



Engraved by J.C. Buttre

*Geo. W. Clark.*

# 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.

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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 sways 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 perpetual confluence of sweet sounds. A Scotch traveller, in passing through one of the most delightful villas of Rome, overheard a stone-mason chanting something 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 familiar 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 dethroned, 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, choruses, &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.

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## 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 !

WHITTIER.

---

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 foundered !  
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.

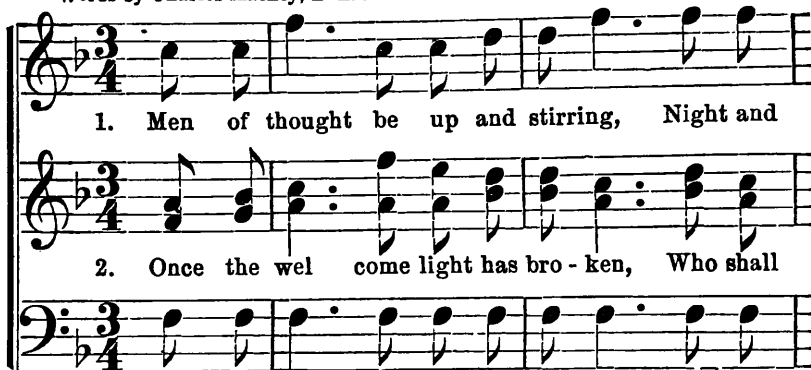
G. W. C.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

## CLEAR THE WAY.

Words by Charles Mackey, L. L. D.

Music by G. W. C.



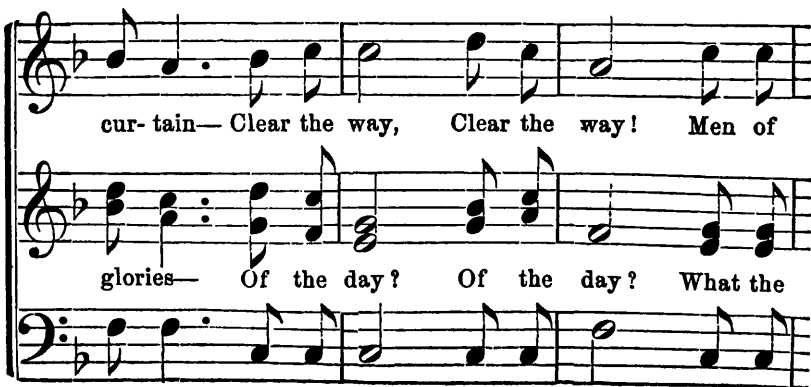
1. Men of thought be up and stirring, Night and

2. Once the wel come light has bro - ken, Who shall



day, Night and day! Sow the seed, Withdraw the

say, Who shall say, What the un im-magined



cur-tain— Clear the way, Clear the way! Men of

glories— Of the day? Of the day? What the

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

7

ac - tion, aid and cheer them, As ye may, As ye  
e vil that shall per - ish In its ray? In its

may! There's a fount a - bout to stream, There's a  
ray! Aid the dawn - ing tongue and pen, Aid it

light a - bout to beam, There's a warmth a - bout to  
hopes of hon - est men; Aid it pa per, aid it

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

glow, There's a flower a - bout to blow ; There's a  
type— Aid it for the hour is ripe, And our

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

mid night blackness chang- ing In to  
earn est must not slack- en, In - to

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

gray, In - to gray ! Men of thought, and men of  
play, In to play ; Men of thought, and men of

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

9

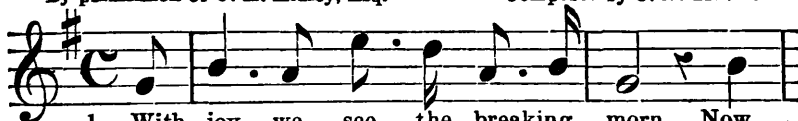


3 Lo! a cloud's about to vanish,  
 From the day, from the day ;  
 And a brazen wrong to crumble,  
 Into clay, into clay.  
 Lo! the right's about to conquer,  
 CLEAR THE WAY, CLEAR THE WAY.  
 With that right shall many more  
 Enter, smiling, at the door ;  
 With the giant wrong shall fall  
 Many 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.

By permission of J. H. Hidley, Esq.

Composed by C. M. Traver.



1. With joy we see the breaking morn Now
2. O! 'twas a glori - ous morning when O'er
3. For then shall Freedom's ban - ner wave, Be -
4. Then sound the toc sin loud and long ; Through



glimm'ring thro' the mis ty 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

## HARP OF FREEDOM.



clouded sun shall light Earth's haughty tyrants to their doom.  
 far will be the day Whose breaking morn is now be - gun.  
 Star, with brilliant ray, Undimm'd shine on for ev - er - more.  
 echoing strains proclaim The Earth is on - ly for the Free.

**CHORUS.**

Then hail the dawn so bright and clear, The



Then hail the dawn so bright and clear, The



dawn of the good time com - ing! com - ing!



dawn of the good time com - ing! com - ing!



## HARP OF FREEDOM.

11

coming ! When Freedom's foes shall quake with fear At the  
coming ! When Freedom's foes shall quake with fear At the

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are printed below the staves, with the first line of lyrics aligned under the top staff and the second line aligned under the middle staff.

dawn of the good time coming, Then hail to the glori-ous  
dawn of the good time coming. Then hail to the glori-ous

This system also consists of three staves. The top staff has a melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The middle and bottom staves are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with the first line aligned under the top staff and the second line aligned under the middle staff.

dawn, Then hail to the glori ous dawn, Then  
dawn, Then hail to the glori ous dawn, Then

This system consists of three staves. The top staff has a melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The middle and bottom staves are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with the first line aligned under the top staff and the second line aligned under the middle staff.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

hail to the dawn of the good time coming, coming,

hail to the dawn of the good time coming, coming,

coming, The dawn of the good time com - ing.

coming, The dawn of the good time com . ing.

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.

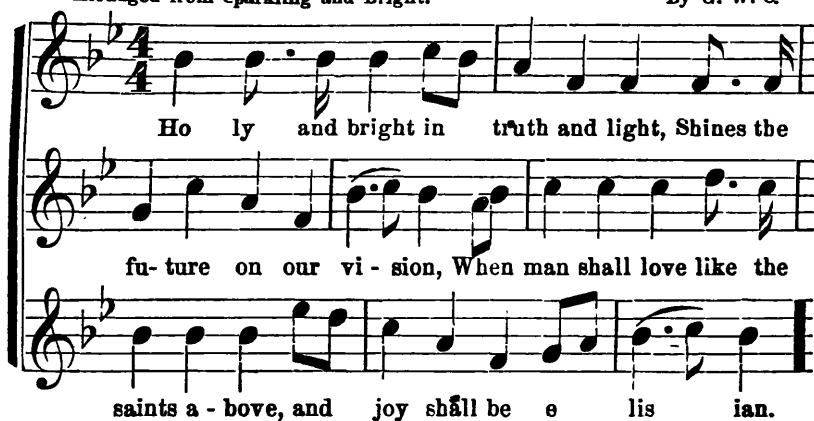
## HARP OF FREEDOM.

13

## THE DAY SPRING BRIGHT.

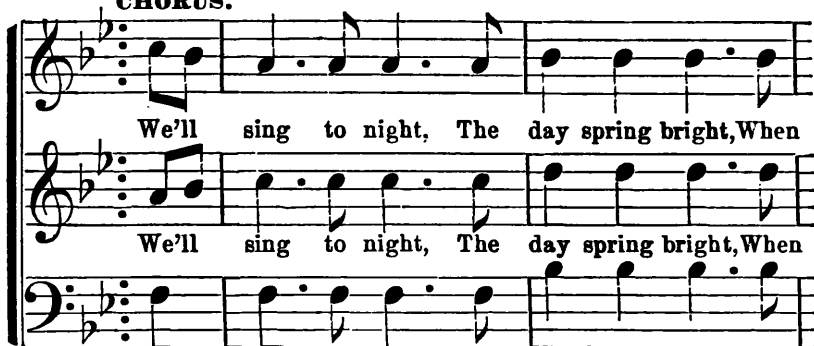
Arranged from Sparkling and Bright.

By G. W. C.




Ho ly and bright in truth and light, Shines the  
fu- ture on our vi - sion, When man shall love like the  
saints a - bove, and joy shall be e lis ian.

## CHORUS.



We'll sing to night, The day spring bright, When  
We'll sing to night, The day spring bright, When



love shall warm cre- a - tion, And draw from the soul With her  
love shall warm cre- a tion, And draw from the soul With her

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

sweet control The dew of the heart's o ra - tion.

sweet control The dew of the heart's o ra - tion.

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.

1. Be hold the day of pro - mise comes  
 2. Al rea dy in the gold en east  
 3. The cap tive now be gins to rise and  
 4. And all the old dis til - leries shall

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

15

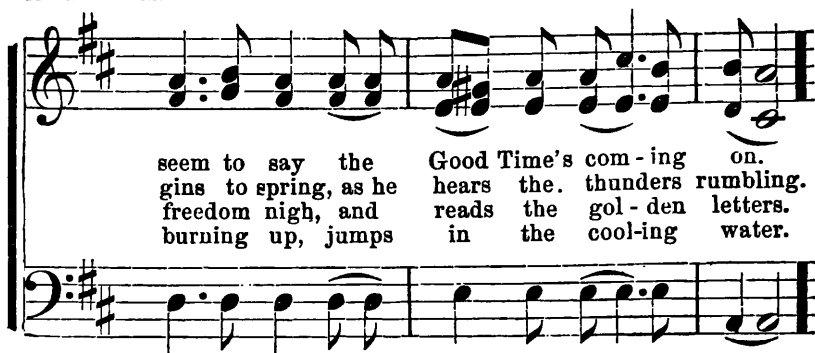
full of in - spi ra - tion, The glorious day by  
the glorious light is dawning, And watchmen from the  
burst his chains a sun - d'r. While po - li ti - cians  
perish and burn to ge - ther. The brandy, rum, and

pro - phets sung for the heal ing of the  
moun - tain tops can see the bles sed  
stand a ghastr in anx - ious fear and  
gin, and wine, and all such what so -

nations, Old midnight er - rors flee a - way, they  
morning, O'er all the land their voi - ces ring, while  
won - der, No lon - ger shall the bondman sigh be -  
ev - er, The world be - gins to feel the fire, and

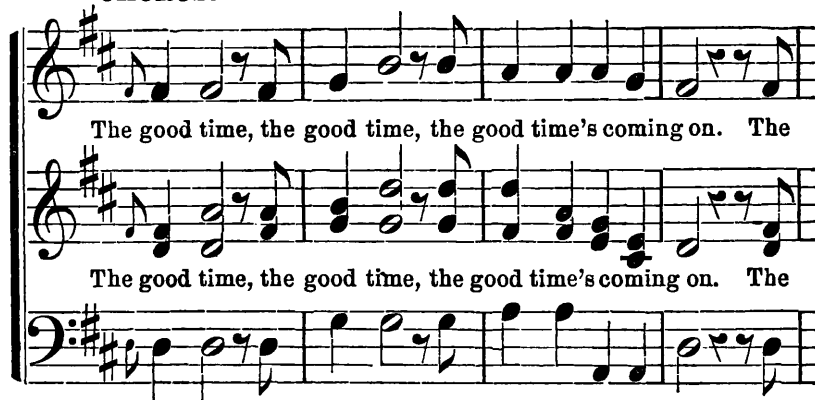
soon will all be gone, While heavenly voi - ces  
yet the world is slumb'ring, And e'en the sluggard be -  
neath the gall - ing fetters, He sees the dawn of  
e'en the poor be sotter, To save him - self from

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

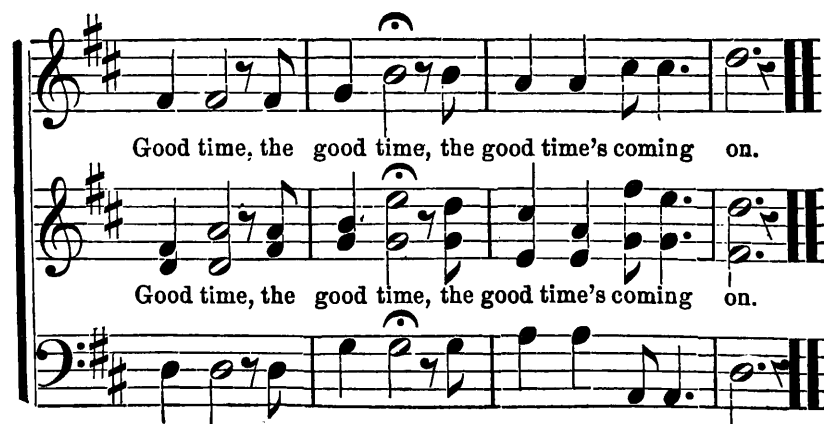


seem to say the Good Time's com - ing on.  
 gins to spring, as he hears the. thunders rumbling.  
 freedom nigh, and reads the gol - den letters.  
 burning up, jumps in the cool-ing water.

## 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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

17

## ACRES AND HANDS.

By Duganne.

By permission of Horace Waters,

Music by T. Wood.

1. The earth is the Lord's and the  
The wa - ter hath fish and the

2. And Sun the light and breeze and  
the good God gave these

fullness thereof Says God's most ho-ly word :  
land hath flesh. And the air hath many a } bird ;

gladsome flowers Are o'er the earth spread wide,  
gifts to men, To men who on earth a— } bide ;

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 i ron bands, While

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in alto clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words spanning across measures.

mill ions of hands want a - cres, While mill - ions of  
 mill ions of hands want a - cres, While mill - ions of

The second system continues the melody with three staves. The lyrics are repeated, with some variations in phrasing.

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

The third system concludes the piece with three staves. The lyrics are repeated, ending with a period.

- 
- 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  
2. The slave's cry is unheeded, His deep groans are

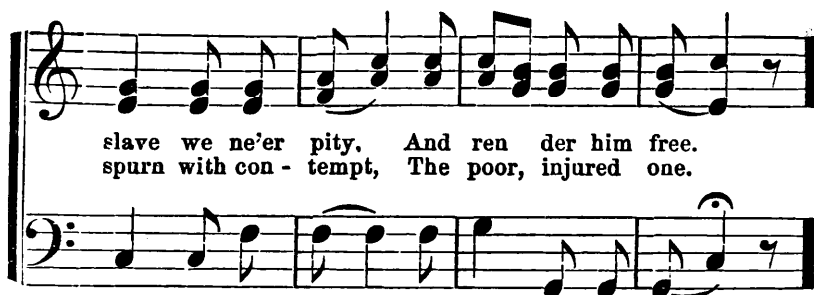
slave, Let us ne'er boast of free dom, And the  
spurned, But a less son of vengeance May

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

just tice? And our bra-ve - ry? If the  
just ly Each deed we have done, May ne'er


## HARP OF FREEDOM.

21



slave we ne'er pity. And ren der him free.  
spurn with con - tempt, The poor, injured one.

## CHORUS.



May each fel - low be - ing Be free as the  
May each fel - low be ing Be free as the



wave, And the fair rays of free dom En  
wave, And the fair rays of free dom En

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

light en the slave ; Then shall the glad  
light en the slave ; Then shall the glad

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a melody line. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a supporting line. The lyrics are written below the staves.

sto ry Be borne o'er the sea, And  
sto ry Be borne o'er the sea, And

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a melody line. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a supporting line. The lyrics are written below the staves.

tell— to our glo - ry—CO - LUM - BIA IS FREE, Then  
tell— to our glo - ry—CO - LUM - BIA IS FREE, Then

This system contains the final two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a melody line. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a supporting line. The lyrics are written below the staves.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

23

shall the glad sto ry Be borne o'er the sea And

shall the glad sto ry Be borne o'er the sea And

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, often in harmony with the top staff. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

tell— to our glo ry—CO - LUM BIA IS FREE!

tell— to our glo - ry— CO LUM BIA IS FREE!....

The musical score continues with three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, often in harmony with the top staff. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

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.

Words by Rev. Nelson Brown. By permission of J. H. Hildey. Music by T. Wood

1. Day is breaking! day is breaking, Soon will  
 2. Day is breaking! up each sleep-er! Ho! to

3. Hark the shouting! hark the shouting, hast en  
 4. Tears are flowing, tears are flowing, Love shall

pass the gloom of night, Ro - sy morn is now a-  
 work, there's work to do; Up each sow-er, up each

on with sword and shield, Truth old er - ror now is  
 wipe them all a way, Brok - en hearts its power are

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.

25

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

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a two-part setting in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the vocal line in the middle staff.

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 night, O'er the

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a two-part setting in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the vocal line in the middle staff.

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 night.

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a two-part setting in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the vocal line in the middle staff. The system concludes with double bar lines on all staves.

## 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  
 2. This world is not all cheerless, The heart most lone and

3. This world is not all cheerless, Tho' hope my pass a-  
 4. This world is not all cheerless, Then as we journey

drear; There's a calm for eve-ry tem pest, A  
 sad, Has sometimes pleasant memories To

way, And the things we cherish dear - est, 'Neath  
 on, Let eve ry heart be breath - ing A

smile for eve - ry tear; There's a ray of gol - den  
 cheer and make it glad; For love is ev - er

time's cold hand de cay; For eve - ry pang that  
 grateful, gladsome, song, For the rich and countless

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

27

sunshine, To make each desert bright, A glittering star to  
twining Its roses o'er 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.  
heav - en, When life's short dream has fled.

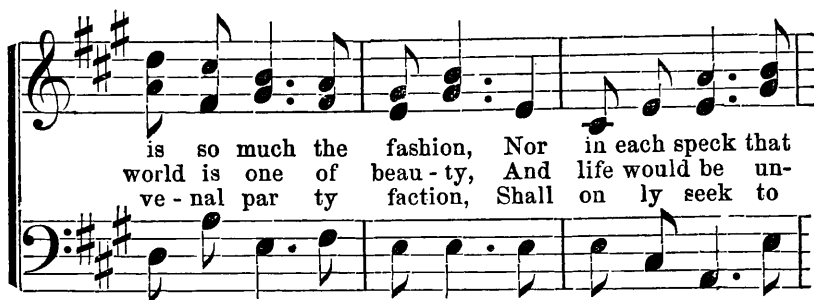
## BETTER TIMES ARE COMING FRIENDS.

By permission of Horace Waters.

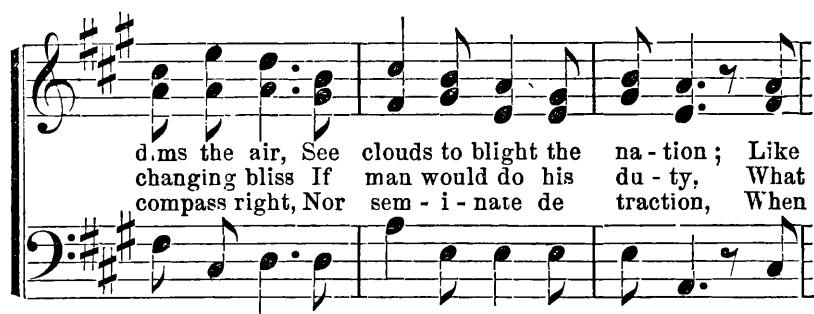
Arranged from Dumbleton by G. W. C

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

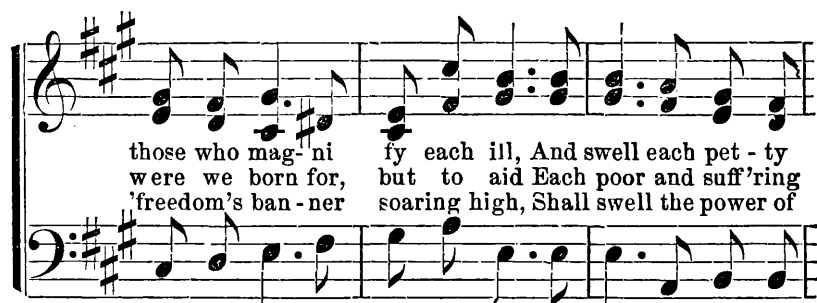
## HARP OF FREEDOM.



