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By Messrs. Anti-Slavery Soc.  
Received May 26, 1866. No. 74079





Do not trim



*Ex 18*  
( ANTI-SLAVERY

MELODIES: ) <sup>2</sup>

*Not a volume*  
FOR

THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

PREPARED FOR

*Don't touch  
some books etc.*  
THE HINGHAM ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

BY JAIRUS (LINCOLN.)

HINGHAM:

PUBLISHED BY ELIJAH B. GILL.

Price 25 cents.  
*3653*

74077

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*Mass. Anti-Slavery Socy*  
*May 26, 1866*

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## PREFACE.

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"Music speaks the heart's emotion,  
Music tells the soul's devotion,  
Music heavenly harps employs,  
Music wakens heavenly joys."

I HAVE prepared this little work because I considered that the Anti-Slavery community needed something of the kind, and I have wished to do something to "help the cause along." The friends of Temperance say—"The influence of Temperance Songs is no longer to be questioned as a powerful means of carrying forward our cause." If the progress of *that* reform is indebted, in any degree, to the aid of *music*, will not the *Anti-Slavery cause* be advanced by the same means? Let our Anti-Slavery friends turn their attention to this subject, and organize in every town an *Anti-Slavery choir*. There are many who have not the gift of *speech-making*, but who can, by *song-singing*, make strong appeals, in behalf of the slave, to every community and to every heart. Let such be prepared for the work and labor in *their* way. The "Liberty and Anti-Slavery song book" was published the last year by D. S. King, and the "Anti-Slavery Picknick," by John A. Collins, for the 1st. of August. The Abolitionists need now a larger book, and a *still larger* one will be furnished when it shall be needed. From the Anti-Slavery Picknick I have made selections by permission. Several hymns have been written for this work. Of the authors of hymns, which I have

*selected*, I have given the names when I have been able. With regard to the *music* which I have *selected* I have also given the name of the publication from which I have made the selection.

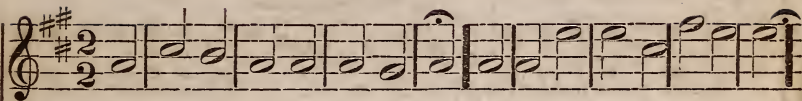
This little book is intended, in some measure, to advance the cause of Emancipation, and to urge those, who have engaged in the cause, to go forward with renewed zeal in accomplishing the work of their holy mission. I present it to the public, trusting that it will answer the purpose for which it was intended, and knowing that it will be encouraged so far *only* as it may meet the approbation of my Anti-Slavery friends.

JAIRUS LINCOLN.

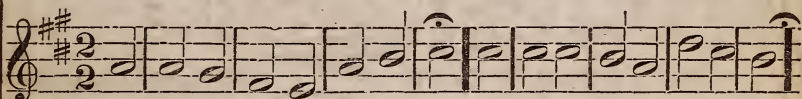
Hingham, Feb. 22, 1843.

## Hymn 1. L. M.

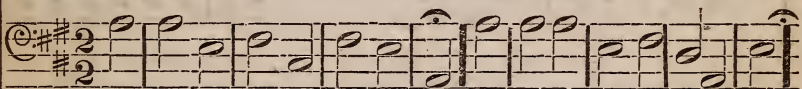
WORDS BY JOHN PIERPONT. TUNE—OLD HUNDRED.



1. We ask not that the slave should lie, As lies his master, at his ease,

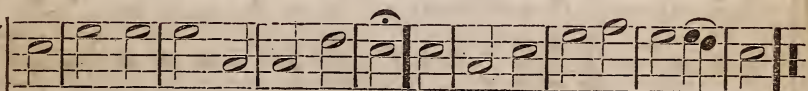


2. We mourn not that the man should toil; 'Tis nature's need, 'tis God's decree;



3. We ask not, 'eye for eye,' that all, Who forge the chain and ply the whip,

4. We only ask, O God, that they, Who bind a brother, may relent:



Beneath a silken canopy, Or in the shade of blooming trees.



But let the hand that tills the soil, Be, like the wind that fans it, free.

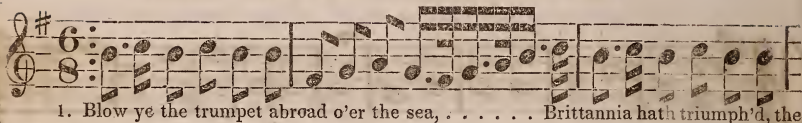


Should feel their torture; while the thrall Should wield the scourge of mastership.  
But, Great Avenger, we do pray That the wrong-doer may repent.

# Blow ye the Trumpet,

WORDS BY MONTGOMERY.

TUNE—"SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL."



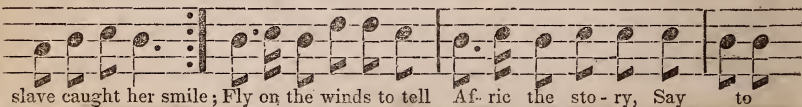
1. Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea, . . . . . Britannia hath triumph'd, the



2. Hail to Britannia, fair Liberty's isle! . . . Her frown quailed the tyrants, the




Bondman is free: Sing—for the pride of the ty-rant is broken, His scourges



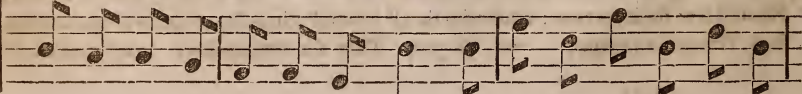
slave caught her smile; Fly on the winds to tell Af-ric the sto-ry, Say to




and fetters, all clotted with blood, Are wrenched from his grasp: for the



the mother of mourners—"Rejoice"—Britannia wen forth, in the





# Blow ye the Trumpet. (CONTINUED.)

word was but spo-ken, And fet-ters and scourges were sunk in the flood;

might of her glo-ry, And slaves sprung to men at the sound of her voice;

Blow ye the trumpet a-broad o'er the sea, . . . . . Brit-tan-nia hath triumphed,

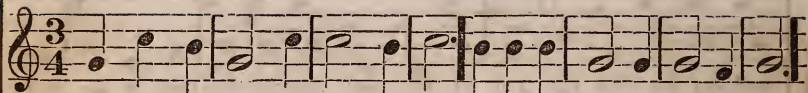
Praise to the God of our fathers; 'twas he— . . . . . Je-ho-vah, who triumphed,

the Bond-man is free—the Bondman is free—the Bondman is free.

Brittannia!!! by thee— Brittannia!!! by thee— Brittannia!!! by thee.

## Hymn 2. L. M.

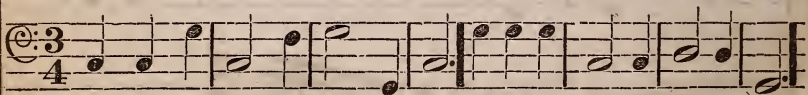
WORDS BY JOHN PIERPONT.



1. Strike from that laborer's limbs his chain, In the fierce sun the iron burns,

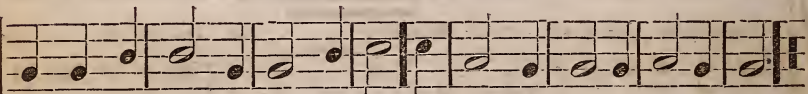


2. Yes! and your dreams it visits too, When fear stands o'er your restless bed,

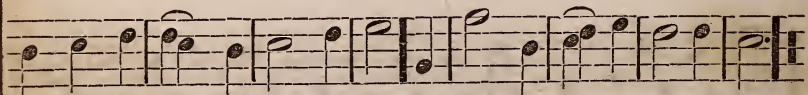


3. The chain, that binds you to your slave, Binds you to him with links so strong

4. Then break his chain and let him go, And, with the spirit of a man,



By night it fills his dreams with pain, By day it galls him as he turns.



And shakes it in your ears, till you Tremble, as at an earthquake's tread.



That you must wear it to your grave, If, all your days, you do him wrong.  
Earn your own bread, and you shall know Peace that you know not now nor can.

## Hymn 3. L. M.

WORDS BY W. L. GARRISON.

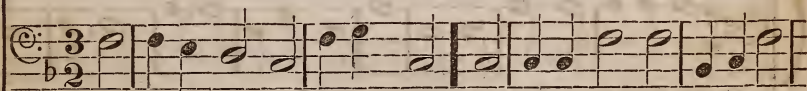
TUNE—WELLS.



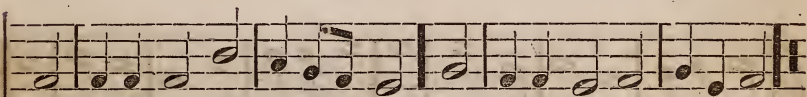
1. The hour of freedom! come it must—Oh, hasten it in mercy, Heaven!



2. When glorious freedom shall be won By every caste, complexion, clime,



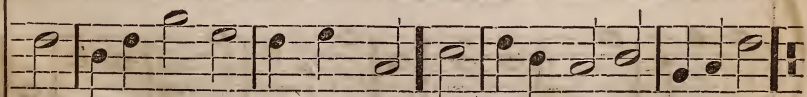
3. Friend of the poor, long-suff'ring Lord! This guilty land from ruin save;  
 4. And ye, who are like cattle sold, Ignobly trodden like the earth,  
 5. Bear meekly still your cruel woes, Light follows darkness, comfort, pain;



When all, who grovel in the dust, Shall stand erect, their fetters riven.



When tyranny shall be o'erthrown, And color cease to be a crime.

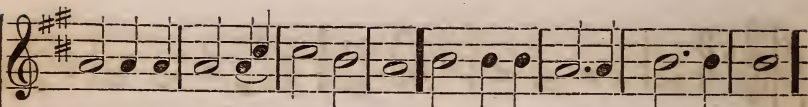


Let justice sheathe her glitt'ring sword, And mercy rescue from the grave.  
 And barter'd constantly for gold, Your souls debased from their high birth,  
 So time shall give you sweet repose, And sever ev'ry hateful chain.

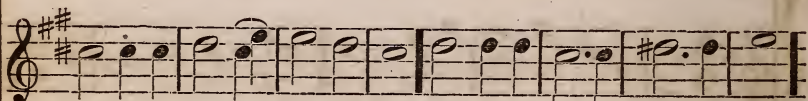


## Hymn 4. L. M.

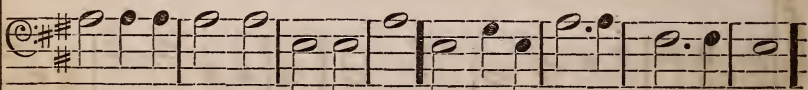
WORDS BY MRS. CHAPMAN. MUSIC FROM "BOSTON ACADEMY."



