monstrous Neb-rascality!

STRIKE FOR FREEDOM AND FOR RIGHT.

Tune—"Dan Tucker"—slow and grave.

From the bloody plains of Kansas,
From the Senate's guilty floor,
From the smoking wreck of Lawrence,
From our Sumner's wounds and gore,
Comes our country's dying call—
Rise for Freedom, or we fall! [Repeat.]

Hear ye not succeeding ages
From their cloudy distance cry
See ye not the hands of nations
Lifted toward the threatening sky?
Now, or never, rise and gain
Freedom for this fair domain!

We have vanquished foreign tyrants—
Now the battle draws a-near;
Let not Despots have this boasting,
That a Freeman knows to fear.
By your Father's patriot graves,
Rise! nor be forever slaves!

Speak, ye Orators of Freedom—
Let your thunder shake these plains;
Write, ye Editors of Freedom—
Let your lightning rive their chains.
Up! ye sons of Pilgrims, rise!
Strike for Freedom, or she dies!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Give this land to future ages
Free, as God has made it free;
Swear, that not another acre
Shall be cursed with Slavery;
Strike for freedom and for right—
God himself is Freedom's might.

"THE DAY BREAKETH."

Tune—"Bavaria."—Page 200.

On the earth the day is dawning;
Lovely beams a rising star;
Prisoner, greet a glorious morning—
Hail the day-spring from afar!

Tyrants now are seized with trembling,
While they madly urge the war;
Dark and serried hosts assembling,
Blindly drag their bloody car.

'Tis their last, their fated hour,
For their reign of blood shall cease;
Sinks and dies their waving power—
Soon shall reign the King of peace.

Ho! ye royal hosts of Freedom—
Strong of heart, and truly brave;
See your brethren, chained and bleeding—
Fly on lightning's wing to save!

Grasp the bolt of slavery's thunder—
Hurl them back along the sky:
Break their bars and bolts asunder—
Boldly do, or bravely die!

On the earth the light is dawning;
Lovely beams the rising sun;
Prisoner, greet the glorious morning—
Soon we'll shout, "The day is won!"

Aspinwall, June 13, 1855.

Horatio.

WE LONG TO SEE THAT HAPPY TIME.

Tune—"Hebron."

We long to see that happy time,
That dear, expected, blissful day,
When countless myriads of our race
The glorious gospel shall obey.
The prophecies must be fulfilled,
    Though earth and hell should dare oppose:
The stone cut from the mountain's side,
    Though unobserv'd, to empire grows.

Afric's emancipated sons
    Shall shout to Asia's rapturing song—
Europe resound her Saviour's fame,
    And western climes the notes prolong.

From east to west, from north to south,
    Immanuel's kingdom must extend;
And every man, in every face,
    SHALL MEET A BROTHER AND A FRIEND!

PRAISE TO GOD WHO EVER REIGNS.

Tune—"Pleyel."

Praise to God who ever reigns—
Praise to Him who burst our chains;
For the priceless blessing giv'n,
Thanks, our grateful thanks, to Heaven!

Here no more the bloody scourge
Afric's fainting sons shall urge;
Here no more shall galling chains
Wear our flesh with fest'ring pains.

Here no more the frantic slave
Fly for refuge to the grave:
Freedom comes to banish fear—
Hallelujah! God is here

Long and loud with praises fill
Deepest glen and highest hill;
Mountain peak and sea-girt shore
Echo slavery's reign is o'er.

Kindred—country now we claim,
Praise to God's beloved name;
Father, for this jubilee,
Thanks, eternal thanks, to Thee!
THE TRUE ARISTOCRATS.

Tune—"Auld Lang Syne."

BY C. D. STUART.

Who are the Nobles of the earth—
The true Aristocrats,—
Who need not bow their heads to Lords,
Nor doff to Kings their hats?
Who are they but the Men of Toil,
The mighty and the free,
Whose hearts and hands subdue the earth,
And compass all the sea!

Who are they but the Men of Toil
Who cleave the forests down,
And plant amid the wilderness
The hamlet and the town?
Who fight the battles, bear the scars,
And give the world its crown
Of name, and fame, and history,
And pomp of old renown!

These claim no gaud of heraldry,
And scorn the knighting rod;
Their coats of arms are noble deeds;
Their peerage is from God!
They take not from ancestral graves
The glory of their name,
But win, as erst their fathers won,
The laurel wreath of Fame.

SLAVERY IS A HARD FOE TO BATTLE.

BY JUDSON HUTCHINSON.

Tune—"Jordan is a hard road to travel."

I looked to the South, and I looked to the West,
And I saw old Slavery a coming,
With four Northern doughfaces hitched up in front,
Driving freedom to the other side of Jordan.
Then take off your coats and roll up your sleeves,
Slavery is a hard foe to battle I believe.

Slavery and Freedom they both had a fight,
And the whole North came up behind 'em;
Hit Slavery a few knocks with a free ballot-box,
Sent it staggering to the other side of Jordan.
Then rouse up the North, the sword unsheath,
Slavery is a hard foe to battle I believe.
If I was the Legislature of these United States,
I'd settle this great question accordin';
I'd let every Slave go free over land, and on the sea,
And let them have a little hope this side of Jordan.
Then rouse up the free, the sword unsheath,
 Freedom is the best road to travel I believe.