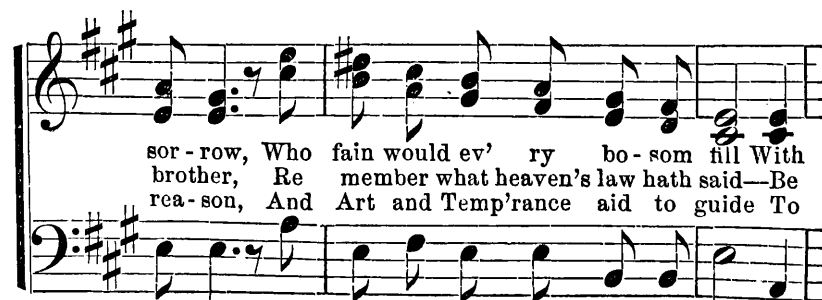
is so much the fashion, Nor in each speck that  
world is one of beau - ty, And life would be un-  
ve - nal par ty faction, Shall on ly seek to



d.ms the air, See clouds to blight the na - tion; Like  
changing bliss If man would do his du - ty, What  
compass right, Nor sem - i - nate de traction, When



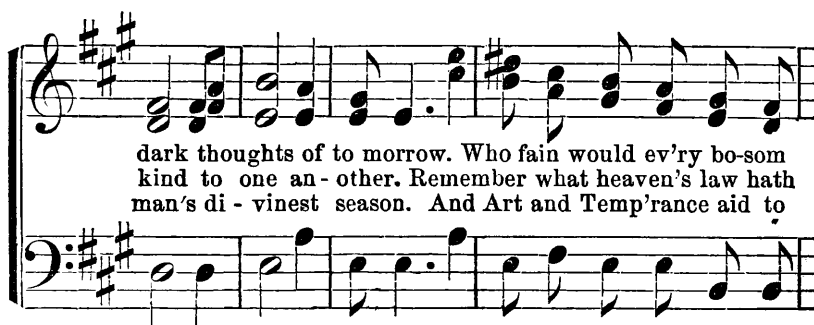
those who mag - ni fy each ill, And swell each pet - ty  
were we born for, but to aid Each poor and suff'ring  
'freedom's ban - ner soaring high, Shall swell the power of



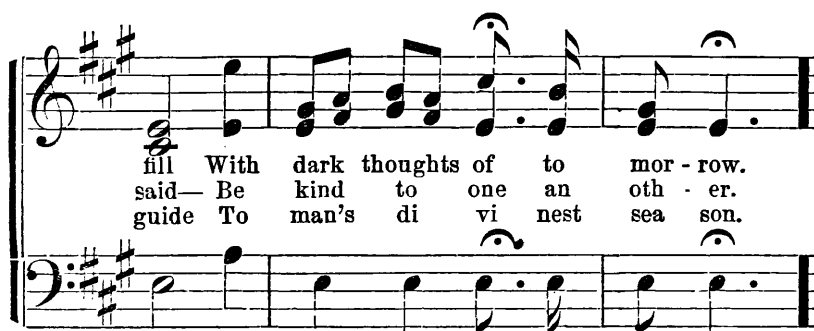
sor - row, Who fain would ev' ry bo - som fill With  
brother, Re member what heaven's law hath said—Be  
rea - son, And Art and Temp'rance aid to guide To

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

29

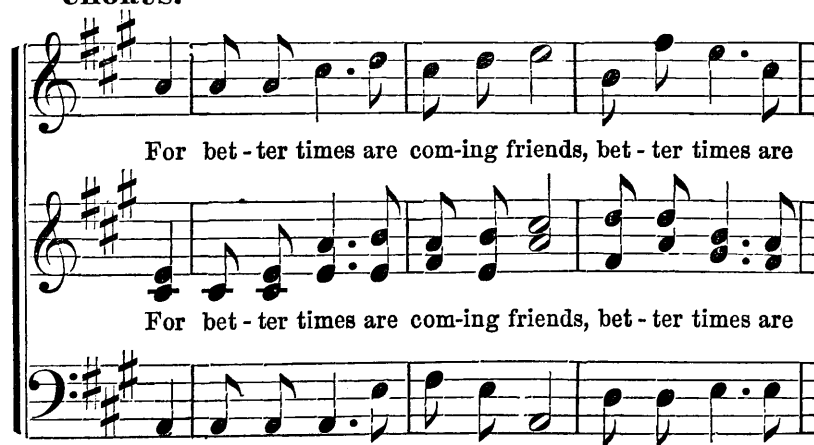


dark thoughts of to morrow. Who fain would ev'ry bo-som  
kind to one an- other. Remember what heaven's law hath  
man's di- vinest season. And Art and Temp'rance aid to



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.

com-ing, For er - rors past, to make amends,  
com-ing, For er - rors past, to make amends,

The first system of the musical score for 'Harp of Freedom' consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are 'com-ing, For er - rors past, to make amends,' repeated on the top and middle staves.

bet - ter times are com-ing, Yes, bet - ter times are  
bet - ter times are com-ing, Yes, bet - ter times are

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are 'bet - ter times are com-ing, Yes, bet - ter times are' repeated on the top and middle staves.

com-ing, friends, Yes, bet - ter times are com - ing.  
com-ing, friends, Yes, bet - ter times are com - ing.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are 'com-ing, friends, Yes, bet - ter times are com - ing.' repeated on the top and middle staves. The system ends with a double bar line.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

31

## 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 e - qui - tous

made, In pol - i tics, morals, re ligion and trade, In

rules, Our pri - sons, con - verted to na - tional schools; The

statesmen who wrangle and ride on the fence, These

pleasures of sin - ning—'tis all a pre - tence, And

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

things shall be altered one hundred years hence, one hundred years  
the people will find it so a hundred years hence, a 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.

33

## MY OLD MASSA TELLS ME SO.

Arranged from Air, Dandy Jim, with chorus,

Words from Fred Douglas's Paper.

By G. W. C.



1. Come all ye bond-men far and near, Let's
2. He tells us of that glo-rious 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

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

free dom O ; Let's look a bout and

see if its so, Just as mas - sa tells me, O !

4. 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.

HARP OF FREEDOM.

35

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 bondsmen, 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 Co lum - bia, hap py land!  
 2. Im mor tal Pa triots! rise once more! De -

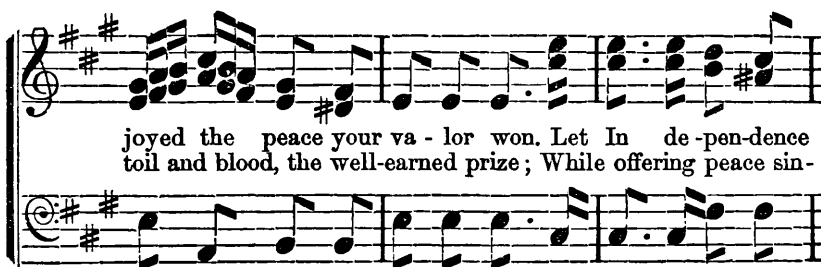
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band, Who fought and bled in  
 fend your rights, de-fend your shore; Let no rude foe with

free-dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause,  
 im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand,

And when the storm of war was gone, En  
 In vade the shrine, where sa cred lies Of

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

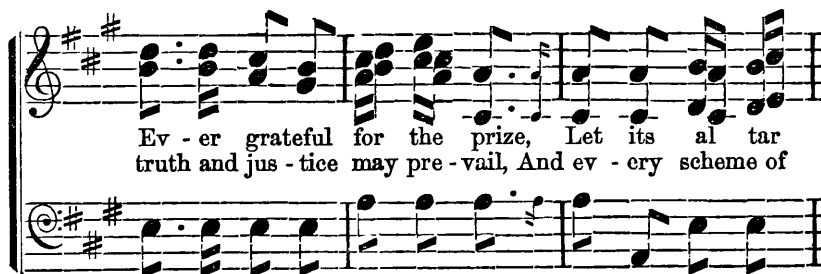
37



joyed the peace your va - lor won. Let In de - pen - dence  
toil and blood, the well - earned prize ; While offering peace sin -



be our boast, Ev - er mind ful what it cost.  
cere and just, In heaven we place a man - ly trust, That



Ev - er grateful for the prize, Let its al tar  
truth and jus - tice may pre - vail, And ev - ery scheme of



reach the skies. Firm u nit ed let us be.  
bon - dage fail. Firm u nit ed, &c.



## 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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

89

## HAPPY DAYS ARE COMING RIGHT ALONG.\*

NETTIE.

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



1. The days are com-ing, hap-py days; Com-ing right a -
2. The days of pro-gress and re-form are Coming right a -
3. Thus while we sing in Free-dom's praise; Sing right a



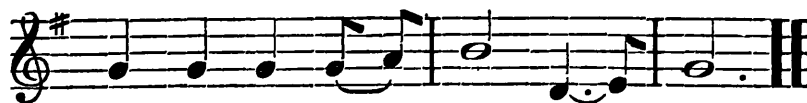
long! We'll sing of them in joy-ful lays; The  
 long! Days un-darkened by a storm, In the  
 long! We'll work to hast-en on the days, The



good, good times! When wrong shall yield to sov'-reign right,  
 good, good times! Peace shall smile up-on our land;  
 good, good times! When wrong shall yield to sov'-reign right;



Yield right a long, And Truth shall join her  
 Smile right a long, E ven now 'tis  
 Yield right a long, And Truth shall join her



hand with Might, In the good, good times.  
 close at hand, The good, good times.  
 hand with Might, In the good, good times.

\* By permission of FIRTH, POND &amp; Co.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

## CHORUS.

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

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

Hur-ra! Hur-ra! Hur - ra! The hap py

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

41

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

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

The musical score for 'Harp of Freedom' consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle and bottom staves are accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the same key signature. The lyrics are 'days are near-ing, Hur - ra! Hur - ra! The hap py' repeated twice.

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

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

This block continues the musical score for 'Harp of Freedom'. It contains the same three-staff format (melody, treble accompaniment, and bass accompaniment) with the lyrics 'days are near-ing, With the good, good times.' repeated twice.

## STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, JR., 1798.

Ye sons of Co lum bia, who brave-ly have

The musical score for 'Star Spangled Banner' begins with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics shown are 'Ye sons of Co lum bia, who brave-ly have'.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.



## HARP OF FREEDOM.

43

## SOLO.



And ne'er shall the sons of Co lum - bia be slaves,

## CHORUS. Tenor.



Alto an Octave higher.

And ne'er shall the sons of Co lum - bia be slaves,



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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

## 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.

## 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 no-ble cause con-tending, God speed the right, }

The musical score is written for two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff uses a bass clef and the same key signature. The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 4/4 time signature. The bass line consists of eighth and quarter notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

45

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  
 2. What if the swarthy peasant find No field for hon-est  
 3. From poisoned air ye breathe in courts, And ty-phus tainted

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment line begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music is in 3/4 time.

bro-ther? Why need we through the crowd of life Keep  
 la bor? He need not i dly stop be hind, To  
 al leys, Go forth and dwell where health re-sorts, In

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment line begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music is in 3/4 time.

trampling down each oth-er? Is there no good that  
 thrust a side his neigh-bor; There is a land of  
 ru ral hills and val-leys; Where ev-ery hand that

The third system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment line begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music is in 3/4 time.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

47

can be won, With-out a squeeze to gain it! No  
sun ny skies, Which gold for toil is giv - ing, Where  
clears a bough, Finds plen-ty in at ten - dance, And

oth - er way of get - ting on, But scrambling to ob -  
ev - ery brawn - y hand that tries Its strength can get a  
ev - ery fur row of the plow, A step to in de -

tain it; Oh! fel low - men, re mem - ber then, What  
liv - ing; Oh! fel low - men, re mem - ber then, What  
pen - dence, Oh! hast - en then from fe - vered den, And

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

ev er chance be fall— The world is wide in  
 ev er chance be fall— The world is wide where  
 lodg - ing cramped and small—The world is wide in

lands be - side, There's room e nough for all.  
 those a bide, There's room e nough for all.  
 lands be - side, There's room e nough for all.

## 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 !

## HARP OF FREEDOM

49

## WHILE 'TIS DAY-TIME LET US WORK.

SONG OR QUARTETTE.

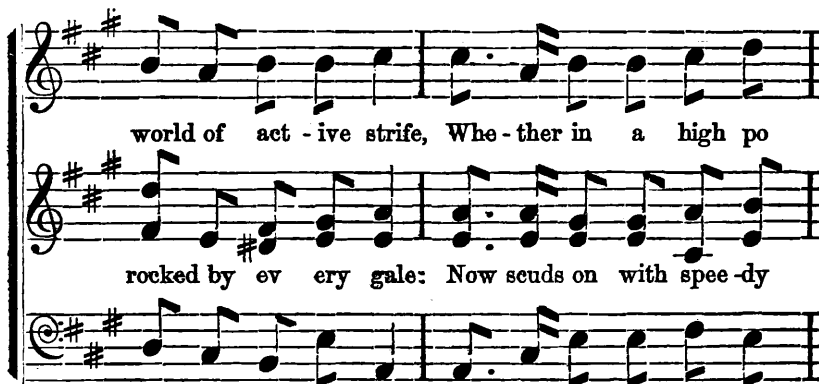
*Con Animo.*

By T. WOOD. Expressly for G. W. CLARK, Esq.



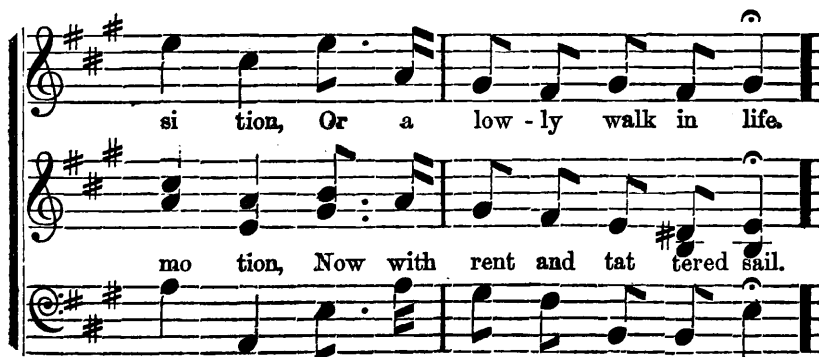
1. Ev ery mor - tal has his mis - sion In this

2. Life's a bark up on the o - cean, Tossed and



world of act - ive strife, Whe - ther in a high po

rocked by ev ery gale: Now seuds on with spee - dy



si tion, Or a low - ly walk in life.

mo tion, Now with rent and tat - tered sail.

## HARP OF FREEDOM

He it is who, now full filling Every

Life's a bright and sun - ny morn - ing, With some

du ty day by day, Shows the mind and spi - rit

light re freshing showers, Fol - lowed by dark cloud - y

will - ing To per - form its on ward way.

warn - ing Of the storm that o'er us lowers.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

51

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 free dom, hon - or, and na tive land, Each  
 The host of the foe he will nev er 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 u - nit - ed, un - af - frighted, { March we on in  
Bound in love to

free - dom's cause, free - dom's laws ; } Free - dom's sa cred band, True..

..... to free-dom's land, True to free-dom's land.

True to free-dom's land, True to free-dom'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.

53

## FREE KANSAS.

G. W. C.

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

which the heavens and earth re ply, Our ea gle, sing - ing  
 heard a bove the o cean's roar, Now list - en! would you  
 can - non's mu sic, ev ery sonnd, As it is ech - oed

as she flies, "Free..... Kan - sas."  
 hear it more? "Free..... Kan - sas."  
 round and round, "Free..... Kan - sas."

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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.



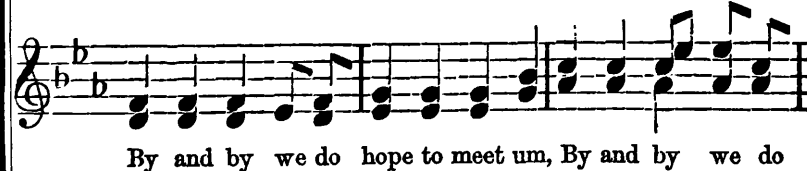
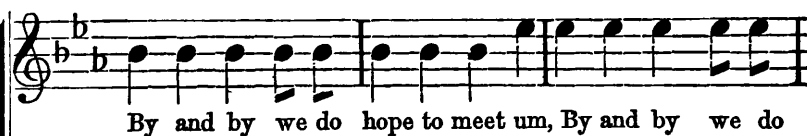
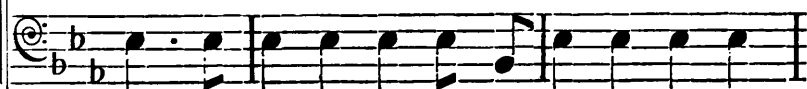
\* Slaves anticipating the day of deliverance from slavery, and their return to the loved ones, and loved spot where they were born.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

55



## Chorus.



## 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.

57

## THE JOYS OF FREEDOM.

Arranged and harmonized by G. W. C.

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

2. Wea-ri - ly ev - ery bo som pin - eth, Wea-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!

bind - eth, Wea - ri ly O! wea - ri ly O!

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

There the pa-rents' smile hath more brightness, There the  
 There the pa-rents' smile yields to sad-ness, There the

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are printed below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first two staves and the second line corresponding to the third staff.

youthful heart hath more light-ness, Ev - ery joy the home sur-  
 youthful heart hath no glad-ness, Ev - ery flower of life de -

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first two staves and the second line corresponding to the third staff.

roundeth, Mer-ri - ly O! mer-ri - ly O! Mer-ri - ly,  
 clin - eth, Weari - ly O! wea-ri - ly O! Wea-ri - ly,

This system contains the final three staves of the musical score. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first two staves and the second line corresponding to the third staff. The music features triplets, indicated by the number '3' above the notes.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

59

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

weari-ly, weari-ly O! Weari-ly O! weari-ly O!

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.



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



Free-dom is the no-blest pay For the true man's toil.

**Chorus.**

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



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



sing up-on the Kan-sas plains A song of lib-er-ty!



sing up-on the Kan-sas plains A song of lib-er-ty!



## HARP OF FREEDOM.

61

- 
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

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

way a-long. Mas-sa Clare has gone to E va,  
 cru el ty. No: we must love one an oth-er,  
 Leav-ing friend-less poor old Tom. Yet with trust and  
 Then we'll get where all am free. Pa-tience here, I'll

\* By permission of HORACE WATERS.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

63

strength in hea-ven, I re-main a faith-ful slave,  
go to glo-ry, There is com-fort for the slave,

The musical score consists of three staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff has a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' above it. The third staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the first two staves.

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.

The musical score consists of three staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the first two staves.

3.

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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

## THE BULLY BROOKS. HIS CANADA SONG.

Words by BRYANT.

Music arranged from "Cork Leg." By G. W. C.

1. To Can a-da Brooks was asked to go, To

2. Those Jer sey railroads I can't a-bide, 'Tis a

waste of pow-der a pound or so, He

dan-ger ous thing in the trains to ride; Each

sighed as he an swered, No, no, no, They might

brake-man car - ries a knife by his side, They'd

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

65

take my life on the way, you know, Ri tu di nu di

cut my throat, and they'd cut it wide, Ri tu di nu di

nu di na, ri tu di ni nu, ri tu di nu di na.

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 car,  
 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 re-mem-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

sto ry she did tell: 'Twas 'bout a poor un-

to his grave did steal. She sat down by that

\* By permission of W. HALL &amp; SON.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

67

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

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

know that he is free: Dis turb him not, but

know that he is free: Dis - turb him not, but

let him rest, Way down in Ten nes see.

let him rest, Way down in Ten nes see.

## 3.

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.

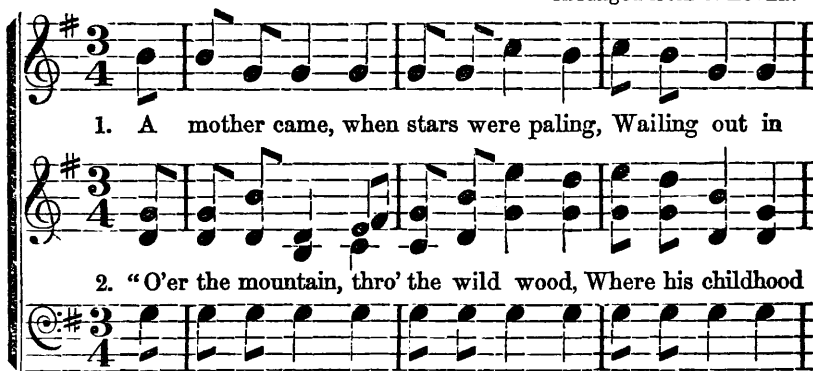
CHORUS. The poor old slave, &c.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

69

## THE STOLEN BOY.

Arranged from S. LOVER.



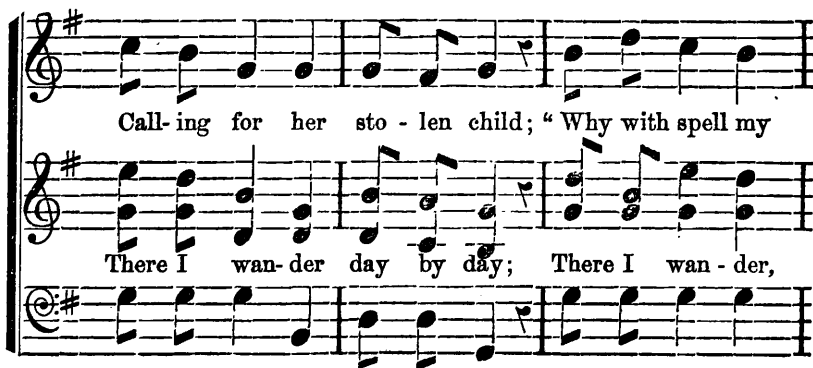
1. A mother came, when stars were paling, Wailing out in

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.

boy caress - ing, Courting him with fairy joy?  
 grow-ing fond-er Of the child that made my joy;

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The music is written in a 19th-century style with various note values and rests.