1. Hark ! Hark ! it is the trumpet call, • Rise in the name of God Most High !

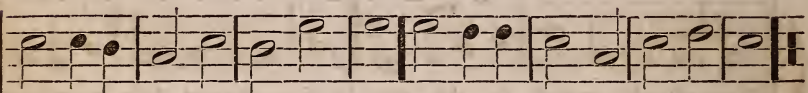


2. "The hour hath come to do and dare, Bound with the bondmen now are we,

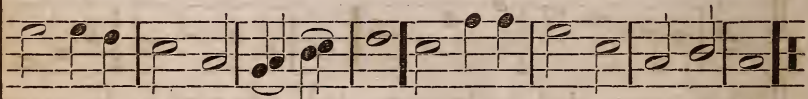


3. Stream forth from all your mountains green, Pour like a flood from ev'ry height;

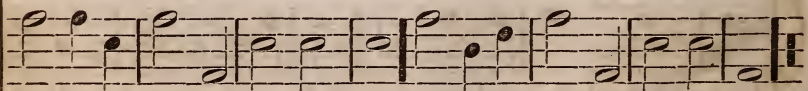
4. A mighty sound the region fills, A voice from all our fathers' graves,



On ready hearts the accents fall, And firm and full they make reply:



We'll pour aloft the mighty prayer, We'll bend in God's own house the knee."



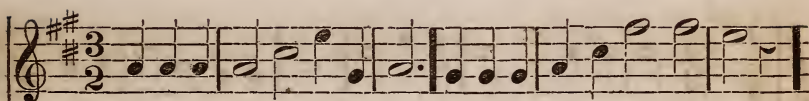
With kindling hearts and voices keen, Swell high the song of truth and right.  
 It comes from all these thousand hills, 'Woe to the land of human slaves.'



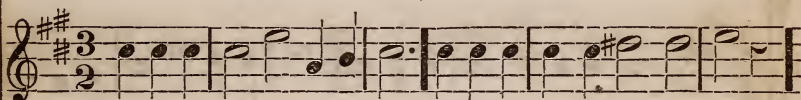
## Hymn 5. L. M.

WORDS BY MARY JACKMAN.

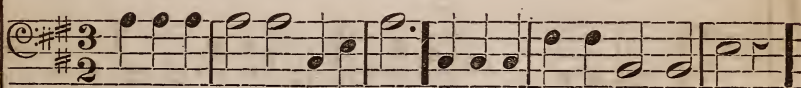
MUSIC FROM 'CARMINA SACRA.'



1. Eternal Father, Thou hast made A num'rous family thy care,

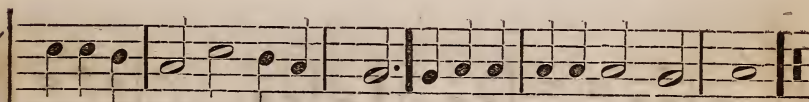


2. Of kindred blood and flesh the same, In thy pure sight of equal worth,



3. Why should the sighing bondman grope, A cheerless journey to the tomb?

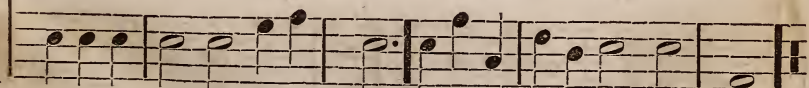
4. Wilt thou not hear, and set them free, The down-cast slave, for whom we plead,



Nor sable hue, nor caste, nor grade, Excludes the meanest from his share.



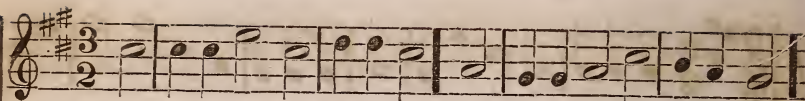
Then why should one the sceptre claim, And crush his brother to the earth?



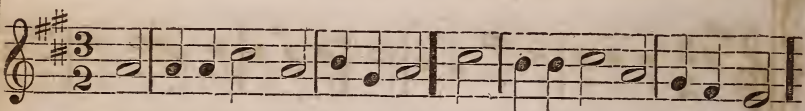
No star to guide, no ray of hope To shine upon the darksome gloom.  
 And make our land, as it should be, A free and happy land indeed?

## Hymn 6. L. M.

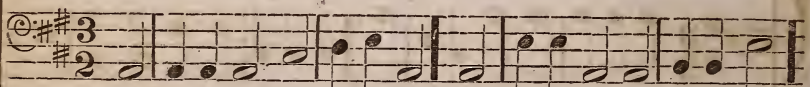
WORDS BY REV. DR. WILLARD.



1. Let freeborn empires offer prayer, Lord, God of Hosts, around thy throne,

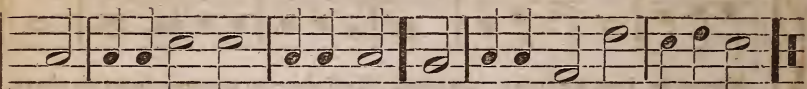


2. Beneath the guardian eye of heaven, Th' unchanging rights of men we claim;

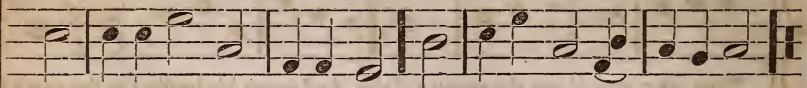


3. Let Afric's children, dear to God, Expire in galling chains no more ;

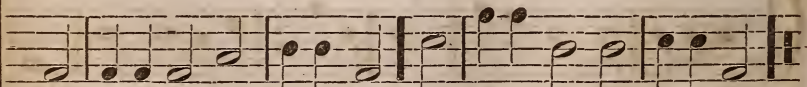
4. Let reason guide each patriot band, And love exert her mild control ;



The sons of toil are equal there With those who boast a royal crown.



Our sires th'oppressive yoke have riven, And mark'd our way to pow'r and fame.

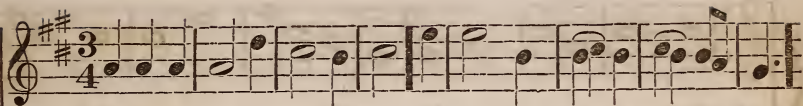


Nor grasping av'rice, stain'd with blood, Columbia's elder sons devour.

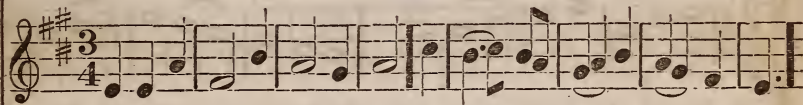
The tyrant yield to thy command, And freedom reign from pole to pole.

## Hymn 7. L. M.

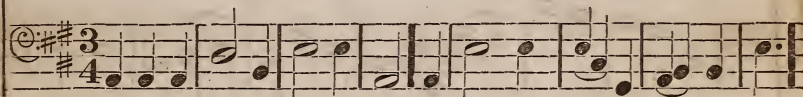
WORDS BY HEBER. MUSIC FROM "CARMINA SACRA."



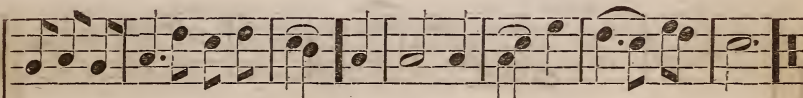
1. The Lord will come ; the earth shall quake, The hills their lasting seat forsake,



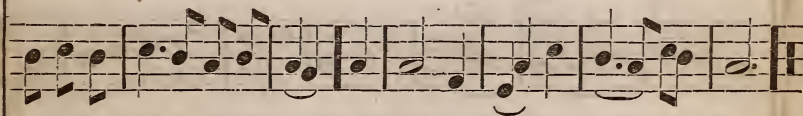
2. The Lord will come ; but not the same, As once in lowly form he came,



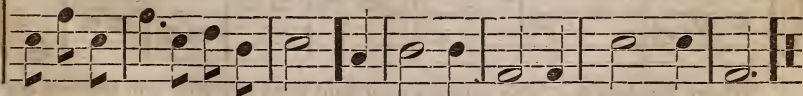
3. The Lord will come ; a dreadful form, With wreath of flame and robe of storm,



And with'ring from the vault of night, The stars withdrew their feeble light.



A silent lamb to slaughter led, The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

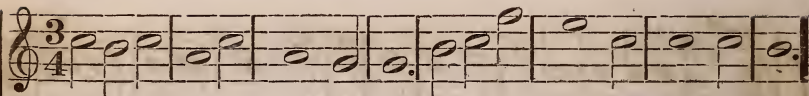


3. Then slaves and masters both shall find An equal judge of human kind.

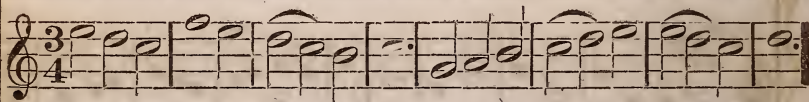


## Hymn 8. L. M.

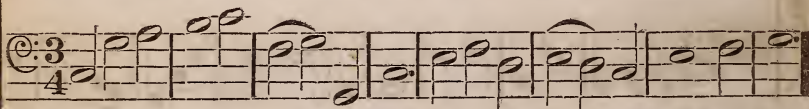
WRITTEN FOR THE 1ST OF AUGUST, BY MARY L. GARDNER.



1. Is there one here within whose soul Lingers a spark of Freedom's fire,

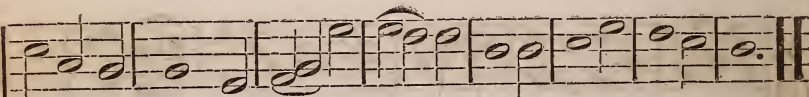


2. List! list! the wind exulting bears The thrilling note upon its wing;

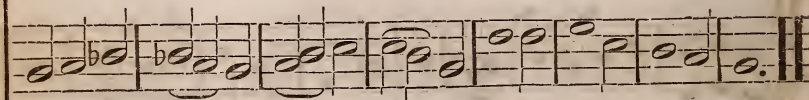


3. Wake! wake the chorus! shall their shout Upon N.'England's hill-tops die,

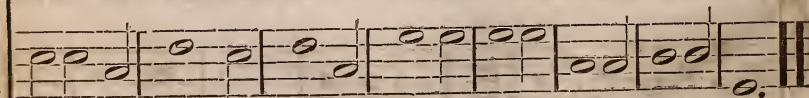
4. O, Father! may thy word go forth, From India to the western sea,



One, who would boast with honest pride The spirit of his patriot sire,



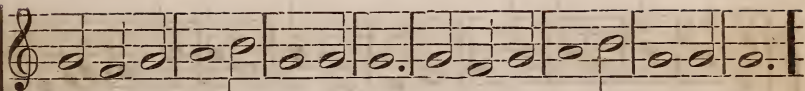
Eight hundred thousand ransom'd souls Th' inspiring song of freedom sing.



