





S. G. & E. L. ELBERT



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No.

KATHARINE E. COMAN



FREEDOM'S LYRE:

OR,

PSALMS, HYMNS, AND SACRED SONGS,

FOR

THE SLAVE AND HIS FRIENDS.

COMPILED BY

EDWIN F. HATFIELD.

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P R E F A C E .

The following selection of hymns was undertaken, at the request of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society. A work of this character has, for a long time, been called for, by those who have been accustomed to meet and pray for the Emancipation of the Slave. No volume of a similar kind has heretofore been given to the American public. The materials, therefore, for such a work, are but few. In consequence, the compiler has admitted some hymns—more than he desired—which cannot be regarded as very poetical; but have been retained, because better, on the same subject, were not to be found. For the same reason, in common with every other modern compiler of lyric and devotional poetry, he has made the most free use of his materials. “He has treated the hymns which

have come before him," if he may use the language of another, "as public property, which he had a right to modify and use according to his own judgment. Omissions, abridgements, alterations, and changes in the arrangement of the stanzas, have, therefore, been made with freedom, wherever it appeared that the piece could thereby be improved," or adapted to the holy cause of Emancipation.

With the sincere hope that it may serve to hasten the blessed day, when every yoke shall be broken, and every slave set free, it is now commended to THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

New York, May 1, 1840.

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FREEDOM'S LYRE.

CRIES OF THE SLAVE.

1 C. M.

Pleading that God would help, as of old.

- 1 HOW long, Most Holy, Just, and True !
Dost thou our blood behold ?
Nor rise th' oppressor to subdue,
As in the days of old ?
- 2 Where is the Pow'r, that led thy seed
From Egypt's blighted plains,
Their limbs from cruel bondage freed,
Their souls from direr chains ?
- 3 Where is the Mighty Arm, that clave
The waters of the sea,
And bade the wild unsteady wave
A wall of safety be ?
- 4 Where is the Hand, that brake the pow'r
Of proud Assyria's host,
Went forth at midnight's silent hour,
And laid their strength in dust ?

- 5 Not shorten'd is thine Arm to save,
 Not clos'd thine Ear to hear ;
 Soon for the crush'd and bleeding Slave
 Jehovah will appear.
- 6 Then Man shall own his strength is weak,
 And God exalted be :
 Our iron bondage he will brake
 AND EV'RY SLAVE SET FREE.

Wrongs of Africa.

2

C. M.

In times of great extremity.—Psalms 102.

- 1 HEAR me, O God ! nor hide thy face,
 But answer, lest I die ;
 Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
 To hear when sinners cry ?
- 2 My days are wasted like the smoke,
 Dissolving in the air ;
 My strength is dried, my heart is broke,
 And sinking in despair.
- 3 My spirits flag, like with'ring grass,
 Burnt with excessive heat ;
 In secret groans my minutes pass,
 And I forget to eat.
- 4 As on some lonely building's top,
 The sparrow tells her moan ;
 Far from the tents of joy and hope,
 I sit and grieve alone.

5 My soul is like a wilderness,
 Where beasts of midnight howl ;
 There the sad raven finds her place,
 And there the screaming owl.

6 Dark, dismal thoughts, and boding fears,
 Dwell in my troubled breast ;
 While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
 Nor give my spirit rest.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
 And tears are my repast ;
 My daily bread like ashes grows,
 Unpleasant to my taste.

Watts.

3

C. M.

In times of despondency.—Psalm 43.

1 JUDGE me, O God ! and plead my cause,
 Against a sinful race ;
 From vile oppression and deceit,
 Secure me by thy grace.

2 On thee my steadfast hope depends,
 And am I left to mourn ?
 To sink in sorrow—and in vain,
 Implore thy kind return ?

3 Oh ! send thy light to guide my feet,
 And bid thy truth appear ;
 Conduct me to thy holy hill,
 To taste thy mercies there.

- 4 Then to thine altar, O my God !
 My joyful feet shall rise ;
 And my triumphant song shall praise
 The God who rules the skies.

Watts.

Pleading with submission.—Psalm 123.

- 1 O THOU, whose grace and justice reign,
 Enthron'd above the skies !
 To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
 To thee we lift our eyes :—
- 2 As servants watch their master's hand,
 And fear the angry stroke ;
 Or maids before their mistress stand,
 And wait a peaceful look.
- 3 While for our sins we justly feel
 Thy discipline, O God !
 We wait the gracious moment still,
 Till thou remove thy rod.
- 4 Those who in wealth and pleasure live,
 Our daily groans deride ;
 And thy delays of mercy give
 Fresh courage to their pride.
- 5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
 In thy compassion lies ;
 This thought shall bear our spirits up,
 That God will not despise.

Watts.

5

C. M.

To avenge the oppressed.—Psalm 10.

- 1 WHY doth the Lord depart so far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress ?
- 2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride,
Thy justice and thy laws ?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And slight our righteous cause ?
- 3 Arise, O God ! lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry ;
No enemy shall dare to stand,
When God, our help, is nigh.
- 4 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear ;
Accept the vows thy children pay,
And free thy saints from fear.

Watts.

6

7s. D.

Prayer for meekness and deliverance.

- 1 Father ! to thy suff'ring poor,
Strength and grace and faith impart ;
In thy gracious love, restore
Comfort to the broken heart ;
Thine enslav'd ones, Lord ! confirm,
With a holier strength of zeal ;
Give thou not the feeble worm,
Helpless, to the spoiler's heel !

- 2 Torn apart, and driven forth,
 To our toiling hard and long,
Father! from the dust of earth
 Lift we still our grateful song ;
Grateful—that in bonds we share
 In thy love which maketh free :
Joyful—that the wrongs we bear
 Draw us nearer, Lord ! to thee.
- 3 Worn and wasted, Oh ! how long
 Shall thy trodden poor complain ?
How much longer—bear the wrong—
 Bear the galling bonds of pain ?
Melt oppression's heart of steel,
 Make our haughty masters see,
Make our blinded rulers feel,
 That in us they mock at thee.
- 4 In thy time, O Lord of hosts !
 Stretch abroad that hand to save,
Which of old, on Egypt's coasts,
 Smote in twain the Red Sea's wave :
Stretch out, Lord ! thy mighty hand,
 From the spoiler set us free ;
Then throughout this ransom'd land,
 We will gladly worship thee.

J. G. Whittier.

7

S. M.

Complaint against persecutors.—Psalm 59.

- 1 FROM foes, that round us rise,
O God of heav'n ! defend ;
Who brave the vengeance of the skies,
And with thy saints contend.
- 2 Beneath the silent shade,
Their secret plots they lay ;
Our peaceful walls by night invade,
And scourge our flesh by day.
- 3 Yet save them, Lord ! from death ;
Subdue them by thy word ;
Confound their counsels with thy breath,
But pard'ning grace afford.
- 4 Then shall our grateful voice,
Proclaim our guardian God ;
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

Watts.

8

C. P. M.

Panting for help.—Psalm 55.

- 1 TO my complaint, O God ! give heed,
Hide not thyself—thy help I need ;
O hear and grant my pray'r —
I'm toss'd and rack'd with sore distress,
For taunting foes my soul oppress,
And tempt me to despair.

- 2 Harass'd, tormented and dismay'd,
 My very life a burden made,
 I raise to thee my cry ;
 My soul is fill'd with pangs of dread,
 O'erwhelm'd, I sink among the dead,
 I pant, and gasp, and die.

- 3 Oh for the pinions of a dove,
 To bear my wearied soul above
 This dark and stormy way !
 Lo ! then I'd mount—I'd flee afar
 From slavery, tumult, strife and war,
 To realms of peaceful day.

E. F. H.

9

7s. 6 lines.

Pleading that God would not forsake.

- 1 L ORD ! before thy throne we bend,
 Lord ! to thee our hearts ascend ;
 Servants, to our master true,
 Lo ! we yield thee homage due ;
 Children, to our sire we fly,
 Abba, Father ! hear our cry.

- 2 In the dust our knees we bow,
 We are weak, but mighty thou ;
 Sore oppress'd, yet suppliant still,
 We await thy holy will :
 Galling chains confine us here,
 When wilt thou, O God ! appear ?

- 3 From the skies, thy dwelling-place,
Send, Oh ! send deliv'ring grace ;
Turn and save us ;—none below
Pause to hear our silent woe ;
Pleas'd or sad, a thoughtless throng—
Still they gaze, and pass along.
- 4 Leave us not—ah ! wretched fate !—
In this helpless, hopeless state ;
Swift to seal their captive's doom,
See our foes exulting come !
Jesus, Savior ! yet be nigh—
Lord of life ! nor let us die.

Bowdler.

10

C. P. M.

Fleeing to God in trouble.—Psalm 56.

- 1 MY God ! my gracious God ! to thee,
Urg'd by devouring foes, I flee,
To thee for mercy cry :
Oh ! view me in th' unequal fight,
Oppress'd by numbers, aw'd by might ;
Jehovah, God most high !
- 2 They wrest my words with vile design,
With scourges lash this flesh of mine,
And watch the steps I tread ;
Shall daring guilt evade thy frown ?
Ah no !—thy wrath shall cast them down,
To lie amidst the dead.

11 CRIES OF THE SLAVE TO GOD.

- 3 When to the Lord I lift my cry,
My foes dismay'd shall backward fly,
For God my cause maintains ;
My faithful God ! I'll praise thy word,
Thy promise, thou eternal Lord !
Firm as thy throne remains.

W. Goode.

11 S. M.

Faith pleading for help.—Psalm 54.

- 1 MY God ! thy servant save,
For gracious is thy name ;
Thine arm can raise the sinking slave,
Oh ! hear my humble claim.
- 2 To thee I lift my cries,
Thy sov'reign aid prepare ;
For lo ! the lordly despot tries
To sink me in despair.
- 3 Where shall my spirit hide ?
Where from th' oppressor fly ?
Fearless of God—his pow'r denied—
He dares thine arm defy.
- 4 Lo ! God, my guardian, near,
Will all my foes control,
The Lord in mercy will appear,
And save my sinking soul.

W. Goode.

12

L. M.

The mourner's plea.

- 1 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.
- 2 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 ?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
 Does not the word still fix'd remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain ?
- 4 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
 And he is safe, he must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.
 Cowper.

13

C. M.

Resorting to the promises.—Psalm 56.

- 1 O THOU, whose justice reigns on high,
 And makes th' oppressor cease !
 Behold how envious sinners try
 To vex and break my peace !

14 CRIES OF THE SLAVE TO GOD.

- 2 The sons of violence and lies,
Join to devour me, Lord !
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.
- 3 In God most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust ;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.
- 4 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee ;
So swift is pray'r to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

Watts.

14 C. M.

Prayer for grace.—Psalm 140.

- 1 MY God ! while impious men,
With malice in their heart,
My peace destroy, my life defame,
Thy guardian grace impart.
- 2 Daily they lie in wait
My footsteps to betray,
And deadly snares for me they set,
Beside my peaceful way.
- 3 Oh ! hear my humble cry,
Their cherish'd hopes destroy ;
Their arts confound, their plots disclose,
And blast their envious joy.

4 Thou wilt sustain the poor,
 And bid th' afflicted sing ;
 Before thee shall thy children dwell,—
 Their Father and their King.

Dwight.

15

L. M.

Prayer for divine Sympathy.

1 SAVIOR ! I bring to thee my chain,
 For heavier bonds on thee were flung ;
 I bare to thee my bosom's pain,
 For bitt'rer pangs from thee were wrung.

2 I think upon that awful hour,
 When thee, the Shepherd of the flock,
 The Prince of Peace, the Lord of pow'r,
 The priest did scorn, the soldier mock.

3 And bleeding from the Roman rod,
 And scoff'd at by the heartless Jew,
 I hear thee plead for them to God—
 “ Father ! they know not what they do.”

4 And then I lift my trembling eyes,
 To that bright seat, where, plac'd on high,
 The great, th' atoning Sacrifice,
 For me, and all, is ever nigh.

5 Be thou my guard on peril's brink,
 Be thou my guide through weal or wo,
 And teach me of thy cup to drink ;
 And make me in thy path to go !

6 For what is earthly change or loss ?

Thy promises are still my own :
The feeblest frame may bear thy cross,
The lowliest spirit share thy throne.

Liberator.

16

L. M.

God entreated to hasten.

1 BEHOLD from heav'n, O God of grace !

And pity us—an injur'd race ;
Thou know'st the wrongs we're doom'd to
bear,
Thou see'st the heavy chains we wear.

2 Shut out from human sympathy,

We look alone, O Lord ! to thee ;
When wilt thou come and give us peace ?
When wilt thou bid our bondage cease ?

3 How long must we still bear the yoke,

The shame, the toil, the smarting stroke ?
How long, from all our kindred torn,
Our helpless, hopeless mis'ries mourn ?

4 Rise, Lord ! and make thy justice known ;

Thou art our Master—thou alone ;
Made in thine image, own us thine,
And we will own thy hand divine.

E. F. H.

17

L. M.

Despair of all aid but God's.

- 1 NO more, O God ! we read thy ways,
 In these degen'rate evil days ;
 The vile oppressor, sword in hand,
 Usurps the sway of all the land.
- 2 No more we feel that aid is nigh,
 When faint, our hearts within us die ;
 We suffer, and we know, our doom
 Is one long suff'ring till the tomb.
- 3 Yet by the anguish of thy Son,
 When his last hour came darkly on ;
 By his dread cry, the air that rent,
 In terror of abandonment ;
- 4 And by his parting word, which rose,
 Through faith, victorious o'er his foes,—
 We know that thou may'st wound, may'st
 break
 The spirit, but wilt ne'er forsake.

Mrs. Hemans.

18

C. M.

Overwhelmed with trouble.—Psalm 142.

- 1 TO God I make my sorrows known,
 From God I seek relief ;
 In loud complaints before his throne,
 I pour out all my grief.

19 CRIES OF THE SLAVE TO GOD.

- 2 My soul is overwhelm'd with woes,
 My heart begins to break,
But God, who all my burdens knows,
 Beholds the way I take.
- 3 On ev'ry side I cast mine eye,
 And find my helpers gone ;
While friends and strangers pass me by,
 Neglected or unknown.
- 4 Lord ! I am brought exceeding low,
 Now let thine ear attend ;
And make my foes, who vex me, know
 I've an Almighty Friend.
- 5 From this sad bondage set me free,
 Then shall I praise thy name ;
And holy men shall join with me,
 Thy kindness to proclaim.

Watts.

19 S. M.

Prayer against bitter enemies.—Psalm 83.

- 1 **A**ND will the God of grace
 Perpetual silence keep ?
The God of justice hold his peace,
 And let his vengeance sleep ?
- 2 Behold what cruel snares,
 Our haughty masters spread !
The men, whom thy forbearance spares,
 Lift up their threat'ning head.

3 Beneath their wrath we lie,
 Our mis'ries give them joy ;
 See how they watch with evil eye,
 Our comfort to destroy !

4 Awake, Almighty God !
 And call thy pow'r to mind ;
 Make them to bow beneath thy rod,
 And let them pardon find.

5 Convince their madness, Lord !
 And make them seek thy name ;
 Or else their impious rage reward,
 And turn their pride to shame.

Watts.

20 7s.

Pleading for justice.—Psalm 7.

1 LORD ! for help I look to thee,
 Break my bonds and set me free ;
 Lest, by cruel prowlers torn,
 Helpless I be left to mourn.

2 Rise, Jehovah ! in thy wrath,
 Raging foes beset my path ;
 Come, and make thy justice clear,
 Let mine innocence appear.

3 Saints shall then surround thy throne,
 Thee, their sov'reign Lord, to own,
 When, to make their bliss complete,
 Thou shalt take thy royal seat.

4 Thou, who searchest ev'ry heart !
 Now espouse my righteous part ;
 Let the wicked cease their strife,
 Crown the just with endless life. E. F. H.

21 8s. & 3s.

The slave's complaint.

1 AND am I sadly cast aside,
 On dire misfortune's rugged tide,
 And will the world my pains deride
 Forever ?

Must I still dwell in Slavery's night,
 And ev'ry pleasure take its flight,
 Far—far beyond my feeble sight,
 Forever ?

2 Or, worst of all ! must hope grow dim,
 And thus withhold her cheering beam ?
 Oh ! rather let me sleep and dream
 Forever !

Yet leave me not a wretch confin'd,
 Oppress'd, and shackled, lame, and blind,
 To sorrow and despair consign'd
 Forever !

3 Great God ! in whom can I confide ?
 Say—canst thou not for all provide ?
 Oh ! condescend to be my guide
 Forever !

And when this transient life shall end,
 May Jesus, my eternal friend,
 Bid me from servitude ascend

Forever !

James Horton.

22

C. M.

"And am I born for this?"

- 1** **A** LAS ! and am I born for this—
To wear this slavish chain ?
Depriv'd of all created bliss,
Through hardship, toil, and pain !
- 2** How long have I in bondage lain,
And languish'd to be free !
Alas ! and must I still complain,
Depriv'd of liberty ?
- 3** O Heav'n ! and is there no relief
This side the silent grave,
To sooth the pain, to quell the grief
And anguish of a slave ?
- 4** Come, Liberty—thou cheerful sound !
Roll through my ravish'd ears ;
Come, let my grief in joy be drown'd,
And drive away my fears.
- 5** Say unto foul oppression—Cease !
Ye tyrants ! rage no more ;
And let the joyful trump of peace,
Now bid the vassal soar.
- 6** O Liberty—thou golden prize,
So often sought by blood !
We crave thy sacred sun to rise—
The gift of nature's God.

James Horton.

23 L. M.

Weeping and Crying for help.—Psalm 38.

- 1** O LORD ! my bosom heaves with fears,
Mine eyes are quench'd with constant
tears ;
My friends forsake, my patrons flee,
My kinsmen dread my face to see.
- 2** With snares and fraud and cruel strife,
My foes conspire against my life ;
I totter on the brink of death,
And constant anguish wastes my breath.
- 3** On thee, O Lord, my God ! I wait,
To plead my cause against the great ;
Let not my lordly foes exult,
And in my bondage thee insult.
- 4** Forsake me not, O Lord, my God !
I seek thine all-sustaining rod ;
Break off my chains, thy succor bring,
Make haste to help me, God, my King !

E. F. H.

24 C. M.

Forsaken of all.—Psalm 44.

- 1** WHY, Lord ! dost thou our race despise,
And spurn our feeble band ?
Behold our foes in triumph rise,
And overrun the land !

- 2** As helpless sheep to slaughter led,
 We fall before their might,
 We're sold like beasts, cast out as dead,
 And worthless in their sight.
- 3** We're fill'd with sorrow, cloth'd with shame,
 And loaded with disgrace ;
 For all the world our cause defame,
 And spurn us from their face.
- 4** Bow'd down to earth, in dust we lie,
 With none to help or save ;
 Rise, Lord ! make haste ; fly, quickly fly,
 And free the wretched slave.

E. F. H.

25

7s.

Frowns of God deprecated.—Psalm 60.

- 1** WHY, O God ! thy people spurn ?
 Why permit thy rage to burn ?
 God of mercy ! save once more,
 All our broken hearts restore.
- 2** Thou hast made our land to quake,
 Heal the breaches thou dost make !
 Bitter is the cup we drink,
 Suffer not our souls to sink.
- 3** Be thy banner now unfurl'd,
 Show thy might to all the world ;
 Save us, Lord ! we cry to thee,
 Lift thine arm, and set us free.

E. F. H.

26

L. M.

Complaining of malicious foes.—Psalm 64.

1 **R**EGARD, O God ! my mournful cry,
Preserve my life, to thee I fly ;
See how oppressors round me swarm !
Oh ! hide me from the angry storm.

2 Their tongue is like a poison'd dart,
Their words, like arrows, pierce the heart ;
With secret aim they wound the just,
And reckless make the deadly thrust.

3 They urge each other on with cheers,
And laugh to scorn the trembler's fears ;
They plot the dreadful snare to lay,
“For who doth see us ?”—lo ! they say.

E. F. H.

27

L. M.

Ready to faint.—Psalm 69.

1 **O**H ! save , great God ! my sinking soul ;
Behold how high the billows roll !
I'm whelm'd beneath the mountain-wave,
And find, alas ! a miry grave.

2 My voice is spent with long complaints,
Mine eye with constant watching faints ;
My foes without a cause increase,
They rage and rave, and never cease.

3 O God ! thou hearest ev'ry groan,
 And all my woes to thee are known ;
 O Lord, Jehovah, God of hosts !
 Hear how the proud oppressor boasts !

4 Lord God of Israel ! hear my cry,
 Lest all, who seek thee, faint and die,
 Lest they, who trust in thy great name,
 Through my repulse be put to shame.

E. F. H.

28

L. M.

Broken-hearted.—Psalm 69.

1 BEHOLD, O Lord ! I faint, I sink !
 Pluck the poor slave from death's dark
 brink ;
 From them, who hate me, set me free,
 Oh ! snatch me from the roaring sea.

2 Let not the angry billows roll,
 Nor let the pit engulf my soul ;
 Oh ! hear me, Lord ! for thou art kind,
 Thy boundless mercy call to mind.

3 Thou knowest all the scorn and shame,
 With which my foes reproach my name ;
 My bosom bleeds, my heart is broke,
 I sink beneath the heavy yoke.

4 I look for some with me to grieve,
 But ah ! my soul alone they leave ;
 I seek a sympathizing friend,
 But none a tender look will lend.

29 CRIES OF THE SLAVE TO GOD.

- 5 But God will hear the needy cry,
He heeds the suff'rer's faintest sigh ;
He sees whose wearied heart despends,
And will remember those in bonds.

E. F. H.

29 C. M.

Longing to flee away.—Psalm 120.

- 1 **T**HOU God of love, thou ever blest !
Pity my suff'ring state ;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From men of cruel hate ?
- 2 Hard lot of mine ! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing insults waste
My golden hours of life.
- 3 Oh ! might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide, lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell !
- 4 Peace is the blessing that I seek :
How lovely are its charms !
I am for peace ; but, when I speak,
They all declare for arms.
- 5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong,
What shall be done to curb their rage,
And rescue me from wrong ?

6 Should burning arrows smite them low,
 Strict justice would approve ;
 But I would rather spare my foe,
 And melt his heart with love.

Watts.

30

C. M.

Justice sought.—Psalm 94.

- 1 JEHOVAH ! God of justice ! come,
 Shine forth, most righteous God !
 Come, strike the proud oppressor dumb,
 Arise, lift up thy rod.
- 2 How long shall slavery, Lord ! prevail ?
 How long shall crime abound ?
 How long shall haughty tyrants rail ?
 How long their boasts resound ?
- 3 See, Lord ! a helpless race they grind,
 And tread them in the dust !
 The widow and her babes they bind,
 To feed their cruel lust !
- 4 Hear how the vile oppressor cries—
 “ The Lord will not behold ;
 The God of Jacob will not rise,
 And cast me from his fold ! ”
- 5 But thou, Jehovah ! art to me,
 A lofty, mighty tow’r ;
 The refuge into which I flee,
 When days of darkness low’r.

E. F. H.

CRYES OF THE SLAVE TO MAN.**31** 8s. & 7s. D.*"Am I not a man and a brother?"*

- 1** FORC'D from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn ;
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Christian people bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold,
But though slave they have enroll'd me,
Minds are never to be sold.
- 2** Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there one who reigns on high ?
Has he bid you buy and sell us,
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.
- 3** 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,
 Fix'd their tyrants' habitations,
 Where his whirlwinds answer—NO.

- 4** By our blood in Afric wasted,
 Ere our necks receiv'd the chain ;—
 By the mis'ries that we tasted,
 Crossing in your barks, the main ;—
 By our suff'ring since ye brought us
 To the man-degrading mart,
 All sustained by patience, taught us
 Only by a broken heart ;—

- 5** 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 pow'rs,
 Prove that you have human feelings,
 Ere you proudly question ours.

Cowper.

32 11s.

Claiming the privileges of the gospel.

- 1** YE people of God ! ye disciples of him,
 Who bled on the cross for the sins of
 mankind !
 Ye Christians ! on whom inspiration's bright
 beam
 Hath shone,—hear the cry of the poor
 and the blind.

2 Oh! pity, ye servants of God! the poor slave,

And tell him of Jesus, the Savior, who died,

The poor and the rich, bond and freemen to save;

What mean ye the way of salvation to hide?

3 We ask not for freedom—though claiming the boon,

Our birthright by nature—so nature declares;

We wait with submission, be't later or soon,

While God, the avenger, his judgments forbears.

4 We ask—yea and more—in God's name, we demand

The Bible, and knowledge, the Scriptures to use;

We claim, O ye Christians! we claim, at your hand,

The gospel of Jesus;—and can you refuse?