The South have their school where the masters learn to rule,
And they lord it o' er the free states accordin';
But sure they'd better quit e'er they raise the Yankee grit,
And we 'tumble 'em over 'tother side of Jordan.
Then wake up the North, the sword unsheath,
 Slavery is a hard foe to battle I believe.

But the day is drawing nigh that Slavery must die,
And every one must do his part accordin';
Then let us all unite to give every man his right, (woman too!)
And we'll get our pay the other side of Jordan.
Then wake up the North, the sword unsheath,
 Freedom is the best road to travel I believe.

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DOWN WITH SLAVERY'S MINIONS.

BY E. W. LOCKE.

Air—"Old Dan Tucker," page 169.

Rouse ye, freemen, from your slumbers;
Seize your arms and count your numbers;
Now's the time for deeds of bravery,
Freedom grapples now with Slavery.

Chorus.—Down with Douglas, Pierce and Shannon,
Down with Slavery and Buchanan!
Freedom's traitors—sing their dirges,
Long and loud as ocean surges.

In the halls of Congress pleading,
On the fields of Kansas bleeding,
Brothers true as steel implore us—
"Join the fight and join the chorus!"

Chorus.—Down with Douglas, Pierce, &c.

Mark the flag of Slavery's minions—
"Bludgeons versus Free Opinions!"
"Rule or Ruin!" "Compacts broken!"
"Choke Free Words, before they're spoken!"

Chorus.—Down with Douglas, Pierce, &c.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Are we cowards now to falter?
Have we naught for Freedom's altar?
Shall our forces, by division,
Reap defeat and bold derision?
Never! never! all are ready!
Every column marching steady:
True as were our sires before us,
Marching steady to the chorus!

Chorus.—Down with Douglas, Pierce, &c.

TO THE RESCUE!

Music and Chorus, pp. 289, or "Rory O'More."

They come from the mountain, they come from the glen,
Their motto—"Free Labor, Free Soil, and Free Men;"
They sweep to the rally like clouds to the storm,
From hill-top and valley they gather and form.
They cry, "To the rescue!" their march is begun,
Their number is legion—their hearts are but one;
Their cause is their country, they war for the right,
And the minions of slavery turn pale at the sight.

At the voice of Jehovah the ocean waves stayed—
Its billows rolled back, and the mandate obeyed;
Thus the tyrant is checked—he beholds with surprise,
The slave power recoil when stern freemen arise.
They speak—and that voice shall awaken mankind
From the sleep that has rested so long on the mind;
"No party shall bind us—we are free from this hour;
We bow not in meekness to slaveholding power."

AFRICA'S CHILDREN, AWAKE FROM YOUR SADNESS!

Africa's children, awake from your sadness!
Awake! for your foes shall oppress you no more;
Bright o'er the hills dawns the day star of gladness;
Arise! for your sorrow it soon shall be o'er.

Strong are your foes, but an arm shall subdue them,
And scatter their legions, that's mightier far;
They fly like the chaff from the scourge that pursues them,
Vain are their steeds and their chariots of war.

Africa's children, the power that will save you,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout! for the foe he'll destroy that enslaves you,
The oppressor he'll vanquish, your children he'll free.
"O LORD, WHOSE FORMING HAND," (L. M.)

O Lord! whose forming hand one blood
To all the tribes and nations gave,
And giv' st to all their daily food,
Look down in pity on the slave!

Fetters and chains and stripes remove,
And freedom to their bodies give;
And pour the tide of light and love
Upon their souls, and bid them live.

Oh, kindle in our hearts a flame
Of zeal, thy holy will to do;
And bid each child who loves thy name,
To love his bleeding brother too.

Through all thy temples, let the stain
Of prejudice each bosom flee;
And hand in hand, let Afric's train,
With Europe's children; worship thee.

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?
HARP OF FREEDOM.

WHO ARE THE FREE? (L. M.)

Who are the free? The sons of God,
That hate oppression, strife, and blood;
Who are the slaves? The men that sell
God's image for the gains of hell!

They scourge the frame, the sinews bind;
They trample on th' immortal mind:
Earth can endure the guilt no more,
And God rolls on th' avenging hour.

Proclaim his truth, spread forth his laws;
Strike at the sin his soul abhors:
Break every yoke, the slave release,
Let chains, and stripes, and bondage cease.

Thus shall the world resemble heaven;
Oppression back to hell be driven;
And Love shall bind, in sweet accord,
ALL NATIONS, RANSOMED OF THE LORD!

A SOUND TO ARMS.

Air—"Sparkling and Bright."

A sound of arms, and of war's alarms,
Each breath from the South is bringing;
'Tis the charging van of oppression's clan,
To the breeze their dark flag flinging

Chorus.—Then rise, brothers, all, at duty's call,
Beat back our fierce assailers,
And strike with might, for God and the right,
And the fires of freedom's altars!