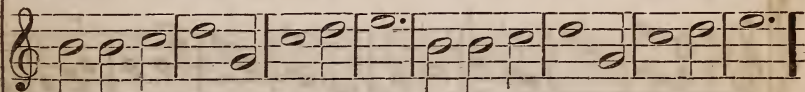
Where freedom *first* with trumpet tone Sent forth her wild and fearless cry?  
Till millions now in dreadful thrall, Can swell the anthem of the Free;

## Hymn 8. L. M.

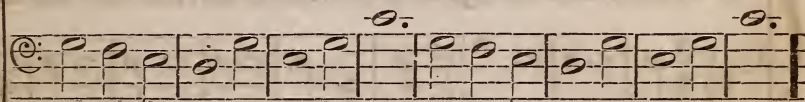
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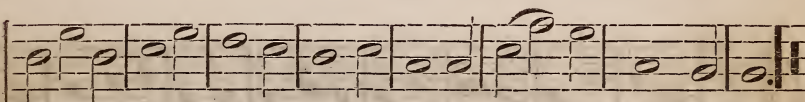
One who would scorn the tyrant rod, The iron yoke, the galling chain,



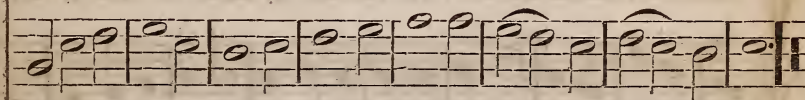
Long had they bow'd beneath the yoke, Long "welter'd in a living grave,"



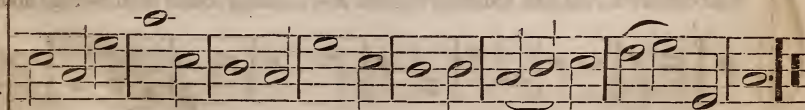
No! let it ring o'er hill and vale, From Greenland to the southern plain,  
Till over Afric's sable race, No more is waved oppression's rod,—



Who will not swell the joyous song That comes to-day across the main?



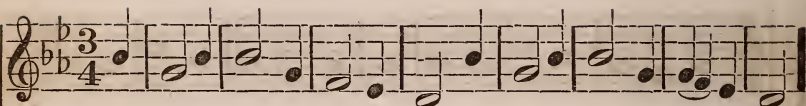
Their chains are broke, and Britain's isles Now bear no impress of a slave.



Where even now the soil is cursed By Slavery's dark and hateful stain.  
And man no longer dares for gold To sell the image of his God,

## Hymn 9. L. M.

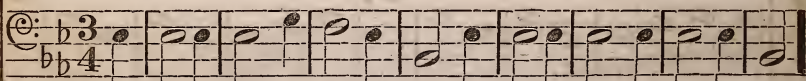
WORDS BY J. G. WHITTIER.



1. O thou whose presence went before Our fathers in their weary way,



2. We thank thee, Father, hill and plain Around us wave their fruits once more,

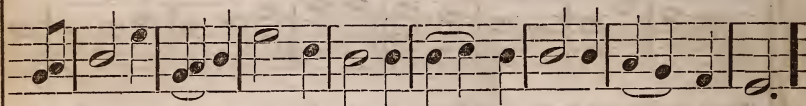


3. For those, to whom thy living word Of light and love is never given ;

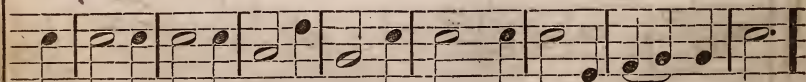
4. And grant, O Father, that the time Of earth's deliv'rance may be near,



As with thy chosen mov'd of yore, The fire by night, the cloud by day;



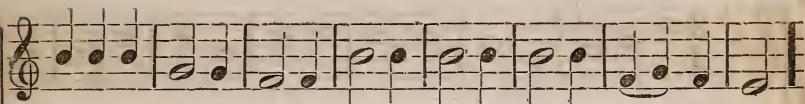
And cluster'd vine, and blossom'd grain Are bending round each cottage door :



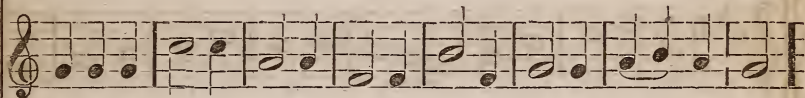
For those, whose ears have never heard The promise and the hope of heaven ;  
When every land, and tongue, and clime, The message of thy love shall hear,

## Hymn 9. L. M.

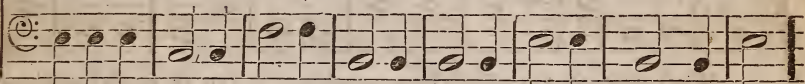
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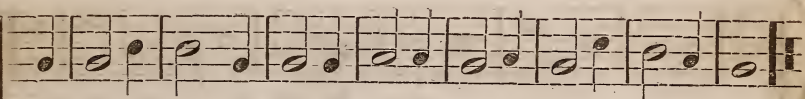
When, from each temple of the free, A nation's song ascends to heaven,



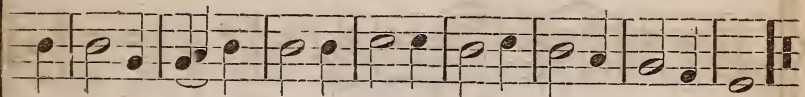
But Oh! for those this day can bring, Not, as to us, the joyful thrill;



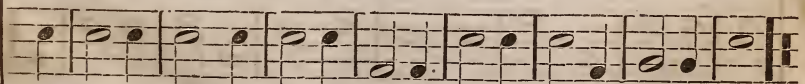
For broken heart, and clouded mind, Whereon no human mercies fall:—  
When smitten, as with fire from heaven, The captive's chain shall sink in dust,



Most Holy Father, unto thee May not our humble prayer be given?



For those, who, under freedom's wing, Are bound in slavery's fetters still:

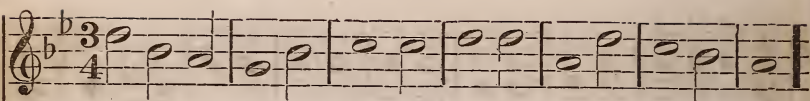


Oh! be thy gracious love inclin'd, Who, as a Father, pitiest all.  
And to his fetter'd soul be given, The glorious freedom of the just.

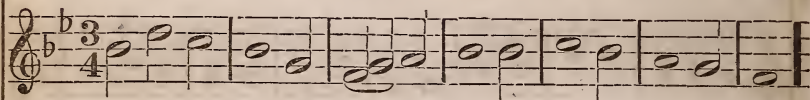


## Hymn 10. C. M.

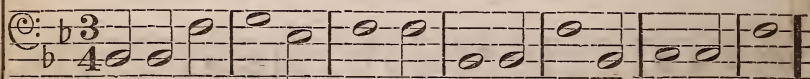
WORDS BY MRS. FOLLEN.



1. What mean ye, thus to bruise and bind My creatures? saith the Lord,

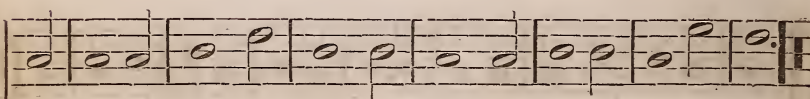


2. What mean ye, thus to make him toil, Through long and dreary years,

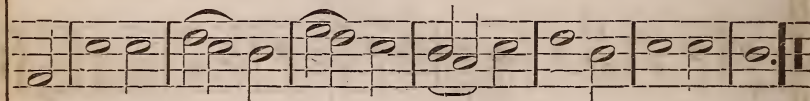


3. What mean ye, when God's bounteous hand To you so much has given,

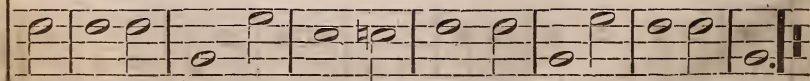
4. When, at the judgment, God shall call—"Where is thy brother?" say,



And starve your brother's craving mind, Who asks to hear my word?



And shed, like rain upon your soil, His blood and bitter tears.

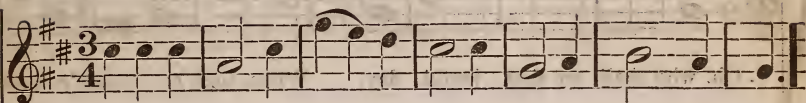


That from the Slave, who tills your land, You keep both earth and heaven?  
What mean ye to the Judge of all To answer in that day?

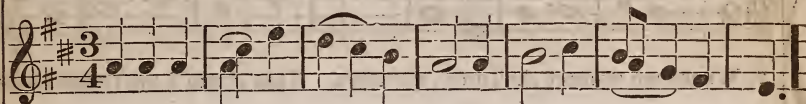


## Hymn 11. C. M.

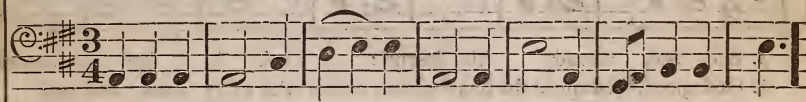
WORDS BY MONTGOMERY.



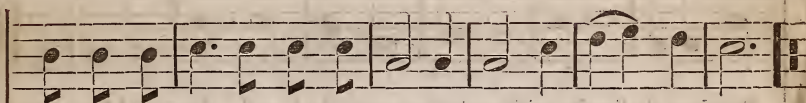
1. Daughter of sadness, from the dust Exalt thy fallen head,



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



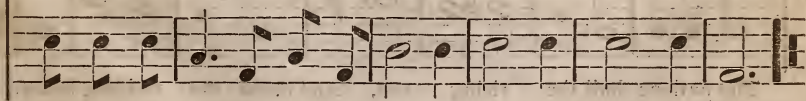
3. Rebuild thy walls—thy bounds enlarge, And send thy heralds forth;



In thy Redeemer firmly trust: He calls thee from the dead.

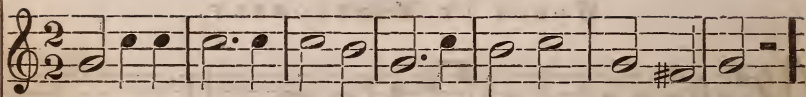


The day of freedom dawns at length, The Lord's appointed day.

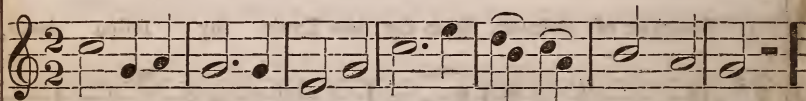


Say to the South, "Give up thy charge, And keep not back, O North."

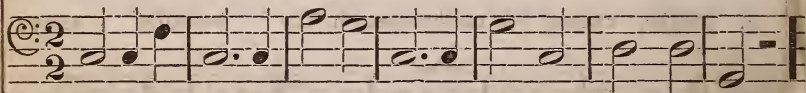
## Hymn 12. C. M.