5 You may, as you've done in the days that have past;

But, mark ye! there cometh a reckoning day;

It cometh—though late—it will come at the last;

And then oh!—what will ye be able to say?

N. Y. Evang.

33

C. M. D.

The Slave's appeal.

1 STRIKE off my galling fetters—strike !

My shackles rend in twain,
 Unloose the yoke from off my neck,
 And break my heavy chain ;
 Oh ! let the breath of liberty
 My burning temples fan ;
 For has not God created me,
 A brother and a man ?

2 And let the Sun of Righteousness,

Whence ev'ry blessing springs,
 Arise upon my darken'd mind,
 With healing in his wings.
 Oh ! ask me not if liberty
 Would youthful fires renew ;
 Or if I'd feel one single pang,
 To bid my chains adieu :

3 Go—ask the lion, fierce and wild,

With iron bars confin'd,
 If he would like to roam at large,
 And leave his den behind :
 Or, ask the eagle, proud and bold,
 Who'd cut the liquid air,
 If he would like to leave his cage,
 And freedom's blessings share ?

- 4** Ask them—and as the gleams of fire
 Flash from each blazing eye,
 Read in their lightning-glance, their stern
 And eloquent reply.
Then Christian ! why the fetter bind
 Upon a brother's frame,
When nature from her inmost soul,
 Doth freedom's law proclaim ?
- 5** Tear off my bonds, release my limbs,
 And set my spirit free ;
And let me revel in the sweets
 Of new-born liberty.
Then shall thy righteousness shine forth
 Bright as the dawn of day ;
God's glory shall thy rearward be,
 If thou wilt thus obey.

34 8s. 7s.*To Mothers.*

- 1** NATIVES of a land of glory !
 Daughters of the good and brave !
Hear the injur'd captive's story ;
 Hear, and help the kneeling slave.

- 2** Think, how nought but death can sever
 Your lov'd children from your hold ;
 Still alive—but lost forever—
 Ours are parted, bought and sold !

- 3** Seize then ev'ry fav'ring season—
 Scorning censure or applause ;
 Justice, truth, religion, reason,
 Are your leaders in the cause !
- 4** Follow !—faithful, firm, confiding,—
 Spread our wrongs from shore to shore ;
 Mercy's God your efforts guiding,
 Slavery shall be known no more.

35 L. M. 5 Lines.

The young slave to his Master.

- 1** THERE is a book, I've heard them say,
 Which says—"Thou shalt not work
 nor play,
 On God Almighty's holy day."
 On Sundays, then, Oh ! let me look
 In God Almighty's holy book.
- 2** This book, to which you oft appeal,
 Does thus the will of God reveal—
 "Thou shalt not murder, lie, nor steal!"
 Then let your little servant look
 In God Almighty's holy book.
- 3** The stripes 'tis said, that Jesus bore,
 Could I but read his suff'rings sore,
 Would make mine lighter than before ;
 Yes, ev'ry sorrow I could brook,
 By reading God Almighty's book.

36 CRIES OF THE SLAVE TO MAN.

4 I'm told, this book, so wise and good,
Has made it fully understood,
That all mankind are of one blood ; .

If this be so, then I may meet
My master at my Savior's feet.

Slaves's Friend.

36 C. M.

The little slave's complaint.

1 WHO loves the little slave, or cares
If well or ill I be ?

Is there a living soul, that shares
A thought or wish for me ?

2 I've had no parents since my birth,
Brothers and sisters—none !
Oh ! what is all this world to me
When I am only one ?

3 I wake, and see the sun arise,
And all around me gay ;
But nothing I behold is mine,
No—not the life of day !

4 No—not the very breath I draw,
These limbs are not my own ;
A master calls me his *by law*,
My griefs are mine alone.

5 'Tis not for wealth or ease I sigh,
But few are rich and great ;
Many may be as poor as I,
But none so desolate.

- 6 But let them do the worst they can,
 I may be happy still ;
 For I was born to be a man,
 And, with God's leave, I will.

Montgomery.

37

S. M.

Scorn not the slave.

- 1 SCORN not the darken'd brow,
 Ye of that happier race,
 Who wear the rose-tint on your cheek,
 With beauty's fairest grace !
- 2 Nor let our humble claim,
 Who bear so hard a lot,
 Be disregarded in your pray'rs,
 Or in your alms forgot.
- 3 For when before their judge
 The gather'd nations stand ;
 And bondmen, long on earth oppress'd,
 Shall raise th' unfetter'd hand ;
- 4 And with a grateful heart,
 Heav'n's perfect justice share ;
 The mercy, that to us you show,
 Shall be remember'd there.

Mrs. Sigourney.

THE SLAVE COMFORTED
WITH THE CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.

38

L. M.

The Mercy-Seat.

- 1 FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm—a sure retreat—
Our refuge is the Mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all beside more sweet—
We seek the blood-bought Mercy-Seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet,
Around one common Mercy-Seat.
- 4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When hunted, scourg'd, oppress'd, dis-
may'd—
Or how our bloody foes defeat,
Had suff'ring slaves no Mercy-Seat ?
- 5 There—there on eagle-wing we soar,
Forget our griefs, and weep no more ;
Then God delights our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-seat.

6 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.

39 10s. & 11s.

"The Lord will provide."

1 THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers
 affright,
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all
 unite ;
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The Scripture assures us, "The Lord will
 provide."

2 The birds, without barn or store-house,
 are fed ;
 From them let us learn to trust for our
 bread :
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be de-
 nied,
 So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will
 provide."

3 No strength of our own, nor goodness we
 claim,
 Yet since we have known the Savior's great
 name ;
 In this our strong tow'r for safety we hide,
 The Lord is our pow'r, "The Lord will
 provide."

- 4** When life sinks apace and death is in view,
 This word of his grace shall comfort us
 through :
 Not fearing nor doubting, with Christ on
 our side,
We hope to die shouting, “The Lord will
 provide.”
- Newton.

40**L. M.**

Thanks for gospel liberty.

- 1** FATHER of all the human race !—
 The white or color’d, bond or free—
 Thanks for thy gifts of heav’nly grace,
 Vouchsaf’d through Jesus Christ to me.
- 2** ’Tis this, mid ev’ry cruel wrong,
 Has borne my sinking spirits up,
 Made sorrow joyful—weakness strong,
 And sweeten’d Slavery’s bitter cup.
- 3** Hath not a Savior’s dying hour
 Made e’n the yoke of thraldom light ?
 Hath not thy Holy Spirit’s pow’r,
 Made bondage freedom—darkness bright ?
- 4** Thanks, then, O Father ! for the gift,
 Thou in thy Son to me hath giv’n ;
 Which thus, from bonds and earth, can lift
 The soul to liberty and heav’n.
- 5** But not the less I mourn their shame,
 Who, heedless of Thy gracious will ;
 Call on a Father’s—Savior’s name,
 Yet keep their brethren bondsmen still !

6 Forgive them, Lord ! for Jesus sake,
 And when thou hast the slave unbound ;
 The chains which bind th' oppressor break,
 And be thy love's last triumph crown'd.
 Barnard Barton.

41

C. M.

Committing all to God.—Psalm 37.

- 1 WHY should I vex my soul and fret,
 To see the wicked rise ?
 Or envy sinners waxing great,
 By violence and lies ?
- 2 As flow'ry grass cut down at noon,
 Before the evening fades ;
 So shall their glories vanish soon,
 In everlasting shades.
- 3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
 And practice all that's good ;
 So shall I dwell among the just,
 And he'll provide me food.
- 4 I to my God my ways commit,
 And cheerful wait his will ;
 Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
 Shall my desires fulfil.

Watts.

42 8s. 7s. & 4s.

Looking to Jesus.

- 1 **O** MY soul ! what means this sadness ?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone ;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in him alone.
- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within ;
Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
He will rescue thee from sin ;
He is faithful,
He the work will soon begin.
- 3 Though distresses now attend thee,
Though thou tread'st a thorny road,
His right hand will still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God ;
Praise him, praise him,
Thou shalt rest in his abode.

Fawcett.

43 C. M.

Comfort found in Christ.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is near when men oppress,
He helps when troubles rise ;
He is my friend in deep distress,
He hears my groans and sighs.

- 2 The smiles of Jesus sweetly play
 Around my toil-worn brow ;
 And light my path with Hope's bright ray,
 That scarce was felt till now.
- 3 His arms of love sustain my soul,
 And circle me around ;
 His hands my pains and griefs control,
 He makes my joys abound.
- 4 His mercy heals each grievous smart,
 And wipes the falling tear ;
 His grace supports my fainting heart,
 And quells each rising fear.

N. Y. Bapt. Register.

44

C. P. M.

"There remaineth a rest."

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,
 My comrades in the wilderness,
 Who groan beneath your chains !
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
 And look beyond this vale of tears,
 To yon celestial plains.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
 Look forward to that heav'nly 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.

3 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.

4 Thrice bless'd, 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.

C. Wesley.

45

C. M.

"Remember me."

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows !
 I lift my heart to thee ;
 In all my wrongs, oppressions, woes,
 Dear Lord ! remember me.

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

3 Oppress'd with scourges, bonds and grief,
 This feeble body see ;
 Oh ! give my burden'd soul relief,
 Hear and remember me.

- 4 If on my face, for thy dear name,
 Shame and reproaches be,
 I'll hail reproach and welcome shame,
 If thou remember me.

Hawea.

46

C. M.

Confidence in God.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear,
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heav'n, my all ;—
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heav'nly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

Watts.

47

7s.

"As thy days so shall thy strength be."—
Deut. 33: 25.

- 1 WAIT, my soul ! upon the Lord,
 To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold on that blest word,—
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 2 If the sorrows of my case
 Strange and trying seem to me,
God has promis'd needful grace,
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 3 Days of suff'ring, days of grief,
 In succession I may see ;
Daily, this is my relief,
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 4 When I feel my want of strength,—
 Who, my soul ! is weak like thee ?—
God will give thee pow'r at length,
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 5 Rock of ages ! I'm secure,
 With thy promise full and free ;
Faithful, positive, and sure,
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

Gems.

48

C. M.

God, a support in trials.—Psalm 34.

- 1 THE Lord for ever guards the just,
His ears attend their cry ;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.
- 2 What though the sorrows here they taste,
Be sharp and tedious too,
The Lord, who saves his saints at last,
Is their supporter now.
- 3 Evil shall smite the wicked dead ;
But God secures his own ;
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.
- 4 When desolation, like a flood,
O'er the proud sinner rolls ;
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeems their souls.

49

10s. & 11s.

I will trust and not be afraid.

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief ! my Savior is near,
And for my relief will surely appear ;
By pray'r let me wrestle, and he will per-
form ;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the
storm.

- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my
guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide ;
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all
fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely pre-
vail.
- 3 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain ? he told me no less ;
The heirs of salvation, I know from his
word,
Through much tribulation must follow their
Lord.
- 4 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners
might live !
His way was much rougher, and darker
than mine ;
Did Jesus thus suffer ? and shall I repine ?
- 5 Since all that I meet shall work for my
good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food ;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease be-
fore long,
And then,—Oh ! how pleasant the con-
queror's song !

Newton.

50**C. M.**

Repose found in God.—Psalm 3.

- 1 HOW many, Lord ! against me rise,
How num'rous are my foes !
How many say with scornful eyes,
“ He can’t in God repose !”
- 2 But thou, my shield ! dost guard my head,
And make my soul rejoice ;
Whene’er to thee for help I’ve fled,
Thou, Lord ! hast heard my voice.
- 3 I laid me down and slept in peace,
I woke, for God was near ;
Let foes to myriads now increase,
I’ll never yield to fear.
- 4 Rise, Lord ! and rescue me from wrong,
And put my foes in awe ;
Salvation then shall be my song,
And saints shall love thy law.

E. F. H.

51**L. M.**

God, a refuge and strength.—Psalm 46.

- 1 OUR refuge is the Lord, Most High,
A help in trouble ever nigh ;
The earth may quake, the mountains rock,
But we unmov’d will stand the shock.

- 2 There is a stream of copious grace,
It cheers Jehovah's dwelling place—
The place where God delights to dwell,
And vain are all th' assaults of hell.
- 3 The world's alarm'd, and fill'd with dread ;
Jehovah speaks—the earth hath fled ;
Jehovah, God of hosts, appears,
For our defence, to quell our fears.
- 4 Come, see Jehovah's mighty deeds !
When he is wroth, creation bleeds ;
He breaks in pieces spear and bow,
And lays the proud oppressor low.
- 5 Be still, and know that he is God,
All nature heeds his awful nod ;
This God of hosts, our God, appears,
For our defence, to quell our fears.

E. F. H.

52

C. M.

Finding help in God.

- 1 'TIS faith supports my feeble soul,
In times of deep distress ;
When storms arise and billows roll,
Great God ! I trust thy grace.
- 2 Thy pow'rful arm still bears me up,
Whatever griefs befall ;
Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
And thou my all in all.

3 Bereft of friends, beset by foes,
 With dangers all around ;
 To thee I all my fears disclose,
 In thee my help is found.

4 In ev'ry want, in ev'ry strait,
 To thee alone I fly ;
 When other comforters depart,
 Thou art forever nigh.

Beddome.

53

C. M.

God's care of his people.—Psalm 56.

1 GOD counts the sorrows of his saints,
 Their groans affect his ears ;
 Thou hast a book for my complaints,
 A bottle for my tears.

2 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
 The wicked fear and flee ;
 So swift is pray'r to reach the sky,
 So near is God to me.

3 In thee, Most Holy, Just, and True,
 I have repos'd my trust ;
 Nor will I fear what man can do,
 The offspring of the dust.

4 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord !
 Thou shalt receive my praise ;
 I'll sing " How faithful is thy word,
 How righteous all thy ways ! "

- 5 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,
 Oh ! set the pris'ner free ;
 That heart and hand, and life and breath,
 May be employ'd for thee.

Watts.

54

C. M.

Trusting God in darkness.

- 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul !
 On thee, when sorrows rise,—
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.

- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal ;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
 For ev'ry pain I feel.

- 3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 And shall I seek in vain ?
 And can the ear of sovereign grace
 Be deaf when I complain ?

- 4 No—still the ear of sovereign grace
 Attends the mourner's pray'r ;
 Oh ! may I ever find access,
 To breathe my sorrows there !

- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
 Here let my soul retreat ;
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.

55

C. M.

Our Master—Jesus.

- 1 OUR Master—Jesus—reign'd above,
 The Lord of all was he ;
 And yet he chose to set his love—
 O wondrous love !—on me.
- 2 Our Master—Jesus—bless his name !
 I love to hear the sound,—
 When I was lost to seek me came,
 And—Oh ! thank God !—he found.
- 3 Our Master—Jesus—went to preach
 The gospel ev'ry where,
 And, by his own example, teach
 How we the cross should bear.
- 4 Our Master—Jesus—Oh ! how kind
 Was all he did and said !
 Restor'd the sick, the lame, the blind,
 And rais'd to life the dead.
- 5 Our Master—Jesus—crucified
 By hands of wicked men,—
 Pray'd for his murd'rers as he died ;
 He died, but rose again.
- 6 Our Master—Jesus ! who didst give
 Thyself to die for me ;
 Grant a poor sinner grace to live,
 And grace to die for thee. Montgomery.

THE SLAVE COMFORTED
WITH HOPE OF DELIVERANCE.

56

C. M.

Christ's compassion.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above,
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame,
 He knows how sore our woes have been,
 For he has felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
 Pour'd out his cries and tears,
 And in his measure feels afresh,
 Each member's griefs and fears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame ;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his pow'r,
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
 In each distressing hour.

Watts.

57

C. M.

God will appear for the oppressed.—Psalm 9.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
 Thy wonders I'll proclaim ;
 Thou Sov'reign Judge of right and wrong
 Wilt put my foes to shame.
- 2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace ;
 My God prepares his throne,
 To judge the world in righteousness,
 And make his vengeance known.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove,
 For all the poor oppress'd ;
 To save the people of his love,
 And give the weary rest.
- 4 The men that know thy name will trust,
 In thine abundant grace ;
 For thou wilt ne'er forsake the just,
 Who humbly seek thy face.

Watts.

58

C. M.

God, a defence from oppressive laws.—Ps. 94.

- 1 **W**HOM will arise and plead my right,
 Against my num'rous foes ;
 While earth and hell their force unite,
 And all my hopes oppose ?

- 2 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
 Within my bosom roll,
 Thy love, O God ! forgives my faults,
 Thy comforts cheer my soul.
- 3 The powers of earth and hell may rise,
 And frame pernicious laws ;
 But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
 He will defend my cause.
- 4 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
 Let bold blasphemers scoff ;
 The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
 And cut the sinners off.

Watts.

59

C. M.

God will requite.—Psalm 54.

- 1 O SAVE me, Lord ! I plead thy name,
 Appear for my relief ;
 Hear, O my God ! the pray'r I frame,
 And drive away my grief.
- 2 Behold the proud beset my path,
 Oppressors break my peace ;
 They heed not, Lord ! thy dreadful wrath,
 Nor will the slave release.
- 3 But God is my defence and strength,
 'Tis he my soul sustains ;
 He'll bring my foes to shame at length,
 And well requite my pains.

4 Thou, Lord ! art near, when dangers press,
 To save my troubled soul ;
 Soon thou wilt all my wrongs redress,
 And all my foes control.

E. F. H.

60

C. M.

The Lord will repay oppressors.—Psalm 94.

1 'TIS sweet, though in affliction's path,
 Thy ways to learn, O Lord !
 Resign'd, through darkest days of wrath,
 To wait thy sure award.

2 For thou wilt not thine own forsake,
 Nor cast away thy saints ;
 The throne of judgment thou wilt take,
 And banish their complaints.

3 Canst thou with vile oppressors dwell,
 Who legalize their guilt ?
 The helpless sons of want they sell ;
 And, ah ! what blood they've spilt !

4 Thou, Lord ! wilt make thy dreadful wrath
 On their own heads rebound ;
 Wilt pour thy vengeance on their path,
 And all their plans confound.

E. F. H.

61

L. M.

*Prayer for deliverance answered.—Isa. 26 ;
8—20.*

- 1 IN thine own ways, O God of love !
We wait the visits of thy grace ;
We trust in mercy from above,
We long to see thy smiling face.
- 2 Our thoughts are searching, Lord ! for thee,
Mid the black shades of lonesome night ;
Our earnest cries salute the skies,
Before the dawn restores the light.
- 3 Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of our God !
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.
- 4 Hark ! the Eternal rends the sky ;
A mighty voice before him goes ;—
A voice of music to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.
- 5 Come children ! to your father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace ;
Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.
- 6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings ;
While heav'nly peace, around my flock,
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

Watts.

62

C. M. D.

The dying slave.

"I die, and God will surely visit you."—Gen. 50 : 24.

1 MY cruel chain ! I mourn not now,
 To wear thy galling link ;
 The damps of death are on my brow,
 And fast my pulses sink ;
 And when this tortur'd frame shall lie,
 Within the silent grave,
 'Twill little move my soul, that I
 Have liv'd and died a Slave.

2 SLAVE ! I shall know the name no more—
 Free, as Salvation, free !
 Free, as an angel's wing can soar,
 I shall forever be.
 Adoring at the Throne of Light,
 With freedom's voice I'll sing—
 "Blessing and Honor, Pow'r and Might,
 "To Christ, the Savior, King!"

3 Brethren in bondage ! fare ye well !
 Too late—too late for me,
 The promis'd hour, whose voice shall tell,
 That ev'ry slave is FREE.
 And thousands more my grave shall share,
 While Freedom's friends delay,
 Nor drop the fetters that they wear,
 Till they have dropp'd their clay.

Wrongs of Africa.

THE SLAVE EXHORTED

TO PATIENCE AND HOPE.

63**L. M.**

"As thy Days, so shall thy Strength be."—
Deut. 33 : 25.

- 1 **A**FFLICTED one ! to Christ draw near ;
Thy Savior's gracious promise hear ;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That, "as thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,—
How shall I stand the trying day ?
He has engag'd by firm decree,
That "as thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;
But though the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;
For, "as thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
In fi'ry trials thou shalt see
That, "as thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Distress, affliction, pain, or loss,
Bonds, scourges, toils, or poverty—
Still, "as thy days, thy strength shall be."

- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
 Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue,
 He comes to set thy spirit free ;
 And, " as thy days, thy strength shall be." Fawcett.

64

11s.

Comfort for the oppressed.

- 1 YE bondmen ! afflicted with wave upon
 wave,
 Whom no man can comfort, whom no man
 can save ;
 With darkness surrounded, by terrors dis-
 may'd,
 In toiling, in rowing, your strength is de-
 cay'd.
- 2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh over-
 whelm,
 But skilful's the Pilot, who sits at the helm ;
 His wisdom conducts you, his justice de-
 fends ;
 In safety and quiet your bondage he ends.
- 3 " O fearful ! O faithless !" in mercy he cries,
 " My promise, my truth, are they light in
 your eyes ?
 Still, still I am with you, my promise shall
 stand,
 Thro' tempest and tossing I'll bring you
 to land.

4 Then trust me and fear not, your lives are
secure ;

My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my pow'r :
In love I correct you, your soul to refine,
To make you, at length, in my likeness to
shine.

5 The simple, the fearful, the weak are my
care,

The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad
pray'r ;

From all their afflictions, my glory shall
spring,—

The deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll
sing. Rippon.

65 8s. & 7s. 6 lines.

Prayer rising for the slave.

1 HEAV'N release you, lone ones ! bending
'Neath your weary life of pain ;
Tears of ceaseless anguish blending
With the bitter cup ye drain ;
Yet, think not our pray'rs ascending
Shall forever rise in vain.

2 God hath rais'd up hearts of feeling,
That have felt for all your woe ;
Bear awhile ; and soon, revealing
Brighter prospects with its glow,
Light, across your night-clouds stealing,
Hours of freedom yet may show.

E. M. Chandler.

66

L. M.

The hour of freedom will come.

1 THE hour of freedom! come it must—

Oh! hasten it in mercy, Heav'n!

When all, who grovel in the dust,

Shall stand erect, their fetters riv'n.

2 When glorious freedom shall be won

By ev'ry caste, complexion, clime;

When tyranny shall be o'erthrown,

And color cease to be a *crime*!

3 Friend of the poor, long-suff'ring Lord!

This guilty land from ruin save;

Let Justice sheathe her glitt'ring sword,

And Mercy rescue from the grave.

4 And ye, who are like cattle sold,

Ignobly trodden like the earth,

And barter'd constantly for gold—

Your souls debas'd from their high birth—

5 Bear meekly still your cruel woes,

Light follows darkness—comfort, pain;

So time shall give you sweet repose,

And sever ev'ry hateful chain.

W. L. Garrison.

67

L. M.

"Is there no Physician there?"—Jer. 8: 22.

- 1 YES, there's a balm in Christian lands—
Sweet balm—lone, injur'd one ! for thee ;
And here are many gen'rous hands,
That fain would set each captive free.
 - 2 Nor yet has pure and holy love,
Become extinct in woman's breast ;
Secluded closet-scenes can prove,
How much she feels for all th' oppress'd.
 - 3 Ye ask—" Is no Physician there ?"
Yes, kind and ready to impart
Pity, that dries e'en slavery's tear,
And balsam for the broken heart.
 - 4 And there's an eye that never sleeps,
That all thy bitter anguish heeds ;
Justice the fearful reck'ning keeps,
While mercy's self for vengeance pleads.
- N. Y. Evang.

68

L. M. 6 lines.

The precious balm.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul ! whose plaintive
moan,
Hath taught these rocks the note of woe ;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow :

Behold ! the precious balm is found,
Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy
wound.

- 2 Come—freely come—by woe oppress'd,
Unburden here the weighty load ;
Here find thy refuge, and thy rest,
Safe on the bosom of thy God.
Thy God's thy Savior !—glorious word ;
That sheathes th' oppressor's glitt'ring sword.
- 3 As spring the winter, day the night,
Peace sorrow's gloom shall chase away ;
And smiling joy—a seraph bright—
Shall tend thy steps, and near thee stay ;
Whilst glory waves th' immortal crown,
And waits to claim thee for her own.

69

L. M.

God reigneth.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope thou, for God hath said—
“ I hear thy sighs, I count thy tears,
And soon I'll lift thy head.”
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time ; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

- 3 Still heavy is thy heart ?
 Still sink thy spirits down ?
 Cast off this weight, let fear depart,
 And ev'ry care be gone.
- 4 What though thou rulest not ?
 Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell
 Proclaim, that God is on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well.

70 8s. 7s. & 4s.