Why de - stroy a mo - ther's blessing? Wherefore steal my  
 On the ech - oes wild - ly call - ing To re store my

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

ba by boy? Why with spell my child de coy - ing,  
 dar - ling boy; There I wan - der, grow-ing fond - er

This system contains the final three staves of the musical score on this page, concluding the piece.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

71

Lur-ing him with gau - dy toys? Why de - stroy a  
Of the child that made my joy; On the ech - oes

mo - ther's bless-ing? Wherefore steal my ba - by boy?  
wild - ly call - ing To re store my sto - len 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."

## 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

The musical score is written for three staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the third is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a strong emphasis on the words 'There's a good time coming'.

good time com-ing boys, Wait a lit tle long-er. We

good time com-ing boys, Wait a lit tle long-er. The

The musical score continues on three staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the third is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a strong emphasis on the words 'good time coming'.

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

pen shall su per-sede the sword, And right not might shall

The musical score continues on three staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the third is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a strong emphasis on the words 'may not live to see the day'.

\* By permission of OLIVER DITSON.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

73

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

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

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps. The music is in 4/4 time and features a melody in the top staff and accompaniment in the middle and bottom staves.

Can - non balls may aid the truth, But thought's a wea-pon

Worth, not birth, shall rule man-kind, And be acknowledged

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps. The music is in 4/4 time and features a melody in the top staff and accompaniment in the middle and bottom staves.

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

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps. The music is in 4/4 time and features a melody in the top staff and accompaniment in the middle and bottom staves.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

long-er. Oh! There's a good time coming, boys, A good time

coming, There's a good time coming, boys, Wait a little longer.

## 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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

75

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.

G. W. C.

1. "Keep it be fore the peo - ple," That the

1. "Keep it be fore the peo - ple," That

earth was made for man, That the flowers were strown, And the

famine, and crime, and woe, For ever a bide, Still

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

fruits were grown, To bless and never to ban;  
side by side, With lux-ury's daz zling show;

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words like 'daz' and 'zling' appearing to be stylized or misspelled in the original image.

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

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics continue with 'That the sun and rain, And the corn and grain, Are' and '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

This system contains the final three staves of the musical score on this page. The lyrics conclude with 'yours and mine, my bro-ther; Free gift from heaven, And' and 'starves at his gate, my bro-ther, Yet life was given, By'.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

77

free - ly given, To one as well as an - o - ther,  
God from heaven, To one as well as an - o - ther,

To one as well as an - o ther.  
To one as well as an o - ther.

3.

“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 ev er a way, A

2. If you've only old clothes, an old bon - net or hat, A kind

The first system of the musical score is written in 4/4 time. It features three staves: a treble staff with a melody, a treble staff with a harmonic accompaniment, and a bass staff with a bass line. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with the first line corresponding to the first staff and the second line to the second staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

way where there's ev er a will ; Don't

word, or a smile true and soft ; In the

The second system continues the musical score. It also consists of three staves (treble, treble, and bass). The lyrics continue from the first system, with the first line of the system corresponding to the first staff and the second line to the second staff. The musical notation includes various note values and rests, with some notes beamed together.

wait till to mor - row, but do it to day,

name of a bro - ther con - fer it, and that

The third system is the final one on the page. It follows the same three-staff format (treble, treble, and bass). The lyrics conclude the phrase 'DO GOOD—THERE'S EVER A WAY.' The musical notation includes a final cadence with a double bar line.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

79

And to - day when the mor - row comes still, If you've  
Shall be count - ed as gold up a loft, God

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

mo - ney, you're armed, and can find work e nough in  
car - eth for all, and his glo - ri - ous sun Shines a

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics continue from the previous system, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

ev - ery street, al ley, and lane, If you've  
like on the rich and the poor, Be

This system contains the final three staves of the musical score. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics continue from the previous system, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

bread, cast it off, and the wa-ters, tho' rough,  
thou like him, and bless ev ery one,

Will be sure and re turn it a gain.  
And thou'lt be re ward ed 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 ban-ner," the watchword re-call,  
2. What God in his wis-dom and mer-cy de-signed,

\* By permission of WM. HALL &amp; SON.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

81

Which gave the Re-pub-lic her sta-tion; U  
And armed with his weap-on of thun-der, Not

The first system of the musical score for 'Harp of Freedom'. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is also in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

nit-ed we stand-di vid-ed we fall! It  
all the earth's despots and fac-tions combined, Have the

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'nit-ed we stand-di vid-ed we fall! It' are on the first line, and 'all the earth's despots and fac-tions combined, Have the' are on the second line.

made and preserves us a nation! The u-nion of lakes, the  
power to con-quer or sun-der! The u-nion of lakes, the

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the piece. The lyrics 'made and preserves us a nation! The u-nion of lakes, the' are on the first line, and 'power to con-quer or sun-der! The u-nion of lakes, the' are on the second line.

## HARP OF FREEDOM

u nion of lands, The u nion of states none can

se ver, The u nion of hearts, the u nion of hands,

And the flag of the u nion for ev er, The

## HARP OF FREEDOM

83

**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 an guish of the

slave mother's heart, When called from her darling for

ev - er to part; So grieved that lone mother, that

heart broken mother, In sor - row and woe.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff joined by a brace on the left. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line. The fourth system ends with a double bar line.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

85

---

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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

## HEARD YE THAT CRY.

From "Wind of the Winter night."

Heard ye that cry! 'Twas the  
As he sank in de-spair, to the

wail of a slave, } Be - hold him where  
rest of the grave;

bleed ing and pros trate he lies, Un-

friend - ed he lived, and un - pit ied he died.

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.



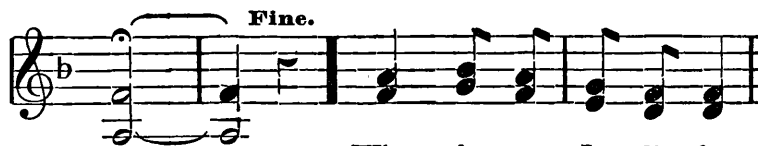
1. O my coun - try, my coun try! how



long I for thee, Far o ver the



moun - tain, Far o ver the



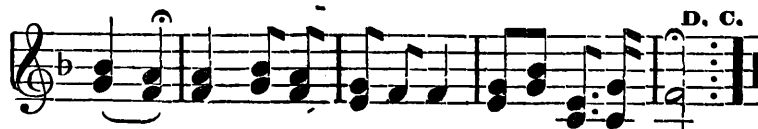
sea. Where the sweet Jo li ba,



kiss - es the shore, Say, shall I wan - der by



thee nev - er more? Where the sweet Jo - li - ba Kiss - es the



shore, Say, shall I wander by thee nev - er more.

D. C.

HARP OF FREEDOM.

89

---

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—Hamburg.

Oh let the pris - ner's mourn - ful sighs

As in - cense in thy sight ap pear !

Their hum - ble wail ings pierce the skies,

If hap - ly 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 ?

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

## NEVER GIVE UP!

Words by Tupper—author of "The Crock of Gold."

Music by G. W. C.

1. Nev - er! nev - er give up! it is wi - ser  
 2. Nev - er! nev - er give up! there are chan - ces  
 3. Nev - er! nev - er give up! tho' the grape - shot

The first system of music is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

and bet - ter, Al - ways to hope than once to  
 and changes, Help - ing the hope - ful a hundred  
 may rat - tle, O! the full thunder-cloud o ver

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

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

The third system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

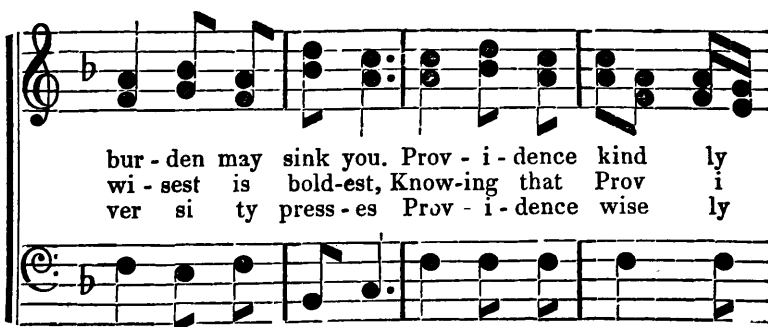
93



fet - ter, 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  
 wi - sest is bold - est, Know - ing that Prov i  
 ver si ty press - es Prov - i - dence wise ly

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

has mingled the cup, And in all tri - als  
 dence mingles the cup, And of all max-ims  
 has mingled the cup, And the best coun-sel

or trou-bles be - think you, The watchword of  
 the best as the old-est, Is the true watch -  
 in all your dis - tress es Is the stout watch

life must be nev - er! nev - er give up!  
 word of nev - er! nev - er give up!  
 word of nev - er! nev - er give up!

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

95

## THE FUGITIVE.

Words by L. M. C.

Air "Bonny Doon."

A no - ble 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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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 bless;  
 I am resolved, long as I live,  
 To help the panting fugitive.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

97

## AM I NOT A MAN AND BROTHER ?

Words by A. C. L.

Air—"Bride's Farewell."

Am I not a man and broth-er ?  
 Sell me not one to an oth-er,

Christ our Sa viour, Christ our Sa-viour, *Fine.*  
 Ought I not, then, to be free ?  
 Take not thus my lib - er ty.

Died for me as well as thee.

Christ our Sa viour, Christ our Sa - viour.

Died for me as well as thee. *D. C.*

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

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

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

#### 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.

99

## YE HERALDS OF FREEDOM.

Music by Kingsley.

Ye her - alds of free-dom, ye no - ble and brave,

The first line of music is in treble and bass clef, 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Who dare to in sist on the rights of the slave,

The second line of music continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

go on - ward, go on-ward, your cause is of God,

The third line of music continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

And he will soon sev - er the oppressor's strong rod.

The fourth line of music concludes the phrase with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

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.

101

## OUR PILGRIM FATHERS.

Words by Pierpont.

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

Our Pilgrim Fathers— where are they? The  
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray As they

waves that brought them o'er,  
break a long the shore; } Still

roll in the bay, as they rolled that day, When the

HARP OF FREEDOM.

May flower moored be - low ; When the

The first system of the musical score for 'Harp of Freedom'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the middle and bass staves. The lyrics 'May flower moored be - low ; When the' are written below the middle staff.

sea a - round was black with storms, And

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'sea a - round was black with storms, And' are written below the middle staff.

white the shore with snow.

The third system of the musical score, concluding the piece. The lyrics 'white the shore with snow.' are written below the middle staff.

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'd,  
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.

## STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

Words by J. G. Whittier.

Music by G. W. C.

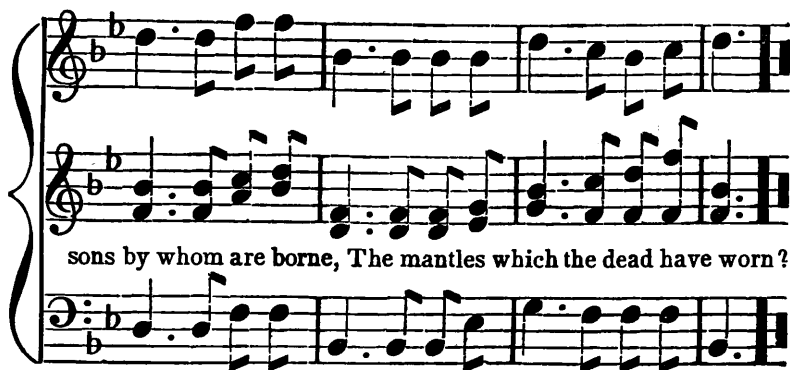
Is this the land our fa-thers loved, The freedom

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

moved? Are these the graves they slumber in? Are we the

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

105



sons by whom are borne, The mantles which the dead have worn?

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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

107

## THE SLAVE'S WAIL.

Parody by Jesse Hutchinson.

Old Air—"Over the mountain."



1. { O - ver the mountain and o - ver the moor,  
 { The father—the mother—the children, are poor,  
 Give us our free - dom—ye friends of E quality,



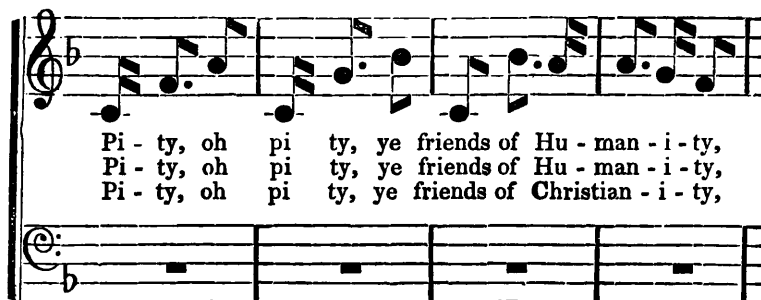
2. { Call us not ig - no - rant, vile and de - graded,  
 { Parents and children—the young and the aged,  
 Give us our freedom—ye friends of E quality,
3. { God in His mercy will crown your en deavor,  
 { The promise of Jesus to you shall be given,  
 Give us our freedom—ye friends of Hu manity,



- 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 noth - ing more.

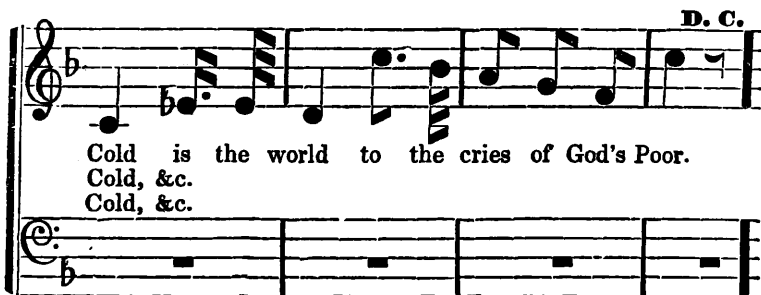


- White men have robbed us of all we hold dear, }  
 Are scourg'd by the lash of the rough O - ver seer. }  
 Give us our Rights, for we ask noth - ing more.
- The blessings of Hea - ven shall be your re - ward, }  
 En - ter, ye faith - ful, the joy of your Lord. }  
 Give us our Rights, for we ask noth - ing more.



Pi - ty, oh pi ty, ye friends of Hu - man - i - ty,  
 Pi - ty, oh pi ty, ye friends of Hu - man - i - ty,  
 Pi - ty, oh pi ty, ye friends of Christian - i - ty,

The first system of the musical score for 'Harp of Freedom'. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written on a five-line staff. Below the staff, the lyrics are printed in three lines. A second staff, likely for a bass accompaniment, is shown below the lyrics with a common time signature and a key signature of one flat, containing four whole notes.



**D. C.**  
 Cold is the world to the cries of God's Poor.  
 Cold, &c.  
 Cold, &c.

The second system of the musical score. It begins with the instruction 'D. C.' (Da Capo) in the right margin. The melody continues on the treble staff. The lyrics are printed below the staff. A second staff with a common time signature and a key signature of one flat is shown below the lyrics, containing four whole notes.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

109

## TO THOSE I LOVE.

Words by Miss E. M. Chandler.

Music from an old air by G. W. C.

Oh, turn ye not dis - pleased a way, though

The first system of musical notation for the song 'To Those I Love'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'Oh, turn ye not dis - pleased a way, though' are written below the staff.

I should some-times seem Too much to press up-

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'I should some-times seem Too much to press up-' are written below the staff.

on your ear, an oft re - peat - ed

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'on your ear, an oft re - peat - ed' are written below the staff.

theme; The sto-ry of the ne-gro's wrongs is

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'theme; The sto-ry of the ne-gro's wrongs is' are written below the staff.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.



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 some-  
times 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.

111

## ROUSE UP, NEW ENGLAND.

Words by a Yankee.

Music by G. W. C.

The first system of the musical score is written for piano. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the middle and bass staves. The lyrics "Rouse up, New England! Buckle on your mail of proof sub-" are written below the middle staff.

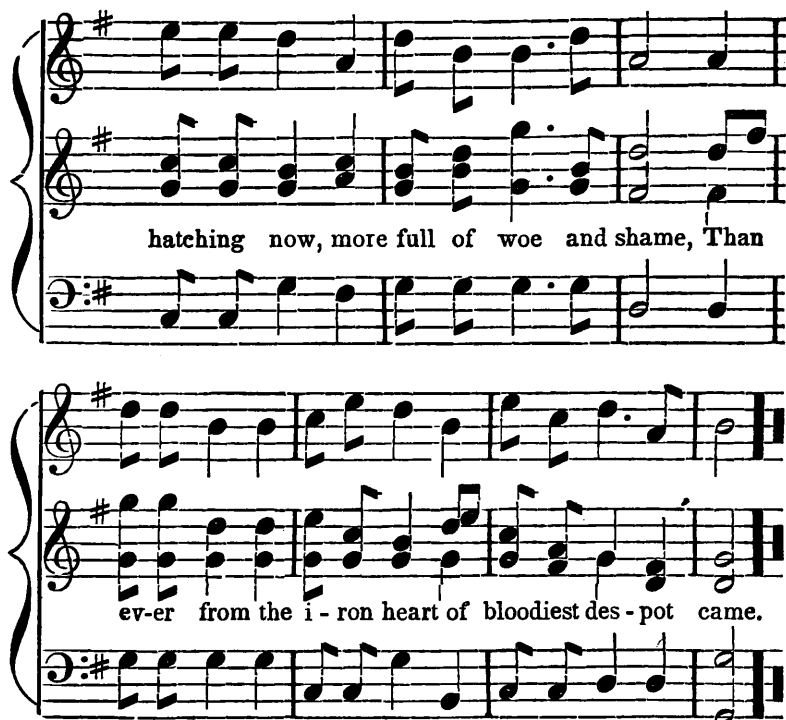
Rouse up, New England! Buckle on your mail of proof sub-

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics "lime, your stern old hate of tyr-an ny, your" are written below the middle staff.

lime, your stern old hate of tyr-an ny, your

The third system of the musical score concludes the phrase. The lyrics "deep con-tempt of crime; A trai tor plot is" are written below the middle staff.

deep con-tempt of crime; A trai tor plot is



hatching now, more full of woe and shame, Than  
ev-er from the i-ron heart of bloodiest des - pot came.

More slave States added at a breath ! One flourish of a pen,  
And fetters shall be rivited 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.

113

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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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

## RISE, FREEMEN, RISE.

Music by G. W. C.

Rise, freemen rise! the call goes forth, Attend the high com-

mand; O - be-dience to the word of God, Through-

out this guil - ty 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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

115

C. S. WEYMAN.

## THE PRIZE SONG.

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

1. Men of the North, who re mem ber The deeds of your  
 2. Come from your for-est-clad moun-tains, Come from the  
 3. Far in the West rolls the thun der, The tu-mult of

sires, ev er glo-rious, Join in our pæ an vic  
 fields of your till age, Come forth from ci ty and  
 bat tle is rag ing, Where bleed-ing Kan-sas is

to rious, The pæ an of Li-ber ty. Hark! on the  
 vil lage, Come join the hosts of the free! As from their  
 wag ing War-fare with Sla-ver y! Struggling with

gales of No vem ber, Mil-lions of voic-es are  
 cav-ern-ous fount ains Roll the deep floods of the  
 foes who sur-round her, Lo! she im-plores you to

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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!

4.

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!

## 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

cit i - zen; Summon out the might of men!

Like a li on growling low, Like a night-storm

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'Up the hill side, down the glen, Rouse the sleeping cit i - zen; Summon out the might of men! Like a li on growling low, Like a night-storm'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, syncopated pattern in the left hand.



It is coming—it is nigh !  
 Stand your homes and altars by ;  
 On your own free thresholds die.  
 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.

119

## OUR COUNTRYMEN IN CHAINS.

Words by Whittier.

"Beatitude," by T. Hastings.

Our fel - low coun - try men in  
Slaves—crouch-ing on the ve - - ry

By eve - ry shrine of pat - - riot

chains, Slaves in a land of light and law!  
plains Where rolled the storm of Free - dom's war!

blood, From Moultrie's wall and Jas per's well.

A groan from Eu taw's haunt - - ed

wood— A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—

D. C.

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,  
Rebuke 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 Lord!  
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**.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

121

## 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.

123

## PILGRIM SONG.

Words by Geo. Lunt.

Air "Troubadour."