1. Oh, who shall see that joyful day, When, high on glory's throne,

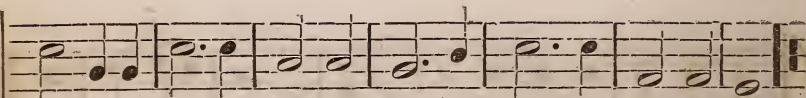


2. When man no more shall dread the frown, That gloom'd the tyrant's brow,



3. See, see, already 'tis begun; Or is it but a dream?

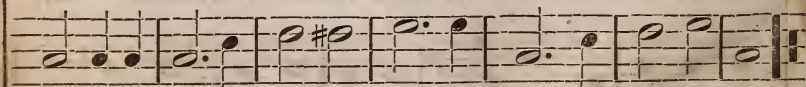
4. God speed, God speed the heav'n-born cause, O'er ev'ry land and sea,



Freedom shall rule, with sov'reign sway, And call the world her own?

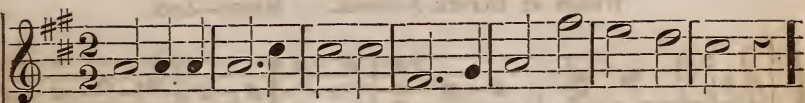


And sorrow's cheerless night hath flown To climes unpeopled now.

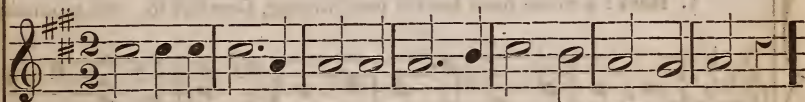


The nations hail the rising sun, And catch the thrilling beam.  
Till all the world, with loud applause, Proclaims that *Man is free.*

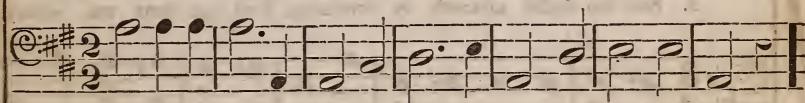
## Hymn 13. C. M.



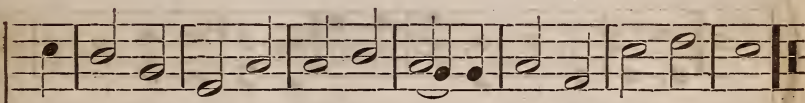
1. Rise, Freeman, rise ! the call goes forth, Attend the high command—



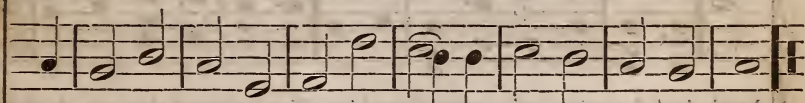
2. Rise, free the slave ! oh burst his chains, And cast his fetters down ;



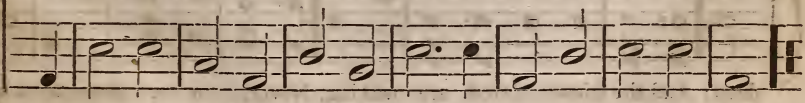
3. Then shall the day at length arrive, When all shall equal be ;



Obedience to the word of God Throughout this guilty land.



Let virtue be your country's pride, Her diadem and crown.



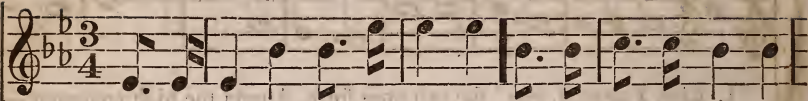
And Freedom's banner, waving high, Proclaim that all are free,



## Hymn 14. 8s &amp; 7s.

WORDS BY OLIVER JOHNSON.

MUSIC—ZION.



1. Hark! a voice from heav'n proclaiming, Comfort to the mourning



2. See the light of truth is breaking, Full and clear on every

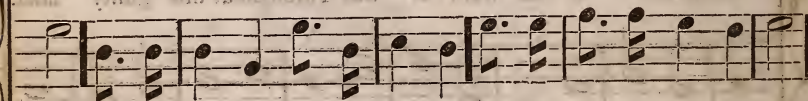


3. Lo! the nation is arousing From its slumber long and

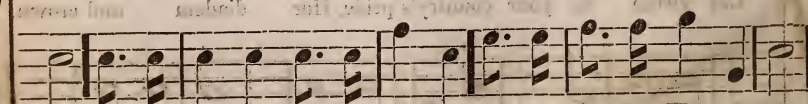
4. Long, too long, have we been dreaming O'er our country's sin and



slave; God has heard him long complaining, And extends his arm to save;



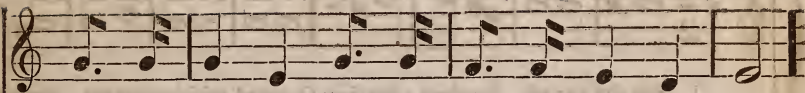
hand, And the voice of mercy speaking, Now is heard thro' all the land.



deep; And the friends of God are waking, Never, never more to sleep.  
shame; Let us now, the time redeeming, Press the helpless captive's claim.

## Hymn 14.

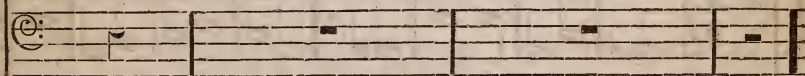
(CONTINUED.)



Proud oppression Soon shall find a shameful grave.



Firm and fearless, See the friends of freedom stand.



While a bondman In his chains remains to weep.  
Till, exulting, He shall cast aside his chain.



Proud oppression Soon shall find a shameful grave.

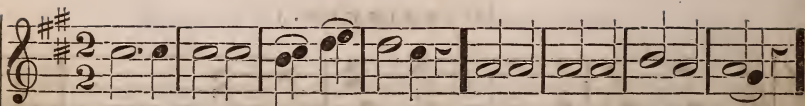


Firm and fearless, See the friends of freedom stand.

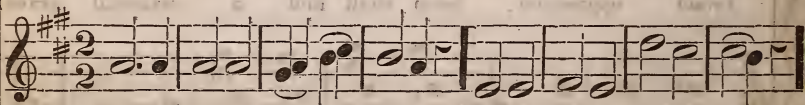


While a bondman In his chains remains to weep.  
Till, exulting, He shall cast aside his chain.

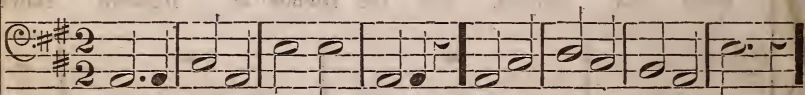
## Hymn 15. 8s &amp; 7s.



1. See the car of freedom speeding Onward with resistless force;

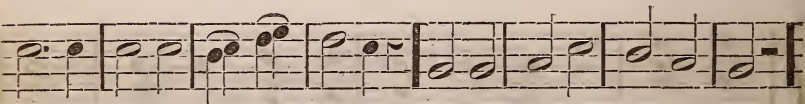


2. Lo, a brighter day is dawning On our country, on the world;



3. Rise N.'England's sons and daughters, Put your shoulder to the wheel;

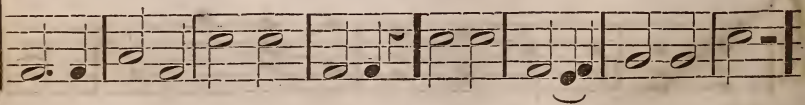
4. Soon shall ev'ry earth-bound nation See the sun of freedom rise;



Clear the way whate'er's impeding, Onward, speed it in its course:



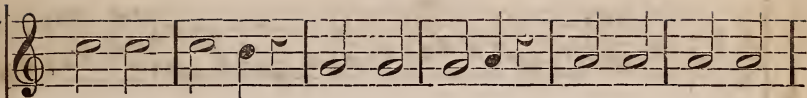
Hearts long-riven cease their mourning, Where thy banners are unfurl'd.



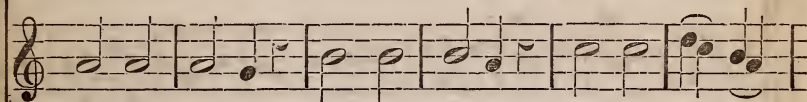
Jesus by example taught us For our neighbor's woes to feel:  
Vale and mount shall be its station, Whither all shall turn their eyes.

## Hymn 15.

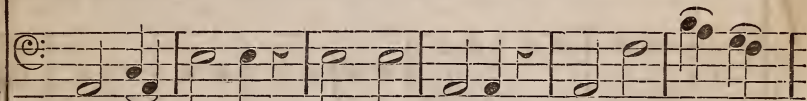
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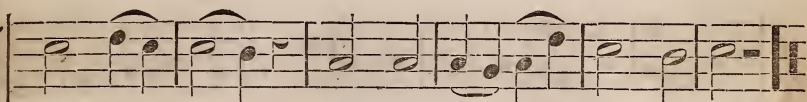
Speed it onward, Speed it onward, In its circle



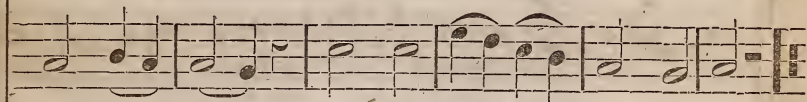
Wave thy banners, Wave thy banners, Where oppression's



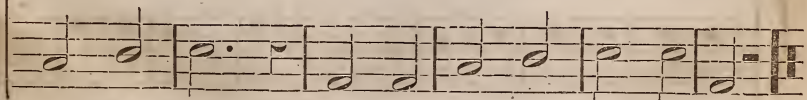
Let his spirit, Let his spirit Prompt us all their  
Haste the era, Haste the era, When shall cease the



round the earth. In its circle round the earth.



darts are hurl'd. Where oppression's darts are hurl'd.



wounds to heal. Prompt us all their wounds to heal.  
bondman's sighs. When shall cease the bondman's sighs.



## Hymn 16. 8s &amp; 7s.

WORDS BY MARY JACKMAN.



1. See yon glorious star ascending, Brightly o'er the Southern sea :

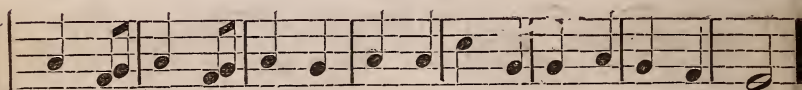


2. Dim at first, but widely spreading, Soon 'twill burst supremely bright ;

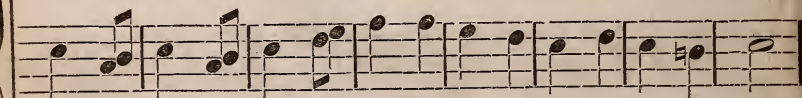


3. Few its rays—'tis but the dawning Of the reign of truth and peace ;

4. Earth is brighten'd by the glory Of its mild and peaceful rays ;



Truth and peace to earth portending, Herald of a Jubilee.