"Fret not thyself because of evil-doers."—
Psalm 37.

- 1 LET thy heart no more be troubled,
 Child of woe ! when sinners rise ;
 Though their wealth be more than doubled,
 View them not with envious eyes ;
 They shall wither,
 As the grass decays and dies.
- 2 Trust the Lord, and do his pleasure,
 Rest contented with his will ;
 Make thy God thy richest treasure,
 All thy longing heart he'll fill ;
 On Jehovah
 Roll thy cares, and trust him still.
- 3 Then will God, thy face adorning,
 Crown thy head with heav'nly light,
 Softer than the rays of morning,—
 Than the noon-day sun more bright ;
 Be thou tranquil,
 He will set thy troubles right.

4 Though th' oppressor roll in splendor,
 And effect his heart's desire,
 Let it not thy spirit render
 Fretful, sour, or chaf'd with ire ;
 Be not peevish,
 Never let thy patience tire.

5 Soon his triumph shall be ended,
 And in quiet thou shalt dwell ;
 Though a little while befriended,
 Soon the proud shall sink to hell ;
 But the lowly,
 Fill'd with peace, shall prosper well.

E. F. H.

71 C. M.

The mysteries of providence.

1 GOD moves in ways of mystery,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful souls ! fresh courage take ;
 The clouds, ye so much dread,
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning Providence,
 He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err
 And scan his work in vain ;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

Cowper.

72 11s. & 10s.

No sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

1 COME, ye disconsolate ! where'er ye languish,
 Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel :
 Here bring your broken hearts, here tell
 your anguish ;
 Earth hath no sorrow that Heav'n can-
 not heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless—light of the stray-
 ing—
 Hope of the prisoner, fadeless and pure—
 Here speaks the COMFORTER, graciously
 saying—
 Earth hath no sorrow that Heav'n can-
 not cure.

3 Here see the Tree of Life ; see waters
 flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from
 above ;
Come to the mercy-seat ; come, ever know-
 ing,
Earth hath no sorrow that Heav'n can't
 remove.

Sp. Songs.

THE RIGHTS OF THE SLAVE.

73

S. M.

Color, no index of worth.

- 1 GOD gave to Afric's sons
 A brow of sable dye,
And spread the country of their birth,
 Beneath a burning sky.
- 2 To me he gave a form
 Of fairer, whiter clay ;—
But am I, therefore, in his sight,
 Respected more than they ?
- 3 The hue of deeds and thoughts,
 He traces in his book ;
'Tis the complexion of the *heart*,
 On which he deigns to look.

- 4 Not by the tinted cheek,
 That fades away so fast,
 But by the color of the *soul*,
 We shall be judg'd at last.

- 5 The judge will look at me,
 With anger in his eyes ;
 If I my brother's darker brow,
 Should ever dare despise.

Mrs. Sigourney.

74

C. M.

All men are equal.

- 1 **A**LL men are equal in their birth,
 Heirs of the earth and skies ;
 All men are equal, when that earth
 Fades from their dying eyes.
- 2 All wait alike on him, whose pow'r
 Upholds the life he gave ;—
 The sage within his star-lit tow'r,—
 The savage in his cave.
- 3 'Tis man alone who diff'rence sees,
 And speaks of high and low ;
 Who worships those and tramples these,
 While the same path they go.
- 4 Ye great ! renounce your earth-born pride,
 Ye low ! your shame and fear ;
 Live, as ye worship, side by side,
 Your common claims revere.

Miss Martineau.

75

C. M.

The same.

- 1 WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honors flow
With ev'ry rising tide ?
- 2 Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast, as though his flesh were born
Of better dust than they ?
- 3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.
- 4 Life is a blessing can't be sold,
The ransom is too high ;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.
- 5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The tim'rous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.
- 6 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
How soon his mem'ry dies !
His name is written in the dust,
Where his own body lies.

Watts.

76

C. M.

The Guilt of Prejudice.

- 1 FORGIVE me, Lord ! for in my pride,
I scorn'd the Ethiop's race ;
And thought they were too darkly dy'd
To have a brother's place.
- 2 And when the bondman wept and cried,--
“ Help ! Help ! thy brother save !”—
“ Peace ! wretched one !” I sharp replied :
“ God made thee thus a slave.”
- 3 Thus, from the image of my God,
The offspring of his breath,
The object of a Savior's love,
The purchase of his death.
- 4 I turned away ; and proudly pray'd,
“ I thank thee, God of grace !
That I of better earth was made,
Than Ham's accursed race.”
- 5 O Lord ! my pride I now confess,
With shame, before thy feet ;
I'll vanquish all my haughtiness,
And take the lowest seat.
- 6 No more the injur'd slave shall pine,
While none his sorrows move ;
His wounds I'll soothe with oil and wine,
His aching heart with *love*.

**APPEALS IN BEHALF OF THE
SLAVE TO THEIR MASTERS.**

77

C. M.*What mean ye?*

- 1 **W**HAT mean ye, thus to bruise and bind
My creatures? saith the Lord;
And starve your craving brother's mind,
Who asks to hear my word?
- 2 What mean ye, thus to make him toil,
Through long and dreary years;
And shed, like rain upon your soil,
His blood and bitter tears?
- 3 What mean ye, thus in twain to rend
The tender mother's heart?
Brother from sister—friend from friend—
How can you tear apart?
- 4 What mean ye, when God's bounteous
hand
To you so much has giv'n,
That from the slave, who tills your land,
You keep both earth and heav'n?
- 5 When at the judgment, God shall call—
“WHERE IS THY BROTHER?”—say,
What mean ye, to the Judge of all
To answer in that day?

Mrs. Follen.

78, 79 APPEALS IN BEHALF OF THE SLAVE.

78

C. M.

Blood upon all the South.

- 1 **U**NSHELTER'D from the burning rays,
The panting bondman lies,
Toil and the scourge cut short his days,
He sinks—he faints—he dies!
- 2 **N**o Wife's—no Mother's hand is there,
To close his failing eyes;
Unsooth'd by Friendship's tender care,
The wretched bondman dies!
- 3 **H**e dies—not by the *single* hand,
That gave the mortal blow—
His blood is on the guilty *band*,
Who reckless bade it flow.
- 4 **Y**e Masters ! rise, and purge the stain,
A freeman's rights bestow ;
Else God will burst the bondman's chain,
And fill yourselves with woe.

79

C. L. M.

O say not.

- 1 **O**SAY not—that the God of Heav'n,
Of pure and holy will,
A race hath made, and spirits giv'n,
With sense of good and ill,
Yet doom'd them, by his sovereign law,
To bondage worse than Egypt saw !

2 O say not—that a sable skin
 Alone is worthy crime,
 For which the whiter, free of sin,
 May smother, through all time,
 The living fire in ev'ry heart,
 Which fain the servile chain would part !

3 O say not—that, in future years,
 There shall not come a day,
 When mercy, Afric's slighted tears
 Shall kindly wipe away ;
 And lord and slave, o'er land and sea,
 Shall chant the chorus of the free.

Mass. Spy.

80

L. M.

Free the slave while God spares.

1 OH ! lift the hand, and Peace shall bear
 Her olive where the palm-tree grows ;
 And torrid Afric's desert share,
 The fragrance of salvation's rose.

2 But if with Pilate's stoic eye,
 You calmly wash when blood is spilt ;
 Or deem a cold unpitying sigh,
 Absolves you from the stain of guilt ;

3 Or if like Jacob's recreant train,
 Who traffick'd in a brother's woe,
 You hear the suppliant plead in vain,
 Or mock his tears that wildly flow ;

81 APPEALS IN BEHALF OF THE SLAVE.

- 4** Will not the judgments of the skies,
Which threw a shield 'round Joseph sold,
Be rous'd by fetter'd Afric's cries,
And change to dross th' oppressor's gold ?
Mrs. Sigourney.

81

L. M.

Feel as you ought for the Slave.

- 1** OH ! if to Afric's sable race
A fearful debt you justly owe,
If heav'n's dread book record the trace
Of ev'ry deed and thought below ;
- 2** And if for them the Christian pray'r
Implores of God to guide and save,
Then let these helpless suppliants share
From mercy's store the mite they crave.
- 3** Touch deep for them the pitying breast,
Bid bounty's stream flow warm and free,
For who can tell, among the blest
How sweet their songs of praise may be ?
Mrs. Sigourney.

APPEALS
IN BEHALF OF THE SLAVE
TO RULERS.

82

L. P. M.

Warning to magistrates.—Psalm 58.

- 1 JUDGES, who rule the world by laws !
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When vile oppression wastes the land ?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich despots live secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hand ?
- 2 Have you forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too ?
High in the heav'ns his justice reigns :
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.
- 3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
And death attends where'er it wounds ;
You hear no counsels, cries, nor tears ;
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the pow'r of charming sounds.

83 APPEALS IN BEHALF OF THE SLAVE.

- 4 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky !
Your grandeur melts, your titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run ;
Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births that come before their time—
Vain births, that never see the sun.
- 5 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety to all th' oppress'd afford ;
And they who hear shall join and say,
“ Sure there's a God that rules on high,
A God that hears the bondmen cry,
And will their sufferings well repay.”

Watts.

83

7s.

Rulers are but men.—Psalm 82.

- 1 GOD sits sovereign on the throne,
He is KING OF KINGS alone ;
Ye that sway an iron rod !
Hear a message from your God ;—
- 2 “ Heed the helpless orphan's cry,
Hear the friendless widow's sigh,
Plead the poor and needy's cause,
Save th' oppress'd from cruel laws.”
- 3 Lo ! they heed not,—on they go,
Dealing scourges, chains and woe ;
Justice weeps—her pillars shake—
All the old foundations quake !

- 4 What though call'd *vicegerents* now—
 Gods on earth!—ye all must bow ;
 Haughty tyrants ! ye must die ;
 Low your princely heads must lie.
- 5 Rise, O God ! to save th' oppress'd,
 Give the land of bondage rest ;
 God of nations ! hear and save,
 Oh ! redeem the wretched slave !

E. F. H.

84

C. M.

The same.—Psalm 82.

- 1 THE Lord sits sovereign o'er the world,
 And midst the gods he reigns ;
 Why from your seats will ye be hurl'd,
 Who load th' oppress'd with chains ?
- 2 Hear ye the poor and needy cry,
 The orphan's wrongs redress ;
 Regard the friendless widow's sigh,
 And brutal lust repress.
- 3 They will not hear, nor understand,
 In madness on they go ;
 See how the pillars of the land
 Are tott'ring to and fro !
- 4 Though lords ye're call'd, and sons of God,
 Ye all like men shall die ;
 Low in the dust, beneath the sod,
 Your haughty heads must lie.

85 APPEALS IN BEHALF OF THE SLAVE.

5 Lift up thyself, O God ! arise,
 Make bare thy mighty arm ;
Thou God of earth, and seas, and skies !
 Preserve th' oppress'd from harm.

E. F. H.

85 10s. 6 Lines.

Duties of Rulers.—Psalm 75.

1 WHILE Lord ! from thee our rulers
 take their pow'r,
Give them thy greatness humbly to adore ;
With hearts sincere to hold a righteous
 sway,
Bid justice triumph, and the proud obey ;
Defend th' oppress'd, strike off the bond-
man's chain,
Avenge bold wrongs, nor yield the sword
 in vain.

2 While desolations o'er all lands are hurl'd,
May they uphold the pillars of the world—
The meek, the wise, the faithful, and the
 just,—
But tread the vile oppressor in the dust ;
To fear thy name, to speed thy kingdom,
 Lord !
Be this their aim, and glorious their reward.

3 Give them the public weal alone to prize,
And each base purpose nobly to despise ;

Teach them, that greatness, pow'r, and
place are thine,—
Gifts from thy hand, bestow'd for ends
divine;
Rulers—thy stewards—to mankind are
giv'n,
To bless the good, and build the cause of
Heav'n.

- 4 Thou art the Judge; thy sceptre rules the
skies,
At thy command the just to glory rise;
Thy fearful vengeance guilty wretches
share,
Drink the last dregs, and plunge in deep
despair;
To thy great name our raptur'd songs we'll
raise,
And give the KING OF KINGS immortal praise.
Dwight.

86

L. M.

Rulers must obey God.—Psalm 2.

- 1 NOW, saith the spirit of the Lord,
To those who sit on earthly thrones;
Rejoice with trembling at his word,
And at his feet submit your crowns.
- 2 With faith and love address the Son,
Lest he grow angry, and ye die;
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his jealousy.

- 3 His frowns will drive you quick to hell,
 For he is God, and ye but dust ;
 Happy the souls that know him well,
 And make his grace their only trust !

Watts.

87

C. M.

The same.

- 1 HIGH as the heav'ns above the ground,
 Reigns the Creator, God ;
 Wide as the whole creation's bound,
 Extends his awful rod.
- 2 Let princes of exalted state
 To him ascribe their crown ;
 Render their homage at his feet,
 And cast their glories down.
- 3 Know that his kingdom is supreme,
 Your lofty thoughts are vain ;
 He calls you gods—that awful name,—
 But ye must die like men.
- 4 Then let the sov'reigns of the globe
 Not dare to vex the just ;
 He puts on vengeance like a robe,
 And treads the worms to dust.
- 5 Ye judges of the earth ! be wise,
 And think of heav'n with fear ;
 The meanest saint, whom you despise,
 Has an Avenger there.

Watts.

The things which are Cæsar's.

- 1 ETERNAL Sov'reign of the sky,
And Lord of all below !
We mortals, to thy majesty,
Our first obedience owe.
- 2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.
- 3 The rulers of these states shall shine
With rays above the rest,
While laws and liberties combine
To make a nation blest.
- 4 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward ;
And sinners perish from the land,
By justice and the sword.
- 5 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne ;
But consciences and souls were made,
To be the Lord's alone.

Watts.

89, 90 APPEALS IN BEHALF OF THE SLAVE.

APPEALS
IN BEHALF OF THE SLAVE
TO FREEMEN.

89

C. M.

The call of God.

- 1 **R**ISE, Freemen ! rise ; the call goes forth,
 Attend the high command—
 Obedience to the word of God
 Throughout this guilty land.
- 2 Rise, free the slave ; oh ! burst his chains,
 And cast his fetters down ;
 Let virtue be your country's pride,
 Her diadem and crown.
- 3 Then shall the day at length arrive,
 When all shall equal be,
 And Freedom's banner, waving high,
 Proclaim that all are free.

90

L. M.

'Tis time to break the chain.

- 1 **L**ET "freedom—freedom to the slave,"
 The watch-word of the Christian be,
 Till earth, and air, and ocean wave,
 Unite with freemen's Jubilee.

- 2 'Tis time to break the galling chain,
 That fetters strongly Afric's band;
 'Tis time to wipe the deadly stain
 From freedom's pure and sacred land.
- 3 Shall we, who claim this priceless soil
 As freemen's wealth, and freemen's mine,
 Condemn to slavery, chains, and toil,
 The child of Afric's sunny clime ?
- 4 No ! not while through each channel laves
 The healthful tide of crimson blood ;
 Not while the gospel banner waves
 O'er hill and dale, o'er field and flood.

91 8s. 7s. & 4s.

Effort called for.

- 1 SONS and daughters of the pilgrims,
 Who of noble birth are proud !
 Lo ! the glorious cause of FREEDOM
 For exertion calls aloud ;
 While the monster
 Still within the land is found.
- 2 See—"the fettered slave is bleeding,
 Lashed by some incarnate fiend ;"
 Hear the mother—children, pleading,
 Heaven relief would quickly send !
 Cruel tyrant !
 When will thy oppressions end ?

92 APPEALS IN BEHALF OF THE SLAVE.

3 O thou Great Eternal Father !
 Haste thee on the glorious day,
When the mighty arch deceiver
 Shall no more his wrath display ;
 Then our cause will
 Gain the universal sway.

92 7s. & 5s.

Who will aid our cause ?

1 **Y**E, who liberty revere !
 More than all things hold it dear,
Ye, who boast with hearty cheer,
 Free and equal laws !
In the name of men oppress'd,
In the name of souls distress'd,
We demand their wrongs redress'd ;
 Who will aid our cause ?

2 By oppressions, woes, and pains,—
By our brethren's servile chains,—
Will we, while our life remains,
 War with slavery :
Yet no battle's storm shall low'r,
Truth shall claim the day and hour,
And Religion's holy pow'r
 Gain our victory.

93 6s. & 4s.

Freemen asserting their own rights.

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

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

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

4 Sons of the free ! we call
 On you, in field and hall,
 To rise as one ;
 Your heav'n-born rights maintain,
 Nor let oppression's chain
 On human limbs remain ;—
 Speak, and 'tis done. Philanthropist.

94 7s. & 6s.

Is this the home of Freedom ?

- 1 HARK—hark the voice of anguish,
Borne over Freedom's plains;
A groan from those, who languish
In slavery and in chains !
'Tis wafted o'er the mountains,
From Camden's sacred field,
From Eutaw's hallow'd fountains
Where patriot blood was spill'd !
- 2 Hark—hark the clank of fetters,
From shady grove and dell,
A shriek, where Freedom's martyrs
In glorious combat fell !
What ! stripes and chains and fetters,
In Freedom's boasted land,
Where Liberty's proud altars,
And tow'ring temples stand ?
- 3 Is this the Home of freedom,
Of truth and holy light ?
Where millions grope in thraldom,
Depriv'd of ev'ry right !—
A refuge from oppression
For Europe's sons to share ;
While for a dark complexion
Her own the chain must wear ?

4 Say, is that voice of wailing—
 That undissembled cry—
 That tale the slave is telling—
 Not worth a single sigh ?
 And shall their many sorrows
 Be heard by us in vain ?
 No—no !—we'll end their horrors,
 We'll break off ev'ry chain.

Essex Gazette.

95 7s. & 6s.

Shall freemen foster Slavery ?

1 A LAS ! the bondmen's story,
 With cruel injuries fraught,
 Has trac'd our nation's glory,
 With deep damnation's blot !
 His tears have stain'd our banner,
 Made dim our early fame,
 And on our nation's honor
 Stamp'd infamy and shame.

2 And shall this freeborn nation
 Still trade in human souls ?
 While men of ev'ry station
 The lust of gold controls ?
 Shall freemen foster slavery,
 And wield oppression's rod,
 And ruin by their knavery
 "The noblest work of God ?"

96 APPEALS IN BEHALF OF THE SLAVE.

3 Shall man, in worth outshining
Peruvian gems and gold,
In slavery's chains be pining,—
Like brutes be bought and sold ?
Shall he be taught by scourges,
Be driven by the blow,
Who, through eternal ages,
In intellect shall grow ?

4 Ah ! no ; this freeborn spirit
Above its chains shall rise,
And after death inherit
A crown beyond the skies :
'Tis free as ours forever,
It cannot be confin'd ;
E'en Slavery's fetters never
Can wholly crush the mind.

Essex Gazette.

96

C. M. D.

We would have our country FREE.

1 MY country ! guilty as thou art,
I love thee even yet,
Though not with all my heart ;
For I can ne'er forget,
That Afric's children groan in chains,
Beneath thy peaceful shade,
And thou, unblushing, wear'st the stains,
That Slavery's blood has made.

Weep—weep, my country!—or thy blood,
 May yet efface the wrong;
 Let grief come o'er thee, like a flood,
 And pour thy vales along;
 Oh! we would have our country FREE
 And PURE as blush of morn;—
 Would have unsullied LIBERTY
 The humblest brow adorn.

My country! wilt thou not arise,
 And rear a spotless shrine;
 Where freedom's voice shall reach the skies
 In eloquence divine?
 Where Afric's sons may join in song—
 Their equal rights restor'd—
 That Heav'n, besought, may hide the
 wrong,
 Our annals now afford?

My country! haste to wipe away
 The guilt which clings to thee,
 Let Afric's children hail the day,
 When they shall all be FREE:
 Then thou, like thy triumphant bird,
 Aloft may'st proudly soar;
 And voice of human woe be heard,
 Within thy bow'r no more.

Christian Mirror.

97

C. L. M.

The liberty of light and love.

- 1 FRIENDS of true liberty ! arise ;
 The tyrant-foe's at hand ;
 The glorious freedom of the skies
 Give to our glorious land ;
 The liberty of light and love—
 For such the saints enjoy above.
- 2 Enkindle, by the torch of truth,
 The love of all that's good ;
 Let th' aspiring soul of youth
 Stand where a Daniel stood ;
 The moral might, that wreath'd his brow,
 Would make ten thousand tyrants bow.
- 3 Come forth, ye steadfast moral band !
 Who guide true Freedom's car ;
 Set forth the truth thro' all the land,
 Scatter it wide and far,
 Till ev'rywhere, each human heart
 Shall Freedom cherish and impart.

Eng. Paper.

98

11s.

Oh ! weep, sons of Freedom !

1 OH ! weep, sons of Freedom ! your honor
is low ;

'Tis bleeding in Liberty's desolate fane ;
They, whom ye once rescued, have bow'd
to the foe ;

Oppression has conquer'd your country
again.

2 Oh ! weep, sons of Freedom ! your scutch-
eon is stain'd,

"The star-spangled banner" waves
proudly no more ;

"The land of the free" has been foully pro-
fan'd,

Again hath the tyrant prevail'd, on her
shore.

3 Oh ! weep, sons of Freedom ! o'er Liberty
crush'd,

Yet strive to deliver the broken-down
slave ;

Though despots demand that your voices
be hush'd,

And make it high treason the bondman
to save.

4 Oh! weep, sons of Freedom ! for yet there
is hope ;

The tears of repentance are pleasing to
him,
Who casteth you down, and who lifteth
you up :—

The cup of repentance fill up to the brim.

5 Haste, haste, sons of Freedom ! the bond-
man undo ;

Break off ev'ry yoke, bid your bondmen
go free ;

Your light shall then break as the morning
anew,

Your peace like a river that flows to the
sea.

S. Ripley.

APPEALS
IN BEHALF OF THE SLAVE
TO WOMAN.

"Remember them that are in bonds."

1 CHRISTIAN mother ! when thy pray'r
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 lov'd ones from them torn !

- 2 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 ?

- 3 Blest ones ! whom no hands on earth
 Dare to wrench from home and hearth,
 Ye, whose hearts are shelter'd 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 !

Miss Chandler.

100 7s.

"Am I not a woman and a sister?"

- 1 DAUGHTERS of the Pilgrim-Sires !
 Dwellers by their mould'ring graves !
 Watchers of their altar-fires !
 Look upon your country's slaves.

101 APPEALS IN BEHALF OF THE SLAVE.

- 2** And can ye behold, unmov'd,
 All the crushing weight of grief,
That their aching hearts have prov'd,
 And refuse to send relief ?
- 3** Are not *woman's* pulses warm,
 Beating in that anguish'd breast ?
Is it not a *sister's* form,
 On whose limbs those fetters rest ?
- 4** Oh ! then save her from a doom,
 Worse than aught that ye may bear ;
Let her pass not to the tomb,
 Midst her bondage and despair.

Miss Chandle

101 7s. & 6s.

Think and feel for the slave.

- 1** **T**HINK of our country's glory,
 All dimm'd with Afric's tears ;
Her banner stain'd and gory,
 With hoarded guilt of years !
- 2** Think of the frantic mother,
 Lamenting for her child ;
Till falling lashes smother
 Her cries of anguish wild !
- 3** Think of the pray'rs ascending,
 Yet shriek'd, alas ! in vain ;
When heart from heart is rending,
 Ne'er to be join'd again.

4 Shall we behold, unheeding,
Life's noblest feelings crush'd ?
When woman's heart is bleeding,
Shall woman's voice be hush'd ?

5 Ah no ! by ev'ry blessing
That Heav'n to thee may send,
Remember their oppression—
Forget not, sister ! friend !

Miss Chandler.

102**C. L. M.**

"If I forget thee, let my right hand forget its cunning."—Psalm 137 : 5.

1 AND dost thou think I could forget,
In selfish ease content,
Those who, beneath a bitter yoke,
On freedom's soil are bent ?
That earthly friends, or earth's applause,
Could win me from the bondman's cause ?

2 No—mine is but a woman's heart,
A woman's feeble hand ;
But yet on thee and me is laid
The Savior's blest command,
To give to others e'en the same
We would from others' bounty claim.

3 And while I know a woman's form
Is scourg'd, and bound, and driv'n—
That all the ties to woman dear,
Are daily, hourly riv'n—
Shall I with silent heart and tongue,
Behold, nor dare rebuke the wrong ?

103, '4 APPEALS IN BEHALF OF THE SLAVE.

4 No, while my heart hath warmth, my God!
Or life hath earthly breath,
Though friends, and fame, and love depart,
In life and still in death,
I'll plead for those who've none to save—
E'en for the suff'ring dying slave!