O ver the mountain wave See where they come ;

Storm-cloud and wintry wind Welcome them home ; Yet where the sounding gale  
Pilgrims and wan-der - ers,

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

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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

125

## FOURTH OF JULY.

Words by Mrs. Sigourney.

Music by G. W. C.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 2/4. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second system starts with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third system starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fourth system starts with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: "We have a good - ly clime, Broad vales and streams we boast; Our moun - tain fron tiers frown sub - lime, Old Ò - - cean guards our coast."

We have a good - ly clime, Broad  
vales and streams we boast; Our  
moun - tain fron tiers frown sub - lime,  
Old Ò - - cean guards our coast.

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.

127

## YE SPIRITS OF THE FREE.

Air—"My faith looks up to thee."

1. Ye spir its of the free, Can ye for

2. In pride and pomp to roll, Shall ty - rants

ev - er see Your broth - er man A yoked and

from the soul God's im age tear, And call the

scour - ged slave, Chains drag - ging to his grave,

wreck their own,—While, from th'e ter nal throne,

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

They shut the sti fled groan, And bit ter prayer?

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

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

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

**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.

129

## WAKE, SONS OF THE PILGRIMS.

Air—"M'Gregor's Gathering."



Wake sons of the Pilgrims, and look to your right! The



des - pots of Slav - 'ry are up in their might; In-



dulse not in sleep, it's like dig-ging the graves Of



blood-purchased freedom—'tis yield-ing like slaves. Then



hal- loo, halloo hal-loo to the contest, A-



wake from your slum-bers, no long-er de - lay, But



strug-gle for free-dom, while strug-gle you may— Then

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

ral ly, ral ly, ral - ly,

ral ly, ral ly, ral ly, While our

for - ests shall wave or while rush-es a riv-er, Oh,

yield not your birth-right! maintain it for ev er!

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, 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, rally—  
 While a slave shall remain, bound, the weak by the stronger,  
 We will never disband, but strive harder and longer

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

131

## COME, JOIN THE FRIENDS OF LIBERTY.

Air—"When I can read my title clear."

1. Come, join the friends of li - ber - ty, Ye

2. Come, join the friends of li - ber - ty, Ye

young men bold and strong, And with a warm and

men of ri per 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

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

help the cause a long; And with a warm and  
grief and bit - ter tears; And save your wives and  
cheer-ful zeal, Come help the cause a long.  
chil-dren dear, From grief and bit ter tears.  
Oh that will be joy - ful, joy ful, joy ful,  
Oh that will be joy ful, joy ful, joy ful,  
Oh that will be joy ful, When all mankind are  
Oh that will be joy ful, When all mankind are

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

133

free, When all man - kind are free, When

all man-kind are free: 'Tis then we'll sing, and

off'rings bring, When all mankind are free.

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,  
 O that will be joyful,  
 When woman cheers us on,  
 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,  
 O that will be joyful,  
 When all shall proudly say,  
 This, this is freedom's day,  
 Oppression flee away!  
 'Tis then we'll sing and offerings  
 bring,  
 When Freedom wins the day.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

## WE ARE COME, ALL COME.

By G. W. C.

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

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

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

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

scalding tear Runs down his cheek while we mingle here.

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 victory

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

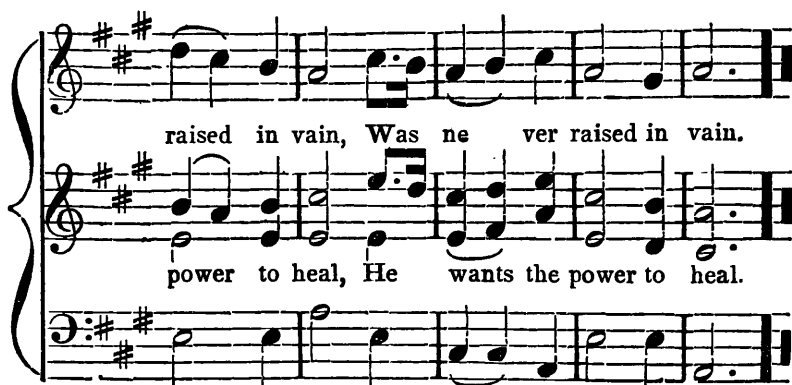
135

## 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  
sup - pli - cat - - ing eye Was nev - - er  
pi - ty 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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

137

## THE MERCY SEAT.

Words by Mrs. Sigourney.

Music by C. W. C.

From eve ry stor - my wind that blows,

There is a place where Je sus sheds

From eve ry swell - ing tide of

The oil of glad - ness on our

woes, There is a calm a sure re-

heads, A place than all be side more

treat—Our re fuge is the Mer - cy seat.

sweet—We seek the blood - bought Mer-cy - seat.

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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

139

## WAKE YE NUMBERS!

Words by Lewis.

Air, "Strike the Cymbals."

Wake ye num-bers! from your slum-bers,  
Flags are wav-ing, all ty rants brav-ing,

**Chorus.**  
Hear the song of free-dom pour! By its shaking,  
Proudly, free - - ly, o'er our plains; Let no minions

fiercely breaking, Eve - ry chain up - on our shore. }  
check our pinton's, While a sin gle grief re-mains. }

**Solo 1mo.** **Solo 2d.**  
Proud ob - lations, thou Queen of nations! Have been poured up-

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

on thy wa-ters; Af-ric's bleeding sons and daughters,

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Harp of Freedom'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is not explicitly shown but appears to be common time (C). The lyrics 'on thy wa-ters; Af-ric's bleeding sons and daughters,' are written below the staff.

**Chorus.**

Now be-fore us, loud implore us, Looking to Je-

The second system of musical notation, labeled 'Chorus.' It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics 'Now be-fore us, loud implore us, Looking to Je-' are written below the staff.

**Trio. Lento.**

ho - vah's throne, Chains are wearing, hearts despairing,

The third system of musical notation, labeled 'Trio. Lento.' It features a more complex melody with many beamed notes. The lyrics 'ho - vah's throne, Chains are wearing, hearts despairing,' are written below the staff.

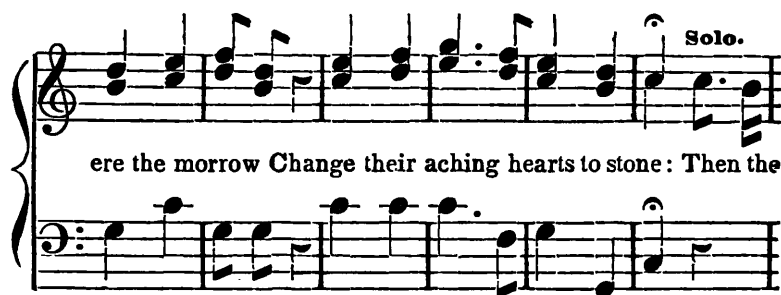
**Chorus. Tempo.**

Will ye hear a na-tions moan? Soothe their sorrow,

The fourth system of musical notation, labeled 'Chorus. Tempo.' It concludes the piece with a final melody and bass line. The lyrics 'Will ye hear a na-tions moan? Soothe their sorrow,' are written below the staff.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

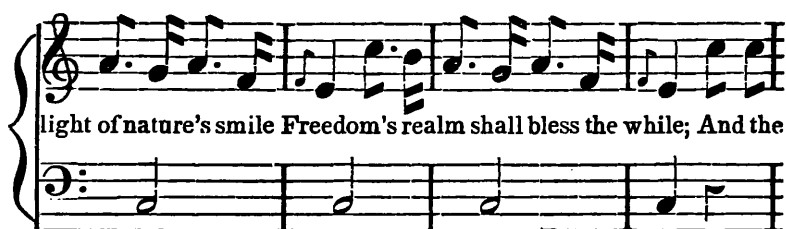
14



**Solo.**

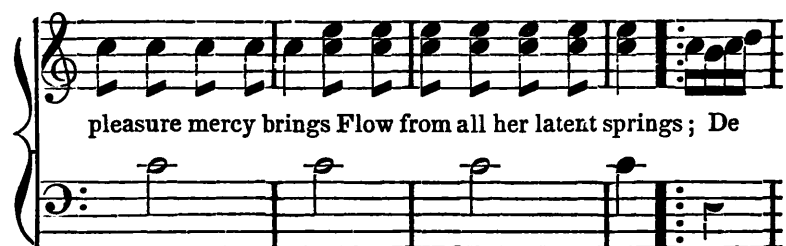
ere the morrow Change their aching hearts to stone : Then the

This system features a piano introduction in the left hand with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The right hand begins with a series of chords and eighth notes, marked 'Solo.'.



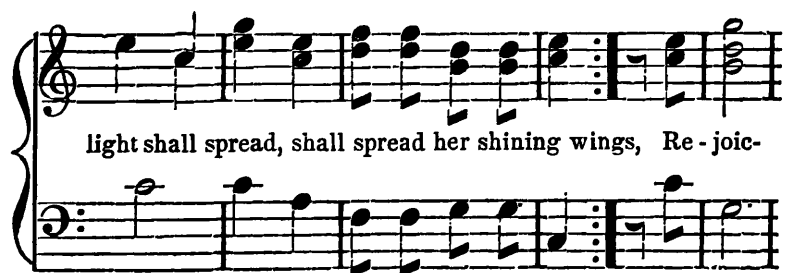
light of nature's smile Freedom's realm shall bless the while; And the

The right hand continues with a melodic line of eighth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.



pleasure mercy brings Flow from all her latent springs ; De

The right hand plays a series of chords, and the left hand has a few long notes.



light shall spread, shall spread her shining wings, Re - joic-

The right hand continues with chords and eighth notes, and the left hand has a few long notes.



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;  
**F**rom 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.

143

## COMFORT FOR THE BONDMAN.

Air—"Indian Philosopher."

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

wil - der - ness, Who groan beneath your chains; A

while for - get your griefs and fears, And look beyond this

vale of tears, To yon ce les - tial 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.

145

## HARK! A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

Words by Oliver Johnson.

Music—"Zion."

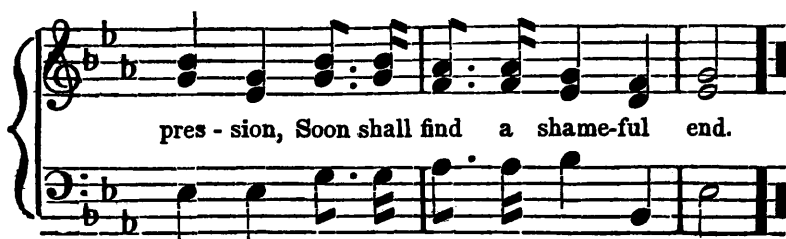
Hark! a voice from heaven proclaiming, Com - fort

to the mourn - ing slave; God has heard him long com -

plain - ing, And ex - tends his arm to save; Proud op -

pression Soon shall find a shame - ful grave; Proud op -

## HARP OF FREEDOM.



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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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## THE PLEASANT LAND WE LOVE.

Words by N. P. Willis.

Air, Carrier Dove.

Joy to the plea - sant land we love, The  
The wife sits meekly by the hearth, Her  
land our fa - thers trod! Joy to the land for  
in - fant child be - side; The fa - ther on his  
which they won "Free - dom to wor - ship God." For  
no - ble boy Looks with a fear - less pride. The

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

peace on all its sun ny hills, On  
grey old man, be neath the tree, Tales

The first system of the musical score for 'Harp of Freedom' consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

eve-ry mountain broods, And sleeps by all its  
of his childhood tells; And sweet-ly in the

The second system of the musical score for 'Harp of Freedom' consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

gushing rills, And all its mighty floods.  
hush of morn Peal out the Sab-bath bells.

The third system of the musical score for 'Harp of Freedom' consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

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.

Fatigued with labor's noontide task,  
 To sigh in vain for sleep;  
 Or faintly smile, our griefs to mask,  
 When 't would be joy to weep;  
 To court the shade of leafy bower,  
 Thirst for the freeborn wave,  
 But to obtain denied the power—  
 This is to be a slave!

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!

That banner proclaims to the list'ning  
 earth,  
 That the reign of base tyrants is o'er,  
 The galling chain of the cruel lord,  
 Shall enslave mankind no more:  
 An emblem of hope to the poor and  
 crushed,  
 O place it where all may see;  
 And shout with glad voice as you raise it  
 high,  
 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 stillly night."

March to the bat - tle - field, The foe is now be-

The first system of musical notation for the piece. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff (likely for piano accompaniment), and a bass staff. The time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the middle and bass staves. The lyrics 'March to the bat - tle - field, The foe is now be-' are written below the staves.

fore us; Each heart is free - dom's shield, And

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'fore us; Each heart is free - dom's shield, And' are written below the staves.

heaven is smil - ing o'er us The

The third system of musical notation. It concludes the piece. The lyrics 'heaven is smil - ing o'er us The' are written below the staves.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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woes and pains of slave - ry's chains, That

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef, the middle is an alto clef, and the bottom is a bass clef. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the alto and bass clefs. The lyrics 'woes and pains of slave - ry's chains, That' are written below the middle staff.



bind their mill-ions un - der; In proud disdain we'll

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef, the middle is an alto clef, and the bottom is a bass clef. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the alto and bass clefs. The lyrics 'bind their mill-ions un - der; In proud disdain we'll' are written below the middle staff.



burst in twain, And tear each link a sun - - der. D. C.

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef, the middle is an alto clef, and the bottom is a bass clef. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the alto and bass clefs. The lyrics 'burst in twain, And tear each link a sun - - der.' are written below the middle staff. The system ends with a double bar line and the instruction 'D. C.' (Da Capo) written to the right.

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 FIERPONT.

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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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## SONG OF THE FREE.

Parodied by G. W. C.

Tune, Lutzow's Wild Hunt.

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

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff (likely for piano accompaniment), and a bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the middle and bass staves. The lyrics 'From valley and mountain, from hill-top and glen, What' are written below the middle staff.

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

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'shouts thro' the air are rebounding! And echo is sending the sounds' are written below the middle staff.

back again, And loud thro' the air they are sound-ing, And

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'back again, And loud thro' the air they are sound-ing, And' are written below the middle staff.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

loud through the air they are sound - ing: And if you

The first system of the musical score for 'Harp of Freedom' consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are grouped by a brace and feature a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'loud through the air they are sound - ing: And if you' are positioned below the middle staff.

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

The second system of the musical score continues with three staves. The top staff has a treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are grouped by a brace and feature a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature changes to one flat (Bb). The lyrics 'ask what those joyous strains ? 'Tis the 'Tis the' are positioned below the middle staff.

songs of bond-men now burst-ing their chains.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are grouped by a brace and feature a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature remains one flat (Bb). The lyrics 'songs of bond-men now burst-ing their chains.' are positioned below the middle staff.

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 !" list 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 fa - thers  
If there breathe on earth a slave, Are ye tru - ly  
Are ye not base slaves in-deed, Men un-wor - thy

brave and free;  
free and brave? } If ye do not feel the  
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?

---

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 ;  
Woing 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.

Words by Mrs. J. G. Carter.

Air, "Marseilles Hymn."

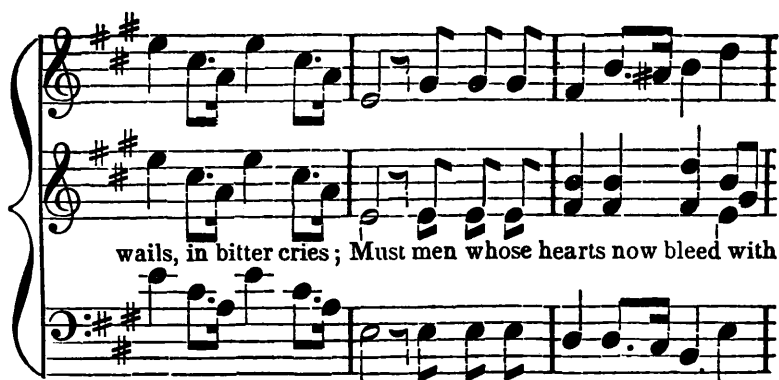
First system of musical notation for "Ye Sons of Freemen." It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a grand staff (treble and bass), and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff. The lyrics "Ye sons of freemen wake to sadness, Hark! hark, what" are written below the grand staff.

Second system of musical notation for "Ye Sons of Freemen." It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a grand staff (treble and bass), and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff. The lyrics "myriads bid you rise; Three millions of our race in" are written below the grand staff.

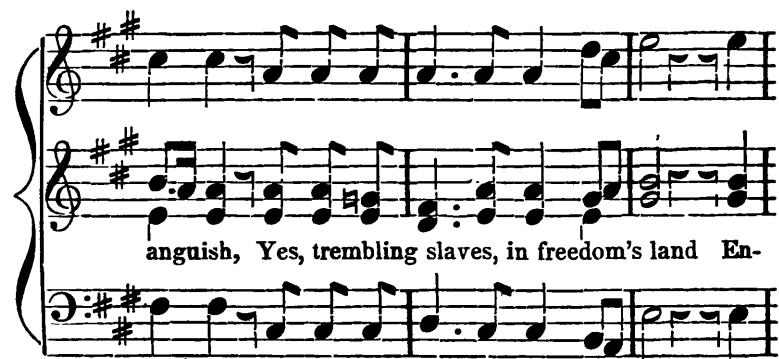
Third system of musical notation for "Ye Sons of Freemen." It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a grand staff (treble and bass), and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff. The lyrics "madness Break out in wails, in bitter cries, Break out in" are written below the grand staff. The word "Unisons." is written above the grand staff.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

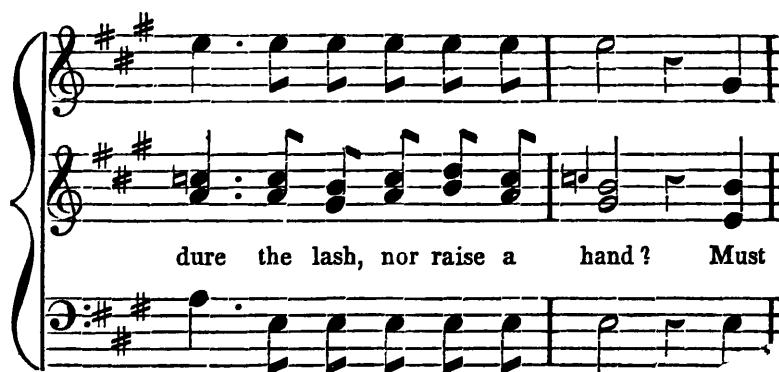
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First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is in the treble staff. The lyrics are: "wails, in bitter cries; Must men whose hearts now bleed with".



Second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is in the treble staff. The lyrics are: "anguish, Yes, trembling slaves, in freedom's land En-".



Third system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is in the treble staff. The lyrics are: "dure the lash, nor raise a hand? Must".

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

na - ture 'neath the whip-cord lan - guish? Have

Unisons.

The first system of the musical score for 'Harp of Freedom' features three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff in treble and bass clefs. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics 'na - ture 'neath the whip-cord lan - guish? Have' are written below the bottom staff. The word 'Unisons.' is written above the middle staff.

Pi - - ty on the slave, Take cour-age from God's

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Pi - - ty on the slave, Take cour-age from God's' are written below the bottom staff.

word; Pray on, pray on, all hearts re-

The third system of the musical score concludes the phrase. The lyrics 'word; Pray on, pray on, all hearts re-' are written below the bottom staff.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff (likely for piano accompaniment), and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are: "solved, These cap tives shall be free, Pray".

Second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps. The lyrics are: "on, Pray on, all hearts re-".

Third system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps. The lyrics are: "solved these cap tives shall be free.".

**The fearful storm—it threatens lowering,**  
 Which God in mercy long delays;  
**Slaves yet may see their masters cowering,**  
 While whole plantations smoke and blaze!  
 While whole plantations smoke and blaze!  
**And we may now prevent the ruin,**  
 Ere lawless force with guilty stride  
 Shall scatter vengeance far and wide—  
**With untold crimes their hands 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!  
 To mete and vend God's light and air;  
**Like beasts of burden, slaves are loaded,**  
 Till life's poor toilsome day is o'er;  
 While they in vain for right implore;  
**And shall they longer still be goaded?**  
 Have pity on the slave;  
 Take courage from God's word;  
**Toil on, toil on, all hearts resolved these captives shall be free.**

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

This system contains the first two staves of music. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature of 2/4. The bass staff has a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature of 4/4. The lyrics are written between the staves.

mock, } A mid the wild com - mo - tion, The  
rock ; }

This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature of 2/4. The bass staff has a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature of 4/4. The lyrics are written between the staves.

rev el of the sea, A voice is on the

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature of 2/4. The bass staff has a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature of 4/4. The lyrics are written between the staves.

o cean, Be free, O man, be free.

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves of music. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature of 2/4. The bass staff has a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature of 4/4. The lyrics are written between the staves.