Our brothers bold in the prairies cold,
In bloody shrouds are lying,
And their wives on high send the piercing cry,
And from burning homes are flying.

Chorus—Then rise, brothers, all, at duty's call, &c.

A noble hero is bleeding now,
In the halls of the nation falling;
And his crimson gore as it stains the floor,
Is for vengeance loudly calling.

Chorus—Then rise, brothers, all, at duty's call, &c.

Then on let us go to meet the foe,
Though above us the thunder rattles,
We stake our life, in the holy strife,
With our trust in the God of battles.

Chorus—Then rise, one and all, &c.
HARP OF FREEDOM.

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

Air—"Miss Lucy Long."

BY W. S. ABBOTT.

While we are happy here,
   In joy and peace and love,
We'll raise our hearts with holy fear
   To thee, great God, above.

God of our infant hours!
The music of our tongues,
The worship of our nobler powers,
   To thee, to thee belongs.

The little trembling slave
   Shall feel our sympathy;
O God! arise with might to save
   And set the captive free.

No parent's holy care
   Provides for him repose,
But oft the hot and briny tear,
   In sorrow freely flows.

The God of Abraham praise;
The curse he will remove;
The slave shall welcome happy days,
   With liberty and love.

Pray without ceasing, pray,
   Ye saints of God Most High,
That all who hail this glorious day,
   May have their liberty.

RALLYING SONG.

Tune—The Marseilles Hymn. (page 158.)

Behold! the furious storm is rolling,
   Which Border-Fiends, confederates, raise!
The Dogs of War, let loose, are howling,
   And, lo! our infant cities blaze!
And shall we calmly view the ruin,
   While lawless Force, with giant stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
   In guiltless blood his hands imbruing?
Arise, arise, ye brave!
   And let our war-cry be,
Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,
   A glorious Victory!
HARP OF FREEDOM.

Oh! Liberty! can he resign thee,
Who once has felt thy generous flame?
Can threats subdue, or bolts confine thee,—
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
No! by the heavens bright bending o'er us!
We've called our Captain to the van—
Behold the hour—behold the man!
Oh, wise and valiant, go before us!
Then let the shout again
Ring out from sea to sea,
Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,
Our country shall be free.

Hurrah! hurrah! from hill and valley,
Hurrah! from prairie wide and free!
Around our glorious Chieftain rally,
For Kansas and for Liberty!
Let him, who first her wilds exploring,
Her virgin beauty gave to fame,
Nor save her from the curse and shame
Which Slavery o'er her soil is pouring.
Arise, arise, ye brave!
And let our war-cry be,
Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,
A glorious Victory!

WE'RE FREE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Tune—"Lucy Neal," page 212.

The robber o'er the prairie stalks,
And calls the land his own;
And they who talk as Slavery talks,
Are free to talk alone.
Chorus—But tell the knaves we are not slaves,
And slaves we ne'er will be;
Come weal or woe, the world shall know,
We're free, we're free, we're free!

Oh, watcher on the outer wall,
How wears the night away?
"I hear the birds of morning call,
I see the break of day!"
Chorus—Rise, tell the knaves we are not slaves,
And slaves we ne'er will be, &c.
The hands that hold the sword and purse
Ere long shall lose their prey;
And they who blindly wrought the curse,
The curse shall sweep away.
*Chorus—Then tell the knaves we are not slaves,*
*And slaves we ne’er will be &c.*

The land again in peace shall rest,
With blood no longer stained:
The virgin beauty of the West,
Shall be no more profaned.
*Chorus—We’ll teach the knaves we are not slaves, &c.*

Then let the idlers stand apart,
And cowards shun the fight,
We’ll band together, heart to heart,
Forget, forgive, unite.
*Chorus—And tell the knaves we are not slaves, &c.*

**F R E E D O M.**

*By Bryant.*

Free soil, free men,
Free speech, free pen,
**Freedom from slavery’s thrall ;**
Free North, free East,
Free South, free West,
**Freedom for one and all!**
Free ports, free seas,
Free ships, free breeze,
Free homesteads for the people;
Free bells on every steeple,
**Free pulpits and free preachers;**
(Three cheers for all the *Beechers*:
Freedom from Southern rooks;
Freedom from Southern “Brooks;”
Free schools, free books;
Freedom to worship God.
**Freedom to read His Word;**
Freedom’s star-spangled banners
Waving o’er gallant Kansas;
Freedom from Border Smugglers,
(Three Groans for Pierce and Douglas!)
Freemen to bear the battle-brunt,
And, rushing to the battle-front,
The hords of Slavery to confront,
For Freedom and for Union shout.
A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.


Let these great, Eternal, and Fundamental principles of Liberty, Equality and Law, be carefully read and pondered by us, and faithfully inculcated in the minds of our children. Nothing will tend more surely to the overthrow of Slavery, and the establishment of Freedom on a firm basis, and the recognition and enactment of just and righteous laws for the government of the Nation, and the protection of the rights of the people.

"It is neither for the good, nor is it just, seeing all men are by nature alike, and Equal, that one should be Lord and Master over others."—ARISTOTLE.