Liberator.

103

L. M.

"Weep with those that weep."

1 LO! woman calls, in accents wild,
On thee to save her famish'd child;
Herself the image of despair,
Consum'd with grief, and wan with care.

2 Oh ! listen to her mournful cry,
Nor turn away the pitying eye ;
The orphan rescue from the grave,
The mother and her offspring save.

3 Fair daughters of our happy soil !
Not doom'd to unrequited toil,
Your ready alms and pray'rs bestow,
In pity of your sister's woe.

104

8s. & 7s.

Do, as ye would have it done to you.

1 SISTER ! were thy brother bleeding,
Shedding slavery's scalding tear,
If for him we now came pleading,
Should we meet the cruel sneer ?

2 Daughter! were thy parent weeping,
Clanking now the iron chain,
Should we come and find thee sleeping,—
Rouse thee, but to plead in vain?

3 Mother! were thy nursling taken
From thee by a ruffian hand,
Should we find thee now unshaken—
Hear thee say—" 'Tis God's command?"

4 Shouldst thou see thy lov'd and chosen—
Thy fond husband sold for gain,
Thou wouldst deem that bosom frozen,
That should heedless know thy pain.

5 Why then loiter, freedom's daughter!
Hear ye not the plaintive tone,
Wasted from the field of slaughter?
'Tis a sister's dying moan!

6 Sisters! mothers! lift your voices,
Join, the cursed chain to break;
Onward, till the slave rejoices,
Freed from bondage; wake—oh! wake.

105 9s. & 8s.

No rest, until Freedom reigns.

1 SISTERS ! our free-born hearts are
swelling
With joys, no slave can ever know ;
Our free-born tongues delight in telling
The birthright blessings we can show ;
Then let these hearts and tongues unite,
To seek our injur'd sister's right.

106 APPEALS IN BEHALF OF THE SLAVE.

- 2** Lift, like a trumpet, lift your voices,
Mothers and wives, devoid of guile !
Till ev'ry bondman's wife rejoices,
And ev'ry mother learns to smile,
And feel that feeling, now unknown,
Her child—her husband—all HER OWN !
- 3** No empty dream, no passing vision,
Shall o'er our slumb'ring senses creep ;
Till we have burst the bondman's prison
And laid his fetters in the deep ;
Till ev'ry son of Afric be,
What God has made him—*free—FREE—FREE.*
- 4** Daughters of Freedom ! let us never
The cry for Liberty give o'er,
Till Slavery sinks—and sinks for ever,
Till man shall wear a chain no more—
Save ONE—whose lasting links shall bind,
In BONDS OF LOVE, all human kind !

Wrongs of Africa.

106 6s. D.

"So run that ye may obtain."—1 Cor. 9 : 24.

- 1** UNSHRINKING from the storm,
Sisters ! bear well your part ;
With woman's fragile form,
But more than manhood's heart :
For scorn'd and broken laws,
For honor and the right,
For Freedom's sacred cause,
For liberty and light.

2 God give ye strength to run,
 Unaw'd by earth or hell,
 The race ye have begun
 So gloriously and well ;
 Until the trumpet call
 Of Freedom has gone forth,
 With joy and life to all
 The bondmen of the earth.

3 Until immortal mind,
 Unshackled, walks abroad,
 And chains no longer bind
 The image of our God ;
 Until no captive one
 Murmurs on land or wave ;
 Till, in his course, the sun
 Looks not upon a SLAVE.

Liberator.

107 L. M. D.

The plea of mute despair.

1 UP, woman ! unto thee the pray'r
 Of sisters wrong'd and crush'd is pour'd ;
 Not in the eloquence, which speaks
 In utter'd thought and fervid word ;
 But lines of anguish and despair,
 Which mark the mother's lifted brow,
 The fire which wildly lights her eye,
 Are pleading with thy spirit now.

2 Oh ! shall that pray'r be form'd in vain ?
 No ! by the truth of woman's love—,
 No ! by the lofty energies,
 With which on Plymouth-rock she strove,
 No ! she shall rise in moral pow'r,
 And plead with man, and plead with
 Heaven,
 Till broken is th' oppressor's rod,
 And freedom to the slave is giv'n.

J. H. Kimball.

108

C. L. M.

Save or we perish !

1 **W**HAT notes assail mine ear,
 Borne on by ev'ry gale !
 Soul-piercing shrieks I hear—
 The bondman's dying wail !
 My blood in ev'ry vein it thrills,
 And ali my heart with pity fills.

2 For them no cheering light
 Illumes the op'ning tomb ;
 Beyond is dismal night,
 And darkest, densest gloom :
 No offer'd grace dispels their fears ;
 No world of bliss to them appears.

3 Must these poor souls descend
 To regions of despair,
 And never know the Friend,
 Whose mercy pain would spare ?
 Dear brethren ! no, before they die,
 Oh ! let us to their rescue fly. N. Y. Evang.

109

S. M.

How long—how long ?

HOW long shall Afric's sons
 Be sons of grief and pain ?
 How long shall slavery curse the earth,
 And mercy plead in vain ?

Lift up your voice to day,
 In Freedom's holy cause,
 Till all the world in love obey
 Their Maker's righteous laws.

Ye Christians ! bought with blood
 For sinners freely pour'd ;
Awake—awake , and make the slave
 A freeman of the Lord.

Then in your blissful songs,
 Shall bond and free unite,
His praise to spread, to whom belongs
 All majesty and might.

Emancipator.

APPEALS
IN BEHALF OF THE SLAVE
TO CHRISTIANS.

110 11s.

The gospel, the only compensation.

- 1 O H! what can afford the poor slave reparation,
His spirits restore, or his vigor renew ?
Golconda's vast treasures were no compensation,
Too trivial a boon were the mines of Peru.
- 2 Ye've wrong'd him—yet think on those wrongs with contrition,
Like Zaccheus a four-fold requital bestow ;
Your heralds send forth on a merciful mission,
And teach him the way of salvation to know.
- 3 Speed—speed ye with this only true compensation,
The slave from his bondage and errors to save ;
And Jesus will speak, through his blest revelation,
Glad tidings of freedom and peace to the slave.

Mrs. Abdy.

111 C. M. D.

Think and pray, all ye people !

1 MOTHER ! whene'er, around your
child,

You clasp your arms in love,
And when, with grateful joy, you raise
Your eyes to God above ;—
Think of the wretched mother, when
Her child is torn away,
Sold for a slave ; and will you not
For that poor mother pray ?

2 Father ! whene'er your happy boys
You gaze upon with pride,
And hope to see them, when you're old,
Stand faithful by your side ;—
Think of that father's wither'd heart,
The father of a slave,
Who asks a pitying God to give
His little son a grave !

3 Brothers and sisters ! who with joy
Meet round the social hearth,
And talk of home and happy days,
And laugh in careless mirth ;—
Remember, too, the poor young slave,
Who never felt your joy ;
Who, worn with toil, has never known
The bliss to be a boy !

4 Ye Christians ! followers of him,
 Who came to make men free,
 When, at th' Almighty Maker's throne,
 You bend the suppliant knee ;—
 From the deep fountains of your souls,
 Let fervent pray'r ascend
 For the poor slave, who hardly knows,
 That God is still his friend.

Mrs. Follen.

SLAVEHOLDERS ADMONISHED.

The Lord will come.

- 1 THE Lord will come ! the earth shall
 quake,
 The hills their lasting seat forsake ;
 And with'ring from the vault of night,
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come ! but not the same,
 As once in lowly form he came,
 A silent lamb to slaughter led—
 The bruis'd, the suff'ring, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
 With wreath of flame and robe of storm :
 Then slaves and masters both shall find
 An equal judge of human kind.

Heber.

113

C. M.

A book of remembrance is kept.

1 FROM ev'ry clime beneath the skies,
 Profan'd by slavery's reign,
 The pray'rs of captive millions rise ;—
 And shall they rise in vain ?

2 Shall man, in brief author'ty dress'd,
 His fellow-worm enthrall,
 And rudely from his brother wrest
 A boon, design'd for all ?

3 But so it is ; yet, not unpaid,
 His tyranny prevails ;
 For all his barb'rous deeds are weigh'd
 In heav'n's unerring scales.

4 Each bursting sigh, each bitter tear,
 Each bosom's tortur'd beat,
 Shall all in dread array appear,
 Before the judgment-seat.

114

8s.

Account taken of the wrongs of the slave.

1 AH ! heard ye that shriek of despair,
 Wrench'd wild from the breast of the
 slave ?
 Hark ! hark ! how it pierces the air !
 'Tis surely the knell of the grave.

- 2 With anguish it strikes through the frame,
And swift sends the blood to the heart,
To think how despis'd is his name,
Who taught us to act well our part.
- 3 The tyrant will surely be paid,
For stripes he so often hath giv'n ;
Account of them all will be made,
By him, who is ruler in heav'n.

N. Y. Evang.

115

7s.

The God of vengeance comes.—Psalm 7.

- 1 GOD defends th' oppress'd from harm,
Throws around the slave his arm ;
Despots may his will oppose,
But, behold ! his anger glows !
- 2 See ! his awful arm he bares,
Bends his bow, his spear prepares ;
From his magazines of wrath,
Pours his fury on their path.
- 3 Where's the despot's boasting now ?
Fill'd with pangs, behold him bow !
What's the fruit of all his care ?
Worthless dust and empty air !
- 4 Where the treach'rous pit he made,
For himself a snare he laid ;
Where destruction he intends,
On himself the storm descends.

E. F. H.

116

L. M.

With the foward thou wilt show thyself froward.—Psalm 109.

THE Lord beholds, with piercing eyes,
The despots, who his poor despise ;
And soon will pour his burning wrath
On ev'ry scoffing tyrant's path.

Since he—the haughty sinner—gave
No freedom to his suppliant slave,
But spurn'd the wretched from his door,
And broke the broken-hearted more ;—

Since cursing is his soul's delight,
His curses on himself shall light ;
He seeks no blessing on his kind—
No blessing he himself shall find.

In robes of cursing, see him dress'd !
But ah ! the curse shall pierce his breast,
Shall penetrate his flesh and bones,
Till all his soul with anguish groans.

With curses cloth'd, with curses girt,
He soon shall reap his full desert ;
This—this shall be their dire reward,
Who, in his poor, oppress the Lord.

E. F. H.

Persecutors punished.—Psalm 129.

- 1 UP from my youth, th' oppress'd may say,
Have I been nurs'd in tears ;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.
- 2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife ;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But not destroy'd my life.
- 3 Their cruel plough had torn my flesh
With furrows long and deep ;
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrows sleep.
- 4 How was their insolence surpris'd,
To hear his thunders roll !
And all my base oppressors seiz'd
With horror to the soul !
- 5 Thus shall the men, who hate the saints,
Be blasted from the sky ;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.
- 6 What though they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath ;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despis'd in death.

- 7 So corn, that on the house-top stands,
 No hope of harvest gives ;
 The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
 Nor binder fold the sheaves :
- 8 It springs and withers on the place ;
 No traveller bestows
 A word of blessing on the grass,
 Nor minds it as he goes.

Watts.

118**L. M.***Religion vain without love.—Psalm 50.*

- 1 THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns ;
 Let hypocrites attend and fear,
 Who place their hope in rites and forms,
 But make not faith nor love their care.
- 2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name,
 With lips of falsehood and deceit ;
 A friend or brother they defame,
 And sooth and flatter those they hate.
- 3 They watch to do their neighbors wrong,
 Yet dare to seek their Maker's face ;
 They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
 But break his laws, abuse his grace.
- 4 To heav'n they lift their hands unclean ;
 Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood ;
 By night they practise ev'ry sin,
 By day their mouths draw near to God.

5 And, while his judgments long delay,
 They grow secure and sin the more ;
 They think, he sleeps as well as they,
 And put far off the dreadful hour.

6 O dreadful hour ! when God draws near,
 And sets their crimes before their eyes ;
 His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
 And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

Watts.

119

S. M.

The end of rich oppressors.—Psalm 73.

1 SURE there's a righteous God,
 Nor is religion vain ;
 Though men of vice may boast aloud,
 And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
 And felt my heart repine,
 While haughty fools with scornful eyes,
 In robes of honor shine.

3 Pamper'd with wanton ease,
 Their flesh looks full and fair,
 Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
 And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains,
 That pious souls endure,
 Through all their life oppression reigns,
 And racks the humble poor.

- 5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God :
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.
- 6 But I, with flowing tears,
Indulg'd my doubts to rise ;
" Is there a God that sees or hears
The things below the skies ?"
- 7 The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought,
To learn thy justice thence.
- 8 Thy word, with light and pow'r,
Did my mistakes amend ;
I view'd the sinners' life before,
But here I learn'd their end.
- 9 On what a slipp'ry steep
The thoughtless wretches go !
And, Oh ! that dreadful fi'ry deep,
That waits their fall below !

Watts.

120

L. M.

With God is terrible majesty.

- 1 TERRIBLE God, who reign'st on high !
How awful is thy thund'ring hand !
Thy fi'ry bolts, how fierce they fly !
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.

- 2 This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown ;
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.
- 3 This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal load :
“ With endless burnings who can dwell,
Or bear the fury of a God ?”
- 4 Tremble, ye sinners ! and submit ;
Throw down your arms before his throne ;
Bend your head low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.
- 5 And ye, bless'd saints ! that love him, too,
With rev'rence bow before his name ;
Thus all his heav'nly servants do ;
God is a bright and burning flame.

Watts.

121

C. M.

The wrath of man shall praise him.

- 1 **W**HEN God, in his own sov'reign ways,
Comes down to save th' oppress'd,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.
- 2 Vow to the Lord and tribute bring,
Ye princes ! fear his frown :
His terror shakes the proudest king,
And cuts an army down.

3 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
 Our haughty foes shall feel ;
 For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
 But dwells in Zion still.

Watts.

122

C. M.

*The wisdom and equity of Providence.—
Psalm 9.*

- 1** WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
 Shall once inquire for blood,
 The humble souls, who mourn in dust,
 Shall find a faithful God.
- 2** He, from the dreadful gates of death,
 Doth his own children raise ;
 In Zion's gates with cheerful breath,
 They sing their Father's praise.
- 3** His foes shall fall with heedless feet
 Into the pit they made ;
 And sinners perish in the net,
 That their own hands have spread.
- 4** Thus by thy judgments, mighty God !
 Are thy deep counsels known ;
 When men of mischief are destroy'd,
 The snare must be their own.
- 5** The wicked shall sink down to hell ;
 Thy wrath devour the lands
 That dare forget thee, or rebel
 Against thy known commands.

- 6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
 And wait and long complain,
 Their cries shall never be forgot,
 Nor shall their hopes be vain.

Watts.

123

C. M.

The plagues of Egypt.—Psalm 105.

- 1 WHEN Pharaoh dar'd to vex the saints,
 And thus provok'd their God,
 Moses was sent at their complaints,
 Arm'd with his dreadful rod.
- 2 He call'd for darkness—darkness came,
 Like an o'erwhelming flood ;
 He made each lake, and ev'ry stream,
 A lake, a stream of blood.
- 3 He gave the sign—and noisome flies
 Through the whole country spread ;
 And frogs in croaking armies, rise
 About the monarch's bed.
- 4 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
 The ten-fold vengeance flew :
 Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
 And hail their cattle slew.
- 5 Then, by an angel's midnight stroke,
 The flow'r of Egypt died ;
 The strength of ev'ry house was broke,
 Their glory and their pride.

6 Ye modern Pharaohs ! God commands—
 “ Let all my people go ! ”
 Break off their chains—unbind their hands,
 Or ye shall be laid low.

Watts.

124**S. M.**

*The wicked shall not go unpunished.—
 Psalm 36.*

1 WHEN man grows bold in sin,
 My heart within me cries,—
 “ He hath no faith of God within,
 Nor fear before his eyes.”

2 He walks awhile conceal'd
 In a self-flatt'ring dream,
 Till his dark crimes, at once reveal'd,
 Expose his hateful name.

3 His heart is false and foul,
 His words are smooth and fair ;
 Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
 And leaves no goodness there.

4 He plots upon his bed
 New mischiefs to fulfil ;
 He sets his heart, his hand and head,
 To practise all that's ill.

5 But there's a dreadful God,
 Though men renounce his fear ;
 His justice, hid behind the cloud,
 Shall one great day appear.

Watts.

125

L. M.

*“Where shall the ungodly appear.”—
Psalm 11.*

- 1 THE Lord in heav'n has fix'd his throne,
His eye surveys the world below;
To him all mortal things are known,
His eye-lids search our spirits through.
- 2 If he afflict his saints so far,
To prove their love, and try their grace;
What must the bold transgressors fear?
His very soul abhors their ways.
- 3 On impious wretches he shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire and death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.
- 4 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men who his own image bear.

Watts.

FRIENDS OF THE SLAVE
ENCOURAGED TO ACT.

126 **L. M.***Blessedness of the Compassionate.—Ps. 41.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose bowels move,
 And melt with pity to the poor ;
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
 Feels what his fellow-men endure.
- 2 His heart contrives, for their relief,
 More good than his own hands can do ;
He, in the time of gen'ral grief,
 Shall find the Lord has bowels too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
 With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
 Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
 God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,
Will save him with a healing touch,
 Or take his willing soul to heaven.

Watts.

127

C. M.

The blessings of the pious and charitable.
Psalm 112.

- 1 HAPPY is he, who fears the Lord,
And follows his commands ;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.
- 2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need ;
So God shall answer his request,
With blessings on his seed.
- 3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-establish'd mind ;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.
- 4 In times of wide and sore distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.
- 5 His works of pity, truth, and love,
Remain before the Lord ;
Honor on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

Watts.

128

C. M.

Nature and fruits of charity.

- 1 O CHARITY! thou heav'nly grace,
All-tender, soft, and kind,
A friend to all the human race,
To all that's good inclin'd !
- 2 The man of charity extends
To all his helping hand ;
His kindred, neighbors, foes, and friends,
His pity may command.
- 3 He aids the poor in their distress ;
He hears when they complain ;
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain.
- 4 The sick, the pris'ner, deaf, and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find ;
He loves to give relief.
- 5 'Tis love that makes religion sweet ;
'Tis love that makes us rise,
With willing minds, and ardent feet,
To yonder happy skies.

Proud.

129

L. M.

Substantial compassion.

- 1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of pow'r and grace,
That spread salvation through our race ?
- 2 Teach us, O Lord ! to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue ;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may *last*, but never *lives*,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can
thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.
- 4 But he who marks, from 'day to day,
In gen'rous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Savior trod,—
The path to glory and to God.

Gibbons.

130

C. M.

The Philanthropist blessed.

- 1 BLEST is the man, whose tender heart
Feels all another's pain,
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain.

- 2 Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth,
 A stranger's woe to feel,
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound,
 He wants the pow'r to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms,
 To ev'ry child of grief;
 His secret bounty largely flows,
 And brings unask'd relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow;
 He views, through mercy's melting eye,
 A brother in his foe.
- 5 To him protection shall be shown,
 And mercy from above
 Descend on those, who thus fulfil
 The perfect law of love.

Mrs. Barbauld.

131

C. M.

"Ye have done it unto me."—Matt. 25 : 40.

- 1 JESUS, my Lord ! how rich thy grace !
 Thy bounties how complete !
 How shall I count the matchless sum ?
 How pay the mighty debt ?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light,
 Dost thou exalted shine ;
 What can my poverty bestow,
 When all the worlds are thine ?

- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of thy grace ;
 And wilt confess their humble names,
 Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
 And visited and cheer'd ;
 And in their accents of distress,
 My Savior's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,
 We in thy poor would see ;
 Oh ! let us rather beg our bread,
 Than keep it back from thee.

Pratt's Coll.

132

L. M.

"To do good and communicate, forget not."
 —Heb. 13 : 16.

- 1 OH ! what stupendous mercy shines
 Around the majesty of heav'n !
 Rebels he deigns to call his sons,
 Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiv'n.
- 2 Go, imitate the grace divine,—
 The grace that blazes like a sun ;
 Hold forth your fair, though feeble light ;
 Through all your lives let mercy run.
- 3 Upon your bounty's willing wings,
 Swift fly your gifts and charity ;
 The hungry feed, the naked clothe,
 To pain and sickness help apply.

- 4 Pity the weeping widow's woe,
And be her counsellor and stay;
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
To useful, happy life, his way.
- 5 Let age, with want and weakness bow'd,
Your bowels of compassion move ;
Let e'en your enemies be bless'd,
Their hatred recompens'd with love.
- 6 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn ;
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.
Rippon.

133

C. M.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! send thy grace,
All pow'rful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.
- 2 Oh ! may our sympathizing breasts
The gen'rous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.
- 3 Not like the Levite and the Priest,
Who saw, with hearts of stone,
Their neighbor groaning in distress,
And left him still alone.

- 4 When the most helpless sons of grief
 In sorrows low are laid,
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.
- 5 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
 When thron'd above the skies ;
 And 'midst th' embraces of his God,
 He felt compassion rise.
- 6 On wings of love the Savior flew
 To raise us from the ground ;
 And shed the richest of his blood,
 A balm for ev'ry wound.

Doddridge.

134

C. M.

The melting heart.

- 1 BLEST is the man, whose heart expands,
 At melting pity's call,
 And the rich blessings of whose hands
 Like heav'nly manna fall.
- 2 Mercy, descending from above,
 In softest accents pleads ;
 Oh ! may each tender bosom move,
 When mercy intercedes.
- 3 Almighty God ! thy influence shed
 To aid this good design :
 The honors of thy name be spread,
 And be the glory thine.

135

L. M.

"Blessed are the merciful."—Psalm 112.

- 1 **T**HRIICE happy man ! who fears the Lord,
Loves his command, and trusts his word ;
Honor and peace his days attend,
And blessings on his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells within his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd ;
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them not to be repaid.
- 3 His soul, well-fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word ;
Amid the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.
- 4 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God ;
His name on earth shall long remain,
Nor shall his hope of heav'n be vain.

Watts.

136

C. M.

The sower and the seed.

- 1 **A**LL hail ! ye servants of the Lord !
On mercy's mission bound ;
Who, like the sower of the word,
Strew precious gifts around.

- 2 What though your seed 'mid thorns be sown,
 Where tares and brambles thrive,
 Still One is able, One alone,
 To save its germ alive.
- 3 Ye fear, what falls on stony earth
 Will mock your pray'rful toil ;
 But sometimes plants of holiest birth
 Bear fruit in sterile soil.
- 4 The seed that by the way-side fell,
 Perchance you counted dead ;
 Yet birds, that sing in heav'n may tell,
 They on its sweetness fed.
- 5 And some a hundred fold shall bear,
 To glorify the Lord ;
 How blessed, then, will be your care !
 How glorious your reward !

Mrs. Sigourney.

137

L. M.

“ ‘Tis good to be merciful.”

- 1 **T**IS good, to weep and mourn for those,
 Crush'd down by Slavery's iron hand,
 And feel, while numb'ring o'er their woes,
 Strength for the just and true to stand.
- 2 'Tis good and true, to say to those,
 Who claim a right in human kind,
 “ Mercy and Justice are your foes,
 And they shall certain triumph find.”

- 3 'Tis good—'tis bless'd, to say to all,
 "Arise, to help the wretched slave,
 Upon your God for courage call,
 And in his strength go forth and save."
- 4 Lord! this is what we seek to do ;
 Grant us thy grace to do it well ;
 Help us thy glory to pursue,
 And of thy promises to tell.

Miss Weston.

138 C. M. D.

"The poor always ye have with you."—
 John 12: 8.

- 1 L ORD! lead the way the Savior went,
 By cell and hut obscure,
 And let Love's treasures still be spent,
 Like his, upon the poor :
 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
 Who bore the world's sad weight,
 We, in their crowded loneliness,
 Would seek the desolate.

- 2 For thou hast plac'd us, side by side,
 In this wide world of ill ;
 And that thy foll'wers may be tried,
 The poor are with us still :
 Mean are all off'rings we can make,
 Yet thou hast taught us, Lord !
 If given for the Savior's sake,
 They'll lose not their reward,

Croswell.

139

8s. & 7s.

The sower and his sheaves.

- 1 HE, that goeth forth with weeping,
 Bearing still the precious seed,
 Never tiring, never sleeping,
 Soon shall see his toil succeed :
 Show'rs of rain will fall from heaven,
 Then the cheering sun will shine,
 So shall plenteous fruit be given,
 Through an influence all divine.
- 2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
 Let not fear thy mind employ ;
 Though the prospect be most dreary,
 Thou may'st reap the fruits of joy :
 Lo ! the scene of verdure bright'ning,
 See the rising grain appear ;
 Look again ! the fields are whit'ning,
 Harvest-time is surely near.