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 beld 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!

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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## THE LAST NIGHT OF SLAVERY.

Tune—"Cherokee Death-song."

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

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 2/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'Let the floods clap their hands, Let the mountains re-' are written below the staff.

joice, Let all the glad lands Breathe a ju bi - lant

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'joice, Let all the glad lands Breathe a ju bi - lant' are written below the staff.

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

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'voice; The sun that now sets on the waves of the' are written below the staff.

sea Shall gild with his ris-ing the land of the free.

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'sea Shall gild with his ris-ing the land of the free.' are written below the staff.

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.

## THE LITTLE SLAVE GIRL.

Words by a Lady.

Air— Morgiana in Ireland.



When bright morn ing lights the hills,



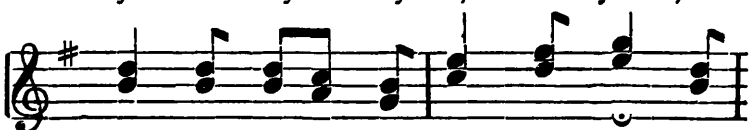
Where free children sing most cheerily, My young breast with



sor row fills, While here I plod my



way so wea-ri-ly: Sad my face, more sad my heart, From



home, from all I had to part, A



lov - ing moth-er, my sis - ter, my brother, For



chains and lash in hope less mis e ry,



Chil dren try it, could you try it;



But one day to live in sla - ve - ry, Children try it,



try it, try it; Come, come, give me lib - er - ty.

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!

# HARP OF FREEDOM.

109

## GET OFF THE TRACK.

Words by Jesse Hutchinson.

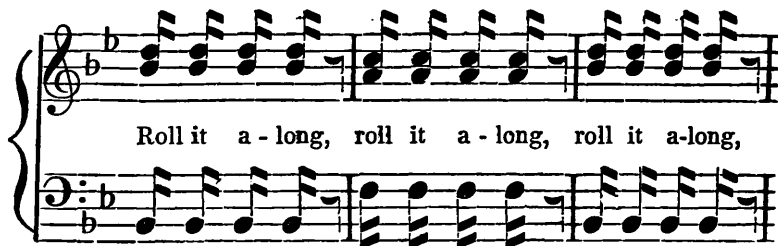
Air, "Dan Tucker."



Ho! the car Emancipation Rides majestic thro' our nation,



Bearing on its train the story, Liberty! a nation's glory.



Roll it a - long, roll it a - long, roll it a-long,



thro' the na-tion, Freedom's car, Eman-ci-pa - 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 Hunkerdomation  
 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.

171

## 1 FREEDOM'S GLORIOUS DAY

Words from the "Bangor Gazette."

Air, "Crambambule."

Let wait-ing throngs now lift their voi-ces, As  
While every gen - tle tongue re joices, And

Free - dom's glo - rious day draws near, } The  
each bold heart is filled with cheer, }

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

Hurrah, hurrah, hur - rah, hur - rah!

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.

173

## HARBINGER OF LIBERTY.

Words by a Lady.

Music by G. W. C.

See yon glo-rious star as - cend - ing, Brightly  
Truth and peace on earth por - tending, Herald

o'er the Southern sea! } Hail it, Free-men! Hail it  
of a ju - bi lee! }

Free - men! 'Tis the star of Lib er ty.

Dim 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—'t is 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.

## BREAK EVERY YOKE.

Tune—"O no, we never mention her."

Break eve ry yoke, the Gos pel cries, And  
 Let eve ry cap tive taste the joys, Of

Send thy good Spir it from a - bove, And  
 Send sweet de liv 'rance to the slave, And

let th'op-pressed go free, } Lord, when shall man thy  
 peace and lib - er - ty. }

melt th'op - pres - sor's heart, } With free - dom's bless - ings  
 bid his woes de - part. }

voice o - - bey, And rend each i ron chain, . Oh

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

when shall love its golden sway, O'er all the earth main-tain.

him that straight and nar-row way, Which leads to rest a - bove.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

## THE YANKEE GIRL.

Words by Whittier.

Music by G. W. C.

She sings by her wheel at that low cot-tage

The first system of the musical score for 'The Yankee Girl'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3 in the bass and a half note B3 in the treble, with various chords and single notes following.

door, Which the long evening sha-dow is stretching be-

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with quarter notes D5, C5, B4, and A4. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm of eighth and sixteenth notes.

fore; With a mu sic as sweet as the mu-sic which

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line features a half note G4 with a fermata, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic pattern.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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seems Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our

The first system of the musical score for 'Harp of Freedom' consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in treble clef, and the bottom in bass clef. All staves have a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The music is written in a simple, melodic style with eighth and quarter notes.

dreams! How bril-liant and mirth-ful the light of her

The second system of the musical score continues the melody. It also consists of three staves in the same key and time signature as the first system. The lyrics 'dreams! How bril-liant and mirth-ful the light of her' are written below the middle staff.

eye, Like a star glan-cing out from the

The third system of the musical score concludes the phrase. It consists of three staves in the same key and time signature. The lyrics 'eye, Like a star glan-cing out from the' are written below the middle staff.

# HARP OF FREEDOM.

blue of the sky! And light ly and

The first system of the musical score for 'Harp of Freedom'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the middle and bass staves. The lyrics 'blue of the sky! And light ly and' are written below the middle staff.

free ly her dark tres ses play O'er a

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'free ly her dark tres ses play O'er a' are written below the middle staff.

brow and a bo som as love ly as they!

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the piece with a final cadence. The lyrics 'brow and a bo som as love ly as they!' are written below the middle staff.

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."

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

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

And the sky of thy South may be brighter than ours,  
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers;  
But, dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,  
Than the sweet 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  
Where are the hopes that my heart used to

I am de - gra ded, for man was my

dear, Long, long a go, long, long a-  
cheer? Long, long a go, long, long a-

foe, Long, long a go, long, long a-

go! } Friends that I loved in the  
go! }

grave are laid low, All hope of

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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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 - far ing man of grief, Hath

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'A poor way - far ing man of grief, Hath' are written below the notes. There are fermatas over the notes for 'grief' and 'Hath'.

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

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'of - ten cross-ed me on my way, Who sued so humbly' are written below the notes. There is a fermata over the note for 'way'.

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

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'for re - lief, That I could nev - er an - swer nay; I' are written below the notes. There are fermatas over the notes for 'relief' and 'I'.

had not power to ask his name, Whither he went or

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'had not power to ask his name, Whither he went or' are written below the notes.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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whence he came; Yet there was something in his eye, Which  
won my love, I knew not why.

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system covers the lyrics 'whence he came; Yet there was something in his eye, Which' and the second system covers 'won my love, I knew not why.' The music is written in a simple, accessible style with many whole and half notes.

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 seemed  
 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 heaven;  
 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.

185

## WE'RE FOR FREEDOM THOUGH THE LAND.

Words by J. E. Robinson.

Music arranged from the "Old Granite State."

We are com-ing, we are com-ing! free-dom's

bat tle is be - gun! No hand shall furl her

ban - ner ere her vic to ry be won! Our

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

shields are locked for liber - ty, and mer - cy goes be-

The first system of the musical score for 'Harp of Freedom' consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'shields are locked for liber - ty, and mer - cy goes be-' are written below the middle staff.

fore : Ty-rants tremble in your cit - a del ! op-

The second system of the musical score for 'Harp of Freedom' consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'fore : Ty-rants tremble in your cit - a del ! op-' are written below the middle staff.

pres-sion shall be o'er. We will vote for

The third system of the musical score for 'Harp of Freedom' consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'pres-sion shall be o'er. We will vote for' are written below the middle staff.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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The musical score is written for three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the middle and bass staves. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

freedom, We will vote for freedom, We will

vote for freedom Throughout our na - tive land.

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,  
 Whatsoever 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 !

## 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.

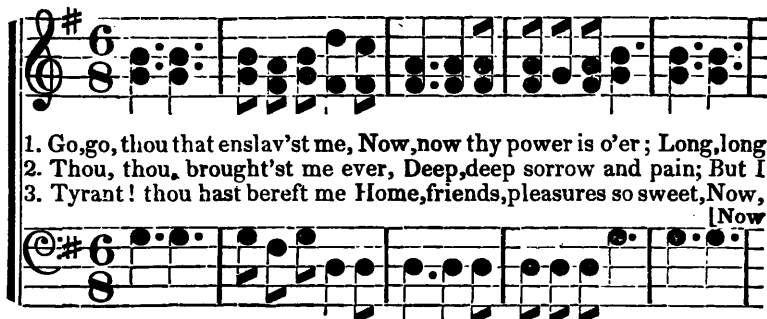
## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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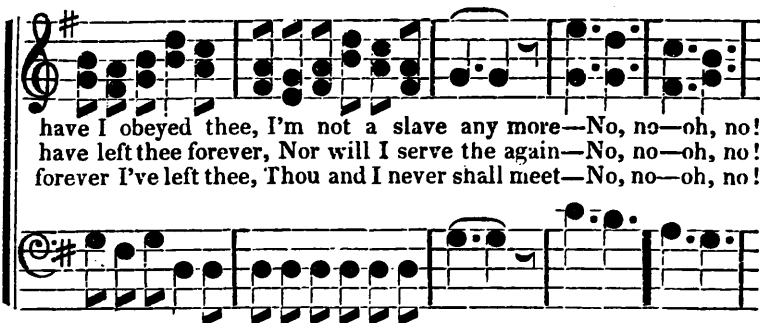
## FUGITIVE'S TRIUMPH.

Parody

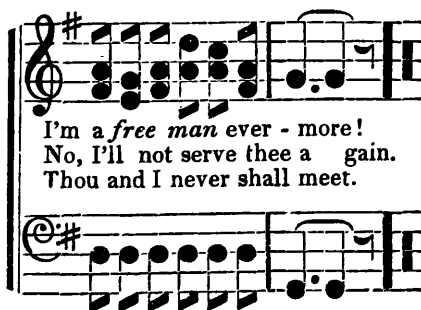
Music by PAR.



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.

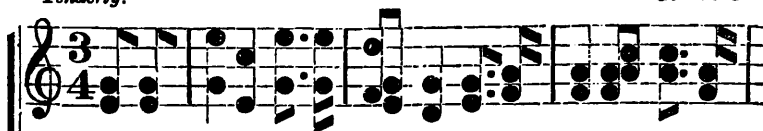
Joys, joys, bright as the morning,  
 Now, now, on me will pour,  
 Hope, hope, on me is dawning.  
*I'm not a slave any more!*  
 No, no—oh, no,  
 I'm a **FREE MAN** evermore!

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

*Tenderly.*

HELP! O HELP!

G. W. C



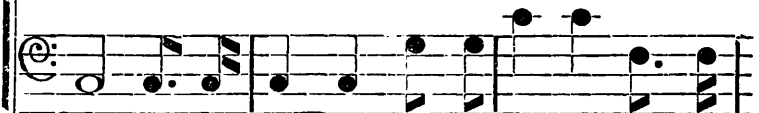
1. Help! O help! thou God of Christians! Save a mother from des-
2. From my arms by force they're rended, Sailors drag them to the
- 3 There my son lies pale and bleeding; Fast with cords his hands are



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



anguish fill her eyes.  
 mother's on-ly son.

VI.  
 Christians, who's the God you worship?  
 Is he cruel, fierce, or good?  
 Does he take delight in mercy,  
 Or in spilling human blood?

VII.  
 "Ah! my poor distracted mother!  
 Hear her scream upon the shore!"  
 Down the savage captain struck her  
 Lifeless on the vessel's floor.

VIII.  
 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.

193

## THE TREMBLING FUGITIVE.

*Slow.*

G. W. C.

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

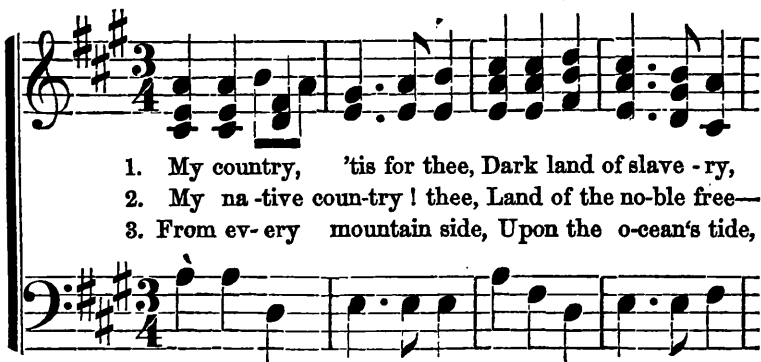
loud the falling lash is heard, On Car-o - li - na's plains !  
 one by one her heart-strings break, As Rachel mourns her child !  
 slave devours the crumb of bread, The dogs left in the yard !

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.

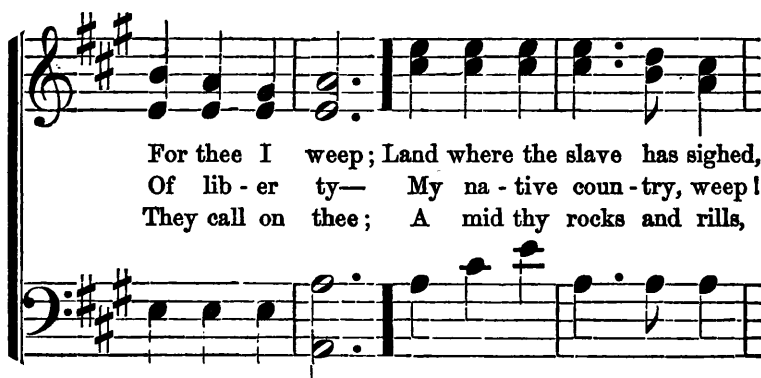
## HARP OF FREEDOM.

## MY COUNTRY.

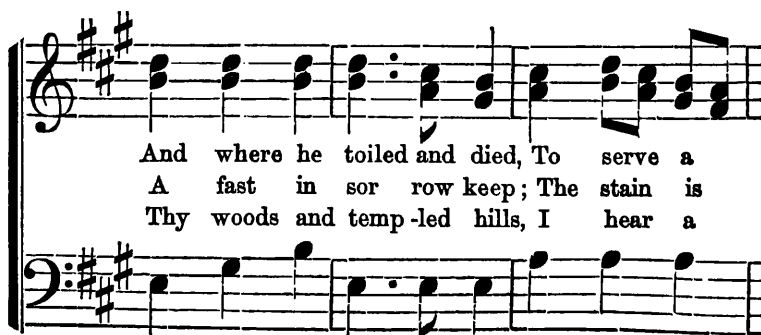
Tune—"God save the King," or "America."



1. My country, 'tis for thee, Dark land of slave - ry,  
 2. My na - tive coun - try ! thee, Land of the no - ble free—  
 3. From ev - ery mountain side, Upon the o - cean's tide,



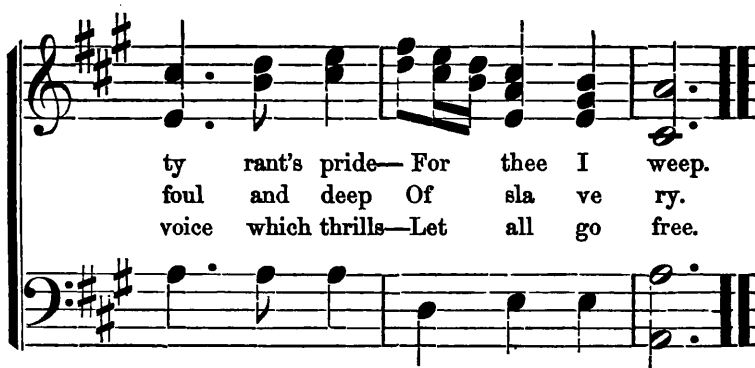
For thee I weep; Land where the slave has sighed,  
 Of lib - er ty— My na - tive coun - try, weep !  
 They call on thee; A mid thy rocks and rills,



And where he toiled and died, To serve a  
 A fast in sor row keep; The stain is  
 Thy woods and temp - led hills, I hear a

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

195



ty rant's pride— For thee I weep.  
foul and deep Of slave ry.  
voice which thrills—Let all go free.

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 !

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

## THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

LONGFELLOW.

Bavaria—German Air.

1. { Loud he sang the 'psalm of Da-vid! He a  
Sang of Is rael's glo-rious vic-t'ry, 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.

D. C.

calm-est, Sang he from the He-brew 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?

## HARP OF FREEDOM

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## FREEMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.\*

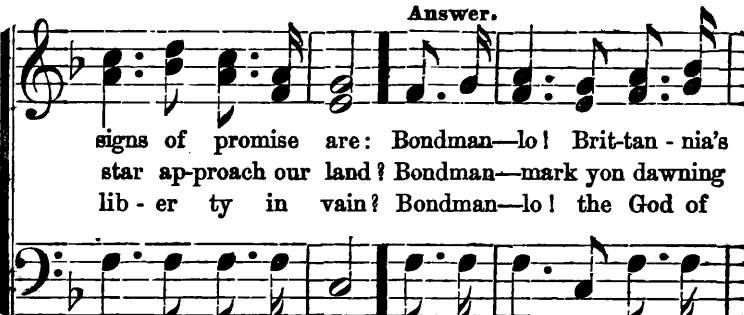
Tune—" Watchman, tell us of the night."

## Question.



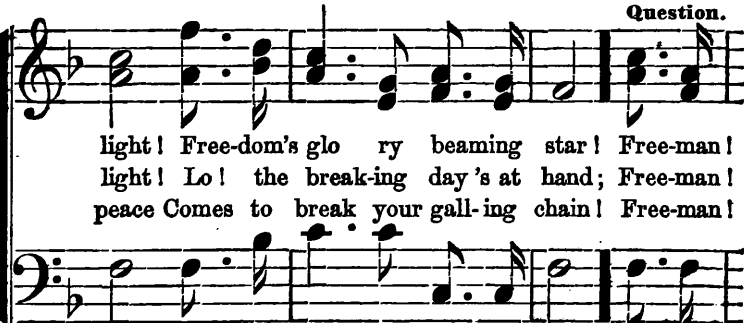
1. Free - man, tell us of the night, What its  
 2. Free - man, tell us of the night, Does its  
 3. Free - man, shall our fet ter'd race Plead for

## 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

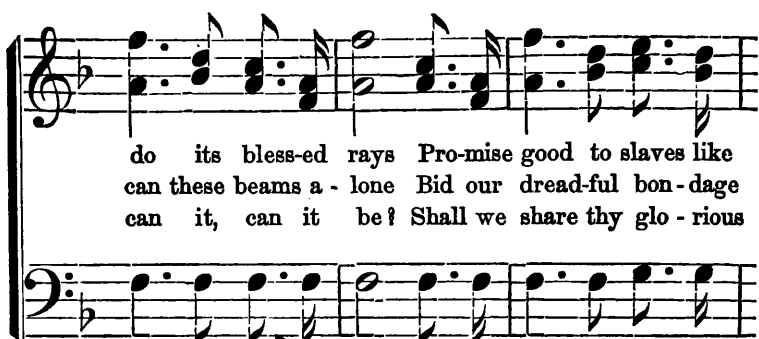
## Question.



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!

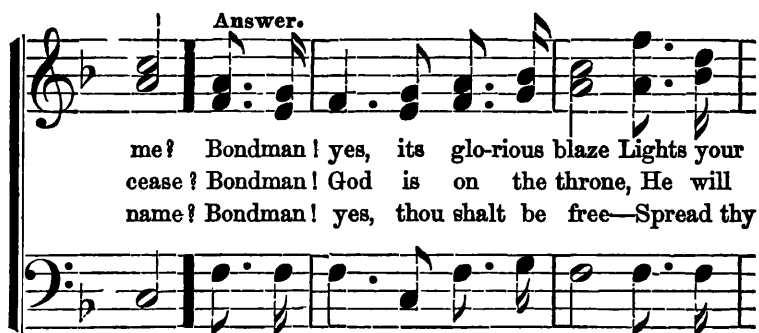
\* To be sung, when practicable, responsively, or as a Dialogue.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.