"Slavery is contrary to the fundamental principles of all Societies."—MONTESQUIEU.

"By the grand Laws of Nature, all men are born free, and this law is universally binding upon all men."—"Eternal justice is the basis of all human laws."—"Those who have made pernicious and unjust decrees, have made anything rather than Laws."—CICERO.

"Slavery is a System of the most complete injustice."—PLATO.

"All men are by nature free born."—LOUIS 10th.

"Even the earth itself, which teems with profusion under the cultivating hand of the free born laborer, shrinks into barrenness from the contaminating sweat of a Slave."—MONTESQUIEU.

"Nothing puts one nearer the condition of a brute than always to see free-man and not be free."—MONTESQUIEU.

"Slavery is a system of outrage and robbery."—SOCRATES.

"To fight, in order not to be made a slave, is noble."—CYRUS.

The great Tacitus declared, after the introduction of slavery into Rome—"The whole state of our affairs was turned upside down—nothing of the ancient integrity of our Fathers was left amongst us; all men cast away that former equality which had been observed."
"None but unprincipled and beastly men in Society assume the mastery over their fellows, as is among Bulls, Bears, and Cocks."—Plato.

"Law, is not something wrought out by man's ingenuity, nor is it a decree of the people, but it is something eternal, governing the world by the wisdom of its commands and prohibitions."—Cicero.

"Any act of Parliament made against natural equity, is void, for the Law of Nature is immutable."—Judge Hobert.

"What the Parliament doth, shall be helden for naught, whenever it shall enact that which is contrary to the rights of Nature."—Lord Coke.

"The essence of all law is justice. What is not just is not law; and what is not law, ought not to be obeyed."—Hampden.

"The precepts of law are, to live honestly, to hurt no one, to give to every one his due."—Justinian and Blackstone.

"Justice is the basis of all societies."—Vattel.

"No law but that of justice should either be proclaimed as a law, or enforced as a law."—Quintus.

"All men naturally, are equal; for though nature with a noble variety has made different features and lineaments of men, yet as to freedom, she has made every one alike, and given them the same desires."—Harrington.

"Though the earth, and all inferior creatures be common to all men, yet every man has a property in his own person; this, nobody has any right to but himself."—Locke.

"To secure to the citizens the benefits of an honest and happy life, is the grand object of all political associations."—Cicero.

"Justice is the end of Government. It is the end of civil Society."—Federalist.

"Whatever is just is also the true law, nor can this true law be abrogated by any written enactments."—Cicero.

"The law of nature, being coeval with mankind, and dictated by God himself, is, of course, superior in obligation to any other. It is binding all over the globe, in all countries, and at all times. No human laws have any validity, if contrary to this, and such of them as are valid, derive all their force, mediately or immediately from this original."—Fortescue.

"Of law, nothing less can be acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world. All things in Heaven and earth do her homage; the least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempt from her power."—Hooker.

"That is just which doth destroy tyrannical government; that is unjust which would abolish just government."—Chancellor Somers.

"The reasonableness of law is the soul of law."—Noyes.

"Human laws must be made according to the general laws of nature."—No human laws are binding, if contrary to the laws of nature."—Hooker.

"To establish justice, must forever be one of the greatest ends of every wise government; it lies at the very basis of all institutions."—Story.

"Statutes against fundamental morality are void."—Judge McLean.
THE OLD TESTAMENT.

"He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death."—Moses.

"Thou shalt not wrest judgment; thou shalt not respect persons."—Deut. 16: 19.

"Execute judgment (i.e. justice) between a man and his neighbor."—Jeremiah 7: 5.

"Execute judgment in the morning, and deliver him that is spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor."—21: 12.

"That which is altogether just shalt thou follow."—Deut. 16: 20.

"And they (the judges) shall judge the people with just judgment."—Deut. 16: 19.

"Hear the causes between your brethren, and judge righteously between every man and his brother, and the stranger that is with him."—Deut. 1: 16.

"If there be a controversy between men and they come into judgment that the judges may judge them, then they shall justify the righteous, and condemn the wicked."—Deut. 25: 1.

"In righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbor."—Lev. 19: 15.

"Ye shall not oppress one another."—Lev. 25: 17.

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the Land unto all the inhabitants thereof."—Ib.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."—"All ye are brethren"—"call no man master, neither be ye called masters."—"Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the gentiles exercise lordship over them; and their great ones exercise authority over them; but so it should not be among you."—"Be not like the Scribes and Pharisees."—"They bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders, while they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers."—"They make long prayers'—"Devour widows' houses"—"are full of extortions and excesses"—"whited sepulchres, beautiful without, but within are full of dead men's bones, and all uncleanness."—"Be kindly affectioned one towards another, in brotherly love, preferring one another."—"Do good to all men as ye have opportunity."—"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—"Do all to the glory of God whatever you do."—"If thou mayest be free, use it rather."—"Not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved."—"The law was made for man stealers."—"God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

"Render to every man that which is just."
"Not only does the Christian religion, but nature herself cry out against the state of Slavery."—Leo X.