Hastings.

FRIENDS OF THE SLAVE

ENCOURAGED TO PRAY.

140**L. M.***The worth of prayer.*

- 1 **W**HAT various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet who, that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw ;
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r—we cease to fight ;
Pray'r makes the Christian's armor bright ;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

Cowper.

141**L. M.***Pray without ceasing.*

- 1 **P**RAY'R was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give ;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

- 2 The Christian's heart his pray'r indites,
 He speaks as prompted from within ;
 The Spirit his petition writes,
 And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3 How can we then in silence lie,
 When Christ is waiting for our pray'r ?
 My soul ! thou hast a friend on high,
 Arise, and try thy int'rest there.
- 4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
 If cares distract, or fears dismay,
 If guilt deject, if sin distress,—
 The remedy is with thee—pray.
- 5 'Tis pray'r supports the soul that's weak ;
 Tho' thought be broken, language lame ;
 Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak,
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 6 Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail,
 Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
 Fear not—his merits must prevail ;
 Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

Hart.

142

L. M.

God ever hears prayer.

- 1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
 His various and his saving names ;
 Oh ! may they not be heard alone,
 But by our sure experience known,

- 2 Through ev'ry age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' pray'r;
Nor can one humble soul complain,
That he has sought his God in vain.
- 3 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear?
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power—his love the same.
- 4 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes;
We boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard, where God shall lead.
Doddridge.

143**C. M.***The throne of grace.*

- 1 COME boldly to the throne of grace,
Our great High Priest is there;
Come, venture to that holy place,
Beneath his guardian care.
- 2 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
Where Jesus kindly pleads;
Ours cannot be a desp'rate case,
While Jesus intercedes.
- 3 Come boldly to the throne of grace—
The centre of his love;
Where sweet attractions never cease
To draw our hearts above.

- 4 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
 With all your wants and fears ;
 The Savior's hand shall kindly chase
 Away the bitt'rest tears.
- 5 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
 There shall our spirits soar ;
 There we will pray, and never cease,
 'Till time shall be no more.

Gems.

144

S. M.

The prayer of faith.

- 1 THE Lord, who knows full well
 The heart of ev'ry saint,
 Invites us all our griefs to tell,
 To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear
 We never plead in vain ;
 Yet we must wait till he appear,
 And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest,
 Why should we longer wait ?
 He bids us never give him rest,
 But be importunate.
- 4 'Twas thus a widow poor,
 Without support or friend,
 Beset th' unrighteous judge's door,
 And gain'd at last her end.

5 And shall not Jesus hear
 His chosen when they cry ?
 Yes, though he may a while forbear,
 He'll not their suit deny,

6 Then let us earnest be,
 And never faint in pray'r ;
 He loves our importunity,
 And makes our cause his care.

Newton.

145

C. M.

Prayer heard and, the oppressed delivered.

1 LET Afric and her sons rejoice,
 Behold the promis'd hour !
 Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
 And comes t' exalt his pow'r.

2 Her dust and ruins, that remain,
 Are precious in our eyes ;
 Those ruins shall be built again,
 And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will take away her shame,
 Will soon her God appear ;
 Nations shall bow before his name,
 And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,
 With pity in his eyes ;
 He hears the dying pris'ner's groan,
 And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death ;

And when his saints complain,

It sha'n't be said, that praying breath

Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,

And left on long record,

That ages, yet unborn, may read,

And trust, and praise the Lord.

Watts.

146

L. M.

Pray on.

1 PRAY on—pray on ; by pray'r are done

The greatest wonders, vict'ries won ;

Pray on—pray on ; and never cease,

Pray'r is our armor—brings us peace.

2 Pray on—pray on ; and weary not,

Let not our refuge be forgot ;

God is our refuge, sure, and blest,

We lean upon our Father's breast.

147

7s.

Prayer availeth much.

1 IN themselves as weak as worms.

How can feeble saints prevail,

When temptations, trials, storms.

Foes, and crime their souls assail ?

2 Weak indeed they know they are,

But they seek the throne of grace,

And the God, who answers pray'r,

Helps them, when they seek his face.

- 3 Though he may awhile delay,
 Yet his help they're sure to gain ;
 He, who taught their hearts to pray,
 Will not let them cry in vain.
- 4 Wrestling pray'r can wonders do,
 Bring relief in deepest straits ;
 Pray'r can force a passage through
 Iron bars and brazen gates.

148 8s. 7s. & 4s.

Oh ! come let us bow down.

- 1 GATHER to your solemn meeting,
 Ye who weep for human woe !
 God is never tir'd of greeting
 Those who seek his face below ;—
 Sought for humbly,
 Rich his mercies ever flow.
- 2 Pray for those in cruel fetters,
 Bound by avarice and pride ;
 Pray for those to whom the letters
 God hath written are denied ;
 Lord ! in mercy,
 Break the pow'r thy word to hide.
- 3 Pray for sold and banish'd brothers,
 Whom their barter'd sisters mourn ;
 Pray for broken-hearted mothers,
 From their smiling infants torn :—
 Griefs too heavy,
 Grace not helping, to be borne.

4 Pray for hearts by bondage blighted,
 Till their brutal chains they love ;
 Pray for souls that stray benighted
 Where the gospel shines above :
 Oh ! renew them
 In thine image, Heav'nly Dove !

5 Pray with tears for proud oppressors,
 Trampling on the truth they hate ;
 Pray for reprobate professors
 Hast'ning to a darker fate ;
 Oh ! let mercy
 Check them ere it be too late.

FRIENDS OF THE SLAVE ASSEMBLED TO PRAY.

Prayer for zeal and love.

- 1 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 !
- 2 Fetters and chains and stripes remove,
 Deliv'rance to the captives give ;
 And pour the tide of light and love
 Upon their souls, and bid them live.

- 3 Oh ! kindle in our hearts a flame
 Of zeal, thy holy will to do ;
 And bid each one, who loves thy name,
 Love all his bleeding brethren too.
- 4 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.

150 L. M.

Pleading with the prisoner's friend.

- 1 O THOU ! who art the pris'ner's friend,
 And, from their thrall to set them free,
 Dost bid through Israel's courts ascend
 The trumpet-note of Jubilee ;—
- 2 Who, from thy glorious throne on high,
 Didst send thine only Son to prove,
 That he, who made earth, sea and sky,
 Has a new gospel-title—Love ;
- 3 Who in that blessed title, known
 By tender mercies, now dost reign,
 And to exalt Immanuel's throne,
 Didst break, through grace, *our* captive
 chain ;
- 4 Remember, now, thou pitying Lord !
 The sable sons of fetter'd woe,
 And speak the liberating word,
 “ Oppressors ! let my people go.”

- 5 Then shall admiring nations see,
 That he, who turns the tyrant's mind,
 Rules above kings in majesty,
 And can their captive's chains unbind.
- 6 And then shall we thy right hand bless,
 When sins and woe, like these shall
 cease;
 And own the Lord our Righteousness—
 “The mighty God—the Prince of Peace.”
- British Eman.

151

6s.

For God's favor on the slave.

- 1 GOD of the helpless ! Friend
 Of those who bleed in woe !
 To thee, to thee we send
 Our supplication now.
- 2 Hear from thy throne on high—
 Oh ! hear and send relief ;
 Look with propitious eye
 Upon the black man's grief.
- 3 In thraldom's chain he pines,
 Degraded and oppress'd ;
 No light within him shines,
 Nor joy upheaves his breast.
- 4 For him, for him we pray,
 And thy good-will bespeak ;
 Oh ! let a happier day
 Upon his eye-lids break.

5 Let light and love abound ;
 Let all their duty see :
 And haste, with joy profound,
 The day of Jubilee.

152 7s.

That the system of slavery may cease.

1 HEAR us, Father ! while we cry,
 Pleading for an injur'd race ;
 Make the bolts asunder fly,
 By thine own resistless grace.

2 Let the captives all go free,
 Let th' oppressor cease to reign,
 And the arm of tyranny,
 Never more be rais'd again.

3 Crush the system in the dust,
 Ere another year be past ;
 Ev'ry chain and fetter burst,
 Which have been around them cast.

4 Then will shrieks be turn'd to praise,
 As the gory whip departs,
 And the ransom'd daily raise
 Songs of joy from grateful hearts.

Zion's Watchman.

153

8s. 7s. & 4.

Those in bonds remembered.

- 1 HEAR ye not the voice of anguish,
 In our own—our native land ?
 Brethren, doom'd in chains to languish,
 Lift to heaven the fetter'd hand ;
 And despairing,
 Death, to end their grief, demand.
- 2 Let us raise our supplication,
 For the scourg'd, the suff'ring slave—
 All whose life is desolation,
 All whose hope is in the grave ;
 God of Mercy !
 From thy throne, Oh ! hear and save.
- 3 Those in bonds we would remember ;
 Lord ! our hands with theirs are bound !
 With each helpless, suff'ring member,
 Let our sympathies be found,
 Till our labors
 Spread the smile of freedom round.
- 4 Even now the word is spoken !
 “ Lo ! the tyrant's pow'r must cease !
 From the slave the chain be broken ! ”
 Captives ! hail the kind release ;
 Then in splendor
 Christ shall reign, the Prince of Peace.

154

L. M.

Speak, Lord ! and it shall be done.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds ! display thy
 pow'r,
Be this thy Zion's favor'd hour ;
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the captive to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds, and southern plains ;
Far let the gospel's sound be known ;
Make thou the universe thy own.

3 Speak ! and the world shall hear thy voice :
Speak ! and the desert shall rejoice :
Scatter the gloom of captive night,
Bid ev'ry people hail the light.

Pratt's Coll.

155

S. M.

Let Ethiopia stretch forth her hands to God.

1 OH ! hear the wailing cry !
 The wretched slave complains ;
His brother's hand deep wrong inflicts,
 And binds in galling chains.

2 With scoffs that brother sees
 Those chains his body bind,
And draws the more debasing cords
 Around th' immortal mind.

- 3 Oh ! melt those flinty hearts,
 Strong prejudice remove,
 And teach thy paler children, Lord !
 Thy sable sons to love.
- 4 Hast thou not promised long ?
 We fain the day would see,
 When Ethiopia's trampled sons
 Shall stretch the hand to thee.
- 5 Then speed the joyful time,
 Bend ev'ry heart of pride,
 Till humbled lord, and slave set free,
 Shall worship side by side.

N. Y. Evang.

156 L. M. 7s.

Pleading the rights of the slave.

- 1 ETERNAL Father ! thou hast made
 A num'rous family thy care ;
 Nor sable hue, nor caste, nor grade,
 Excludes the meanest from thy share.
- 2 Of kindred blood, and flesh the same,
 In thy pure sight of equal worth ;
 Then why should one the sceptre claim,
 And crush his brother to the earth ?
- 3 Why should the sighing bondman grope
 A cheerless journey to the tomb ;
 No star to guide—no ray of hope,
 To shine upon the darksome gloom.

4 Wilt thou not hear, and set them free,—
 The down-cast slaves—for whom we
 plead;
 And make our land, as it should be,
 A free and happy land indeed ?

Mary Jackman.

157

L. M.

For universal freedom.

1 O THOU ! who from thy throne on high,
 Dost deign to lend a list'ning ear
 To the young ravens, when they cry,
 Now condescend our voice to hear.

2 To thee our crimes we now confess—
 Our most hard-hearted shameful sin—
 In disregarding their distress,
 To whom thou giv'st a darker skin.

3 Long hast thou blest our happy land
 With Freedom's mild and cheering light ;
 May we, with cheerful heart and hand,
 Extend to all this sacred right.

4 May Freedom's universal reign
 Fill earth, as waters fill the sea,
 Break the oppressor's iron chain,
 And let the pris'ners all go free.

5 Then shall earth's darkest regions ring,
 And shouts of joy, shall rend the sky ;
 And all th' enslav'd shall rise and sing ;
 " All glory be to God on high."

Abington.

158

7s. 6 lines.

Praise and prayer.

- 1 PRAISE ! for slumbers of the night,
For the wak'ning morning-light ;
For the board with plenty spread,
Gladness on the spirit shed,
Healthful pulse, and cloudless eye,
Opening on the smiling sky :
- 2 Praise ! for loving hearts, that still
With life's bounding pulses thrill ;
Praise ! that still our own may know
Earthly joy and earthly woe ;
Praise ! for ev'ry varied good,
Bounteous round our pathway strew'd :
- 3 Pray'r ! for grateful hearts to raise
Incense meet of pray'r and praise ;
Pray'r ! for spirits calm and meek,
Wisdom, life's best joys to seek ;
Strength, midst devious paths, to tread,
That through which the Savior led : *
- 4 Pray'r ! for those who, day by day,
Weep their bitter lives away ;
Pray'r ! for those, who bind the chain
Rudely on the throbbing vein,
That repentance deep may win
Pardon for the fearful sin.

Miss Chandler.

159

L. M.

*The vengeance and compassion of God.—
Psalm 68.*

- 1 LET God arise in all his might,
 And put the troops of hell to flight ;
 As smoke, that sought to cloud the skies,
 Before the rising tempest flies.
- 2 He rides and thunders through the sky ;
 His name Jehovah sounds on high ;
 Sing to his name, ye sons of grace !
 Ye saints ! rejoice before his face.
- 3 The widow and the fatherless
 Fly to his aid in sharp distress ;
 In him the poor and helpless find
 A Judge, most just, a Father, kind.
- 4 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
 And pris'ners see the light again ;
 But rebels, who dispute his will,
 Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.
- 5 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong ;
 Crown him, ye nations ! in your song ;
 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms ;
 How terrible is God in arms !
- 6 Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest ;
 He's your defence, your joy, your rest :
 When terrors rise, and nations faint,
 God is the strength of ev'ry saint.

Watts.

160

C. M.

For the sons of Africa.

- 1 LORD ! when shall these glad tidings
 spread
 The spacious earth around,
 'Till ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry soul
 Shall hear the joyful sound ?
- 2 Oh ! when shall Afric's sable sons
 Enjoy the heav'nly word,
 And vassels long-enslav'd become
 The freemen of the Lord ?
- 3 When shall these wretched, helpless tribes,
 A dark bewilder'd race,
 Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
 And learn and taste his grace ?
- 4 Haste, Sov'reign Mercy ! and transform
 The hate of man to love ;
 Soften the tiger to a lamb,
 The vulture to a dove !
- 5 Smile, Lord ! on ev'ry effort made
 To spread the gospel's rays ;
 Oh ! be thy wond'rous pow'r display'd,
 And thine shall be the praise.

Gibbons.

161 8s. 7s. & 4.

With confessions for past neglect.

1 **L**O ! we come, in deep contrition,
At the mercy-seat to kneel ;
Sad as is the slave's condition,
Yet we long refus'd to feel ;
Still proclaiming,
That his woes we could not heal.

2 Now, Great God ! we come before thee,
Pard'ning mercy to obtain ;
Cleanse our country, we implore thee,
From oppression's leprous stain :
Do not spurn us,
Do not, Lord ! our suit disdain.

3 Must the slave be crush'd forever,
Like an abject, loathsome thing ?
Upward springing, shall he never
From his arms the shackles fling ?
And, in transports,
Freedom's joyous anthems sing ?

4 While, to earth's most distant nation,
From the skies glad news are borne,
Shall no sound of this salvation
Reach the slave, oppress'd, forlorn ?
Shall not mercy
Point him where they never mourn ?

5 Yes,—the gospel, fraught with gladness,
 Ushers in the Jubilee ;
 Soon they pass—the shades of sadness,
 Lo ! the sun of Liberty !
 Shout, O Afric !
 All thy sons shall soon be free.

Emancipator.

Longing for universal freedom.

- 1 WE long to see that happy time,
 That long—expected blissful day,
 When men of ev'ry name and clime
 The glorious gospel shall obey.
- 2 The word of God shall firm abide,
 Though earth and hell should dare oppose ;
 The stone cut from the mountain's side,
 To universal empire grows.
- 3 Afric's emancipated sons
 Shall shout to Asia's rapt'rous song,
 Europe, with her unnumber'd tongues,
 And western climes the strain prolong.
- 4 From east to west, from north to south,
 Immanuel's kingdom shall extend,
 And ev'ry man, in ev'ry face,
 Shall meet A BROTHER AND A FRIEND.

163

L. M.

For love to all the human race.

- 1 O FATHER ! when the soften'd heart
Is lifted up in pray'r to thee ;
When earthly thoughts awhile depart,
And leave the mounting spirit free ;
 - 2 Then teach us that our love, like thine,
O'er all the realms of earth should flow,
A shoreless stream, a flood divine,
To bathe and heal the heart of woe.
 - 3 Then Afric's sons shall hear no more
The tyrant's in the Christian's name ;
Nor tears of wasting anguish pour
Unpitied o'er their life of shame.
 - 4 But, taught to love thee, by the love,
That bids their long-worn fetters break,
They, too, shall lift their souls above,
And serve thee for thy mercy's sake.
- Miss Chandler.

164 S. & 6s. 6 Lines.

Looking to God alone.

- 1 "PRAISE waits for thee in Zion, Lord!"
The earth, the sky, the sea
Shall ring, responsive to the chord
Of heav'nly minstrelsy.
When forth shall go thy mighty word,
That sets the captive free.

- 2 Kings are deceitful,—statesmen vain,—
 Senates a baseless trust ;—
 They reckon much on gold and gain,
 But ask not,—“ what is just ? ”
 Their thoughts return to air again,
 Their bodies to the dust.
- 3 We pass them by as idle things,
 Like foam upon the wave ;
 We turn to thee, O King of kings !
 For thou alone canst save ;
 The hand, the dead to life that brings,
 Shall lib’rate the slave.

James Douglas.

165

L. M.

For steady hands and hearts.

- 1 O GOD of freedom ! hear us pray
 For steadfast hearts to toil as one ;
 Till thy pure law hath boundless sway—
 Thy will, in heav’n and earth be done.
- 2 A piercing voice of grief and wrong
 Goes upward from the groaning earth ;
 Most true and holy Lord ! how long ?—
 In majesty and might come forth.
- 3 Yet, Lord ! remembering mercy too,
 Behold th’ oppressor in his sin ;
 Make all his actions just and true,
 Renew his wayward heart within.

Mrs. Chapman.

166

L. M.

To him who helps the helpless.

- 1 LORD God! thou hast, since time began,
 The helper of the helpless been,
 And thou wilt crush the tyrant, man,
 Who dares against thy mercy sin.
- 2 We pray for slaves, on whose dark mind
 No rays of human mercy fall ;
 Oh ! be thy love to them inclin'd,
 For thou, as Father, pitiest all.
- 3 Grant, Lord ! that, as by fire from heav'n,
 The captive's chain may melt in dust,
 And to the fetter'd slave be giv'n
 The glorious freedom of the just.

167

C. M.

In great extremity.

- 1 HEAR, Lord ! a people's strong request,
 Hear, Lord ! the captive's groan ;
 Hear, Lord ! the voice of ev'ry breast,
 That mercy's need hath known.
- 2 In princes, vain it were to trust ;
 And vain in human plan ;
 Alas ! what refuges of dust—
 The promises of man !

3 In dire extreme, to thee we turn,
 All other hope denied ;
 Surely our hearts within us burn,
 Since first to thee we cried.

4 Sustain us, through whatever length
 Of struggle yet may be,
 Till thou exalt thine arm of strength,
 And set the pris'ner free.

Ann Gilbert.

That the lust of gold may be banished.

1 WITH thy pure dews and rains,
 Wash out, O God ! the stains
 From Afric's shore ;
 And while her palm trees bud,
 Let not her children's blood,
 With her broad Niger's flood,
 Be mingled more.

2 Quench, righteous God ! the thirst,
 That Congo's sons hath curs'd—
 The thirst for gold ;
 Shall not thy thunders speak,
 Where Mammon's altars reek,
 Where maids and matrons shriek,
 Bound, bleeding, sold ?

3 Hear'st thou, O God ! those chains,
 That clank on Freedom's plains,
 By Christians wrought ?
 Those, who these chains have worn,
 Christians from home have torn,
 Christians have hither borne,
 Christians have bought !

4 Lord ! wilt thou not, at last,
 From thine own image cast
 Away all cords,
 Save those of LOVE, which brings
 Man, from his long wand'rings,
 Back—to the King of kings,—
 The Lord of lords ?

Pierpont.

169

L. M.

For the coming of the kingdom of peace.—
 Psalm 72.

1 G REAT God ! whose universal sway
 The known and unknown worlds obey,
 Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
 Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
 All heav'n submits to his commands ;
 His justice shall avenge the poor,
 And pride and rage prevail no more.

- 3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,
 And treads th' oppressor in the dust ;
 His worship and his fear shall last,
 Till hours and years and time be past.

Watts.

That God would hear the cries of the slave.

- 1 L ORD ! deliver ; thou canst save ;
 Save from evil, Mighty God !
 Hear—oh ! hear the kneeling slave,
 Break—oh ! break th' oppressor's rod.
- 2 May the captive's pleading fill
 All the earth, and all the sky ;
 Ev'ry other voice be still,
 While he pleads with God on high.
- 3 He, whose ear is ev'ry where,
 Who doth silent sorrow see,
 Will regard the captive's pray'r,
 Will from bondage set him free.
- 4 From the tyranny within,
 Save thy children, Lord ! we pray ;
 Chains of iron, chains of sin,
 Cast forever, cast away.
- 5 Love to man, and love to God,
 Are the weapons of our war ;
 These can break th' oppressor's rod—
 Burst the bonds that we abhor.

Mrs. E. L. Follen.

171

7s.

Asking liberty for the slave.

- 1 **H**OLY Father, God of Love !
Send thy Spirit from above ;
Help us all thy name to sing,
God of mercy, Heav'nly King !
- 2 For the burden'd slave would we
Ask the gifts of liberty ;
For the weary and oppress'd,
We would ask thy peace and rest.
- 3 In thy gracious love arise,
See his burdens, hear his cries ;
Rend his fetters, set him free,
Slave no longer let him be.
- 4 Then his thankful voice shall raise
Songs to thee of grateful praise ;
Grace, free grace, shall be his theme,
Thou shalt be his Lord Supreme.

W. H. Haward.

172

L. M.

For pardon to slaveholders.

- 1 **S**PARE, Lord ! the men who hate thy laws,
Who advocate th' oppressor's cause,
Whose sordid, grov'ling, sensual souls
The breath of pow'r and wealth controls.

- 2 Forgive, O Lord ! the weight of shame,
They bring upon a Savior's name :
And from their tender mercies save
The tortur'd and insulted slave.
- 3 Forgive their sins ; our efforts bless,
To free the souls whom they oppress :
And for the dawn of Freedom's day,
Teach, Lord ! their willing hearts to pray.

Mrs. Chapman.

That every yoke may be broken.

- 1 "BREAK ev'ry yoke ;" the Gospel cries,
" And let th' oppress'd go free ;"
Let ev'ry burden'd captive rise,
And taste sweet Liberty.
- 2 Lord ! when shall man thy voice obey,
And rend each iron chain ?
Oh ! when shall Love its golden sway
O'er all the earth maintain ?
- 3 Send thy good Spirit from above,
And melt th' oppressor's heart ;
Send swift deliv'rance to the slave,
And bid his woes depart.
- 4 With joy and gladness crown his day,
And fill his heart with love ;
Teach him the strait and only way,
That leads to rest above.

174

8s. & 7s.

That the Holy Spirit would convince the Slaveholder of his sin.

1 LIBERTY-IMPARTING Spirit!

Breathe on Afric's fetter'd race ;
That, through thee, they may inherit
This divinest gift of grace.

2 Thou canst break their bonds asunder,

Thou canst cast their yoke away ;
Speak ! and in a voice of thunder,
Which th' oppressor must obey.

3 Tell the man, who dares to barter

In his brother's flesh and blood,
He has broke the noble charter
Of our common brotherhood ;

4 And for this will stand indicted

At the judgment-seat on high,
There to be by God requited
For usurp'd authority !

5 But to all th' oppress'd, heart-broken,

Speak in tones of gentlest love ;
And may ev'ry word, thus spoken,
Bear a blessing from above.

6 Tell them of a freedom greater

Than of man was ever won ;
Giv'n them by their great Creator,
In his Spirit, through his Son !

7 Where that Spirit has possession
 Of his heart, the slave is free ;
 And in spite of man's oppression,
 Is a child of liberty !

Bernard Barton.

175

C. M.

That God would stir up Slaveholders to let the people go.