Life and health and comfort shedding O'er the shades of moral night.

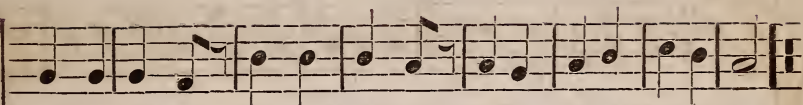


Joy to slaves, yet sad forewarning To the tyrants of our race.  
Ransom'd slaves shall tell the story, See its light, and sing its praise.

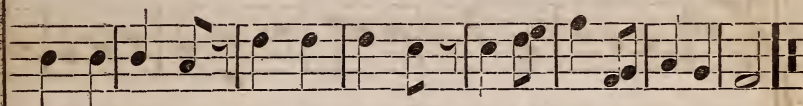


## Hymn 16.

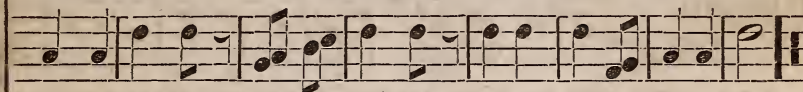
(CONTINUED.)



Hail it, Freemen, Hail it, Freemen, 'Tis the star of Liberty.



Hail it, Bondmen, Hail it, Bondmen, Slavery cannot bear its light.



Tremble, Tyrants, Tremble, Tyrants, Soon your cruel power will cease.  
Hail it, Christians, Hail it, Christians, Harbinger of better days.

## HYMN.

From all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise:  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every 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.

## Hymn 17. 6s. &amp; 4s.

TUNE—AMERICA.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Stronghold of slavery, Of thee I sing:

2. My native country! thee, Where all men are born free, If white their skin:

3. Let wailing swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, The black man's wrong;

4. Our father's God! to thee, Author of Liberty, To thee we sing;

Land where my fathers died, Where men man's rights deride,

I love thy hills and dales, Thy mounts and pleasant vales,

Let every tongue awake, Let bond and free partake,  
Soon may our land be bright, With holy freedom's right,

## Hymn 17.

(CONTINUED.)

From every mountain-side, Thy deeds shall ring.

But hate thy negro sales, As foulest sin.

Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.  
Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

## H Y M N .

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 every slave.

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

.(3\*)

## Hymn 18. 6s. &amp; 4s.

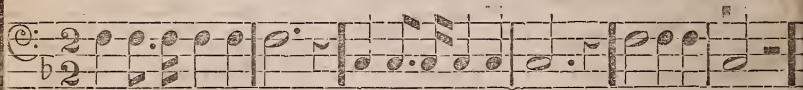
WORDS BY W. L. GARRISON.



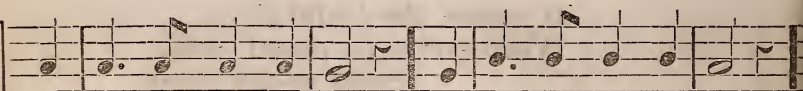
1. Ye who in bondage pine, Shut out from light divine, Bereft of hope,



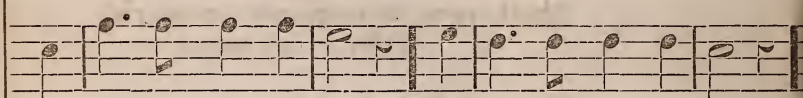
2. Shout, for the hour draws nigh, That gives you liberty; And, from the dust,



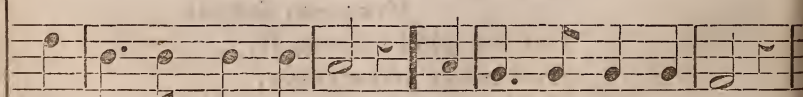
3. Speed, speed the hour, O Lord, Speak and at thy dread word, Fetters shall fall



Whose limbs are worn with chains, Whose tears bedew our plains,



So long your vile embrace, Uprising, take your place,



From every limb—the strong No more the weak shall wrong,



## Hymn 18.

(CONTINUED.)

Whose blood our glory stains, In gloom who grope.

Among earth's noble race, 'Tis right and just.

But Lib - erty's sweet song Be sung by all.

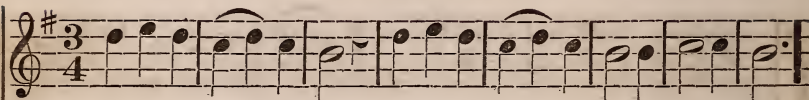
## H Y M N.

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.

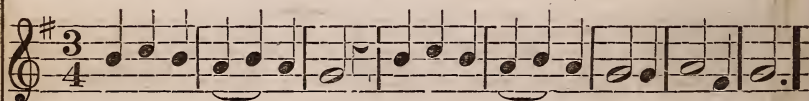
Sons of the free ! we call  
 On you, in field and hall,  
     To rise as one ;  
 Your heav'n-born rights maintain,  
 Nor let oppression's chain  
 On human limbs remain ;  
     Speak, and 'tis done.

## Hymn 19. 6s &amp; 4s.

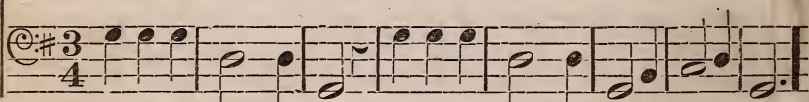
WORDS BY JOHN. PIERPONT.



1. With thy pure dews and rains, Wash out, O God, the stains, From Afric's shore;

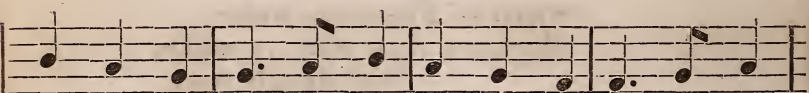


2. Quench, righteous God, the thirst, That Congo's sons hath curs'd, The thirst for gold;



3. Hear'st thou, O God, those chains, That clank on Freedom's plains, By Christians wrought,

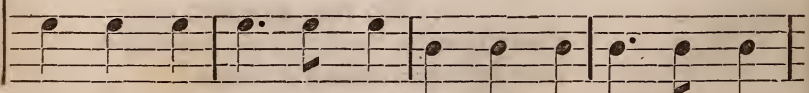
4. Lord, wilt thou not, at last, From thine own image cast Away all cords,



And while her palm trees bud, Let not her children's blood,



Shall uot thy thunders speak, Where Mammon's altars reek,



Those, who these chains have worn, Christians from home have torn,  
Save thee of love, which brings Man from his long wanderings,

## Hymn 19.

(CONTINUED.)

With her broad Niger's flood, Be mingled more.

Where maids and matrons shriek, Bound, bleeding, sold?

Christians have hither borne, Christians have bought.  
Back to the King of kings, The Lord of lords?

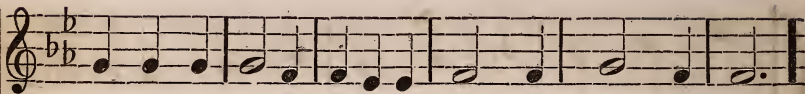
## HYMN.

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 ?

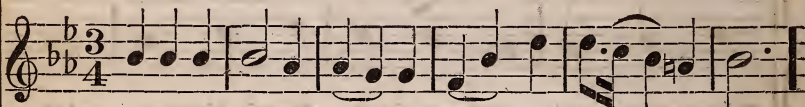
No ! at the battle-cry,  
A host, prepar'd to die,  
Shall arm for fight ;  
But not with martial steel,  
Grasp'd with a murd'rous zeal ;  
Their foes no arms shall feel  
But love and light.

## Hymn 20. S. M.

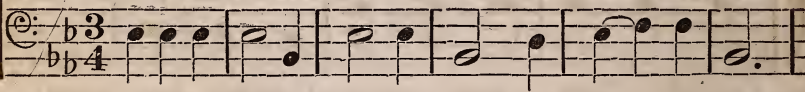
WORDS BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.



1. God gave to Afric's sons A brow of sable dye,



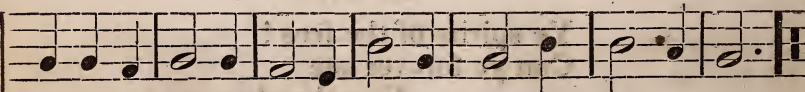
2. To me he gave a form Of fairer, whiter clay,



3. The hue of deeds and thoughts He traces in his book,

4. Not by the tinted cheek, That fades away so fast,

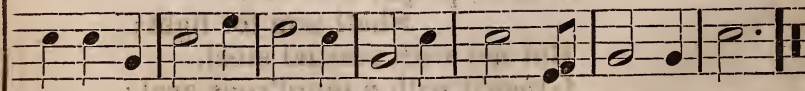
Hymn



And spread the country of their birth Beneath a burning sky.



But am I, therefore, in his sight, Respected more than they.



'Tis the complexion of the heart, On which he deigns to look.  
But by the color of the soul We must be judg'd at last.

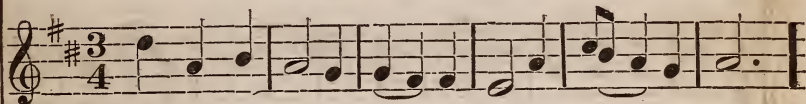


## Hymn 21. S. M.

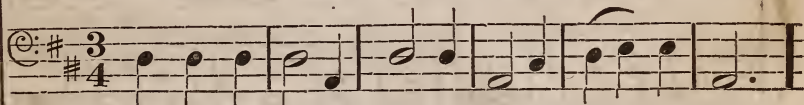
WORDS FROM EMANCIPATOR.



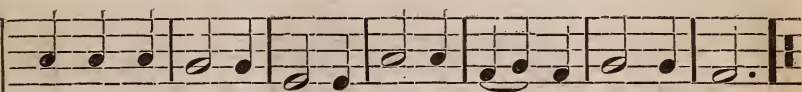
1. How long shall Afric's sons, Be sons of grief and pain,



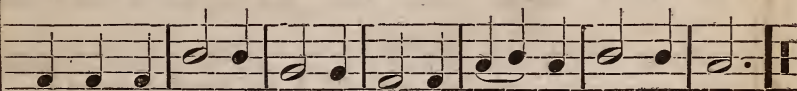
2. Lift up your voice to day, In Freedom's holy cause,



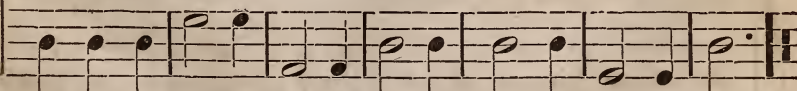
3. Then in your blissful songs, Shall bond and free unite.



How long shall slavery curse the earth, And mercy plead in vain.