"As all men are by nature free born, and as this kingdom is called the kingdom of Franks, (freemen) it shall be so in reality. It is therefore decreed that enfranchisement shall be granted throughout the whole kingdom upon just and reasonable terms."—Louis X.

"Every man is born with a right to freedom, which no other man has a power over."—Locke.

"The law of all nations forbids one man to pursue his advantage at the expense of another."—Cicero.

"Those are not societies, whose supreme law is not justice, they are only magna latrocinia, great confederacies of thieves or robbers. Society cannot consist without justice."—Augustine.

"You, man of a day, expect from your slave obedience. Is he less a man than you? By birth he is your equal. He is endowed with the same organs, the same reasoning soul—the same hopes, subject to the same laws of life in this, and in the world to come. Impious master! Pitiless despot! You spare neither whips nor blows, nor privations: you chastise with hunger and thirst, you load with chains; you incarcerate him within black walls; miserable man! While you thus maintain your despotism over a man, you are not willing to recognize the Master and Lord of all men."—St. Cyprian.

"Both religion and humanity make it a duty for us to work for the deliverance of the captive. It is Christ himself whom we ought to consider in our captive brothers."—St. Cyprian.

The great Ecclesiastical Council held at Westminster 1102, forbid the "Selling of men like cattle."

In the same century, 1172, slavery was solemnly denounced by the great Irish Synod as "Contrary to the rights of Christian Freedom."

"It is justice which the free owe to those in bondage. Justice teaches men to know God and to love men, to love and assist one another, being all equally the children of God."—Lactantius.

Cæsarius, in the 6th century, stripped the church of its sacred vessels and all its silver ornaments, for the freedom of slaves—saying—"Our Lord celebrated his last supper in mean earthen dishes, not in plate, and we need not scruple to part with his vessels to ransom those he has redeemed with his life."

"In temporal things, nothing is right or lawful, but that the people have derived to themselves out of the law eternal."—St. Augustine.

"The Oriental Christians declared themselves opposed to the whole relation of slavery as repugnant to the dignity of the image of God in all men."—Nænder.

The Christians of Asia Minor denounced slaveholding "as a sin—a violation of the laws of nature and religion. They gave fugitive slaves asylum, and openly offered them protection."—Fletcher.

"Unjust violence is, by no means, the ordinance of God, and therefore can bind no one in conscience and right, to obey, whether the command comes from Pope, Emperor, King or master."—Martin Luther.
"Do not employ those beings created in the image of God, as slaves."—STUDITA.

"Let the gate of your palace be open to all, that every one may have recourse to you for justice. Employ your great resources in redeeming slaves."—REMIGIUS.

Augustine, Constantine, Ignatius, Polycarp, Maximius, denounced slavery and manumitted slaves.

Men-buyers are exactly on a level with men-stealers."—JOHN WESLEY.

"Those are men-stealers who abduct, keep, sell or buy slaves or freemen."—GROTUIS.

"To hold a man in a state of slavery, is to be, every day guilty of robbing him of his liberty, or, of man-stealing."—PRESIDENT EDWARDS.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created Equal—with certain inalienable rights—["Inalienable," i.e., cannot be alienated; cannot, legally, be taken away]—among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;"

"We, the people of the United States: in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, and provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." * * * * "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law," ib—"Shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury," ib—"The right of the people to be secure in their persons and property, shall not be violated," ib—"The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States, ib—"The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended in time of peace,"—ib. [This writ, according to Blackstone, was designed to carry out, more perfectly, the provision of Magna Charta, that no man should be deprived of liberty "unless it be by legal indictment, or the process of common law," which includes trial by jury.] "No bill of attainder, or ex post facto law, shall be passed," ib—"The judicial power shall extend to all cases in law and equity," ib—"The United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a Republican form of Government."—Cons. U.S.

"The foundation of republican government is the right of every citizen, in his person and property, and in their management."—JEFFERSON.

"It is essential to a republican government that it be derived from the great body of society, not from an inconsiderable proportion, OR a favored class of it."—MADISON, in No. 39 of the Federalist.

In the Virginia Convention that ratified the Constitution, Patrick Henry, a member of the Federal Convention, said that Congress, by the Constitution, had "power to pronounce all slaves free." "There is," said he, "no ambiguous implication or logical deduction. The paper speaks to the point. They have the
power in clear and unequivocal terms, and will clearly and certainly exercise it."

Gov. Randolph said: "They insist that the abolition of slavery will result from this Constitution. I hope there is no one here who will advance an objection so dishonorable to Virginia. I hope that at the moment they are securing the rights of their citizens, an objection will not be started that those unfortunate men now held in bondage by the operation of the General Government, may be made free."

With this "understanding," the Constitution was ratified by Virginia.

Gen. Wilson, another member of the Federal Convention, from Pennsylvania, assured the people of that State that the Constitution "laid a foundation for banishing slavery out of this country."

The Constitution repudiates the revolting idea of "property in man."

"The reserved rights of the State" include no such right as that of holding property in man, as no such "right" can exist. Mr. Madison tells us that the Federal Convention would not permit the Constitution to recognize any such right.—Vide Madison Papers.