- 1 HUMBLY before thy throne, good Lord !
 While for ourselves we plead,
 Let us, according to thy word,
 For others intercede.
- 2 Hast thou not witness'd, from on high,
 A sore afflicted race ?
 Hast thou not heard their piercing cry,
 And wilt thou hide thy face ?
- 3 And wilt thou turn thine ear away ?
 How long, O Lord ! how long,
 Shall weakness lie to pow'r a prey,
 And right be rul'd by wrong ?
- 4 Is there no mercy for the slave ?
 None, with the tyrant none !—
 Then stretch thine own right hand to save ;
 Speak,—and it shall be done.
- 5 Not with the judgments of thy rod,
 As Pharaoh was laid low,
 Rather like Cyrus mov'd by God,
 To let the people go :

5 May those, who now thy poor oppress,
 Be inly stirr'd by thee,
 To loose the bands of wickedness,
 And set the captive free.

Jas. Montgomery.

176

C. M.

That God would make bare his arm.

1 LORD! hear from heav'n, thy dwelling-place,
 Our earnest cry and pray'r,
 For injur'd Afric's mourning race ;
 And break the bonds they bear.

2 We all have fail'd to set them free !
 Thy holy word we scan ;
 And at its bidding turn to THEE ;
 Vain is the help of man !

3 Thou with an outstretch'd arm didst bring
 The Hebrew slaves of yore,
 From under Egypt's cruel king,
 To Jordan's olive shore.

4 For these thy mighty arm make bare,
 Stretch forth thy saving hand ;
 That they may peace and quiet share,
 In freedom's promis'd land !

5 So shall they yet thy goodness own,
 From slavery's yoke set free ;
 And since the pow'r is thine alone,
 Thine all the glory be ! Bernard Barton.

177

L. M.

*That God would not visit on us the sins of
our fathers.*

- 1 **L**ORD! give the word ; say,—“ Be thou free,”
Proclaim thine own accepted year !
The captive yearns for liberty ;
Our earnest pray’r, O Savior ! hear.
- 2 Lord of all pow’r ! unloose his chain ;
Most merciful ! for mercy’s sake,
The broken heart bind thou again,
The bruised reed, Oh ! spare to break.
- 3 We can but weep,—thou, Lord ! canst aid ;
We can but pray,—thou, Lord ! canst save ;
Deliv’rance, now so long delay’d,
We for our fathers’ victims crave.
- 4 O visit not on us, good Lord !
The sin our fathers bore so long ;
Our hope, our trust, is in thy word,
Weak helpers we,—but thou art strong !
- 5 The widow’s mite—the orphan’s pray’r—
The streaming tear—the deep-felt sigh—
Our hands—our will—shall all declare
A nation’s deep repentant cry.

178 L. M. 6 lines.

"*He led captivity captive.*"—Eph. iv. 8.

1 FROM heav'n the King of Glory came,
 To raise the fall'n to thrones above,
 And through this ransom'd world proclaim
 One law of liberty and love :
 From sin, to set sin's captives free,
 Captive he led captivity.

2 To death by awful Justice doom'd,
 He found our whole apostate race ;
 Himself our flesh and blood assum'd,
 That he might suffer in our place ;
 From death, to set death's pris'ners free,
 Captive he led captivity.

3 For us the pains of hell he bore,
 Wrung to the dregs the cup of wrath,
 And through the grave, to fall no more,
 Open'd to Paradise our path ;
 From hell, hell's victims to set free,
 Captive he led captivity.

4 The gates of brass our Savior broke,
 The bars of iron he o'erthrew,
 To lighten ev'ry galling yoke,
 And ev'ry manacle undo :
 From man, man's bondmen to set free,
 Captive he led captivity.

5 Lord ! as from sin, death, hell, thy pow'r
 Unchains the souls to thee that cry,
 Of Slavery bid the final hour,
 Of Jubilee, the first, draw nigh ;
 Oh ! haste to set the bondmen free,
 And captive lead captivity.

James Montgomery.

179 L. M. 6 lines.

That God would bless the slave as he hath us.

- 1 WE thank thee, Lord ! that here we stand,
 At liberty to sing and pray ;
 No tyrant rules this happy land,
 Whom we must ask, before we may !
 Great God ! one mercy more we crave—
 Freedom to serve thee for the slave !
- 2 We thank thee, for the happy home,
 Where, with our families, we rest ;
 That thither none may dare to come,
 Of hard oppression's rod possess'd ;
 Father of all ! we humbly crave
 A sacred home to bless the slave.
- 3 We thank thee, that for public sale
 We here, like cattle, do not stand—
 Parting, with many a bitter wail,
 To distant corners of the land ;
 O thou, whose love our feelings gave !
 Have pity on the sever'd slave !

- 4 We thank thee, for the gospel call,
 To ev'ry ear so freely sent !
 That rich and poor, and great and small,
 Are here instructed to repent !
 Savior ! one mercy more we crave—
 A *preached* Gospel for the slave !
- 5 And should we live till years have flown,
 Before these wretched ones are free,
 We should not, Lord ! deserve our own,
 If we forgot *their* liberty ;
 No ! still, from earth and heav'n we'd crave,
 Freedom and *Justice* for the slave !

Ann Gilbert.

180 L. M.

In Christ there is neither bond nor free.

- 1 O LORD, our glorious Head ! in thee,
 No diff'rence parts the bond and free ;
 The freeman feels no more his own,—
 The slave is for a brother known.
- 2 From sin's internal thraldom freed,
 He that believes is free indeed ;
 Free—though the limbs may wear a chain :
 Tyrants would bind the soul in vain.
- 3 How long shall men, by Christ redeem'd,
 As beasts of burden be esteem'd ?
 And those, by Grace Divine renew'd,
 Be doom'd to hopeless servitude ?

- 4 How long the heav'ns shall Mammon brave,
God's image scorning in the slave ;
While woman's rights, and tend'rest ties,
The ruthless slaves of gold despise ?
- 5 For those in bonds, O Lord ! we plead,
Behold, our Head ! thy members bleed !
To the same body all belong :—
We mourn with those, who suffer wrong.
- 6 What though of diff'rent hue and race,
Brethren by blood, co-heirs of grace,
Our pray'rs, our sympathy they claim ;—
Their wrongs our sin, their bonds our shame.
- 7 Judge of the earth, the orphan's God !
Break by our hands th' oppressor's rod :
Oh ! when shall ev'ry slave be free,
New-born to glorious liberty ?

Josiah Conder.

181

L. M.

That God would come as of old.

- 1 LORD ! when thine ancient people cried,
Oppress'd with chains by Egypt's king,
Thou didst th' Arabian sea divide,
And forth thy fainting Israel bring.
- 2 In this our day, this Christian land
Groans with the anguish of the slave ;
Lord God of hosts ! stretch forth thy hand,
Not shorten'd that it cannot save.

Roll back the swelling tide of sin,
 The lust of gain, the lust of pow'r;
 The day of freedom usher in;
 Oh! hasten on th' appointed hour.

How long shall Bondmen be forgot:
 We watch, we weep, we cry to thee;
 Th' oppressor hears, yet heedeth not;
 Come! captive lead captivity.

As thou of old to Miriam's hand,
 The thrilling timbrel didst restore,
 And, to the shout, the echoing land
 Replied, from desert to the shore;—

So let thy smitten ones again
 Take up the chorus of the free:
 "Praise ye the Lord, ye ransom'd men!
 For he hath triumph'd gloriously."

Caroline W. Sewall.

182

L. M.

That God would hear the slave's prayers.

REMEMBER now, thou pitying Lord!
 The sable sons of fetter'd woe,
 And speak the liberating word—
 "Oppressors! let my people go."

Oh! hear those mournful suppliants cry,
 Write down their tears, their groans, their
 grief,
 Cut short their dread captivity,
 And haste to send them sure relief.

- 3 And Thou ! who art at God's right hand,
A holy priest forever there,
And by thy merits canst command,
An answer to thy people's prayer ;

4 Speed Ethiop's pray'rs, and let her join
Her thankful song to those, who prove
The word of promise is divine,
That God hears pray'r, that " God is love." Cruciger.

183 7s. 6 lines, & 5.

The Child's Evening Hymn.

- 1 FATHER ! while the daylight dies,
 Hear our grateful voices rise ;
For the blessings that we share,
For thy kindness and thy care,
For the joy that fills our breast,
For the love that makes us blest—
 We thank thee, Father !
 - 2 For an earthly father's arm,
Shielding us from wrong and harm ;
For a mother's watchful cares,
Mingled with her many pray'rs ;
For the happy kindred band,
Midst whose peaceful links we stand—
 We bless thee, Father !
 - 3 Yet while thus our thanks arise,
Underneath these evening-skies,
Father ! still we think of those,
Who are bow'd with many woes,

Whom no earthly parent's arm
Can protect from wrong and harm—
The slaves, O Father !

4 Ah ! while we are richly blest,
They are wretched and distress'd ;
Outcasts in their native land,
Crush'd beneath oppression's hand,
Scarcely knowing even thee—
Mighty Lord of earth and sea !
Oh ! save them, Father !

5 Touch the flinty hearts, that long
Have, remorseless, done them wrong ;
Ope the eyes, that long have been
Blind to this accursed sin ;
That the slave—a slave no more—
Grateful thanks to thee may pour,
And bless thee, Father !

Miss Chandler.

184 7s. & 6s.

Children pleading for the slave.

1 GOD of the wide creation—
Of air, and earth, and sea !
Accept the young oblation,
We children bring to THEE.
We come, thy saints attending,
And join our notes with theirs ;
At mercy's footstool bending,
We lift our youthful pray'rs.

2 And will the Lord of glory,
Who dwells beyond the sky,
Regard our humble story,
And answer from on high ?
He will ! for he hath told us
In his eternal word,
He always doth behold us—
His ears have ever heard.

3 When Samuel bow'd before him,
And clasp'd his hands and pray'd,
God taught him to adore him,
And heard the pray'r he said :
Now, Samuel's God is near us,
Where we have met to-day ;
He bows his ear to hear us,
And teaches us to pray.

4 Then bless, Great God of heaven !
The helpless, bleeding slave ;
Let light and truth be given,
His darken'd soul to save ;
And speed, good Lord ! the season,
When slavery's reign shall end,
And masters, sway'd by reason,
Shall call the slave their friend.

C. W. Dennison,

FRIENDS OF THE SLAVE
ASSEMBLED FOR CONSULTATION.

185 Ss. & 7s.

Panting to follow Christ.

- 1 SAVIOR ! though by scorn requited,
Oft'ner than by gratitude,
Still on earth thy soul delighted
Constantly in doing good.
- 2 As the way to glory leading,
As the truth that sets us free ;
As the light from heav'n proceeding,
Chiefly do we honor thee.
- 3 "Follow me!"—Yes, precious Savior!
In thy footsteps will we tread ;
By thy grace, our whole behavior
Shall be worthy of our head.
- 4 Help us ev'ry chain to sever—
Ev'ry captive to set free—
And our guilty land deliver
From the curse of slavery !

W. L. Garrison,

186

H. M.

One mind and one heart.

- 1 HOW beautiful the sight
Of brethren, who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bands of charity !
'Tis like the precious ointment shed,
In sacred rite on Aaron's head.
- 2 'Tis like the dews, that fill
The cups of Hermon's flow'rs ;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showr's,—
Where mingling odors breathe around,
And notes of grateful joy resound.
- 3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, in boundless store ;
From his unsparing hands—
E'en life for ever more :
Thrice happy they, who meet above,
To spend eternity in love.

Watts.

187

C. M.

The same.—Psalm 133.

- 1 LO ! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren who agree ;
Whose cheerful hearts and hands unite
To set their brethren free.

2 Where streams of love from Christ, the
spring,

Descend to ev'ry soul,
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole :

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
On Aaron's rev'rend head ;

The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews,
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

Watts.

188 L. M. 6 lines.

Asking wisdom from above.

1 THOU fount of every good requir'd !
Thou source of wisdom ! depth of
skill !

Thou, who hast now our hearts inspir'd
To seek the councils of thy will,
Oh ! let our schemes thy impress bear,
Matur'd with heav'nly art and care.

3 To thy omniscient sight alone,
Past, present, future, all are seen ;
None but omnipotence hath known
What to his glory most hast been ;
And what is now, and what will be,
Is only known, O God ! to thee.

- 3 To thee we therefore turn the eye,
 The longing look, the earnest pray'r,
 Imploring wisdom from on high,
 Casting on thee our ev'ry care ;
 The honor of thy cause maintain,
 Nor let us ask thy help in vain.
- 4 Behold thy willing servants stand,
 And wait thy gracious influence, Lord !
 United as a brother—band,
 We look to thee with one accord ;
 Fully agreed in thy great name,
 To make thy glory our sole aim.

The golden rule.

- 1 **BLESSED** Redeemer ! how divine,
 How righteous is this rule of thine,
 “ To do to all men just the same,
 As we expect or wish from them.”
- 2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
 Gives not the mind or mem'ry pain ;
 And ev'ry conscience must approve
 This universal law of love.
- 3 How blest would ev'ry nation be,
 Thus rul'd by love and equity !
 All would be friends without a foe,
 And form a paradise below.

4 Jesus! forgive us, that we keep
 Thy sacred law of love asleep ;
 No more let envy, wrath, and pride,
 But thy blest maxims be our guide.

Watts.

190 7s. D.

The acceptable offering.

1 FATHER of our feeble race !—
 Wise, beneficent, and kind,—
 Spread o'er nature's ample face,
 Flows thy goodness unconfin'd ;
 Musing in the silent grove,
 Or the busy haunts of men,
 Still we trace thy wond'rous love,
 Claiming large returns again.

2 Lord ! what off'ring shall we bring,
 At thine altars when we bow ?
 Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
 Whence the kind affections flow ;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye express'd ;
 Sympathy, at whose control,
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
 Love, embracing all our kind ;
 Charity, with lib'ral store :

Teach us, O thou heav'nly King !
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus accepted gifts to bring,
 Love to thee, and all mankind.

191

L. M.

Ready to do and suffer.

- 1 THE mem'ry of the faithful dead
 Be on their children's hearts this day !
 Your father's God, their host who led,
 Will shield you through the stormy way.
- 2 Your Savior bids you seek and save
 The trampled and the oppress'd of earth,
 At his command the storm to brave,
 Faithful and true ! come boldly forth.
- 3 Their suff'ring though your souls must
 share,
 Though pride oppress and hate condemn,
 Stand up, and breathe your fearless pray'r,
 For those in bonds as bound with them.
- 4 Unheeded fall the fierce command,
 That bids the struggling soul be dumb ;
 Shout with a voice to rouse a land ;
 Bid the free martyr spirit come.
- 5 Searcher of hearts ! to thee we 'ow ;
 Uphold us with thy staff and rod ;
 Our fervent hearts are ready now—
 We come to do thy will, O God !

Mrs. Chapman.

192

S. M. D.

Girding for the conflict.

SOLDIERS of Christ ! arise,
Now put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son ;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty pow'r ;
He, who in his Redeemer trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
Take ye, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
Then, when your work is done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye shall o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Stand, then, against your foes,
In close and firm array ;
Legions of wily fiends oppose,
Throughout the evil day :
But meet the sons of night,
Oppose their vain design,
Arm'd in the arms of heav'nly light,—
Of righteousness divine.

- 4 Leave no unguarded place,
 No weakness of the soul ;
 Take ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
 And fortify the whole :
 Ever together join'd,
 To battle all proceed ;
 Arm ye yourselves with all the mind,
 That was in Christ your Head.

C. Wesley.

What shall we render ?

- 1 BRIGHT Source of everlasting love !
 To thee our souls we raise ;
 And to thy sov'reign bounty rear
 A monument of praise.
- 2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life,
 With Hope's resplendent ray :
 Kindly restrains each rising grief,
 Or wipes the tears away.
- 3 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
 Our cheerful feet repair ;
 And with the gifts thy hand bestows,
 We cheer the mourners there.
- 4 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
 The orphan shall be glad ;
 The hung'ring soul we'll gladly point
 To Christ the living bread.

Thus, passing through the vale of tears,
 May our example shine,
 Till others learn to glorify
 Our Father's name divine.

Boden.

194 6s. & 4s.

Arming, but not with carnal weapons.

YE spirits of the free !
 Can ye forever see
 Your brother—man,
 A yok'd and tortur'd slave,
 Scourg'd to an early grave,—
 And raise no hand to save,
 E'en when you can ?

2 Shall tyrants from the soul,
 That they in pomp may roll,
 God's image tear,
 And call the wreck their own ;—
 While, from th' eternal throne,
 They shut the stifled groan,
 And bitter pray'r ?

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

- 4 NO ! At the battle-cry,
 A host, prepar'd to die,
 Shall arm for fight :
 But not with martial steel,
 Grasp'd with a murd'rous zeal ;
 Their foes no arms shall feel
 But LOVE and LIGHT.
- 5 Bas'd on Jehovah's laws,
 Strong in their righteous cause,
 They march to save ;
 Vain is th' oppressor's mail,
 Against their battle-hail,
 Till cease the woe and wail
 Of ev'ry slave.

Human Rights.

Taking courage.

- 1 LONG have our burning bosoms sigh'd
 O'er wrongs, our brethren felt ;
 Oft for his need, before our God,
 In supplication knelt.
- 2 E'en mingling with the grateful thought,
 That we ourselves were free,
 Came bitter thoughts of those who groan'd,
 In ceaseless slavery.
- 3 And when the loftier, holier trust
 Of those whom Christ had bought,
 Drew forth our hearts to him, in love,
 Who had our freedom wrought ;

- 4 We felt that those, for whom, with us,
 That priceless blood was shed—
 Aye, freemen of the Lord—were crush'd,
 Beneath their fellows' tread.
- 5 And woman's voice was all too weak,
 And woman's strength too frail,
 To lift the note, whose warning tones
 Should make the guilty quail.
- 6 But, brethren ! blessed be the might,
 That nerves your hearts, to pour
 In proud oppression's ear, the wrongs,
 That thousands now deplore.

Emancipator.

196

C. M.

Copying after God.

- 1 DAUGHTERS of pity ! tune the lay ;
 To mourners joy belongs ;
 While he, who wipes all tears away,
 Accepts our thankful songs.
- 2 No altars smoke, no off'rings bleed,
 No guiltless lives expire ;
 To help a brother in his need
 Is all our rites require.
- 3 Our off'ring is a willing mind
 To comfort the distress'd ;
 In others' good our own to find,
 In others' blessings blest.

- 4 Go to the pillow of disease,
 Where night gives no repose,
 And on the cheek where sickness preys,
 Bid health to plant a rose.
- 5 Go where the friendless stranger lies,
 To perish in his doom,
 Snatch from the grave his closing eyes,
 And bring his blessing home.
- 6 Thus what our heav'nly Father gave,
 Shall we as freely give ;
 Thus copy him, who liv'd to save,
 And died that we might live.

Hampson.

197 L. M. 6 lines.

The watchword—“ God and Liberty !”

- 1 GOD is our guide from field and wave,
 From plough, from anvil, and from loom ;
 We come to liberate the slave,
 And speak the factious despot's doom :
 And, hark ! we raise from sea to sea,
 The watchword—“ GOD AND LIBERTY !”
- 2 We draw no devastating sword,
 No war's destructive fires we light,
 By reason and the living word
 Of God, we put our foes to flight :
 And, hark ! &c.

3 We come with blessings in our train,
 To spread them with a bounteous hand ;
 To wipe away the guilty stain
 Of slavery, from this much-lov'd land :
 And, hark ! &c.

198 6s. & 4s.

Must we be slaves ?

1 SONS of the noble sires,
 Who brav'd proud ocean's waves,
 For freedom's sake !
 Say—will ye quench those fires,
 Their faith and love inspires ;
 And, standing on their graves,
 Their paths forsake ?

2 Shall freedom find a grave,
 On this blood-ransom'd soil ?
 Must we be *Slaves* ?
 Our fleeting lives to save,
 Must we no mercy crave,
 But with the bondman toil,
 Branded as knaves ?

3 Shall despots *here* bear sway—
 The iron sceptre *here* display
 Our lips to close ?
 Sons of the pilgrims ! say—
 Will ye these lords obey,
 And ask them, when you may
 The truth disclose ?

4 *No—no!* we answer, *no!*
 The truth we'll fearless show,
 While breath remains;
 Did not our Savior so?
 Would he the truth forego?
 Or shrink when bade the foe,
 T' scape from pains?

5 While then a slave is found,
 While man by man is bound,
 We'll speak and pray;
 We'll wear the bondman's chains,
 We'll bear the bondman's pains,
 We'll hear when he complains,
 We'll do and say.

George Russel.

Pressing on to victory.

1 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,
 Let your hopes or wishes rise;
 Lo! your Leader, from the skies,
 Bids you do, or die.

2 This is proud oppression's hour,
 Storms assail you;—will you cow'r,
 While beneath a despot's pow'r,
 Groans the suff'ring slave?

While on ev'ry southern gale
 Comes the helpless captive's tale—
 Comes the voice of woman's wail,
 And of man's despair ?

- 3 Never !—by your country's shame,
 Never !—by a Savior's claim
 To the men of ev'ry 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.

Miss S. H. S.

200 L. M.

Seeking impulse from heaven.

- 1 ASSEMBLED at thy high command,
 Before thy face, Great King ! we stand ;
 The voice that marshall'd ev'ry star,
 Has call'd thy people from afar.
- 2 First bow our hearts beneath thy sway,
 Then, give thy growing empire way,
 O'er wastes of sin—o'er fields of blood,
 Till, like the rose, the desert bud.
- 3 Our pray'rs assist, accept our praise,
 Our hopes revive, our courage raise,
 Our counsels aid, and oh ! impart
 The single eye—the faithful heart.

Collyer.

201**L. M.***The same.*

- 1 HARK ! hark !—it is the trumpet-call—
“ Rise in the name of God Most High !”
On ready hearts the accents fall,
And firm and full they make reply :
- 2 “ The hour hath come to do and dare,
Bound with the bondmen now are we ;
We’ll pour aloft the mighty pray’r,
We’ll bend in God’s own house the knee.”
- 3 Stream forth from all your mountains green,
Pour like a flood from ev’ry height ;
With kindling hearts and voices keen,
Swell high the song of truth and right.
- 4 A mighty sound the region fills,
A voice from all our father’s graves,
It comes from all these “ thousand hills,”—
“ Woe to the land of human slaves !”
- Mrs. Chapman.

202 8s. & 6s. 6 lines.*God speed you.*

- 1 GOD’S blessing on your high career !
Go, press unwearied on,
From month to month, from year to year ;
Till when your task is done,
The franchis’d bondman’s grateful tear
Proclaims your vict’ry won.

- 2 Oh! faint ye not, ye gather'd band!
 Although your way be long,
 And they who rang'd against you stand,
 Are numberless and strong ;
 While you but bear a feeble hand,
 Unus'd to cope with wrong.
- 3 Upon your injur'd brother look,
 And nerve you with the sight ;
 Could you, with ev'ry comfort, brook
 To have your days all light,
 Regardless that by sorrow struck
 He pines in rayless night ?
- 4 Oh! surely 'tis a blessed fate—
 A lot like that ye bear—
 To bid the crush'd and desolate,
 Not yield them to despair,
 For even in their low estate,
 Some hearts their suff'rings share.

Miss Chandler.

FRIENDS OF THE SLAVE
ASSEMBLED ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

203**L. M. D.**

Seeking Independence for the captives.

1 O THOU ! whose presence went before
Our fathers in their weary way,
As with thy chosen mov'd of yore

The fire by night—the cloud by day!

When, from each temple of the free,

A nation's song ascends to Heav'n,

Most Holy Father ! unto thee,

May not our humble pray'r be giv'n ?

2 We thank thee, Father !—hill and plain
Around us wave their fruits once more,
And cluster'd vine, and blossom'd grain,
Are bending round each cottage door ;—
But Oh ! for those this day can bring,

Not, as to us, the joyful thrill ;—

For those, who, under freedom's wing,

Are bound in slavery's fetters still :—

3 For those, to whom thy living word
Of light and love is never giv'n ;—
For those, whose ears have never heard
The promise and the hope of heav'n :—

For broken heart, and clouded mind,
 Whereon no human mercies fall ;—
 Oh ! be thy gracious love inclin'd,
 Who, as a Father, pitiest all.

- 4 And grant, O Father ! that the time
 Of Earth's deliverance may be near,
 When ev'ry land, and tongue, and clime,
 The message of thy love shall hear,
 When smitten, as with fire from heav'n,
 The captive's chain shall sink in dust,
 And to his fetter'd soul be giv'n
 The glorious freedom of the just.

J. G. Whittier.

204 S. M. D.

A stain is on our banner.