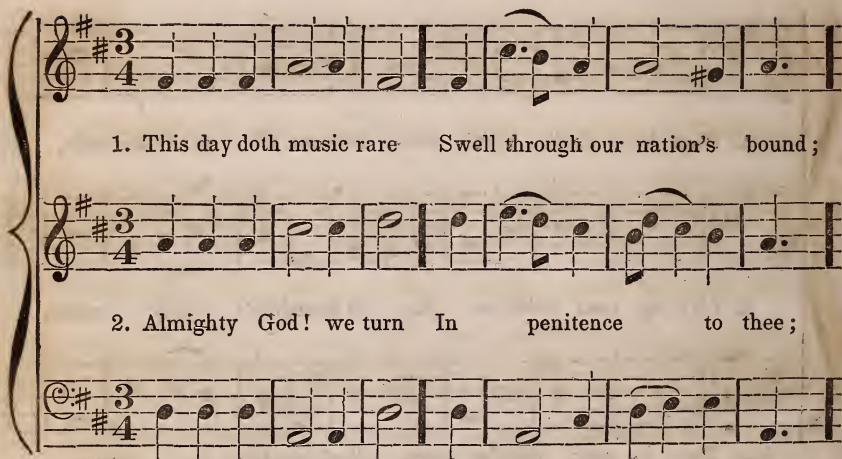
Till all the world in love obey Their maker's righteous laws.



His praise to spread, to whom belongs All majesty and might.

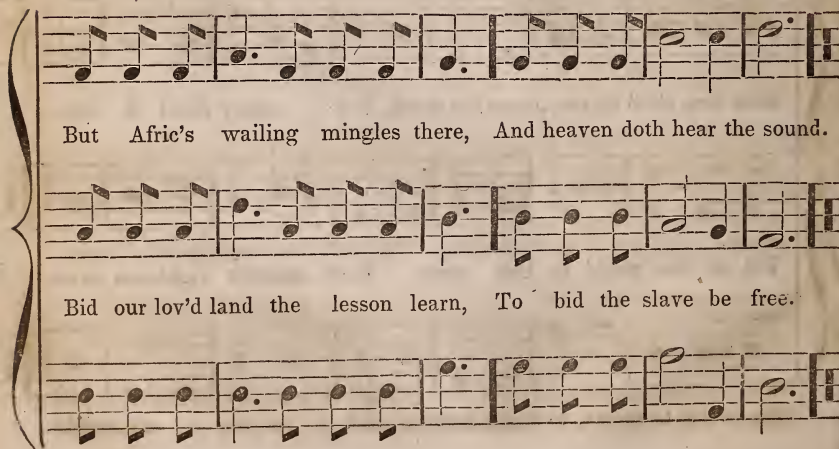
## Hymn 22. S. M.

WORDS BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.



1. This day doth music rare      Swell through our nation's bound ;

2. Almighty God ! we turn      In      penitence      to thee ;



But    Afric's    wailing    mingles there,    And heaven doth hear the sound.

Bid our lov'd land the    lesson learn,    To    bid the slave be free.

## Hymn 23. 7s.

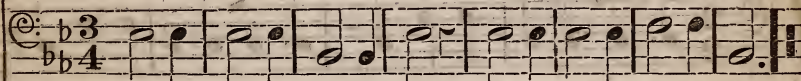
WORDS BY MRS. FOLLEN.



1. Lord deliver; thou canst save; Save from evil, Mighty God;



2. May the captive's pleading fill All the earth, and all the sky;



3. He, whose ear is everywhere, Who doth silent sorrow see,

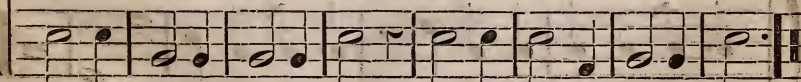
4. Love to man and love to God, Are the weapons of our war;



Hear, oh, hear the kneeling slave, Break, oh, break th'oppressor's rod.



Every other voice be still, While he pleads with God on high.



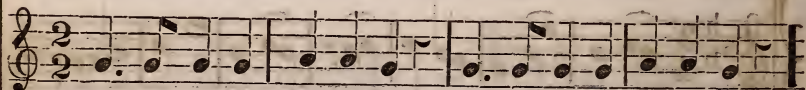
Will regard the captive's prayer, Will from bondage set him free.  
These can break th'oppressor's rod, Burst the bonds that we abhor.

## Hymn 24. 7s.

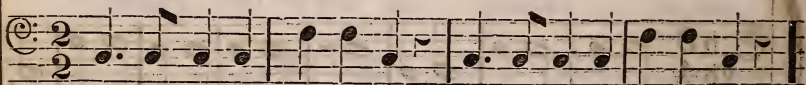
WORDS BY MISS CHANDLER.



1. Daughters of the Pilgrim sires, Dwellers by their mould'ring graves,



2. And can ye behold unmov'd, All the crushing weight of grief,



3. Are not woman's pulses warm, Beating in that anguish'd breast?

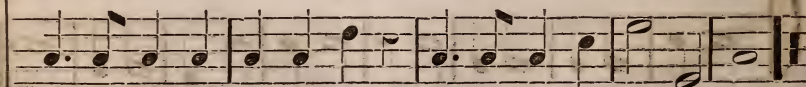
4. Oh! then save her from a doom, Worse than ought that ye may bear;



Watchers of their altar fires, Look upon your country's slaves.



That their aching hearts have prov'd, And refuse to send relief?

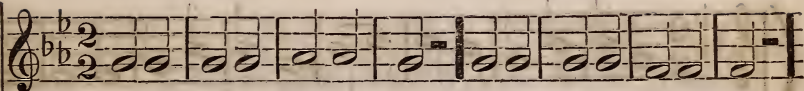


Is it not a sister's form, On whose limbs those fetters rest?  
Let her pass not to the tomb, 'Midst her bondage and despair.

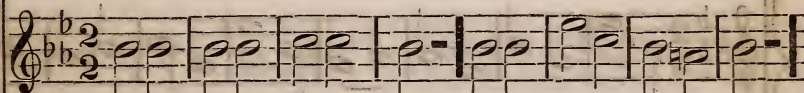


## Hymn 25. 7s.

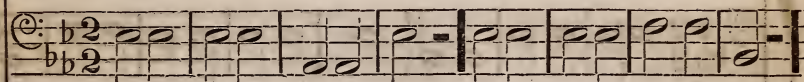
WORDS FROM ZION'S WATCHMAN.



1. Hear us, Father while we cry, Pleading for an injur'd race;



2. Let the captives all go free, Let the oppressor cease to reign;



3. Crush the system in the dust, Ere another year be past,

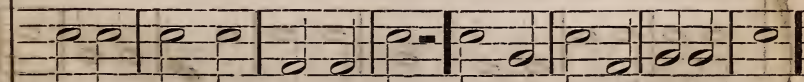
4. Then will shrieks be turn'd to praise, As the gory whip departs;



Make the bolts asunder fly, By thine own resistless grace.



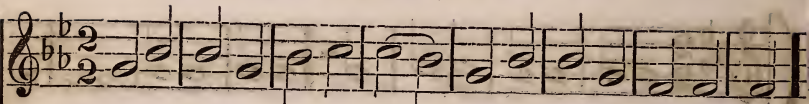
And the arm of tyranny, Never more be rais'd again.



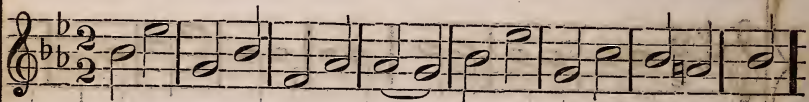
Every chain and fetter burst, Which have been around them cast.  
And the ransom'd daily raise, Songs of joy from grateful hearts.

## Hymn 26. 7s.

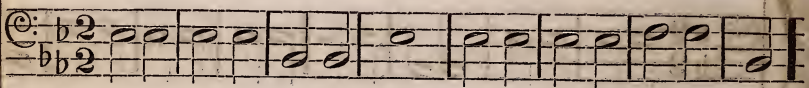
WORDS BY W. H. HAYWARD.



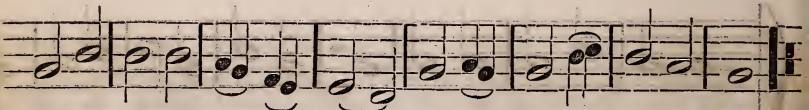
1. Holy Father, God of Love; Send thy spirit from above;



2. For the burden'd slave would we Ask the gifts of liberty;



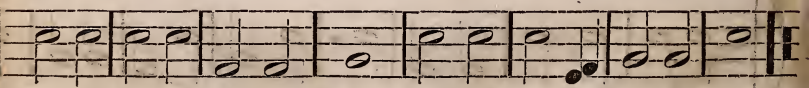
3. In thy gracious love arise, See his burdens, hear his cries;



Help us all thy name to sing, God of mercy, Heav'nly King.



For the weary and oppress'd, We would ask thy peace and rest.



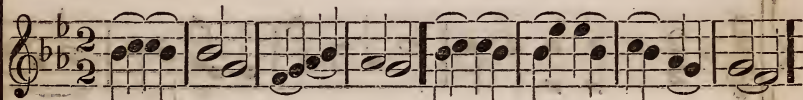
Rend his fetters, set him free, Slave no longer let him be.

## Hymn 27. 8s. &amp; 7s.

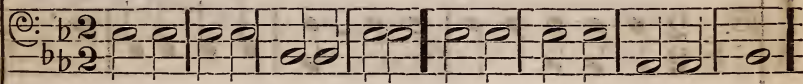
WORDS BY W. L. GARRISON.



1. Saviór, though by scorn requited, Oft'ner than by gratitude;

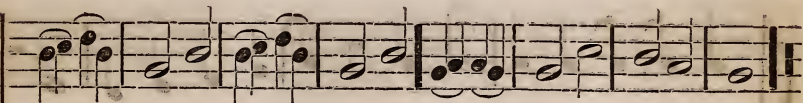


2. As the way to glory leading, As the truth that sets us free,



3. "Follow me,"—Yes precious Saviór! In thy footsteps we will tread;

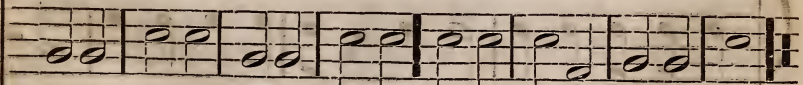
4. Help us ev'ry chain to sever, Ev'ry captive to set free—



Still on earth thy soul delighted, Constantly in doing good.



As the light from heaven proceeding, Chiefly do we honor thee.

By thy grace, our whole behavior Shall be worthy of our head.  
And our guilty land deliver From the curse of slavery.