"The way, I hope, is preparing under the auspices of heaven for a total emancipation."—JEFFERSON.

"It is among my first wishes to see some plan adopted, by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law."—WASHINGTON.

"Slavery is a most blighting curse upon the Old Dominion; and I know of but one way of getting rid of it—that is, by Legislative authority; and so far as my vote shall go for that purpose, it shall never be wanting."—WASHINGTON.

"There must, doubtless, be an unhappy influence on the manners of our people produced by the existence of slavery among us. The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submissions on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From the cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose to the worst of passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances.

"THOMAS JEFFERSON, of Old Virginia."

"We should transmit to posterity our abhorrence of slavery."—PATRICK HENRY.

"Slavery is repugnant to the principles of Christianity; it prostrates every benevolent and just principle of action in the human heart."—RICHARD BUSH.

"No man can lay his head in safety upon his pillow in the midst of slavery."—JEFFERSON.

"Slavery is a dark spot on the face of the nation."—LAFAYETTE.

"We should march up to the very verge of the Constitution to destroy the traffic in human flesh."—FRANKLIN.
THE JEFFERSONIAN ORDINANCE, PASSED 1787.

We quote the prohibitory section: (1)
"Sec. 8. Be it further enacted, That in all that Territory ceded by France to the United States, under the name of Louisiana, which lies north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes of north latitude, not included within the limits of the State contemplated by this act, SLAVERY AND INVOLUNTARY SERVITUDE, otherwise than as the punishment of crimes, SHALL BE AND IS HEREBY FOREVER PROHIBITED."

"Wherever there is a foot of land to be stayed back from becoming slave territory, I am ready to assert the principle of the exclusion of slavery."—WEBSTER.

"And no earthly power ever will make me vote to spread slavery over territory where it does not exist."—CLAY.

Alas! how has Slavery degraded and depraved the South. She has now come to advocate the monstrous doctrine that "Slavery is right," not only, but "natural and necessary;" and, "that it does not depend upon difference of complexion." That the "laws of the slave States justify the holding of white men, as well as black men, in bondage." See Richmond Examiner, Charleston Mercury, and other Southern prints.

"Vice is a monster of so hateful mein,
That, to be hated, need but to be seen;
But, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace!"