- 1 WE have a goodly clime,
 Broad vales and streams we boast,
 Our mountain frontiers frown sublime,
 Old ocean guards our coast,
 Suns bless our harvest fair,
 With fervid smile serene ;
 But a dark shade is gath'ring there—
 What can its blackness mean ?

- 2 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 forefathers bought ;
 But lo ! a blot disdains its white !
 Who hath such evil wrought ?

3 Our banner, o'er the sea
 Looks forth with starry eye,
 Emblazon'd glorious, bold and free,
 A letter on the sky ;—
 What hand, with shameful stain,
 Hath marr'd its heav'nly blue ?
 The yoke ! the fasces ! and the chain !
 Say—are these emblems true ?

4 This day doth music rare
 Swell through our nation's bound ;
 But Afric's wailing mingles there,
 And heav'n doth hear the sound ;
 Almighty ! God we turn
 In penitence to thee ;
 Bid our lov'd land the lesson learn—
 To bid the slave be free.

Mrs. Sigourney.

Blood is on the "star-spangled banner."

1 LIFT up our country's banner high,
 And fling abroad its gorgeous sheen,
 Unrol its stripes upon the sky,
 And let its lovely stars be seen !

Blood—blood is on its spangled fold!

Yet from the battle comes it not;

But all the waters oceans hold

Cannot wash out the guilty spot.

- 2** Up, freemen ! up ; determine, do
 What Justice claims, what freemen may ;
 What frowning heav'n demands of you,
 While yet its mutt'ring thunders stay :—
 That ye, forever from this soil,
 Bid SLAVERY's with'ring blight depart,
 And to the wretch restore the spoil,
 Though ye can not the broken heart.
- 3** Lift up your brother from the dust,
 And speak his long crush'd spirit FREE !
 That millions, by your av'rice curst,
 May sharers in your blessings be :
 Then to the universe wide spread
 Your glorious stars without a stain ;
 Bend from your skies, illustrious dead !
 The land ye won is free again.

W. B. Tappan.

206 7s. 6s. & 7s.

Groans heard midst the shouts of Freedom.

- 1** HARK the chain—the clanking chain,
 With our triumph blending !
 Sighs of sorrow, groans of pain,
 O'er our songs ascending !

Lo ! our injur'd brother man,
 Crush'd beneath the scourge—the ban—
 Still a wretched slave must be ;
 Him proud freedom will not free !

- 2 Hear the slave, with lifted hands,
 Mid his anguish raving !
 On his neck proud freedom stands,
 All her banners waving !
 She hath cut the tyrant's cord,
 Driv'n away the foreign lord,
 Yet her foot's contemptuous thrust
 Tramples millions to the dust !
- 3 Hark the chain--the loosen'd chain,
 From its victim falling !
 Wake—Oh ! wake a loftier strain,
 Glorious days forestalling.
 Love and mercy sweetly plead,
 Justice urges to the deed,
 Reason's mighty voice is heard,
 Loud is God's commanding word.
- 4 Heav'n has heard the stifled cry,
 Hearts from sleep awaken ;
 Freedom, with uplifted eye,
 Owns herself mistaken :
 See ! t's done ! the slave is free !
 Raise the song of Jubilee !
 Let it sound o'er land and sea !
 Love hath conquer'd—man is free.

N. Y. Evang.

207

6s. & 4s.

All shall be free.

1 JEHOVAH, GOD! to thee,
Great Father of the *Free*!

Our vows belong :

The freeborn soul awakes ;
From ocean to the lakes,
One gen'ral anthem breaks,—
One mighty song.

2 The sons of noble sires,
We vow to keep the fires,
That made them free;

The firm heart to prepare,
To lay the strong arm bare,
And dare, as they would dare,
For Liberty.

3 On one broad ground of RIGHT,
In council or in fight,
Still let us stand ;
Till Wisdom's light divine,
And Honor's peerless shrine,
Shall be forever thine,
Our native land !

4 Souls of the free ! awake !
Let valley, stream, and lake,
Join Freedom's song ;
Old trees ! responsive bow ;
Sing, all ye islands ! now ;
While rocks and mountain brow
The strain prolong.

5 Hark ! from our northern shores,
Niagara's torrent roars—
“ Despots shall flee !”

Pacific joins the strain,
And from th' Atlantic main,
It thunders back again—
“ ALL SHALL BE FREE !”

6 Great God ! thy blessing shed,
Like dews from Hermon's head,
On all our land !
Disarm each despot now,
Lift up the human brow,
Or only let it bow
At thy command.

Frances H. Whipple.

Chains in a land of Freedom.

1 LAND of my sleeping fathers !
O'er thee no chain is flung ;
Through all thy verdant vallies,
The shout of joy is rung ;
Wide o'er thy rolling rivers,
Thy fair and sunny plains,
And up thy rocky mountains,
The soul of Freedom reigns.

2 But is there then no shadow
To dim this hallow'd mirth ?
Is not thy name, my country !
A by-word on the earth ?

Are all the captives loosen'd ?
 The fetter'd slave set free ?
 Is his crush'd spirit gladden'd,
 On this gay Jubilee ?

3 Say to the captive toiling

In Freedom's proud abode—
 " Cast off thy fetters, brother !
 Take back the *gift of God !*"
 Let not oppression linger,
 Where starry banners wave ;
 Swell high the shout of freedom,
 And give it to the slave.

Mary Ann Collier.

FRIENDS OF THE SLAVE
ASSEMBLED ON THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

209 11s. & 10s.

The West Indies Emancipated.

1 HAIL to the brightness of Freedom's
 glad morning !
 Join, all the earth ! in an anthem of praise ;
 Day—joyful day—in its glory is dawning,
 Light is dispensing its soul-cheering rays.

See, how 'tis gilding those isles of the ocean !

Hark to the echoing songs of their joy !
Brighter is burning the flame of devotion,
Music far sweeter the angels employ.

2 Thousands, long buried in deep degradation,
Rise to the sphere which their Maker
assign'd ;

Bearing glad triumph to God's free salvation,
Sent from above, by "good will to man-
kind."

Now may the Gospel exert its dominion

Over the beings now treated as men ;

Borne from the dust upon Freedom's blest
pinion,

God may behold his own image again.

3 Joy to those Islands ! the cloud has pass'd
o'er them,

Brightly the rain-bow encircles the skies ;
Heaven is smiling, and spreads out before
them,

Fadeless and pure, its own glorious prize.

When will our land thus arouse from its
slumber,

And be deliver'd from tyranny's stain ?

When will redemption reach all that vast
number,

Fetter'd so long by dark Slavery's chain ?

4 Speed on, thou herald of freedom ! Oh !
hasten

Such a proud era for us to proclaim ;
Fain to those tidings of joy would we listen,
Fain would we witness the conqueror's
fame.

Hail, then, thrice hail to this glorious morn-
ing !

Hail to the myriads from bondage releas'd ;
Hope's gilded beams, the horizon adorning,
Tell us the night of oppression hath
ceas'd.

210 10s. & 11s.

*Britannia hath triumphed. “ Sound the loud
timbrel.”*

1 BLOW ye the trumpet abroad o'er the
sea,

Britannia hath triumph'd—the Bondman
is free ;

Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His scourges and fetters, all clotted with
blood,

Are wrench'd from his grasp ;—for the
word was but spoken,

And fetters and scourges were sunk in the
flood ;

Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea,
Britannia hath triumph'd—the Bondman
is free.

211 FRIENDS OF THE SLAVE

- 2** Hail to Britannia—fair Liberty's isle !
Her frown quail'd the tyrants, the slave
caught her smile ;
Fly on the winds to tell Afric the story,
Say to the mother of mourners—“ Rejoice !”
Britannia went forth, in the might of her
glory,
And slaves sprung to men at the sound of
her voice ;
Praise to the God of our fathers ;—’t was
he—
JEHOVAH—who triumph'd, Britannia !
by thee.

Montgomery.

211 L. M. D.

What hath God wrought ?

- 1** O HOLY Father ! just and true
Are all thy doings, words, and ways ;
And unto thee alone are due
Thanksgiving and eternal praise !
As children of thy gracious care,
We veil the eye, we bend the knee,
With broken words of praise and pray'r,
Father and God ! we come to thee.

- 2** For thou hast heard, O God of Right !
The sighing of the Island-slave ;
And stretch'd for him the arm of might,
Not shorten'd that it could not save.

The lab'rer sits beneath his vine,

The shackled soul and hand are free ;
Thanksgiving !—for the work is thine ;

Praise !—for the blessing is of thee.

3 And oh ! we feel thy presence here—

Thine awful arm in judgment bare !

Thine eye hath seen the bondman's tear,

Thine ear hath heard the bondman's
pray'r !

Praise !—for the pride of man is low,

The counsels of the wise are nought,

The fountains of repentance flow ;—

What hath our God in mercy wrought ?

4 Speed on thy work, Lord God of hosts !

And when the bondman's chain is riv'n,

And swells, from all our guilty coasts,

The anthem of the free to Heav'n,

Oh ! not to those, whom thou hast led,

As with thy cloud and fire before,

But unto thee, in holy dread,

Be praise and glory evermore.

J. G. Whittier.

212 Ss. 7s. & 4s.

The harbinger.

1 SEE yon glorious star, ascending,

Brightly o'er the Southern sea !

Truth and peace to earth portending,

Herald of a Jubilee !

Hail it, Freemen !

'T is the star of Liberty.

- 2 Dim at first—but widely spreading,
Soon 't will burst supremely bright,
Life and health and comfort shedding
O'er the shades of moral night ;
 Hail it, Bondmen !
Slavery cannot bear its light.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.

Mary Jackman.

FRIENDS OF THE SLAVE
ASSEMBLED ON A FAST DAY.

213**L. M.**

Mourning past apathy.

- 1 **O**UR Father God ! behold us raise
 Our hopes, our thoughts, our hearts,
 to thee ;
 Not now to lift the hymn of praise,
 But humbly bow the suppliant knee.
- 2 For we have sinn'd before thy face,
 Have seen unmov'd our brother's woe,
 Though on his cheek hot tear-drops trace
 Deep furrows in their burning flow.
- 3 We knew that on his limbs were bound
 The fetters man should never wear ;
 We knew that darkness hemm'd him round,
 And grief, and anguish, and despair.
- 4 We knew—but in our selfish hearts,
 There wak'd no throb of answ'ring pain ;
 Yet now, at last, the tear-drop starts,
 We mourn the pris'ner's galling chain.
- 5 We weep, repenting of the pride,
 That chill'd our narrow souls so long ;
 O Father ! may that suppliant tide
 Efface our deep and cruel wrong !

Miss Chandler.

214

L. M.

Remembering that God is just.

- 1 O RIGHTEOUS God ! whose awful frown
 Can crumble nations to the dust,
 Trembling we stand before thy throne,
 When we reflect that, THOU ART JUST.
- 2 Dost thou not see the dreadful wrong,
 Which Afric's injur'd race sustains ?
 And wilt thou not arise ere long,
 To plead their cause, and break their chains ?
- 3 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 ?
- 4 Will not thy judgments, like a flood,
 This long-polluted land o'erflow—
 Drench'd with our fellow-creatures' blood—
 Fill'd with the scenes of Afric's woe ?
- 5 The sin of slavery we forsake,
 Lest we thy judgments here should view ;
 Lest o'er our heads thy thunders break,—
 Far worse than ancient Egypt knew.

215**C. M.***Mourning for national sins.*

- 1** SEE, gracious Lord ! before thy throne,
 Thy mourning people bend !
'T is on thy sov'reign grace alone,
 Our humble hopes depend.
- 2** Tremendous judgments from thy hand
 Thy dreadful pow'r display :
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
 And still we live to pray.
- 3** Great God ! why is this nation spar'd,
 Ungrateful as we are ?
Oh ! be thy voice of warning heard,
 While mercy cries forbear.
- 4** What sins, what crimes increasing rise,
 This nation to defile !
What land so favor'd of the skies ?
 And yet what land so vile ?
- 5** How chang'd, alas ! are truths divine,
 For error, guilt, and shame !
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
 Disgrace the Christian name !
- 6** Oh ! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord !
 By thy resistless grace ;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.

Steele.

216

8s. & 7s.

*Seeking pardon for wrongs done the slave.***1 D**RREAD Jehovah, God of nations !

From thy temple in the skies,
 Hear thy people's supplications,
 Now to save th' oppress'd arise.

2 Lo ! with deep contrition turning,

Humbly at thy feet we bend ;
 Hear us,—fasting, praying, mourning,—
 Hear us, and salvation send.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,

Long and loud for vengeance call,
 Thou hast mercy more abounding,
 Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that love blot out transgression,

Let that blood our guilt efface ;
 Save thy people from oppression,
 Rescue all the Ethiop-race.

217

L. M.

*Mourning and pleading that God would spare.***1 O**RIGHTEOUS God, thou Judge su-
preme !

We tremble at thy dreadful name,
 And all our crying guilt we own,
 In dust and tears before thy throne.

- 2 So manifold our crimes have been,
Such crimson tincture dyes our sin,
That, could we all its horrors know,
Our streaming eyes with blood might flow.
- 3 Justly might this polluted land
Prove all the vengeance of thy hand ;
And, bath'd in heav'n, thy sword might
come,
To drink our blood and seal our doom.
- 4 Yet hast thou not a remnant here,
Whose souls are fill'd with pious fear ?
Lord ! bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
While prostrate at thy feet they lie.
- 5 Behold their tears, attend their moan,
Their sighs regard, thy grace make known ;
With these we join our humble pray'r,
Our nation shield, our country spare.

218

C. M.

Are there not ten righteous ?

- 1 WHEN Abr'ham, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble, fervent pray'r,
For guilty Sodom sued ;—
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crown'd !
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

- 3 And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon obtain ?
Great God ! and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain ?
- 4 Our country,—guilty as she is,—
Her num'rous saints can boast,
And now their fervent pray'rs ascend ;
And can those pray'rs be lost ?
- 5 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times ?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in its crimes ?
- 6 Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode ;
Long has thy presence blest our land,—
Forsake us not, O God !

219

L. M.

*Humble yourselves and he will lift you up.—
Psalm 107.*

- 1 WHEN God, provok'd with daring
crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.
- 2 His word can raise the springs again,
Can make the wither'd mountains green,
Send show'ry blessings from the skies,
Make harvests in the desert rise.

- 3 Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they ;
He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.
- 4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit, supplies their want ;
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.
- 5 The righteous, with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of Providence ;
And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God whom saints adore.
- 6 How few, with pious care, record
These wondrous dealings of the Lord !
But wise observers still shall find,
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

Watts.

220 7s. & 6s.

The thunder-cloud.

- 1 THY thunder pealeth o'er us,
God of the earth and sky !
And o'er the gloomy heavens,
The clouds roll dark and high ;
But oh ! there lieth brooding
A cloud more dark and dread,
Above our guilty nation,
In fearful portent spread.

2 Though broad our fertile borders
 All smilingly expand,
 The curse of blood is on us,
 And on our pleasant land;
 For we have sinn'd before thee,
 And caus'd dark floods to roll,
 Of tyranny and anguish,
 Across our brother's soul.

3 But let not yet thine anger
 Consume our blood-stain'd sod;
 Extend a little longer
 Thy mercy, O our God!
 And touch our flinty bosoms,
 With thy dissolving grace,
 That we may hate our vileness,
 And weep before thy face.

Miss Chandler.

EMANCIPATION AT HAND.

Tell us of the night.

1 **F**REEMAN! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are!
 Bondman! Lo! Britannia's light,
 Freedom's glory-beaming star!

Freeman ! do its blessed rays
 Promise good to slaves like me ?
 Bondman ! yes, its glorious blaze
 Lights your path to liberty.

- 2 Freeman ! tell us of the night,
 Does its star approach our land ?
 Bondman ! mark yon dawning light ;
 Lo ! the breaking day's at hand :
 Freeman ! can these beams alone
 Bid our dreadful bondage cease ?
 Bondman ! God is on the throne,
 He will bring thee quick release.

- 3 Freeman ! shall our fetter'd race
 Cease to wear the galling chain ?
 Bondman ! lo ! the God of grace
 Comes to end thy tyrant's reign.
 Freeman ! can it—can it be ?
 Shall we share thy glorious name ?
 Bondman ! yes, thou shalt be free—
 Spread thy great deliv'r'r's fame.

Dunbarton.

222 P. M.

Hail to the cause of Liberty. "Hail to the chief."

- 1 HAIL to the cause that in triumph ad-
 vances,
 Pouring the light of its glory afar !
 Banner'd and plum'd, lo ! the sheen of its
 lances
 'Lumine the steeds and the prow of its car !

Hark ! hear it rolling on,
 Trumpling of battles won—
Won o'er the hosts that have set it at bay !
 Shout ! it is marching now ;
 Shout ! see its foemen bow !
"GOD AND OUR CAUSE!" we are winning
 the day !

2 Lo ! o'er the field, mark ! the foe is preparing

Rank upon rank for another attack ;
 While God and right he is wickedly daring,
 Who from the conflict turns cowardly back ?
 March to the battle field !
 Never, no ! never yield,
 Dark tho' the cloud of the enemy low'r's !
 Strike ! and be valiant, then ;
 Stand to your posts like men ;
"GOD AND OUR CAUSE!" soon the triumph is ours !

3 Weapons of war we have cast from the battle ;

TRUTH is our armor—our watchword is LOVE ;
 Hush'd be the sword and the musquetry's rattle ;
 All our equipments are drawn from above :

Praise, then, the God of Truth,
 Hoar age and ruddy youth !

Praise Him, who flock for our army's increase !

Long may our rally be—

"LOVE, LIGHT, AND LIBERTY,"—

Ever our banner the banner of peace !

C. W. Denison.

223

C. M.

Arise, shine.

1 DAUGHTER of sadness ! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head ;

In thy Redeemer firmly trust ;

He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake—awake !—put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array ;

The day of freedom dawns at length,

The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls—thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth ;

Say to the south,—“ Give up thy charge !

And keep not back, O north !”

Montgomery.

224 8s. 7s. & 4s.

Glad tidings to Africa.

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo the sacred herald stands ;

Welcome news to pris'ners bearing,

Pris'ners long in hostile lands :

Mourning captive !

God himself will loose thy bands.

- 2** Has thy night been long and mournful,
 All thy friends unfaithful prov'd ?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmov'd ?
 Cease thy mourning,
 Africa is well-belov'd.
- 3** God, thy God, will now restore thee,
 He himself appears thy friend ;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,
 Here their boasts and triumphs end ;
 Great deliv'rance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4** Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
 All thy warfare now is past ;
 God, thy Savior, shall defend thee,
 Peace and joy have come at last ;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

Kelly.

225 8s. 7s. & 4s.*The nation is rousing.*

- 1** HARK ! a voice from Heav'n 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.

2 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 !

3 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.

4 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.

226

L. M.

Behold the dawn !

1 A RISE ! arise !—with joy survey
 The glory of the latter day :
 Already is the dawn begun,
 Which marks at hand a rising sun.

2 "Behold the way !" ye heralds ! cry ;
 Spare not—but lift your voices high ;
 Convey the sound from pole to pole,—
 "Glad tidings" to the captive soul.

- 3 The north gives up—the south no more,
Keeps back her consecrated store;
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.
- 4 Auspicious dawn!—thy rising ray
With joy we view, and hail the day:
Great Sun of Righteousness!—arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

Pratt's Coll.

The Savior comes.

- 1 HARK the glad sound! the Savior comes,
The Savior promis'd long;
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In cruel bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure,
 And with his righteousness and grace
 T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of peace !
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heav'n's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

Doddridge.

228

7s. & 6s.

Hail to the Deliverer !

1 **H**AIL to the Lord's anointed !
 Great David's greater Son ;
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes, to break oppression,
 To set the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong ;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls condemn'd and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.

- 3 He shall come down, like showers,
 Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth ;
Before him on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow. Montgomery.

229

11s.

Glad tidings of deliverance.

- 1 WAKE, States of the South! your redemption draws near,
No longer repose in the borders of gloom;
The strength of his chosen in love will appear,
And light shall arise on the verge of the tomb.

2 The billows that girt you—the wild waves that roar—
The zephyrs that play when the ocean-storms cease—
Shall bear the rich freight to your tempest-toss'd shore,
Shall waft the glad tidings of freedom and peace.

3 On regions that sit in the darkness of night,
The lands of despair, to oppression a prey,
The morning will open with healing and light,
The glad star of Bethle' em will brighten to day.

230

C. M.

The Great Deliverer comes.—Psalm 68.

1 JEHOVAH comes!—his foes disperse,
Their hosts are put to flight;
Like smoke they flee before his curse,
They perish at his sight.

2 As melts the wax before the fire,
Oppressors melt away,
Before Jehovah's burning ire,
In God's avenging day.

3 Then shall th' oppress'd exult and sing,
To see their God appear;
Hark! hear them shout, and hail their King!
Thus they proclaim him near;—

4 "Sing ye to God in blissful strains,
Sing praises, spread his fame;
Sing how he rides o'er southern plains—
JEHOVAH is his name."

5 The orphan's father, friend, and guide,
Is he who dwells on high;
In him the widow may confide,
He hears her plaintive cry.

6 He brings the wand'ring exile home,
He bursts the bondman's bands;
But makes the vile oppressor roam
Through parch'd and desert lands,

E. F. H.

231

L. M.

Hearts are waking. "Strike the cymbal."

- 1 **W**AKE, ye numbers! from your slumbers,
Hear the song of Freedom pour!
By its shaking, fiercely breaking
Ev'ry chain upon our shore.
Flags are waving, all tyrants braving—
Proudly, freely, o'er our plains;
Let no minions check our pinions,
While a single grief remains.
Proud oblations, thou Queen of nations!
Have been pour'd upon thy waters;
Afric's bleeding sons and daughters,
Now before us, loud implore us,
Looking to Jehovah's throne.
Chains are wearing, hearts despairing!—
Will ye hear a nation's moan?
Soothe their sorrow, ere the morrow
Change their aching hearts to stone:
Then the light of nature's smile
Freedom's realm shall bless the while;
And the pleasure, mercy brings,
Flow from all her latent springs;
Delight shall spread her shining wings,
Rejoicing.

- 2 Daily, nightly, burning brightly,
Glory's pillar fills the air;
Hearts are waking! chains are breaking!
Freedom bids her sons prepare:

O'er the ocean, in proud devotion,
 Incense rises to the skies ;
 From our mountains, o'er our fountains,
 See, our Eagle proudly flies !
 What deploring impedes his soaring ?
 Millions still, in bondage sighing !
 Long in deep oppression lying !
 Shall their story mar our glory ?
 Must their life in sorrow flow ?
 Tears are falling ! fetters galling !
 Listen to the cry of wo !
 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.

Lewis.

232

6s. & 4s.

The day of Jubilee.

1 IT comes ! the joyful day,
 When tyranny's proud sway—
 Stern as the grave—
 Shall to the ground be hurl'd ;
 And Freedom's flag, unfurl'd,
 Shall wave, throughout the world,
 O'er ev'ry slave.

2 Trump of glad Jubilee !
 Echo o'er land and sea,
 Freedom for all !
 Let the glad tidings fly,
 And ev'ry tribe reply,
 "Glory to God on high!"
 At Slavery's fall.

A. G. Duncan.

Slavery must pass away.

- 1 LET Mammon hold, while Mammon can,
 The bones and blood of living man ;
 Let despots scorn, while despots dare,
 The shrieks and writhings of despair ;—

 2 The *end will come*, it will not wait,
 Bonds, yokes, and scourges have their date ;
 Slavery itself must pass away,
 And be a tale of yesterday.

Montgomery.

The trumpet shall sound.

- 1 SOON shall the trump of Freedom
 Resound from shore to shore ;
 Soon, taught by heav'nly wisdom,
 Man shall oppress no more ;
 But ev'ry yoke be broken,
 Each captive soul set free,
 And ev'ry heart shall welcome
 The day of Jubilee.

2 Then tyrants' crowns and sceptres,
 And victors' wreaths and cars,
 And galling chains and fetters,
 With all the pomp of wars,
 Shall in the dust be trodden,
 Till time shall be no more;
 And peace and joy from heaven
 The Lord on earth shall pour.

235 C. M. D.

Fetters shall be broken.

- 1 IT is a blessed thing to break
 Dark Slavery's cank'ring chain,
 And bid the long-dimm'd eye awake
 To Freedom's light again.
 But, Oh! thrice blessed from the *soul*
 Its fetters to unbind,
 And o'er its waken'd vision roll,
 The glorious light of mind.
- 2 It shall be done! for lofty hearts
 To that high task are bent,
 Whose holy zeal, till life departs,
 Shall burn with that intent:
 It shall be done! for, even now,
 The deed has won success,
 And God benignant stoops below,
 To succor and to bless.
- 3 For this the statesman's heart is stirr'd,
 Till kindling thought breaks forth
 In words, whose startling tones are heard,
 O'er all the list'ning earth.

