POETRY.

For the Freeman.
The Slave Boy.

Mother the fields are bright and green,
And gay with flowers you see;
The sun sheds joy and gladness round,
But all is gloom to me.
My masters they are fast and strong,
I am a poor slave boy.
The voice of kindness never hear
Or sight of hope or joy.
I never see my mother smile,
I only trace the tear,
Is it for me that thou dost weep?
Speaks, mother, let me hear.
Oh shall we never see the light,
Of freedom’s dawning day?
Is slavery then an endless night?
Oh mother, mother say.

There is my boy, a God above,
He marks our anguish mild,
He sees our sorrows, knows our groans,
And pities us, poor child.

And in a land of noble men,
Strong hearted, free and brave,
He’s given a heart of loving love,
They labor for the slave.
And in their happy freeman’s home,
They think of thee and me,
They’ll break the chains that fetter us,
We will, we shall be free.

J.