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn—the heathen's mirth—
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking Earth?
Shall our own glorious land retain
That curse which Europe scorns to bear
Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood:
No longer let its idol drink
His daily cup of human blood;
But rear another altar there,
To Truth, and Love, and Mercy given,
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,
Shall call an answer down from heaven!—WHITTIER.
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Acres and Hands—T. Wood</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Am I not a Man and Brother?—Bride's Farewell</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Am I not a Sister?—&quot;I&quot;</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are ye truly Free?—&quot;Martyn.&quot;</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arouse! Arouse!—&quot;Be Free, O Man, be Free!&quot;—G. W. C.</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appeal to Woman—&quot;Bavaria.&quot;</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Afric's Children Awake from Your Sadness—Hymn.</td>
<td>317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Sound of Arms—&quot;Sparkling and Bright.&quot;</td>
<td>319</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Hymn for Children—&quot;While we are happy here&quot;—&quot;Lucy Long.&quot;</td>
<td>320</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bright is the Day Break—&quot;Rory O'Moore.&quot;</td>
<td>289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Better Times are Coming, Friends—Dumbleton</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be Free, O Man, be Free!—G. W. C.</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Break Every Yoke—&quot;O no, we never mention her.&quot;</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bully Brooks—&quot;Cork Leg.&quot;</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brothers, be Brave—&quot;Sparkling and Bright.&quot;</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be Kind to Each Other—G. W. C.</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come Join the Friends of Liberty—&quot;When I can read my title clear.&quot;</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comfort the Bondman—&quot;Indian Philosopher.&quot;</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come and See the Works of God—&quot;Indian Philosopher.&quot;</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comfort in Affliction—If yon Bright Stars—G. W. C.</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, Voters, Come—G. W. C.</td>
<td>206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Children of the Glorious Dead!—&quot;Scots wha ha.&quot;</td>
<td>277</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come all ye Sons and Daughters—&quot;Old Granite State.&quot;</td>
<td>304</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day is Breaking—T. Wood</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do Good, do Good—G. W. C.</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Domestic Bliss—&quot;Indian Maid.&quot;</td>
<td>232</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Down with Slavery's Minions—&quot;Old Dan Tucker.&quot;</td>
<td>316</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Echo from the Rocks of Maine—&quot;Auld Lang Syne.&quot;</td>
<td>307</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freedom's Glorious Day—&quot;Crambambule.&quot;</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Freedom, Honor and Native Land.&quot;</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Free Kansas—G. W. C.</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fourth of July—G. W. C.</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friend of the Friendless—&quot;The Mercy Seat.&quot;—G. W. C.</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fugitive's Triumph—Pax</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freemen! Tell us of the Night—&quot;Watchman,&quot; &amp;c.</td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONTENTS</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>232 CONTENTS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Free Soil Chorus—&quot; Auld Lang Syne.&quot;</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freedom’s Gathering—G. W. C.</td>
<td>298</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For the Election—&quot;Scots wha ha,&quot; &amp;c.</td>
<td>301</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Freedom&quot;—Bryant.</td>
<td>324</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God Speed the Right.</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Get off the Track—&quot; Dan Tucker.&quot;</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gone—Sold and Gone—G. W. C.</td>
<td>254</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hurrah! for our Cause—&quot;Campbells are Coming.&quot;</td>
<td>282</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Help, O help, Thou God of Christians—G. W. C.</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harbinger of Liberty—G. W. C.</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail, Columbia—&quot; Hail, Columbia.&quot;</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Happy Days are Coming—&quot; Few Days.&quot;</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ho! for Kansas!—&quot; Nelly Bly.&quot;</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heard ye that Cry?—&quot; Wind of the Winter Night.&quot;</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! a Voice from Heaven—&quot; Zion.&quot;</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy Freedom—&quot; Lutzow’s Wild Hunt.&quot;</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How long, O how long?—&quot; Araby’s Daughter.&quot;</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! I hear a Sound of Anguish—&quot; Calvary.&quot;</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail the Day—&quot; Wreath the Bowl”—&quot; Yankee Doodle.&quot;</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Would not Live Alway—&quot; I would not live alway.&quot;</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Am Monarch of Naught I Survey—&quot; Old De-Fleury.&quot;</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Dream of All Things Free—G. W. C.</td>
<td>209</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light of Truth—G. W. C.</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liberty Battle Song—&quot;Our Warriors' Heart.&quot;</td>
<td>272</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Old Master Tells Me So.—Dandy Jim</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March to the Battle Field—&quot; Oft in the stilly night.&quot;</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Myron Holly—Hastings.</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Country—&quot; God, save the King.&quot;</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Child is Gone—G. W. C.</td>
<td>221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manhood—&quot;A Man’s a Man for a’ that..&quot;</td>
<td>298</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March On! March On!—&quot; Pirate’s Glee,&quot;</td>
<td>306</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Never Give Up!—G. W. C.</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Negro Boy Sold for a Watch—&quot; Old air.&quot;</td>
<td>242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lord, whose Forming Hand—Hymn.</td>
<td>318</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Carry Me Back—&quot; Old Virginny.&quot;</td>
<td>295</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O! When we go Back Dar—&quot; Old Carlina State.&quot;</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One Hundred Years Hence—G. W. C.</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Countrymen in Chains—Hastings.</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Pilgrim Fathers—&quot; Minstrel Boy.&quot;</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oft in the Chilly Night—&quot; Oft in the stilly night.&quot;</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Pitty the Slave Mother—&quot; Araby’s Daughter.&quot;</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Countrymen are Dying—&quot; Greenland’s Icy Mountains.&quot;</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Charity.</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pilgrim Song—&quot;Troubadour.&quot;</td>
<td>123</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS.