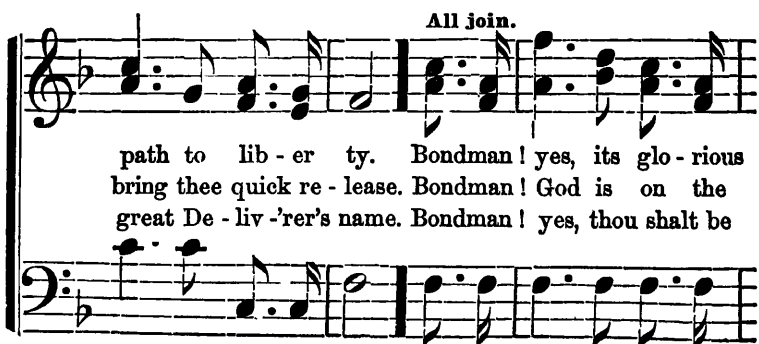
do its bless-ed rays Pro-mise good to slaves like  
can these beams a - lone Bid our dread-ful bon-dage  
can it, can it be? Shall we share thy glo - rious

**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

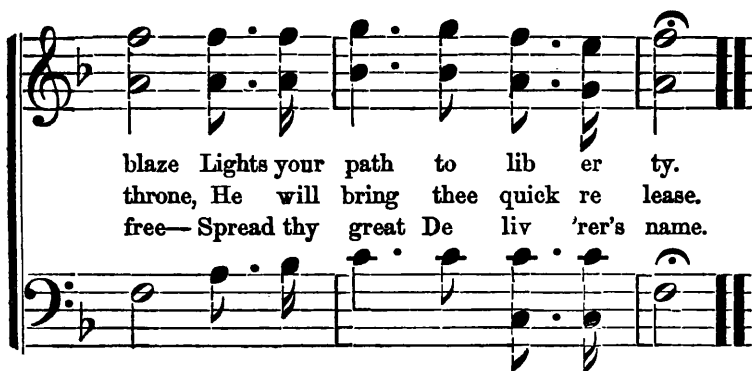
**All join.**



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.

199



## 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.

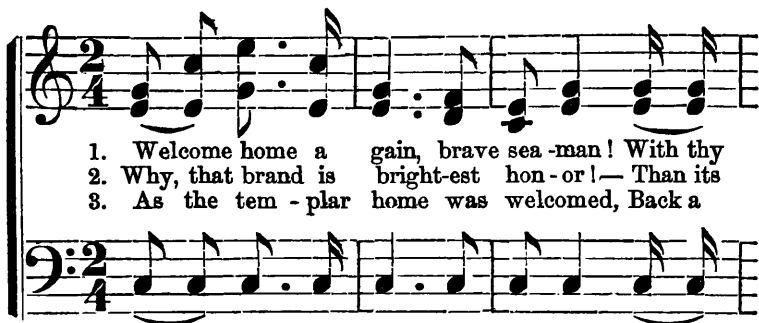
3.

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.

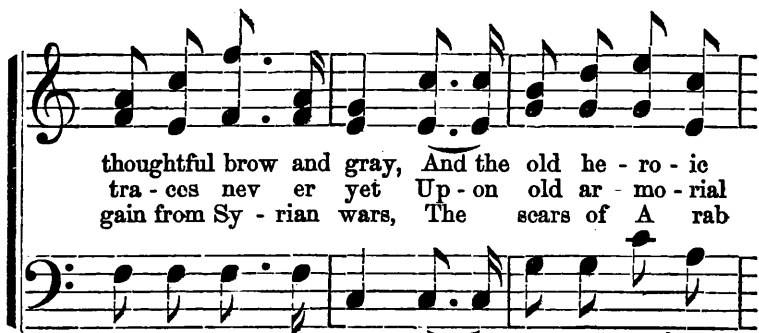
## THE BRANDED HAND.\*

Words by Whittier.

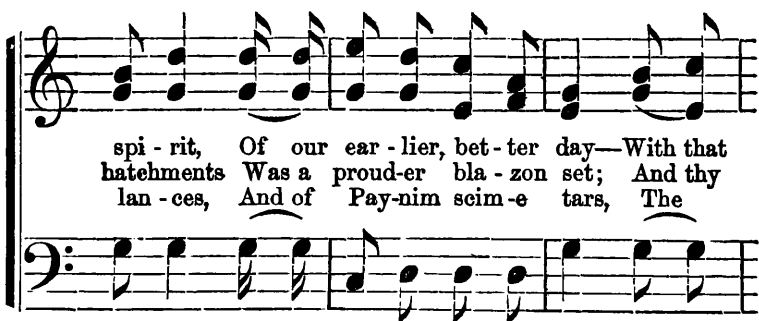
Music by G. W. C.



1. Welcome home a gain, brave sea-man! With thy  
 2. Why, that brand is bright-est hon-or!— Than its  
 3. As the tem-plar home was welcomed, Back a



thoughtful brow and gray, And the old he-ro-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  
 hatehments 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 Florida, 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.

201

brow of calm en dur ance, On whose  
un born gen e ra tions, As they  
pal lor of the pri son, And the

stea-dy nerve in vain Pressed the i ron of the  
crowd our rock-y strand, Shall tell with pride the  
shackle's crim-son span, So we meet thee, so we

pri - son, Smote the fie - ry shafts of pain!  
sto - ry Of their FA-THER'S BRANDED HAND!  
greet thee, Tru - est 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 school men 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 !

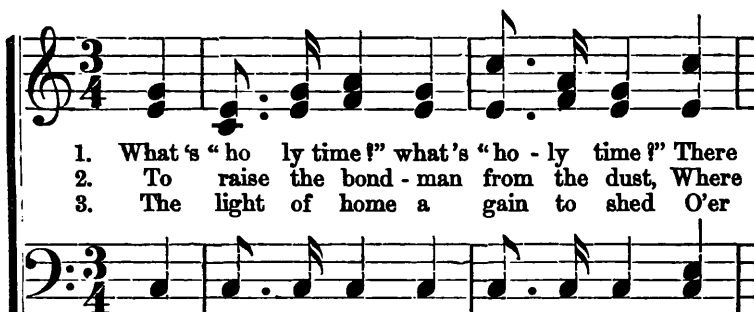
## HARP OF FREEDOM.

203

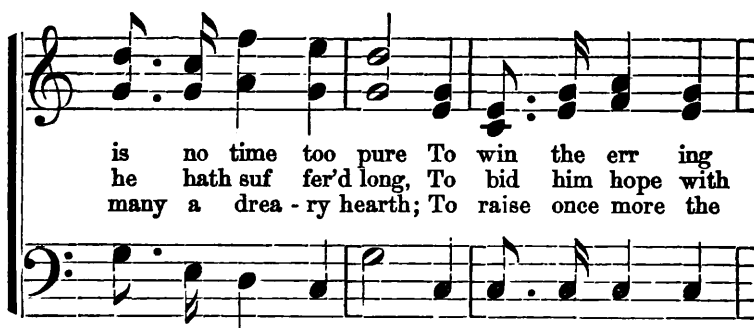
## "HOLY TIME."

"The Sabbath was made for man."

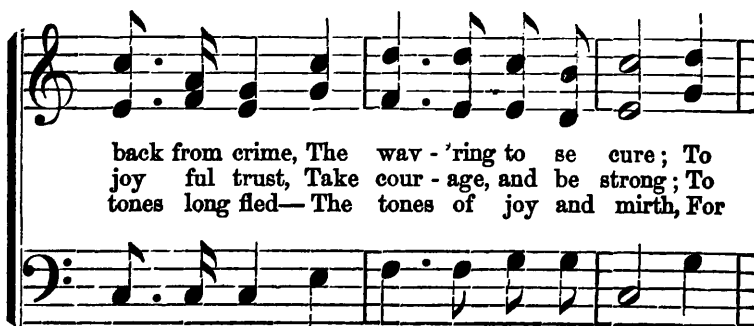
Tune—"Somerville."



1. What's "ho ly time?" what's "ho - ly time?" There  
 2. To raise the bond - man from the dust, Where  
 3. The light of home a gain to shed O'er

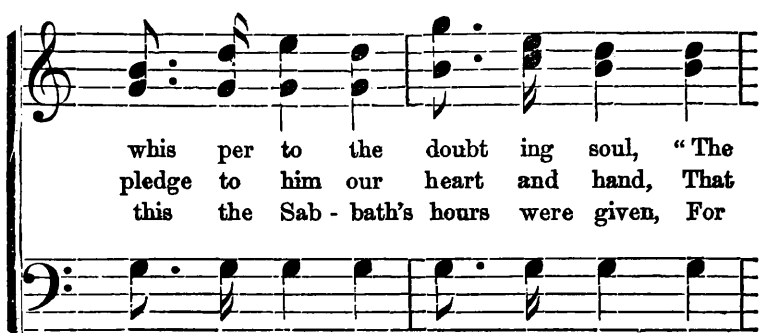


is no time too pure To win the err ing  
 he hath suf fer'd long, To bid him hope with  
 many a drea - ry hearth; To raise once more the

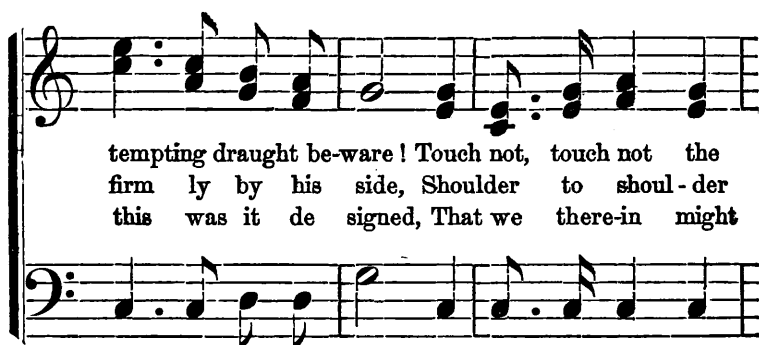


back from crime, The wav - 'ring to se cure; To  
 joy ful trust, Take cour - age, and be strong; To  
 tones long fled—The tones of joy and mirth, For

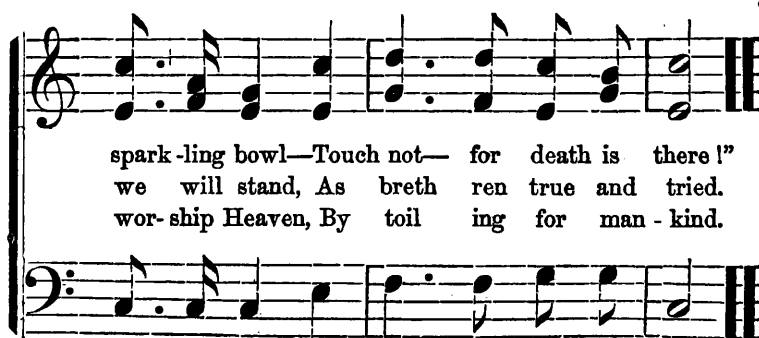
## HARP OF FREEDOM.



whis per to the doubt ing soul, "The  
pledge to him our heart and hand, That  
this the Sab - bath's hours were given, For



tempting draught be-ware ! Touch not, touch not the  
firm ly by his side, Shoulder to shoul - der  
this was it de signed, That we there-in might



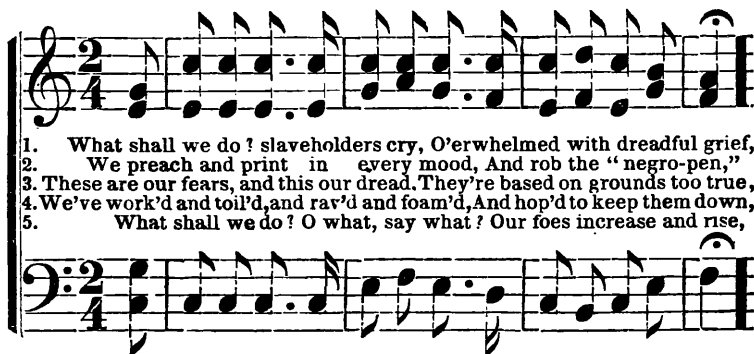
spark - ling bowl—Touch not— for death is there !"  
we will stand, As breth ren true and tried.  
wor - ship Heaven, By toil ing for man - kind.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

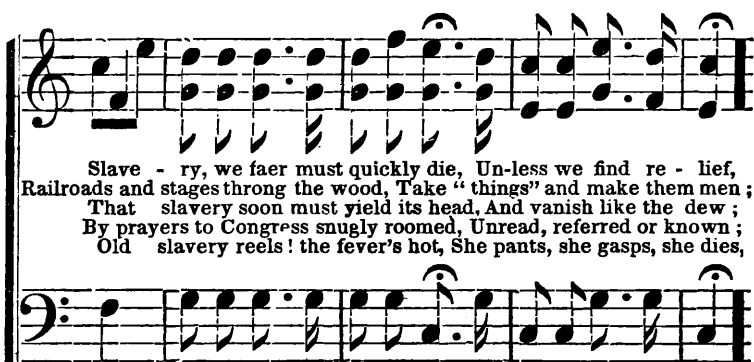
205

## SLAVEHOLDER'S LAMENT.

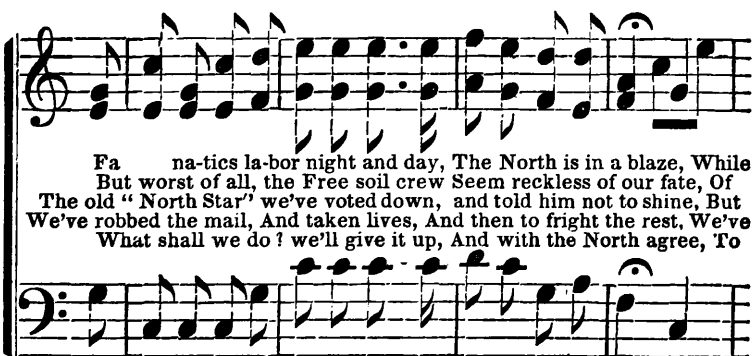
Words by L. P. Judson. Music arranged from "Lucy Neal," by G. W. C.



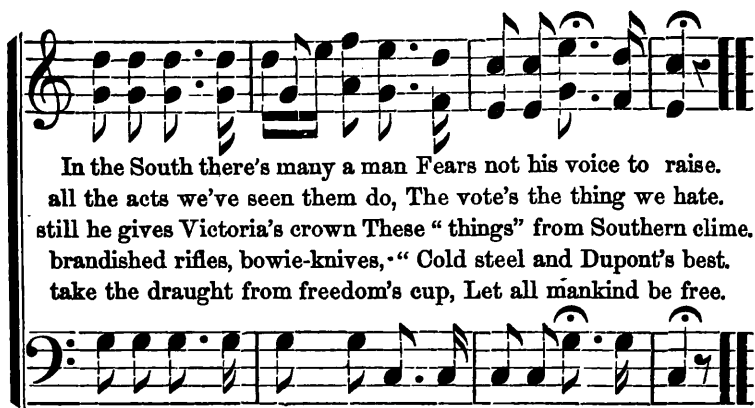
1. What shall we do? slaveholders cry, O'erwhelmed with dreadful grief,  
 2. We preach and print in every mood, And rob the "negro-pen,"  
 3. These are our fears, and this our dread. They're based on grounds too true,  
 4. We've work'd and toil'd, and rav'd and foam'd, And hop'd to keep them down,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



Slave - ry, we faer 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.

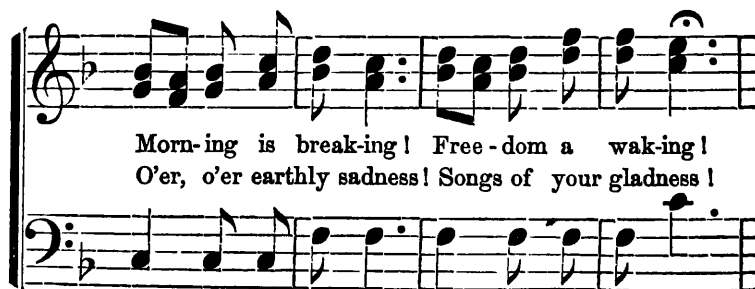
## COME, VOTERS, COME.

*Con Spirito.*

G. W. C.



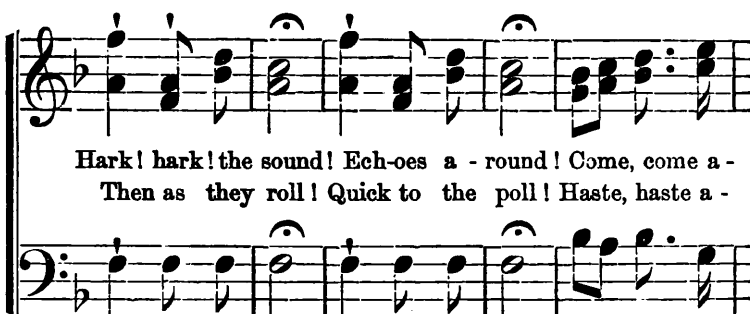
1. Come, vo ters, come! Trum-pet and drum!  
2. Rise! vo ters, rise! Lift to the skies!



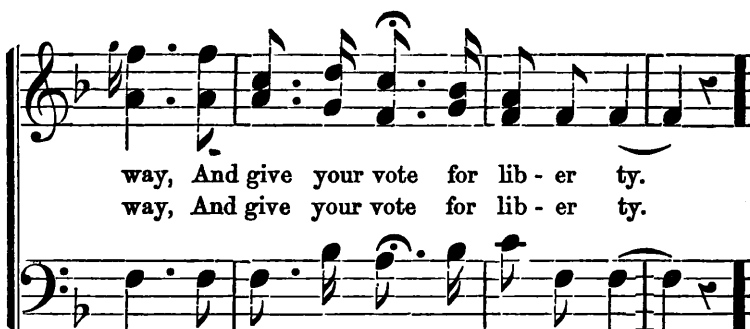
Morn-ing is break-ing! Free-dom a wak-ing!  
O'er, o'er earthly sadness! Songs of your gladness!

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

207



Hark! hark! the sound! Ech-oes a - round! Come, come a -  
Then as they roll! Quick to the poll! Haste, haste a -

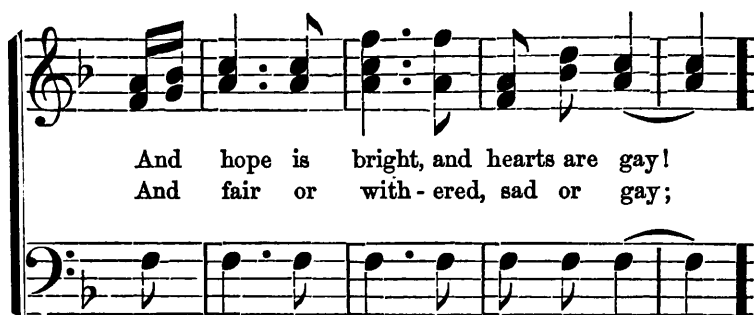


way, And give your vote for lib - er ty.  
way, And give your vote for lib - er ty.

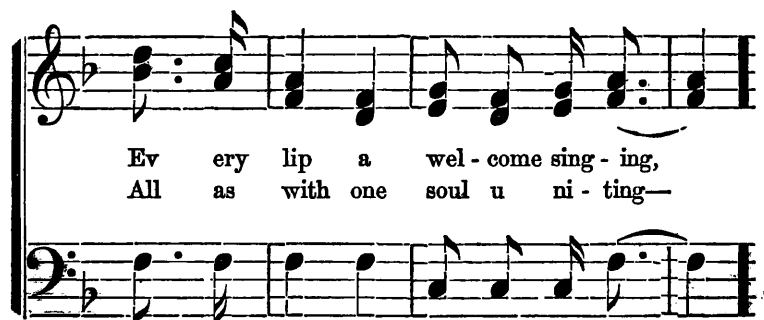


3. O'er the land the peal is ring ing!  
4. Young and old in one com - bin - ing!

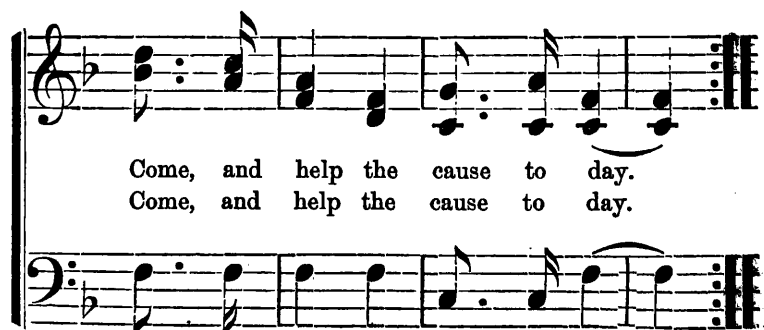
## HARP OF FREEDOM.



And hope is bright, and hearts are gay!  
And fair or with-ered, sad or gay;

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in G major. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some chords. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

Ev ery lip a wel - come sing - ing,  
All as with one soul u ni - ting—

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a more active melody with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

Come, and help the cause to day.  
Come, and help the cause to day.

The third system concludes the hymn. The treble staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The bass staff also ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

209

## I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE!

Words by Mrs. Hemans.