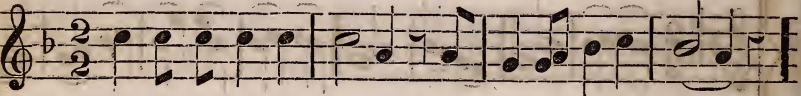


## Hymn 28. 7s. &amp; 6s.

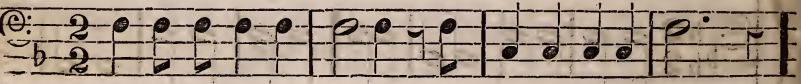
WORDS BY MARY ANN COLLIER.



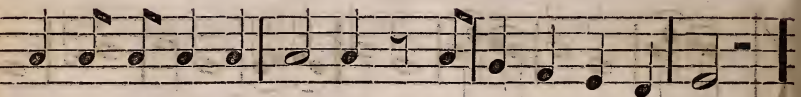
1. Land of my sleeping fathers! O'er thee no chain is flung;



2. But is there then no shadow, To dim this hallow'd mirth?



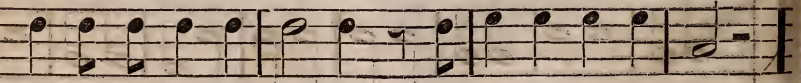
3. Say to the captive toiling, In Freedom's proud abode:  
 "Cast off thy fetters, and brother! Take back the gift of God."



Through all thy verdant vallies, The shout of joy is rung;



Is not thy name, my country! A by-word on the earth?



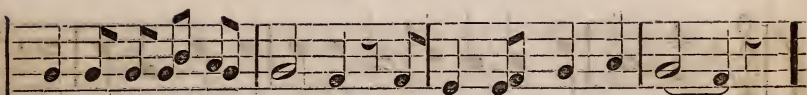
"Cast off thy fetters, and brother! Take back the gift of God."

From the care of the world, released, and yielding the land  
 (\*4\*)



## Hymn 28.

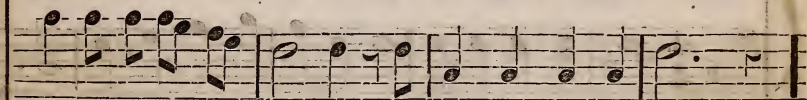
(CONTINUED.)



Wide o'er thy rolling rivers, Thy fair and sunny plains,



Are all the captive's loosen'd? The fetter'd slave set free?



Let not oppression linger, Where starry banners wave;



And up thy rocky mountains, The soul of Freedom reigns.



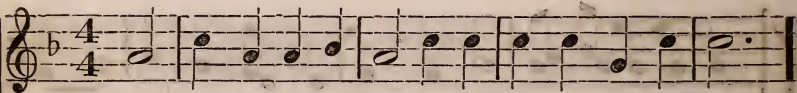
Is his crush'd spirit gladden'd, On this gay Jubi - lee.



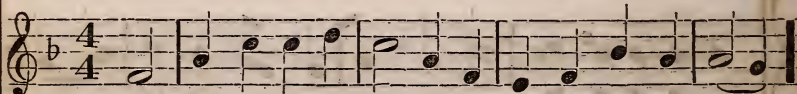
Swell high the shout of Freedom, And give it to the slave.

## Hymn 29. 7s. &amp; 6s.

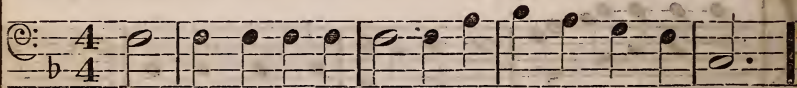
WORDS BY C. W. DENNISON. TUNE—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."



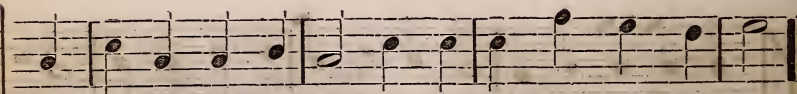
1. God of the wide creation — Of air, and earth and sea!



2. And will the Lord of glory, Who dwells beyond the sky,



3. Then bless, Great God of heaven, The helpless, bleeding slave;



Accept the young oblation, We children bring to thee;



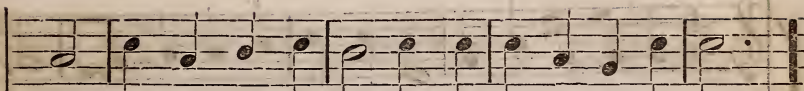
Regard our humble story, And answer from on high?



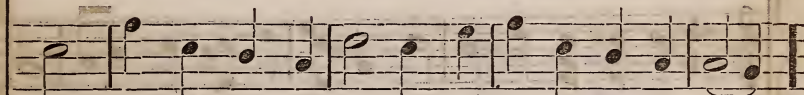
Let light and truth be given, His darken'd soul, to save;

## Hymn 29.

(CONTINUED.)



We come, thy sons attending, And join our notes with theirs;



He will; for he hath told us In his eternal word,



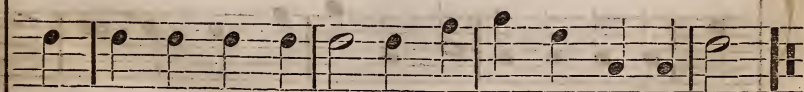
And speed, good Lord, the season, When Slavery's reign shall end,



At mercy's footstool bending, We lift our youthful prayers.



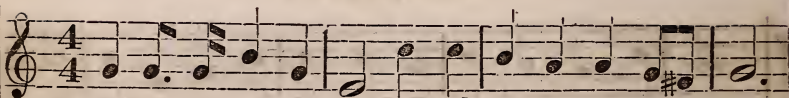
He always doth behold us, His ears have ever heard.



And masters, sway'd by reason, Shall call the slave their friend.

## Hymn 30. 7s. &amp; 6s.

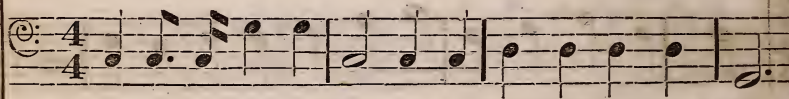
WORDS FROM FREEDOM'S LYRE.



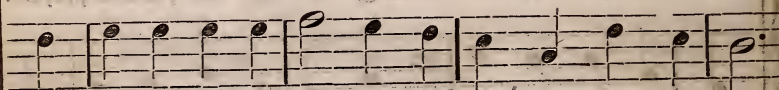
1. Soon shall the trump of Freedom, Resound from shore to shore;



2. Then tyrants' crowns and sceptres, And victors' wreaths and cars;



Soon, taught by heavenly wisdom, Man shall oppress no more;



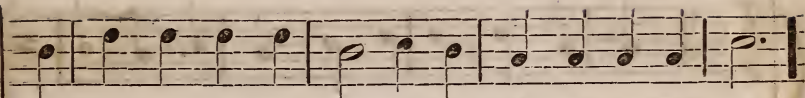
And galling chains and fetters, With all the pomp of wars,



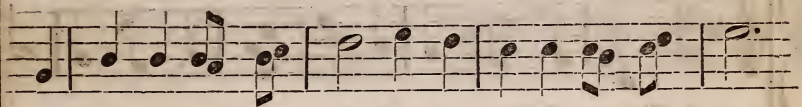


## Hymn 30.

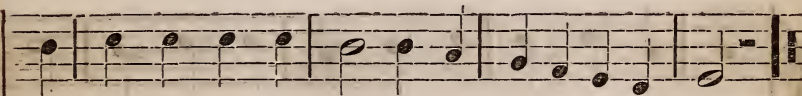
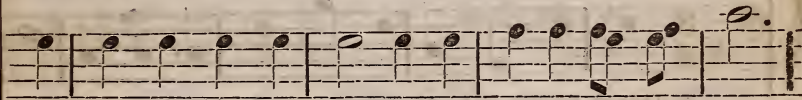
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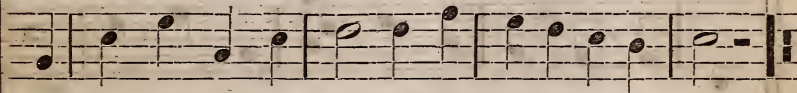
But ev'ry yoke be broken, Each captive soul set free,



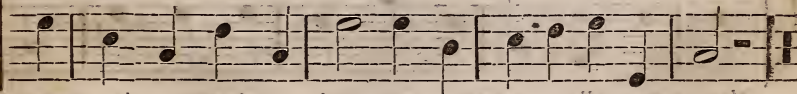
Shall in the dust be trodden, Till time shall be no more;



And every heart shall welcome The day of Jubilee.



And peace and joy from heaven The Lord on earth shall pour.



# “Ye Heralds of Freedom.”

TUNE—“*I would not live, always.*”

1. Ye heralds of Freedom, ye noble and brave,

2. The finger of slander may [now at you point,

3. Though thrones and dominions and kingdoms and powers,

4. Go under his standard and fight by his side,

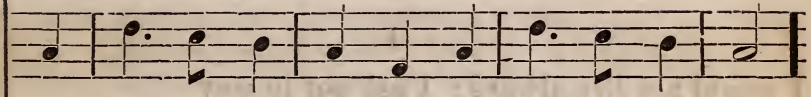
Who dare to insist on the rights of the slave,

That finger will soon lose the strength of its joint;

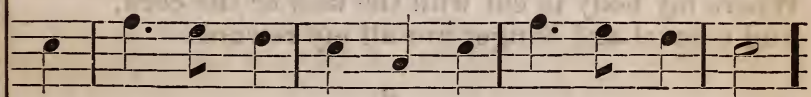
May now all oppose you, and victory is yours,  
O'er mountains and billows you'll then safely ride,

# “Ye Heralds of Freedom.”

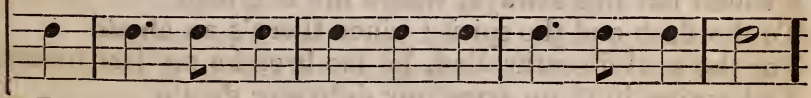
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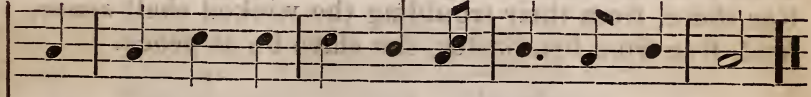
Go onward, go onward, your cause is of God,



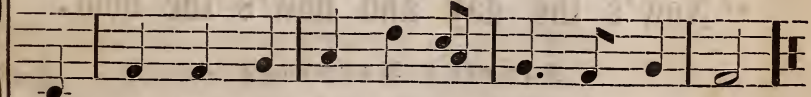
And those who now plead for the rights of the slave,




The banner of Jesus will soon be unfurled,  
His gracious protection will be to you given,



And he will soon sever the oppressor's strong rod.



Will soon be acknowledged the good and the brave.



And he will give freedom and peace to the world.  
And bright crowns of glory he'll give you in heaven.