Prayer for the Slave—"Hamburg." .......................... 90
Party of the Whole—Webb ...................................... 274
Praise to God Who Ever Reigns—"Pleyel." .................... 314
Rallying Song—"Marseilles." ................................ 320
Rouse, Brothers, Rouse—"The flag of our Union for ever." .... 83
Rouse up, New England—G. W. C .............................. 111
Remember God is just—"Hamburg." .......................... 91
Rise, Freemen, Rise—G. W. C .................................. 114
Remember Me—G. W. C ....................................... 114
Raise a Shout for Liberty—"Old Granite State." ............... 189
Right Onward we Go—G. W. C .................................. 280
Slavery is a Hard Foe to Battle—"Jordan." .................... 315
Salt River Chorus—"Cheer up my lively lads." ................ 278
Sleep on, My Child—"Wind of the winter's night." .......... 87
Stanzas for The Times—G. W. C ................................ 104
Sing Me a Triumph Song—"My faith looks up to Thee." .... 128
Song of The Free—"Lutzow's Wild Hunt." ..................... 153
Spirit of Freemen, Awake—"God save the King." ............. 195
Slaveholder's Lament—"Lucy Neal." ......................... 205
Slave's Wrongs—"Rose of Allendale." ......................... 218
Slave Girl Mourning her Father—Old Air ....................... 248
Slave's Wail—"Over the Mountain, over the Moor." ......... 107
"Star Spangled Banner"—Robert Treat Paine ................ 41
Swanee River—"Old folks at Home." ......................... 295
Slave's Address to the Eagle—"Carrier Dove." ............... 297
Strike for Freedom and for Right—"Familiar Air." .......... 312
To One as Well as Another—G. W. C .......................... 75
The Stolen Boy—Lover ........................................ 69
The Poor Unhappy Slave—Griffin ............................. 66
The Breaking Dawn—Traver ................................... 9
The Day Spring Bright—"Sparkling and Bright." ............... 13
The Day of Promise Comes—Hutchinsons ....................... 14
Till the Last Chain is Broken—"Last link is broken." ....... 20
This World is Not All Cheerless—G. W. C ..................... 26
There's Room Enough for All—G. W. C ......................... 46
The Joys of Freedom—"Polly Hopkins"—arranged and harmonized by G. W. C ................................. 57
There's a Good Time Coming—Hutchinsons .................... 72
The Flag of Our Union For Ever—Wallace ...................... 80
The Bereaved Mother—"Kathleen O'Moore." ................. 84
The Fugitive—Bonny Doon ................................... 95
To Those I Love—Old Air .................................... 109
The Man for Me—"The Rose that all are praising." .......... 121
The Bondman—"Troubadour." .................................. 124
The Law of Love—G. W. C .................................... 185
The Mercy Seat—G. W. C .................................... 187
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CONTENTS.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Pleasant Land we Love—“Carrier Dove.” .................................. 147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Freed Slave ............................................................................. 149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Flag of the Free ........................................................................ 149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That’s My Country—Martyn .............................................................. 157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Last Night of Slavery—“Cherokee Death Song.” ............................. 165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Little Slave Girl—“Morgianainin Ireland.” ................................. 167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Yankee Girl—G. W. C ................................................................... 177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Slave’s Lamentation—“Long, long ago.” ...................................... 180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief. ................................................... 182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Trembling Fugitive—G. W. C ..................................................... 193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Liberty Army—“God save the King.” .......................................... 195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Slave Singing at Midnight—German Air ...................................... 196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Branded Hand—G. W. C ................................................................ 200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Poor Little Slave—G. W. C ......................................................... 215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Ballot Box—“Lincoln.” .................................................................. 216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Blind Slave Boy—“Sweet Afton.” ................................................ 222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Strength of Tyranny—“Crackovienne.” ......................................... 227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fugitive to the Christian ........................................................... 225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Quadroon Maiden—“Indian Maid.” ............................................... 230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Voter’s Song—“Niel Gow’s farewell.” .......................................... 270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Afric’s Dream—“Emigrant’s Lament.” .......................................... 238</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Negro’s Appeal—“Isle of beauty.” .............................................. 246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Slave and Her Babe—“How can I sleep while angels sing?” ............. 251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bereaved Father—G. W. C ........................................................... 250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Slave Boy’s Wish—“Near the Lake.” ............................................ 253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tis a Glorious Year—Our Warriors’ heart.” ....................................... 273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Clarion of Freedom—“The Chariot.” .......................................... 266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Liberty Ball—“Rosin the bow.” .................................................. 261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Free Soil Voter’s Song—“Old Granite State.” ............................... 288</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Free State Debate ........................................................................ 285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Ballot—“Bonny Doon.” .................................................................. 299</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Poor Voter’s Song—“Lucy Long.” ............................................... 297</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Spirit of the Pilgrims—“Be free, O man, be free.” ......................... 301</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They Worked Me all Day Without a Bit of Pay—“Dearest May.” ............ 296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Minstrel Boy—“The Minstrel Boy.” ............................................ 302</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Slaveholder’s Prayer—“Dandy Jim.” .......................................... 303</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Emblem of the Free—“Tis dawn, the lark,” &amp;c. ............................. 306</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Gathering—“Hunter’s Chorus.” ................................................... 309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Nebrascality—“Yankee Doodle.” ................................................ 310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Day Breaketh—“Bavaria.” ........................................................... 313</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The True Aristocrats—“Auld Lang Syne.” ........................................... 315</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Rescue—“Rory O’Moore.” ....................................................... 317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Free Soiler’s Song—“From Greenland’s Icy Mountains.” ............... 245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Home of the Free—“Rosin the bow.” .......................................... 262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uncle Tom’s Religion—Howard ......................................................... 62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Up, Laggards of Freedom—“Campbells are coming.” ............................ 309</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS.

335

Voice of New England—G. W. C. .......................... 117
While 'tis Daytime, Let us Work—T. Wood, .................... 49
We're Free!—Whittier—"Lucy Neal." .......................... 321
We've had a Cordial Greeting—"Old Granite State." ............. 305
We Long to See that Happy Day—"Hebron." .................... 313
Who are The Free?—L. M. .................................. 119
We're Coming—Kinloch." .................................. 264
Wake, Sons of the Pilgrims—"McGregor's Gathering." ............ 129
We are Come, All Come—Old Air." ........................... 134
Wake, ye Numbers!—"Strike the Cymbals." ....................... 139
We're for Freedom Thro' the Land—"Old Granite State," ........ 185
We're Children of One Parent—Mason .......................... 190
Wake ye Freemen All—"Lucy Long." ........................... 268
What Means that Sad and Dismal Look?—"Near the Lake." ...... 252
What's Holy Time—"Somerville." .............................. 203
What Mean Ye?—Hastings ................................... 318
Ye Spirits of the Free—"My Faith looks up," &c. ............... 127
Ye Heralds of Freedom—Kingsly .............................. 99
Ye Sons of Freemen ......................................... 158
Ye Sons of the Soil—"Campbells are Coming." .................... 308
Zaza—The Female Slave—G. W. C. ............................ 88

Appendix, page 323 to 329.
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