For this the man of God doth pray,
 Whom fervent hopes inspire,
 And from his lip warm thoughts make way,
 As if 't were touch'd with fire.

- 4 Pause not, till holy light illume
 Dark Ethiopia's race,
 And pierce the deep and brooding gloom,
 With bright benignant grace :
 Till all her bondmen, freed from woe,
 Shall lift th' unfetter'd hand,
 And beg, that God his grace would show,
 And spare our guilty land.

Churchman.

It is begun.

- 1 OH ! who shall see that joyful day,
 When, high on glory's throne,
 Freedom shall rule, with sov'reign sway,
 And call the world her own ?
- 2 When man no more shall dread the frown,
 That gloom'd the tyrant's brow,
 And sorrow's cheerless night hath flown
 To climes unpeopled now.
- 3 See ! see ! already 'tis begun !
 Or is it but a dream ?
 The nations hail the rising sun,
 And catch the thrilling beam.

- 4 God speed—God speed the heav'n-born cause,
 O'er ev'ry land and sea,
 Till all the world, with loud applause,
 Proclaims that MAN IS FREE !

237

C. M.

It comes in spite of all its foes.

- 1 HARK ! o'er the land a trumpet-voice !
 Whose loud awak'ning call
 Bids hearts, once wrapp'd in gloom, rejoice,
 As Slavery's fetters fall.
- 2 That voice shall peal from deep to deep,
 From echoing shore to shore :
 Till Afric's fetter'd sons shall weep
 And toil and groan no more.
- 3 And ye, who sit in purple pride !
 In vain may close your ear ;
 With lip of scorn the cause deride,
 And pass it with a sneer.
- 4 For soon shall flee the gloomy night,
 That hangs o'er Afric's sons :
 The morning dawns !—Behold the light !
 And live, ye captive ones !

Churchman.

238

7s. & 6s.

Jesus comes to save.

- 1 CAPTIVES, in exile groaning
 Beneath your galling chains !
 Or still in darkness roaming
 O'er Afric's thirsty plains !
 Ye poor of ev'ry nation !
 Ye patrons of the slave !
 Oh ! shout with adoration,
 For Jesus comes to save.
- 2 Praise him with songs of gladness,
 Let ev'ry tear be dry,
 He comes, to banish sadness,
 And ev'ry want supply ;
 He comes, in radiant beauty,
 To burst each bond in twain,
 To teach mankind their duty,
 And break the captive's chain.
- 3 O Jesus ! let thy story
 Throughout the world be known.
 Wake up the song of glory,
 And break the heart of stone :
 Till ev'ry soul is lighted,
 Till ev'ry slave is free,
 Till ev'ry realm benighted,
 Bows down, O Lord ! to thee.

Kenyon College.

239 6s. & 4s.

Rise, sons of Africa !

1 YE who in bondage pine,
Shut out from light divine,
Bereft of hope !

Whose limbs are worn with chains,
Whose tears bedew our plains,
Whose blood our glory stains,
In gloom who grope !

2 Shout ! for the hour draws nigh,
That gives you liberty ;
And, from the dust,—
So long your vile embrace,—
Uprising, take your place
Among earth's noblest race,
'Tis right and just.

3 The night—the long dark night
Of infamy and slight,
Shame and disgrace,
Of slavery—worse than e'er
Rome's slaves were doom'd to bear,
Horrid beyond compare—
Recedes apace.

4 Speed, speed the hour, O Lord !
Speak, and at thy dread word,
Fetters shall fall
From every limb—the strong
No more the weak shall wrong,
But Liberty's sweet song
Be sung by all.

W. L. G.

240

H. M.

The year of Jubilee.

- 1 **BLOW** ye the trumpet, blow !—
 The gladly solemn sound !
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners ! home.
- 2 Extol the Lamb of God,
 Who takes away our shame ;
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners ! home.
- 3 Ye, who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above !
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners ! home.
- Ye slaves of sin and hell !
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners ! home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heav'nly grace ;
 Ye happy souls ! draw near,
 Behold your Savior's face :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return to your eternal home. Toplady.

241 10s. 6 lines.

Messiah comes to reign.—Psalm 72.

- 1 BEHOLD the great Messiah comes to
 reign !
 God of all grace ! his glorious throne sustain ;
 He comes, to plead the poor and needy's
 cause,
 To rule the world with just and holy laws :
 Lo ! from the mountain-peaks the shout
 ascends,
 And Love in streams from ev'ry hill de-
 scends.
- 2 To him th' oppress'd shall flee in all their
 fears,
 Their wants he'll banish, and dry up their
 tears ;
 He'll burst their bonds, the proud oppressor
 crush,
 His poor redress, and all their cryings hush ;
 The sun and moon themselves shall cease
 to shine,
 But, Savior ! never shall thy light decline.

- 3 Like rain on meadows mown, shall he come down,
 Like show'rs that hills and dales with verdure crown ;
 When he appears, the righteous shall enjoy Celestial peace, and bliss without alloy ;
 The east and west, the north and south shall own,
 That he, o'er heav'n and earth, is King alone.
- 4 Barbarian hordes shall bow before his face,
 His own right arm shall all his foes abase ;
 The distant isles with gifts shall own his sway,
 And Europe's mighty thrones his will obey ;
 While Asia's pompous monarchs all shall haste,
 With Afric's sable tribes, his love to taste.
- 5 The mourning soul, borne down with guilt and woe,
 To him shall cry, and pard'ning grace shall flow ;
 The wretched child of want, his aid shall seek,
 He'll fill the hungry, and sustain the weak ;
 His saints from violence, fraud, and harm he'll free,
 And precious in his sight their blood shall be.

E. F. H.

EMANCIPATION ACCOMPLISHED.**242****C. M.***The morning has dawned.*

- 1 THE race, that long in darkness pin'd,
Have seen a glorious light ;
The people now behold the dawn,
Who dwelt in death and night.
- 2 To hail the rising Sun of life,
The gath'ring nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
Their harvest-treasures home.
- 3 For thou our burden hast remov'd ;
Th' oppressor's reign is broke ;
Thy fi'ry conflict with the foe
Hath burst his cruel yoke.

243

12s. & 11s.

Last night of slavery.

- 1 LET the floods clap their hands !
Let the mountains rejoice !
And let all the glad lands
Breathe a jubilant voice !
The sun, that now sets on the waves of the
sea,
Shall gild with his rising the land of the FREE.

2 Let the bondman 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.

3 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 answer'd the voice of
their blood.

4 Dispel the blue haze,

Golden fountain of morn !

With meridian blaze

The wide ocean adorn ;

The sunlight has touch'd the glad waves of
the sea,

And day now illumines THE LAND OF THE
FREE.

244 P. M.

*The day of Freedom hath come. "Go forth
to the mount."*

GO forth to the mount, bring the olive-
branch home,

And rejoice, for *the day of our Freedom
hath come!*

From the day when the moon, upon Aja-
lon's vale,

Looking motionless down, saw the kings
of the earth,

In the presence of God's mighty champion
grow pale—

Oh ! never had Judah an hour of such
mirth !

Go forth to the mount, bring the olive-branch
home,

And rejoice, for THE DAY OF OUR FREEDOM
HATH COME !

245 H. M.

The year of Jubilee.

1 FAIR shines the morning-star ;

The silver trumpet sounds—

Their notes re-echoing far,

While dawns the day around :

Joy to the slave !—the slave is free !

It is the year of Jubilee.

- 2 Pris'ners of hope !—in gloom
 And silence left to die,
 With Christ's unfolding tomb,
 Your portals open fly ;—
 Rise with the Lord !—He sets you free :—
 It is the year of Jubilee.
- 3 Ye, who have sold for nought
 The land your fathers won !
 Behold how God hath wrought
 Redemption through his Son !
 Your heritage again is free,
 It is the year of Jubilee.
- 4 Ye, who yourselves have sold
 For debts to justice due,
 Ransom'd, but not with gold !
 Christ gave himself for you ;—
 His precious blood has made you free,
 It is the year of Jubilee.
- 5 Captives of sin and shame,
 O'er earth and ocean, hear
 An angel's voice proclaim
 The Lord's accepted year :—
 Ye captives ! rise ; ye slaves ! be free ;
 It is the year of Jubilee.

Montgomery.

246

L. M.

The everlasting reign of peace.

- 1 JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 Behold the islands, with their kings !
And Europe her best tribute brings ;
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.
- 3 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Watts.

247

6s. & 4s.

Freedom's home.

- 1 NOW on the gladden'd sight,
Bursts forth the glorious light
Of Liberty !

Within our nation's bound,
 No helpless slave is found ;
 Spread—spread the joyful sound—
 “ THE SLAVE IS FREE.”

- 2 This now is Freedom's home :
 Beneath her temple's dome,
 No clanking chain,
 No sale of human throngs,
 No scourge of cruel thongs,
 No secret, dreadful wrongs,
 Our souls shall pain.
- 3 The work, O God ! is thine !
 And may thy love divine
 New triumphs see :
 Break ev'ry link of sin,
 That binds the soul within,
 Let ev'ry creature win
 Freedom with thee.

Allen.

248

7s.

Song of Jubilee.

- 1 HARK the song of Jubilee !
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore.
 See Jehovah's banners furl'd !
 Sheath'd his sword ; he speaks—'t is done !
 Now the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

2 He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With supreme, unbounded sway ;
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away.
 Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign ;
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

Montgomery.

THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

249

L. M.

Praise for surprising deliverance.—Ps. 126.

- 1 WHEN God restor'd our captive state,
 Joy was our song, and grace our theme ;
 A grace beyond our hopes so great,
 That joy appear'd a fleeting dream.
- 2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
 Unwilling honors to thy name ;
 While all with pleasure shout thy praise,
 With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.
- 3 When we review'd our dismal fears,
 We could not think they'd vanish'd so ;
 With God we left our flowing tears ;
 He makes our joys like rivers flow.

Watts.

250

C. M.

The same.—Psalm 126.

- 1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
 And chang'd my mournful state,
 My rapture seem'd a pleasant dream,
 The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
 And did thy hand confess ;
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
 And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
 And own'd thy pow'r divine ;
 "Great is the work," my heart repli'd,
 "And be the glory thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night ;
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness wait,
 'Till the fair harvest come ;
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,
 And shout the blessings home.
- 6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
 It shan't deceive their hope ;
 The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
 For grace insures the crop.

Watts.

251

L. M.

Had not the Lord helped us.—Psalm 124.

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide ;—
 - 2 The swelling tide had stopt our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll ;
We had been swallow'd deep in death ;
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.
 - 3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke ;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.
 - 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare ;
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
And made our lives and souls his care !
- Watts.

252

C. M.

Praise for eminent deliverance.—Psalm 34.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

253 THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
And high exalt his name ;
When in distress on him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliv'rance he affords to all,
Who on his succor trust.
- 4 Oh ! make but trial of his love ;
Experience will decide,
How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Tate and Brady.

253

L. M.

The hand of God acknowledged.—Psalm 75.

- 1 TO thee, most high and holy God !
To thee our thankful hearts we raise ;
Thy works declare thy name abroad,
Thy wondrous works demand our praise.
- 2 To slav'ry doom'd, thy chosen sons
Beheld their foes triumphant rise ;
And sore oppress'd by earthly thrones,
They sought the Sov'reign of the skies.
- 3 'Twas then, great God ! with equal pow'r,
Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,
To scourge their legions from the shore,
And save the remnant of our race.

- 4 Thy hand, that form'd the restless main,
 And rear'd the mountain's awful head,
 Bade raging seas their course restrain,
 And desert wilds receive their dead.
- 5 Such wonders never come by chance,
 Nor can the winds such blessings blow ;
 'Tis God, the Judge, doth one advance,
 'Tis God that lays another low.
- 6 Let haughty tyrants sink their pride,
 Nor lift so high their scornful head ;
 But lay their impious thoughts aside,
 And own the empire God hath made.

Watts.

254

C. M.

Thanksgiving for victory.

- 1 TO thee, who reign'st supreme above,
 And reign'st supreme below,
 Thou God of wisdom, pow'r and love !
 We our successes owe.
- 2 The thund'ring horse, the martial band,
 Without thine aid were vain ;
 And vict'ry flies at thy command,
 To crown the bright campaign.
- 3 Thy mighty arm, unseen, was nigh,
 When we our foes assail'd ;
 Thou, Lord ! hast rais'd our honors high,
 And o'er their hosts prevail'd.

- 4 Their mounds, their camps, their lofty tow'rs
 Into our hands are giv'n,
 Not from desert or strength of ours,
 But through the grace of heav'n.
- 5 The Lord of hosts, our helper, lives ;
 His name be ever blest !
 His own right arm the vict'ry gives ;
 He grants his people rest.

Watts.

255

10s. & 11s.

Adoring the God of Freedom.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord ! prepare your
 glad voice,
 His praise in the great assembly to sing ;
 In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
 And all, who are ransom'd, be glad in their
 King.
- 2 Let them his great name devoutly adore ;
 In loud swelling strains his praises express,
 Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
 Their wants to relieve, the afflicted to
 bless.
- 3 With glory adorn'd, his people shall sing
 To God, who defence and freedom sup-
 plies :
 Their loud acclamations to him, their great
 King,
 Through earth shall be sounded, and
 reach to the skies.

Ye angels above ! his glories who've sung,
 In loftiest notes, now publish his praise :
 We mortals, delighted, would borrow your
 tongue ;—
 Would join in your numbers, and chant
 to your lays.

Tate and Brady.

256 C. M.

Trust in God, and Deliverance.—Psalm 40.

- 1 I WAITED meekly for the Lord,
 He bow'd to hear my cry :
 He saw me resting on his word,
 And brought deliv'rance nigh.
- 2 Firm on a rock—he made me stand,
 And taught my cheerful tongue,
 To praise the wonders of his hand,
 In new and thankful song.
- 3 I'll spread his works of grace abroad ;
 The saints with joy shall hear,
 And sinners learn to make my God
 Their only hope and fear.

Watts.

257 Ss. 7s. & 6s.

Let all creatures praise the Lord.

PRAISE the Lord ! ye heav'ns ! adore him ;
 Praise him, angels in the height !
 Sun and moon ! rejoice before him ;
 Praise him, all ye stars of light !
 Hallelujah. Amen.

2 Praise the Lord ! for he hath spoken ;
 Worlds his mighty voice obey'd ;
 Laws, which never can be broken,
 For their guidance he hath made :
 Hallelujah, Amen.

3 Praise the Lord ! for he is glorious ;
 Never shall his promise fail ;
 God hath made our cause victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail :
 Hallelujah, Amen.

4 Praise the God of our salvation !
 Hosts on high ! his power proclaim ;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation !
 Praise and magnify his name !
 Hallelujah, Amen.

Dublin Coll.

Divine Interposition acknowledged.

1 BLEST be the Lord, who heard my pray'r,
 The Lord—my shield—my song ;
 Who sav'd my soul from sin and fear,
 And tun'd with praise my tongue !

2 When in the hour of deep distress,
 Of foes and death afraid,
 My spirit trusted in his grace,—
 I sought, and found his aid.

3 O blest Redeemer—glorious Lord !
 Thy shield—thy strength shall be
 The shield—the saving strength of all,
 Who love, and trust in thee.

Dwight.

Indebtedness to Christ.

- 1 JESUS ! to thy celestial light,
 My dawn of hope I owe ;
 Once wand'ring in the shades of night,
 And lost in helpless wo.
- 2 Thy gracious hand redeem'd the slave,
 And set the pris'ner free ;
 Be all I am—and all I have,
 Devoted, Lord ! to thee.
- 3 Here at thy feet I wait thy will,
 And live upon thy word ;
 Oh ! give me warmer love and zeal,
 To serve my dearest Lord.

Steele.

Humble adoration and praise.

- 1 YES—I will bless thee, O my God !
 Y Through all my mortal days,
 And to eternity prolong
 Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
 The honors of my God ;
 My life, with all its active pow'rs,
 Shall spread thy praise abroad.

261 THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

- 3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.
- 4 There shall my lips in endless praise
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

Heginbotham.

261

L. P. M.

The Same.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God!—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind,
The Lord supports the sinking mind,
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

Watts.

262

C. P. M.

The Same.

- 1 HAIL, to the sovereign pow'r, which broke
 The strength of slavery's cursed yoke,
 And freed our captive race ;
 Did all the rage of hell confound,
 And gave our foe his fatal wound !
 All hail, victorious grace !
- 2 Hail to the friend of human kind,
 Who his celestial throne resign'd,
 To succor man distress'd ;
 Who did unnumber'd wrongs forgive,
 Who groan'd to bid the rebel live,
 And died to make him blest !
- 3 To thee our lives, our souls we owe,
 Our peace and purest joys below,
 And brighter hopes above :
 Then let our lives and all that's ours,—
 Our souls, our passions, and our pow'rs,
 Be sacred to his love.
- 4 Oh ! when shall that great day arise,
 When, in full glory, to our eyes,
 Thy beauties shall appear !
 Then, in far nobler, sweeter strains,
 We'll praise thee on the blissful plains,
 Through heav'n's eternal year.

Alex. Coll.

263 C. P. M.

Come and see the works of God.—Psalm 66.

- 1 **L**IFT up to God the shout of joy,
Let all the earth its pow'rs employ,
To sound his glorious praise ;
Say unto God,—“ How great art thou !
Thy foes before thy presence bow !
How gracious are thy ways !”
- 2 “ 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 !
- 3 He made a highway through the sea,
His people, long-enslav'd, 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.
- 4 Oh ! 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 turn'd to praise our pray'r.

E. F. H.

264

11s.

"If God be for us, who can be against us?"
—Psalm 118.

- 1 GIVE thanks to the Lord, and his goodness proclaim,
His mercy endureth forever the same ;
Let Israel sing loudly in rapturous strains,—
" His mercy forever and ever remains."
- 2 Let them, whom he calls at his altars to wait,
Sing—" Great is his mercy, surpassingly great ;"
Let all them, who fear him, their tribute bestow,
And shout—" For his mercy forever doth flow."
- 3 We call'd in distress on the Lord for relief,
He heard us, and speedily banish'd our grief ;
Jehovah is with us, he stands at our side,
We dread not the wrath of all beings beside.
- 4 'Tis better Jehovah forever to trust,
Than mightiest princes—for they are but dust :
Encompass'd by legions, we lean'd on his arm,
He scatter'd our foes, and secur'd us from harm.

5 The Lord is our fortress, salvation, and
song ;
With rapture, ye righteous ! his praises
prolong ;
Exultingly sing—“ The right hand of the
Lord—
The hand of Jehovah in triumph hath
warr'd.”

E. F. H.

DISMISSESS.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord !
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give ev'ry burden'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace. Hart.

- 1 LORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
Oh ! refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound ;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found !

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey—
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

Rippon.

1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Savior,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other, and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

Newton.

1 BLEST be the tie, that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love ;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne,
 We pour our ardent pray'rs ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one—
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear ;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we are call'd to part,
 It gives us mutual pain ;
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way ;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 From sin, we shall be free ;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

Fawcett.

269 Ss. & 7s. D.

- I **W**ITH thy blessing, Lord ! dismiss us,
 Bid us now depart in peace ;
 Still, on heav'nly manna feed us,
 Let our love and faith increase :
 Fill our breast with consolation ;
 Up to thee our hearts we raise ;
 When we reach our blissful station,
 Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

270

7s.

- 1 **H**EA V'NLY Father—sovereign Lord !
 Be thy glorious name ador'd ;
 Lord ! thy mercies never fail ;
 Hail, celestial goodness ! hail !
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord ! thine ear,
 Deign our humble songs to hear ;
 Purer praise we hope to bring,
 When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
 Guide our footsteps in thy way,
 Till we come to dwell with thee,
 Till we all thy glory see.
- 4 Then, with angel-harps again,
 We will wake a nobler strain ;
 There, in joyful songs of praise,
 Our triumphant voices raise.

Salisbury Coll.

271

C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
 That will not let us part !
 Our bodies may far off remove,
 We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
 Where he appoints we go ;
 We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
 And still his praise we show.

3 Richly we share the Savior's grace,
 We're one in mind and heart ;
 Not joy, nor grief—not time, nor place,
 Not life, nor death—can part.

Cennick.

272

S. M.

1 ONCE more, before we part,
 Oh ! bless the Savior's name ;
 Let ev'ry tongue and ev'ry heart,
 Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord ! in thy grace we came,
 That blessing still impart ;
 We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
 In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
 We'll live, and feed, and grow,
 And still go on to know the Lord,
 And practice what we know.

4 Now, Lord ! before we part,
 Help us to bless thy name ;
 Let ev'ry tongue and ev'ry heart,
 Thine endless praise proclaim.

Hawkins' Coll

273 8s. 7s. & 4.

"For he hath said, I will never leave thee."

- 1 NEVER leave us, nor forsake us,
Thou, on whom our souls rely !
Till thou dost for ever take us
To behold thy glory nigh ;
Which, though distant,
Fills thy people's hearts with joy.
- 2 They are blest, and none beside them,—
They, who hope, O Lord ! in thee ;
They are blest, though all deride them,—
They, whom grace and truth make free ;
Joys await them,
Where thou art, they hope to be.
- 3 'T is this hope, that ever charms us
From the love of all below ;
Hope of this with boldness arms us,
To oppose the mighty foe ;
Hope of glory
Sweetens toil and lightens woe.

Alex. Coll.

DOXOLOGIES.**274****L. M.**

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow !
Praise him, all creatures here below !
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

275**L. M.**

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Bring all your praise, ye heav'nly host !
Let all mankind with glad accord,
Extol the Universal Lord.

276**L. M. D.**

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev ry tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

277**C. M.**

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The joyful song we raise ;
In concert join, ye heav'nly host !
Our God and King to praise.

278 C. M. D.

OUR God is worthy to receive
 Honor and pow'r divine,
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord! forever thine:
 Let all who dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.

279 S. M.

WE'LL praise the Father, Son,
 And Spirit evermore:
 Forever, Lord! thy will be done,
 Thy name let all adore.

280 S. M.

ALMIGHTY God! we raise
 To thee the joyful song;
 Let all the earth their Maker praise,
 And heav'n the strain prolong.

281 S. P. M.

LET all the earth unite
 With all who dwell in light,
 To praise our God with one accord;
 His noble deeds disclose
 With ev'ry breath that flows;
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord!

282 C. P. M.

FROM all, who dwell on earth below,
 Let praise to God unceasing flow ;
 Your breath in praise employ :
 Spread wide your Maker's name around,
 Till heav'n shall echo back the sound—
 The gen'ral burst of joy.

283 L. P. M.

LET all the earth their voices raise,
 To sing a psalm of lofty praise—
 To sing and bless Jehovah's name :
 Let all the hosts of heav'n adore,
 And praise our God forevermore,—
 Let ev'ry tongue his grace proclaim.

284 H. M.

GLORY to God on high ;
 Forever bless his name ;
 Let earth, and seas, and sky,
 His wondrous love proclaim.
 To him be praise and glory giv'n,
 By all on earth and all in heav'n.

285 H. M.

LET ev'ry creature rise
 To bless Jehovah's name,
 Let earth, and seas, and skies
 Spread wide his mighty fame :
 His praises sing, ye ransom'd slaves !
 Proclaim him King—th' oppress'd he saves.

286 7s.

PRAISE the Lord, ye heav'nly choirs !
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres :
Praise him, mortals ! in your songs,
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

287 8s. & 7s.

PRAISE Jehovah, all ye nations !
Praise him, all ye hosts above !
Shout, with joyful acclamations !
Speak his great, victorious love.

288 8s. & 7s. D.

PRAISE to thee, thou Great Creator !
Praise to thee from ev'ry tongue :
Let us join with ev'ry creature,
In the universal song ;
Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heav'n our song we raise,
Till in bliss we bow before him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

289 8s. 7s. & 4.

SONGS anew of honor framing,
Sing ye to the Lord aloud !
All his wondrous works proclaiming ;
Wondrous deeds our God hath done :
Glorious vict'ry
His right hand and arm have won.

290

6s. & 4s.

TO God—the Father, Son,
 And Spirit—three in one,
 All praise be giv'n ;
 Crown him in ev'ry song,
 To him your thanks belong,
 His praise let all prolong,—
 On Earth, in Heav'n.

291

7s. & 6s.

WE'LL praise thee, Lord ! forever ;
 Thou reignest, King of kings ;
 Thy wondrous love and favor,
 Each ransom'd captive sings :
 We'll celebrate thy glory
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