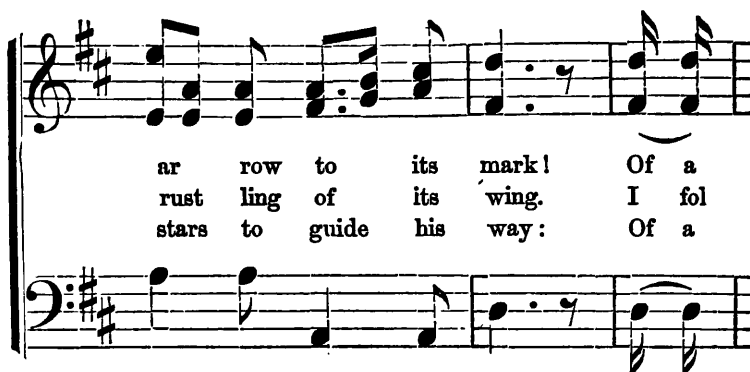
Music by G. W. C.

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 moun-tain king; In my  
 With the fawns and flowers at play; Of an

sweeps thro' the storm at sea, Like an  
 vi sions I have heard The  
 In dian 'midst the wild, With the

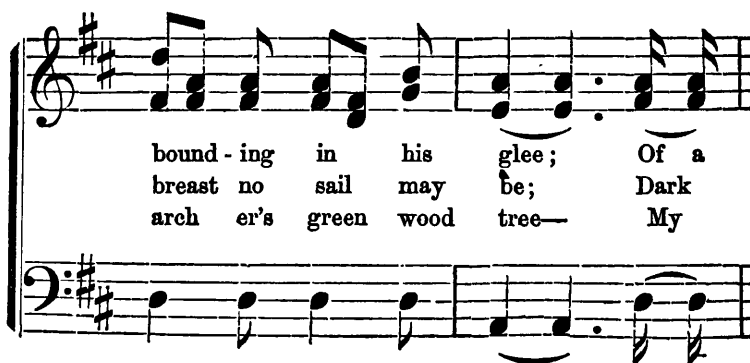
## HARP OF FREEDOM.



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.

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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 NEGRO FATHER'S LAMENT.\*

SONG AND CHORUS.

WURZEL.



1. They've sold me down the ri ver, And
2. My lit tle ones are mourn-ing, I
3. But I will cease my mourn-ing, My



I must part-ed be, From all I loved most  
know 'tis for my sake, My poor lone wife is  
sor - rows meekly bear, For there is One a



dear - ly, And all who care for me;  
weep - ing, As tho' her heart would break,  
bove us, Who lis tens to our prayer;



My heart is filled with sor row, 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 ev er treat them  
when our toils are o'er, He'll take us up to



ri - ver, And I, a las! must go!  
kind - ly, As thou hast treat - ed me.  
Hea - ven, To dwell for ev er more.

\* By permission of WM. HALL &amp; SON.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

213

## CHORUS.

Fare well! my peace-ful ca bin, Be

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

chil dren, And all that's dear to me.

## COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

Words by William Leggett.

Music by G. W. C.

The musical score is written for a three-part setting (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) in G major (one flat) and 3/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The lyrics are: "If yon bright stars which gem the night, Be each a bliss-ful dwellingsphere, Where kindred spir - its re u - nite Whom death has torn a - sun - der here,". The music features a variety of note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The lyrics are placed below the corresponding staves, with some words like "re u - nite" and "a - sun - der" spanning across multiple staves. The score ends with a double bar line.

If yon bright stars which gem the night, Be

each a bliss-ful dwellingsphere, Where kindred spir - its

re u - nite Whom death has torn a - sun - der here,

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."

Free dom's con-se - cra-ted dower, Cas - ket

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

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

of a priceless gem! No-ble her-it-age of power,

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

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

Than im pe-rial di - a - dem! Corner-stone, on which was

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

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

reared, Lib er - ty's tri - um-phal dome, When her

The fourth system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

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

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

217



bartered right for gold, Here, on Freedom's sacred soil.

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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

## 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-

brued; He tilled op-pres-sion's soil where men For

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

219



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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

221

## MY CHILD IS GONE.

Music by G. W. C.

*Doloroso.*

Hark! from the winds a voice of woe, The

wild At - lan - tic in its flow, Bears on its breast the

mur - mur 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!

4\*

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!

## THE BLIND SLAVE-BOY.

Words by Mrs. Dr. Bailey.

Music arranged from Sweet Afton.

First system of musical notation. The treble and bass staves are joined by a brace on the left. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble clef. The lyrics are: "Come back to me, moth-er! why lin-ger a-

Second system of musical notation. The treble and bass staves are joined by a brace on the left. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody continues in the treble clef. The lyrics are: "way From thy poor lit-tle blind boy, the long wea-ry

Third system of musical notation. The treble and bass staves are joined by a brace on the left. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody continues in the treble clef. The lyrics are: "day! I mark eve-ry foot-step, I list to each

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble and bass staves are joined by a brace on the left. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody continues in the treble clef. The lyrics are: "tone, And won-der my moth-er should leave me a-

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

223

lone ! There are voi - ces of sor - row, and

The first system of music is in G major (one flat) and 2/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is in the treble staff, starting with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, and G5. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with half notes G2, B1, and D2.

voi - ces of glee, But there's no one to joy or to

The second system continues the melody in the treble staff with quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, and G5. The bass staff continues with half notes G2, B1, and D2.

sor row with me ; For each hath of

The third system continues the melody in the treble staff with quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, and G5. The bass staff continues with half notes G2, B1, and D2.

pleas ure and trou - ble his share, And

The fourth system continues the melody in the treble staff with quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, and G5. The bass staff continues with half notes G2, B1, and D2.



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.

225

## THE FUGITIVE SLAVE TO THE CHRISTIAN.

Words by Elizur Wright, jr.

Music arranged from Cracovienne

The fetters galled my weary soul,— A

soul that seemed but thrown away; I spurned the ty-rants

base con-trol, Re-solved at last the

**Chorus.**  
man to play :— The hounds are bay ing

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

on my track; O Christ-ian! will you

send me back? The hounds are baying on my track; O

Christ-ian 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 ?  
 'hen clank your chains, e'en though the links  
 Were light as fashion's feather :  
 'he 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 cot  
 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  
I lament her sad fate, all so hopeless and dreary, I la-

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

Detailed description: This is the first system of a musical score. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words split across lines.

sighs as she pres - ses her babe to her breast; }  
ment for her woes, and her wrongs un-re-dressed. } O

grief of that moth-er can nev - er be known.

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics continue, with a large closing brace and a fermata over the final note of the melody. The lyrics are: 'sighs as she pres - ses her babe to her breast; } ment for her woes, and her wrongs un-re-dressed. } O' and 'grief of that moth-er can nev - er be known.'

who can im a gine her heart's deep e-motion, As she

Detailed description: This is the third system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble clef, while the bass line consists of whole rests. The lyrics are: 'who can im a gine her heart's deep e-motion, As she'.

thinks of her chil-dren a bout to be sold;

D. C.

Detailed description: This is the fourth and final system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble clef, while the bass line consists of whole rests. The lyrics are: 'thinks of her chil-dren a bout to be sold;'. The system ends with a double bar line and the instruction 'D. C.' (Da Capo).

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 musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a piano accompaniment on the left, consisting of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The vocal melody is written on a single staff to the right of the piano part. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

The lyrics are:

The Sla - ver in the broad la - goon, Lay moored with  
 i dle sail; He wait - ed for the ris - ing moon,  
 And for the eve ning gale. The

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

231

Plan - ter un-der his roof of thatch, Smoked thoughtful-

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Harp of Freedom'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff (likely for piano accompaniment), and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the middle and bass staves. The lyrics 'Plan - ter un-der his roof of thatch, Smoked thoughtful-' are written below the middle staff.

ly and slow; The Slav-er's thumb was

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'ly and slow; The Slav-er's thumb was' are written below the middle staff. The piano accompaniment features some chords and single notes in the middle and bass staves.

on the latch, He seemed in haste to go.

The third system of musical notation, concluding the phrase. It continues the melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'on the latch, He seemed in haste to go.' are written below the middle staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

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 up-  
raised,  
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 maid-  
en'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.

### 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!

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' op-  
pressed,  
In your full hour of bliss;  
Nor e'er from prayer and effort  
rest,  
While ear.h bears woe like this.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

233

## BROTHERS BE BRAVE FOR THE PINING SLAVE

Air—"Sparkling and Bright."

Solo.



1. Hea - vy and cold in his dun-geon hold, Is the



yoke of the op pres sor; Dark o'er the soul is the



fell con - trol Of the stern and dread transgres-sor.

Chorus.



On then come all to bring the thrall Up



from his deep de spair ing, And

out of the jaw of the ban - dit's law, Re-

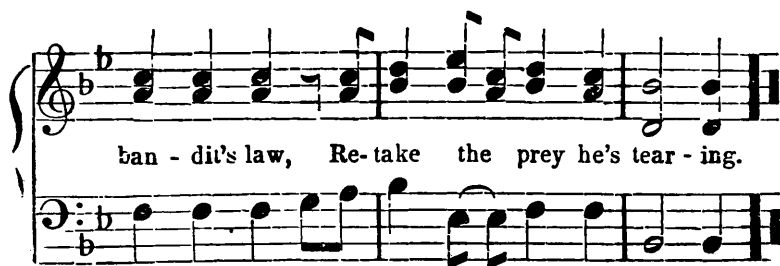
take the prey he's tear ing: O

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

spair ing, And out of the jaw of the

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

235



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 weary ;  
 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 stear  
 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 a main to rend the chain,  
 Ere bursts the valled thunder ;  
 Right onward speed till the slave is freed--  
 His manacles to n asunder.

E. D.

## HARK! I HEAR A SOUND OF ANGUISH.

Air, "Calvary."

Hark! I hear a sound of an guish

The first system of music is in 2/2 time. The treble staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

In my own, my na - tive land; Brethren,

The second system continues the melody. The treble staff features a sharp sign on the second line, indicating a key signature change or a specific note. The lyrics continue below the treble staff.

doomed in chains to lan-guish, Lift to heaven the

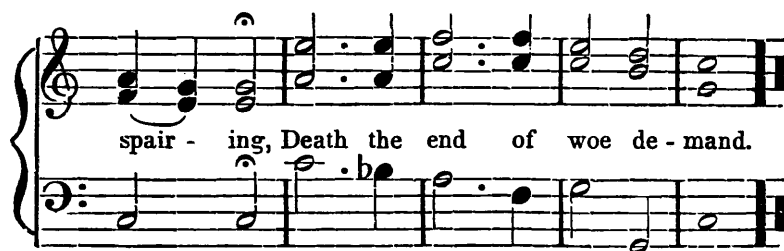
The third system shows the continuation of the piece. The treble staff has a repeat sign at the end of the first measure. The lyrics are spread across the two staves.

sup-pliant hand, And de spair - ing, And de-

The final system on the page. The treble staff has a sharp sign on the second line. The lyrics conclude the phrase shown on this page.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

237



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.

## THE AFRIC'S DREAM.

Words by Miss Chandler.

"Emigrant's Lament," arranged by G. W. C

Why did ye wake me from my sleep? It was a

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staff.

dream of bliss, And ye have torn me from that land, to

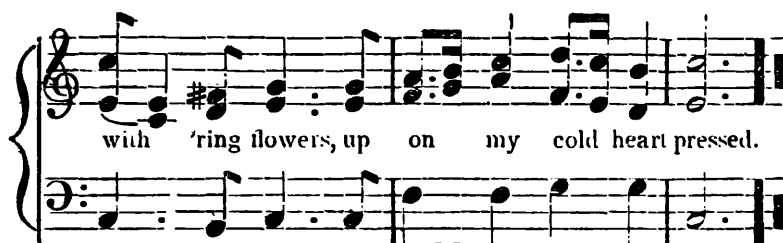
The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staff.

pine again in this; Methought, beneath yon whispering tree, That

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the staff.

I was laid to rest, The turf, with all its

The fourth system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the staff.



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 hours,  
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."

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is written in the top staff, and the accompaniment is written in the middle and bottom staves. The lyrics "I am monarch of nought I survey, My wrongs there are none to dis-" are written below the middle staff.

I am monarch of nought I survey, My wrongs there are none to dis-

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is written in the top staff, and the accompaniment is written in the middle and bottom staves. The lyrics "pute; My mas-ter con-veys me a way, His" are written below the middle staff.

pute; My mas-ter con-veys me a way, His

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is written in the top staff, and the accompaniment is written in the middle and bottom staves. The lyrics "whims or ca-pri-ces to suit. O slavery, where are the" are written below the middle staff.

whims or ca-pri-ces to suit. O slavery, where are the

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

241

charms That "patriarchs" have seen in thy face; I

dwell in the midst of alarms, And serve in a horrible place.

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,  
Its beauties I 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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

## 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."

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 dy ing Beneath their cankering

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Our Countrymen'. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'Our country - men are dy ing Beneath their cankering' are written below the staff.

chains, Full many a heart is sigh ing, Where

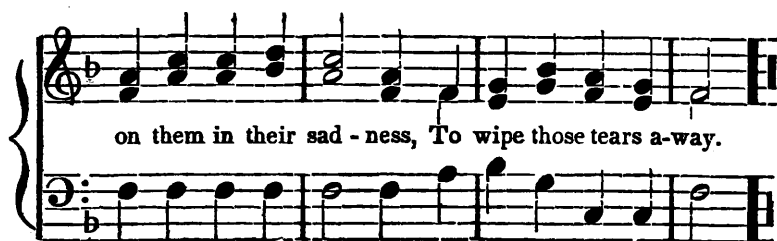
The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'chains, Full many a heart is sigh ing, Where' are written below the staff.

nought but slav-'ry reigns; No note of joy and

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'nought but slav-'ry reigns; No note of joy and' are written below the staff.

glad ness, No voice with free - dom's lay, Fall

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'glad ness, No voice with free - dom's lay, Fall' are written below the staff.



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, Af-ric's coast I  
To increase a stranger's treasures, O'er the rag-ing

But though slave they have enrolled me, *Minds* are never

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system contains the first two lines of the lyrics. The second system contains the third line of the lyrics. The music consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests.

1st time. FINE. 2d time.

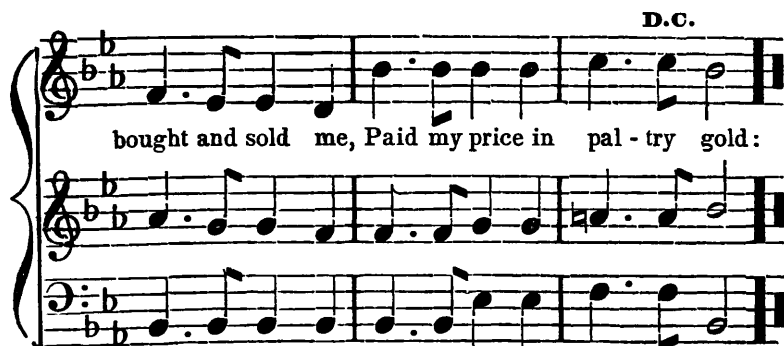
left for-lorn; bil - lows borne. } Christian peo - ple

to be sold.

The musical score continues with three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The key signature remains two flats, and the time signature is 4/4. The first system shows the first line of the lyrics with a repeat sign and a 'FINE.' marking. The second system shows the second line of the lyrics. The music consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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bought and sold me, Paid my price in pal - try gold:

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 flow-rets grow Be-  
day.

neath the Southern skies; Oh who will show me

on the map Where that far coun-try 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?

Father—dear father, are you sick,  
Upon a stranger shore?—  
The people say it must be so—  
O send to me once more,  
And let your little daughter come,  
To soothe your restless bed,  
And hold the cordial to your lips,  
And press your aching head.

Alas!—I fear me he is dead!—  
Who will my trouble share?  
Or tell me where his form is laid,  
And let me travel there?  
By mother's tomb I love to sit,  
Where the green branches wave;  
Good people! help a friendless child  
To find her father's grave.

### 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.

Music by G. W. C.

Ye've gone from me, my gen tle

ones! With all your shouts of mirth; A si lence

is with-in my walls, A dark-ness round my

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has three staves: a vocal staff (treble clef) and two piano accompaniment staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: 'Ye've gone from me, my gen tle', 'ones! With all your shouts of mirth; A si lence', and 'is with-in my walls, A dark-ness round my'.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

251



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 forth  
 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 !

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

## 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 dis mal look, And

why those fall ing tears? No voice is heard, no

word is spoke, Yet nought but grief ap - pears.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has three staves: a vocal staff in treble clef and two piano accompaniment staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line.

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 foul be-  
hest,  
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 FOLLEN.

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 shin-  
ing 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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

## GONE, SOLD AND GONE.

Words by Whittier.

Music by G. W. Clark.

1. Gone, gone—sold and gone, To the rice-swamp dank and

2. Gone, gone—sold and gone, To the rice-swamp dank and

lone, Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings, Where the

lone, There no moth er's eye is near them, There no

noi-some in - sect stings, Where the fe ver de mon

mother's ear can hear them; Never when the torturing

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

255

strews Poi - son with the fall - ing dews, Where the

lash Seams their back with many a gash, Shall a

sick - ly sunbeams glare Through the hot and mis - ty

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 Vir - gin ia's hills and

rice-swamp dank and lone, From Vir - gin ia's hills and

wa-ters,— Woe is me my sto - len daughters!

wa-ters,— Woe is me my sto - len daughters!

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 rice-swamp dank and lone,  
 From 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, oppress.  
 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.*

## FREEDOM'S GATHERING.

Words by Whittier.

Music by G. W. C.

A voice has gone forth, and the land is awake! Our

free-men shall gather from o cean to lake, Our

cause is as pure as the earth ev-er saw, And our

HARP OF FREEDOM.

259

faith we will pledge in the thrill-ing huz-za.

The first system of the musical score for 'Harp of Freedom'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the middle and bass staves. The lyrics 'faith we will pledge in the thrill-ing huz-za.' are written below the middle staff. The word 'thrill-ing' is underlined, and 'huz-za' has a fermata over it.

Then huz-za, then huz-za, Truth's

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'Then huz-za, then huz-za, Truth's' are written below the middle staff. The word 'Truth's' is followed by a fermata.

glittering fal-chi-on for free-dom we draw.

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the piece. The lyrics 'glittering fal-chi-on for free-dom we draw.' are written below the middle staff. The word 'fal-chi-on' is hyphenated, and 'free-dom' is hyphenated. The system ends with a double bar line.

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 farthestmost 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.

Let them blacken our names, and pursue us with ill,  
 We bow at thy altar, sweet liberty still!  
 As the breeze from the mountain sweeps over the river,  
 So, chainless and free, shall our thoughts be, for ever.

Then on to the conflict for freedom and truth;  
 Come Matron, come Maiden, come Manhood and youth,  
 Come gather! come gather! come one and come all,  
 And soon shall the altars of Slavery fall.

The forests shall know it, and lift up their voice,  
 To bid the green prairies and valleys rejoice;  
 And the "Father of Waters," join Mexico's sea,  
 In the anthem of Nature for millions set free.

Then huzza! then huzza!  
 Truth's glittering falchion for freedom we draw.

### **Be kind to each other.**

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

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."

First system of musical notation for 'The Liberty Ball'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the middle and bass staves. The lyrics 'Come all ye true friends of the nation, Attend to humanity's' are written below the middle staff.

Come all ye true friends of the nation, Attend to humanity's

Second system of musical notation for 'The Liberty Ball'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody continues in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the middle and bass staves. The lyrics 'call; Come aid in your Country's sal - va - tion. And' are written below the middle staff.

call; Come aid in your Country's sal - va - tion. And

Third system of musical notation for 'The Liberty Ball'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody continues in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the middle and bass staves. The lyrics 'roll on the lib - er - ty ball—And roll on the lib - er - ty' are written below the middle staff.

roll on the lib - er - ty ball—And roll on the lib - er - ty

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

ball—And roll on the liberty ball, Come aid  
in your country's sal

va - tion, and roll on the lib - er ty ball.

The Liberty hosts are advancing—  
For freedom to *all* they declare ;  
The down-trodden millions are sighing—  
Come, break up our gloom of despair.  
Come break up our gloom of despair, &c.

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

Ye 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.

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.

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 FREE-  
DOM !  
Her rallying signal she blows :

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 !

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

## 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

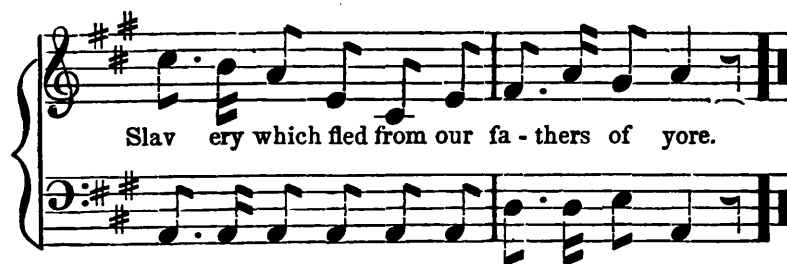
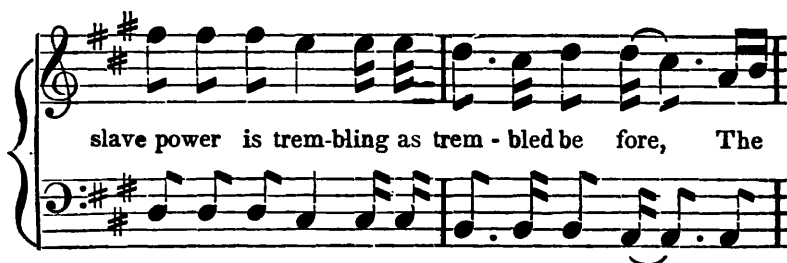
winds of the des - ert, the waves of the sea ! } We're  
England's proud li - on ran wild on our shore ! }

com - ing, we're com - ing, from mountain and glen, With

hearts to do bat tle for free - dom a - gain; The

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

265



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 Free-dom now

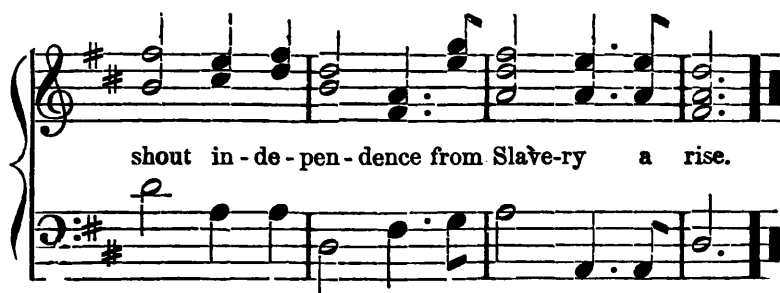
sounds, From the east to the west In-de-

pen-dence re - sounds ; From the hills, and the

streams, and the far dis tant skies, Let the

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

267



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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

## WAKE, WAKE, YE FREEMEN ALL!

Air, "Lucy Long."

Wake, wake, ye freemen all, 'Tis past the breaking

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staff.

dawn; Rouse ye at freedom's call; Up

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staff.

with the ris - en morn; Come on, come on a-

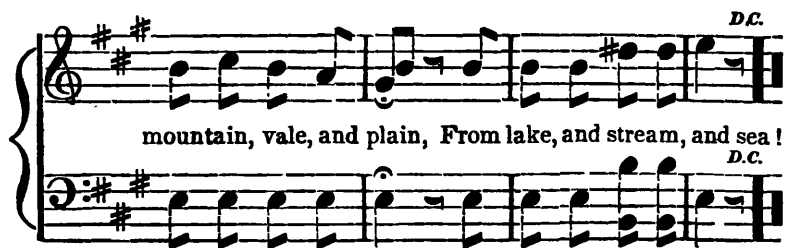
The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the staff.

main, Ye stout hearts and ye free, From

The fourth system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the staff.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

269



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 !

## THE VOTER'S SONG.

Words by E. Wright, jr.

Air, from "Niel Gow's Farewel'."

The first system of musical notation for 'The Voter's Song'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'The vote, the vote, the mighty vote, Though once we used a' are written below the staff.

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'hum- bler note, And prayed our servants to be just, We' are written below the staff.

The third system of musical notation, which begins the chorus. The word 'Chorus.' is written above the staff. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'tell them now they must, they must. The tyrant's grapple' are written below the staff.

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'by our vote, We'll loosen from our brother's throat, With' are written below the staff.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

271



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! } The time, the time, is  
rouse, a rouse, a rouse! }  
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!**

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 glo-  
   rious west,  
   Hurrah, &c.

We pledge to freedom the eastern  
   States,  
   Hurrah, &c.  
 And the west will go for our can-  
   didates,  
   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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

## PARTY OF THE WHOLE.

Words by E. Wright, jr.

Tune—" 'Tis Dawn, the Lark is Singing."

1. Will ye de-spise the a - corn, Just thrusting out its

2. Wilt thou des-pise the cres-cent, That trembles, newly

shoot, Ye gi - ants of the for est, That

born, Thou bright and peer - less plan et, Whose

strike the deep - est root? Will ye des - pise the

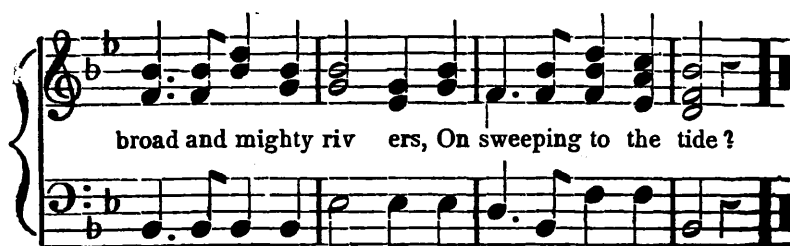
reign shall reach the morn? Time now his scythe is

stream - lets Up on the moun-tain side; Ye

whet - ting, Ye gi ant oaks, for yov : Ye

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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broad and mighty rivers, On sweeping to the tide ?

floods, the sea is thirst-ing, To drink you like the dew.

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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

## SONG FOR THE ELECTION.

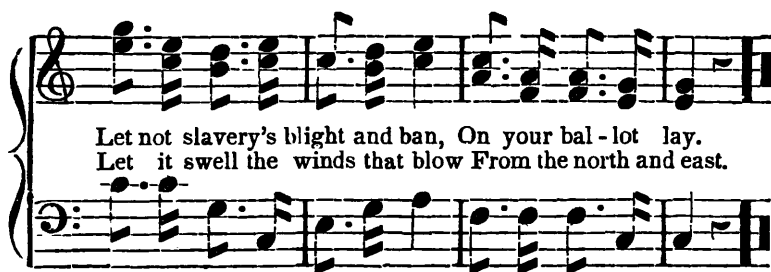
Air, "Scots wha hae."

Ye who know and do the right, Ye who che-rish  
Boasts your vote no high - er aim, Than between two

hon blots or bright, Ye who wor ship love and light.  
of shame That would stain our coun - try's fame.

Choose your side to day. Suc cor free dom  
Just to choose the least? Let it stern - ly

now you can, Vot - ing for an hon - est man;  
an swer no! Let it straight for Free-dom go;



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.

#### **Children of the Glorious Dead.**

MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

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

Ours is not the tented field—  
We no earthly weapons wield;  
Light and love, our sword and  
    shield,

    Truth our panoply.  
This is proud oppression's hour;  
Storms are round us; shall we  
    cower,  
While beneath a despot's power  
    Groans the suffering slave?

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

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

## SALT RIVER CHORUS.

Air, "Cheer up, my lively Lads." Arranged by G. W. C.

*Con Spirito.*

We've all turn'd out this glo - rious day, To  
The bea - con lights of Lib er ty, Are

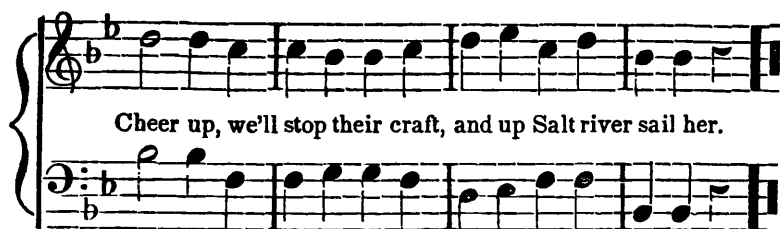
join the con - vo ca tion—To cheer the friends of  
spreading thro' the na - tion, North, east and west are

li ber ty, And stop the slave ex - ten - sion. Then,  
all on fire, In one great con - fla gra-tion. Then,

cheer up, my live-ly lads, in spite of Slavery's power,

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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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!

Allegretto.

G. W. C.

First system of the musical score. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time, with a tempo marking of 'Allegretto.' and a composer credit 'G. W. C.'. The lyrics are: 'We're a - float! we're a - float! on a fierce roll - ing'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand in G major, 2/4 time, and the left hand in G major, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 2/4.

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'tide, Free dom is our bark and the Truth is our'. The piano accompaniment continues with the lyrics: 'heard; What mat - ter? our bark ri - deth on like a'. The musical notation and instrumentation remain consistent with the first system.

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'guide; No rest for the slug-gard, no peace for the'. The piano accompaniment continues with the lyrics: 'bird; With the flag of the Un ion a bove our free'. The musical notation and instrumentation remain consistent with the previous systems.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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foe, But thro' all op - po - si - tion right onward we go.

men, She has brav'd it before, and will brave it a - gain.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is also a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with various note values and rests. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with some words aligned with specific notes.

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.

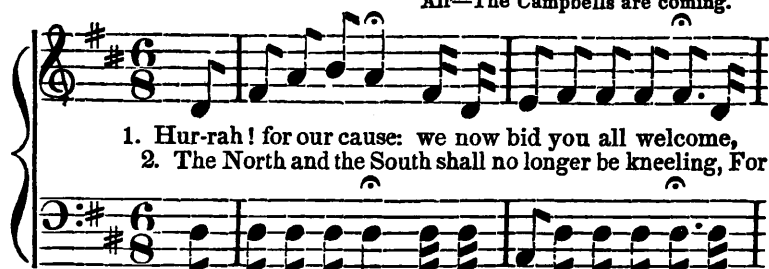
A future of labor, brave, honest and free—  
 No monarch, no slaves, but a brotherhood we;  
 A future of love, when the just and the true  
 Shall rule in the place of the strong and the few.

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.

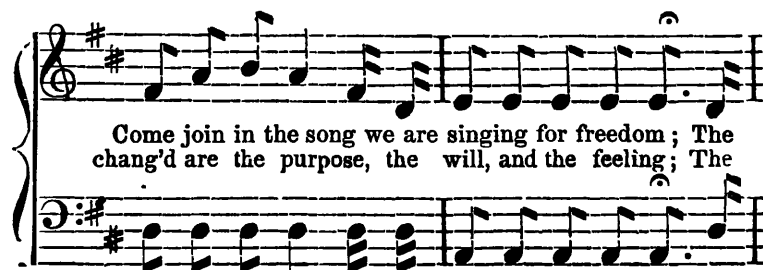
## HURRAH! FOR OUR CAUSE.

Air—The Campbells are coming.



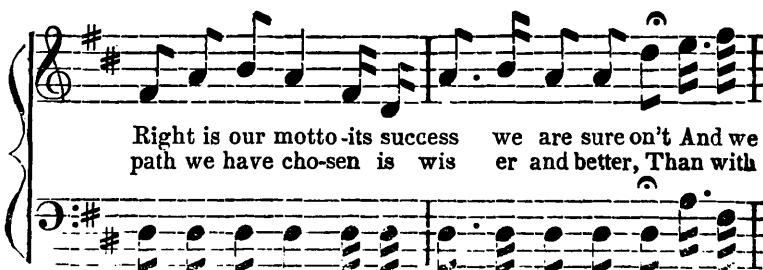
1. Hur-rah! for our cause: we now bid you all welcome,  
2. The North and the South shall no longer be kneeling, For

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Hurrah! for our cause'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staff, with the first line starting at the beginning of the first measure and the second line starting at the beginning of the fourth measure.



Come join in the song we are singing for freedom; The  
chang'd are the purpose, the will, and the feeling; The

The second system of musical notation for the song 'Hurrah! for our cause'. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staff, with the first line starting at the beginning of the first measure and the second line starting at the beginning of the fourth measure.

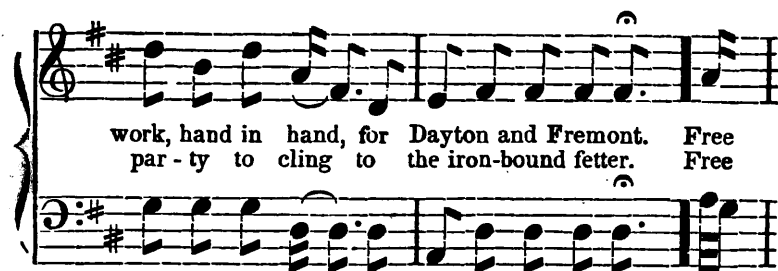


Right is our motto—its success we are sure on't And we  
path we have cho-sen is wis er and better, Than with

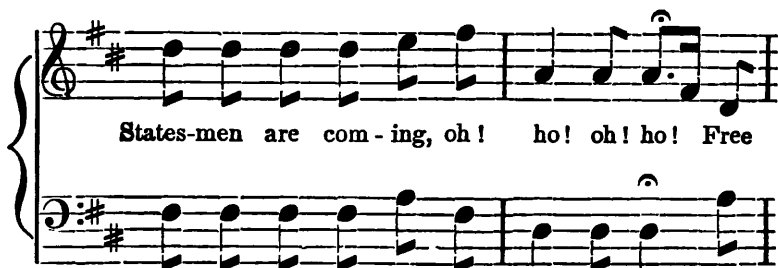
The third system of musical notation for the song 'Hurrah! for our cause'. It continues the melody and bass line from the previous systems. The lyrics are written below the staff, with the first line starting at the beginning of the first measure and the second line starting at the beginning of the fourth measure.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

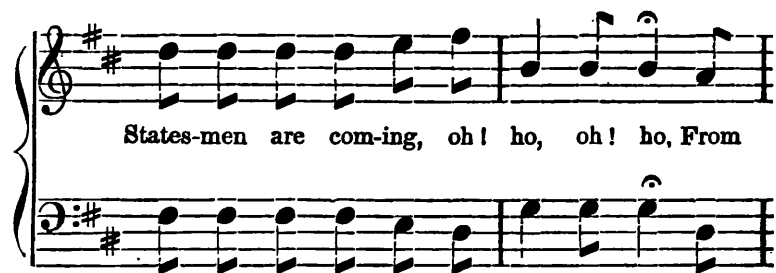
283



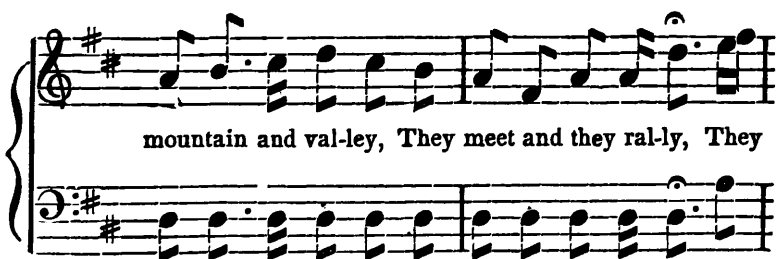
work, hand in hand, for Dayton and Fremont. Free  
par - ty to cling to the iron-bound fetter. Free



States-men are com - ing, oh! ho! oh! ho! Free

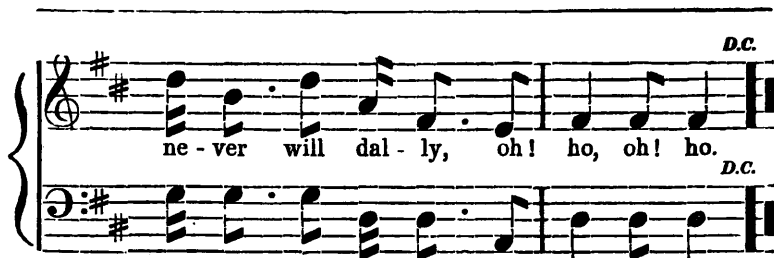


States-men are com-ing, oh! ho, oh! ho, From



mountain and val-ley, They meet and they ral-ly, They

## HARP OF FREEDOM.



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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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## THE FREE STATE DEBATE.

Air, "Old Granite State."

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The melody is written in the treble clef. The lyrics are: "We have come to our meet-ing, Each Our stand for Right we've ta - ken, And with".

Second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The melody is written in the treble clef. The lyrics are: "oth - er kind - ly greet-ing, Re - solved to have no en - er - gy unshaken, The Na-tion we'll a-".

Third system of the musical score. It consists of three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The melody is written in the treble clef. The lyrics are: "cheating, In the free State de bate. O, the wak-en, In the free State de bate. In".

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

mischief is a brewing, For Slavery's ut - ter  
spite of all those gra-ces, The Hunkers make wry

The first system of the musical score for 'Harp of Freedom' consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics under the top staff and the second line under the middle staff.

ruin, For the folks are up and do - ing, In the  
faces, When they see us take our pla - ces, In the

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics under the top staff and the second line under the middle staff.

free State de - bate. Then hur - rah for  
free State de bate. Then hurrah for  
Then hur - rah for

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics under the top staff, the second line under the middle staff, and the third line under the bottom staff.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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freedom, Then hurrah for freedom,  
 freedom, Then hurrah for freedom, Then hur-  
 freedom, Then hurrah for freedom, Then hur-  
 Then hur-rah for freedom, Throughout our native land.  
 rah for freedom Throughout our native land.

O, 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.  
 Huzza! huzza! 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.

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## BRIGHT IS THE DAYBREAK.

Air, "Rory O'More," Arranged by G. W. C.

*Moderato.*

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 - ris - es, beat her if you can. Pennsyl-

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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.

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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-  
hi o for freedom will stand or will fall; And

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 eold, 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 slichted,  
 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.

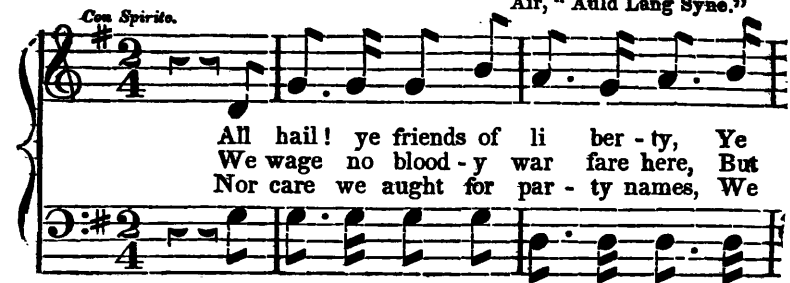
[James Ballantync.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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## FREE SOIL CHORUS.

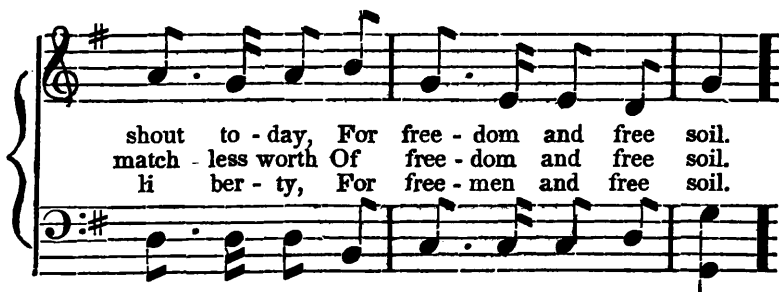
Air, "Auld Lang Syne."

*Con Spirito.*



All hail! ye friends of li ber - ty, Ye  
We wage no blood - y war fare here, But  
Nor care we aught for par - ty 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

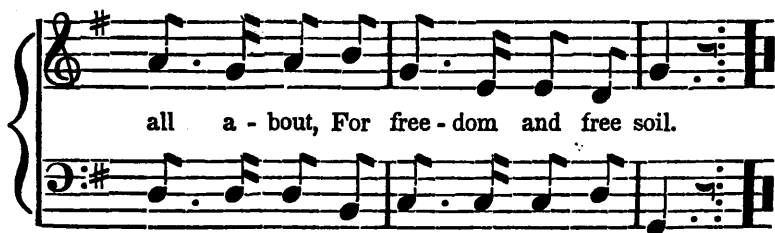


shout to - day, For free - dom and free soil.  
match - less worth Of free - dom and free soil.  
li ber - ty, For free - men and free soil.

*Chorus.*


For free - dom 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.

## 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  
 Every where 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, &amp;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  
 Every where 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,  
 Looks 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 Carlina 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.

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### 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;

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!

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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## 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!

### 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.

803

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.

305

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," page

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.

307

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

Hurrah 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.

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

309

## 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 abhorr'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 hand, 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.

311

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.
- GIANT'S  
BASS SOLO. { "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.

817

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.

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“ 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.

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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!

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

315

## 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

## HARP OF FREEDOM.

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.

## 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.

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.

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### 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."

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### 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.

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## 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 assaulters,  
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.

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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.

## FREEDOM.

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.

---

NATURE—JUSTICE—THE BIBLE—THE TESTAMENT—THE COMMON LAW—THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES—The greatest PHILOSOPHERS—The greatest JUDGES—The greatest DIVINES—and the greatest STATESMEN of the World, Against Slavery.

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*."—MONTISQUEN.

"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."—MONTESQUEN.

"Nothing puts one nearer the condition of a brute than always to see free-men and not be free."—MONTESQUEN.

"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 holden 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 : 18.

"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.

CESARIUS, 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."---NEANDER.

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.

## A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

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"Do not employ those beings created in the image of God, as slaves."---STU-DITA.

"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."---GROTIUS.

"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 *favoured 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.

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