# “I would not live always.”

*Written for the Anti-Slavery Melodies by John Pierpont.*

## 1

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

## 2

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

## 3

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

## “Now's the day and now's the hour.”

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

1. Now's the day and now's the hour !  
Freedom is our nation's dower,  
Put we forth a nation's power  
Struggling to be free !  
Raise your front the foe to daunt !  
Bide no more the snare, the taunt !  
Peal to highest heaven the chant,—  
“ Law and Liberty.”



“Now’s the day and now’s the hour.”

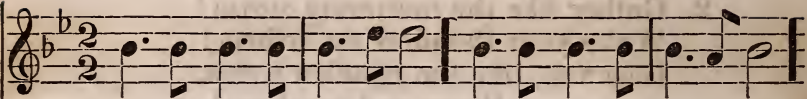
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2. Gather like the muttering storm!  
Wake your thunders for reform!  
Bear not, like the trodden worm,  
Scorn and mockery!  
Waking from their guilty trance,  
Shrink the foes as storms advance  
Scathed beneath a nation’s glance,  
Where’s their bravery?
  
  3. Waves on waves compose the main,  
Mountains rise by grain on grain,  
Men an empire’s might sustain  
Knit in unity!  
Who shall check the ocean tide?  
Who o’erthrow the mountain’s pride?  
Who a nation’s strength deride,  
Spurning slavery?
  
  4. Hearts in mutual faith secure,  
Hands from spoil and treachery pure,  
Tongues that meaner oaths abjure,  
These shall make us free!  
Bend the knee, and bare the brow!  
God, our guide, will hear us now!  
Peal to highest heaven the vow,  
“Law and Liberty.”
-

## Hymn 34. 7s. &amp; 6s.

WORDS FROM FREEDOM'S LYRE.

TUNE—"SCOTS WHA HAE."



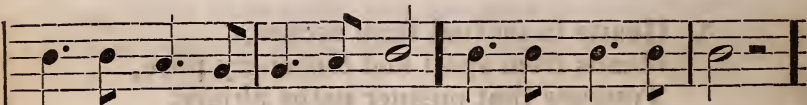
1. Children of the glorious dead, Who for freedom fought and bled,



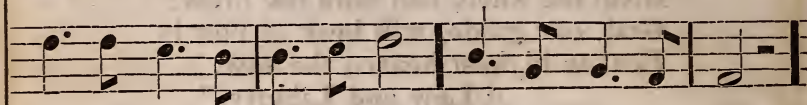
2. 'This is proud oppression's hour, Storms assail you, will you cow'r,



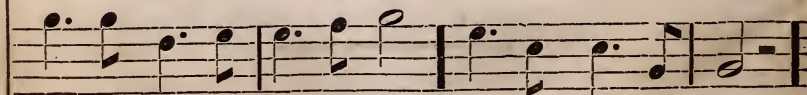
3. Never! by your country's shame, Never! by a Savior's claim,



With her banner o'er you spread, On to victory;



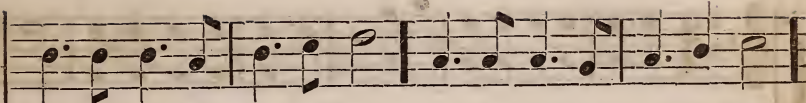
While beneath a despot's power, Groans the suff'ring slave,



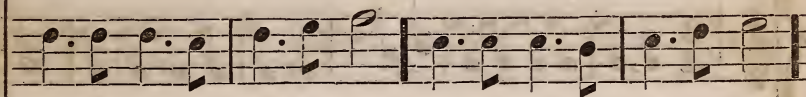
To the men of ev'ry name, Whom he died to save;

## Hymn 34.

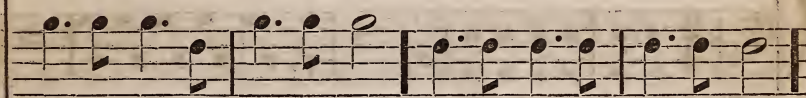
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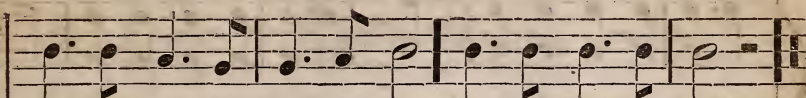
Not for stern ambition's prize, Let your hopes or wishes rise,




While on ev'ry southern gale, Comes the helpless captive's tale,




Onward, then, ye fearless band, Heart to heart, and hand to hand;



Lo! your leader from the skies, Bids you do, or die.



Comes a voice of woman's wail, And of man's despair?



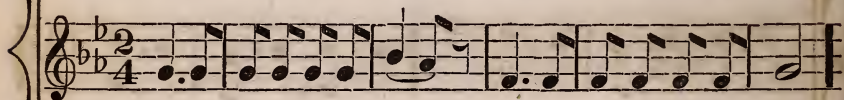
Yours shall be the Christian's stand, Or the martyr's grave.

## Hymn 32.

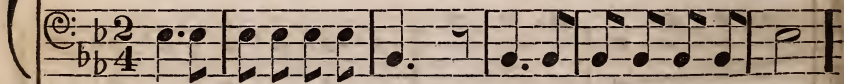
WORDS BY E. M. CHANDLER.



1. Christian mother, when thy prayer Trembles on the twilight air,



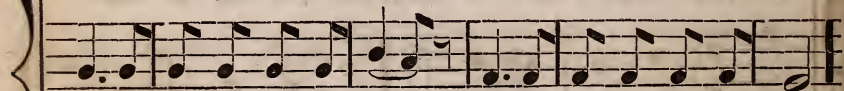
2. Christian daughter, sister, wife, Ye who wear a guarded life,



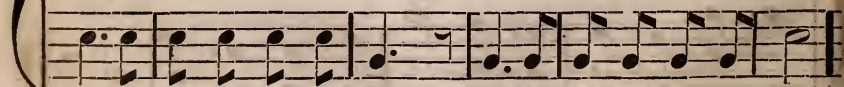
3. Blest ones, whom no hands on earth Dare to wrench from home and hearth,



And thou askest God to keep, In their waking and their sleep,



Ye, whose bliss hangs not, thank God, On a tyrant's word or nod,

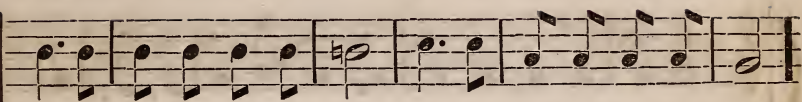


Ye, whose hearts are shelter'd well, By affection's holy spell,

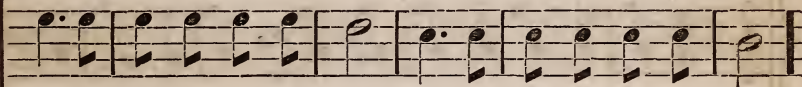


## Hymn 32.

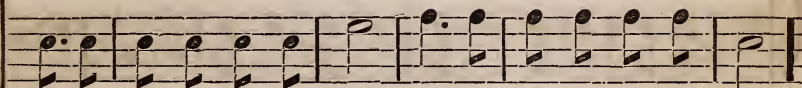
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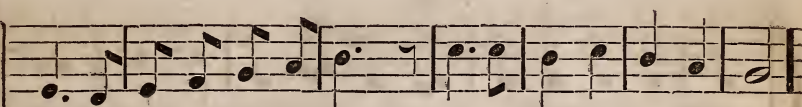
Those, whose love is more to thee Than the wealth of land or sea;



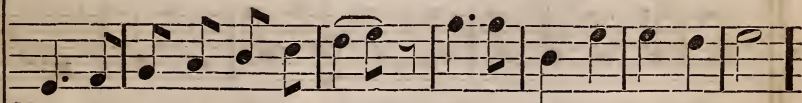
Will ye hear, with careless eye, Of the wild despairing cry,



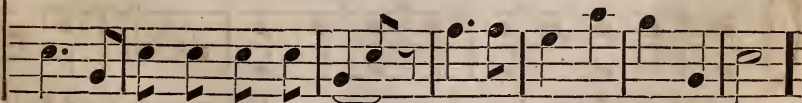
Oh, forget not those, for whom Life is nought but changeless gloom,



Think of those who wildly mourn For the loved ones from them torn.



Rising up from human hearts, As their latest bliss departs?



O'er whose days, so woe-begone, Hope may paint no brighter dawn.

## Hymn 33.

*Written for the Anti-Slavery Melodies by Claudius Bradford.*

1. Behold, behold, how earth and sky Are green and bright;

2. Hark how the birds their gentle notes Of freedom raise;

3. Shall mercy's tears no longer flow? Can pity die?

How spring and summer seems to vie, To yield delight,

How all around the anthem floats Of prayer and praise;

Can man forget his brother's wo, And woman's sigh?

## Hymn 33.

(CONTINUED.)



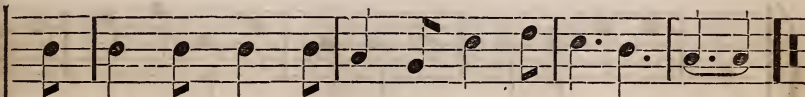
But ah! there's something dims it all, And checks my verse;



But ah! there's something, something jars, With horrid tone;



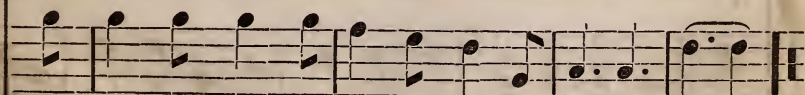
Oh no! while reason holds her seat, And life remains,



That hangs o'er nature's face its pall, 'Tis slavery's curse.



And all the lovely music mars; 'Tis slavery's groan.



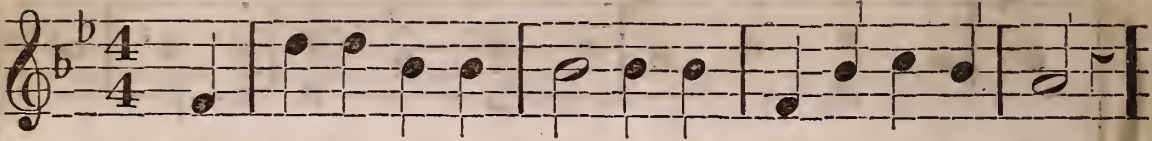
We'll pledge our highest efforts yet To rend his chains.



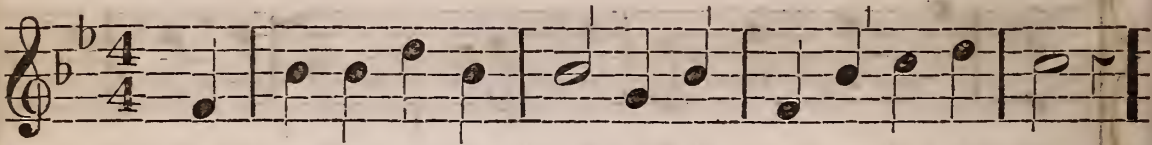
# "Who in God's sight is holy."

*Written for the Anti-Slavery Melodies.*

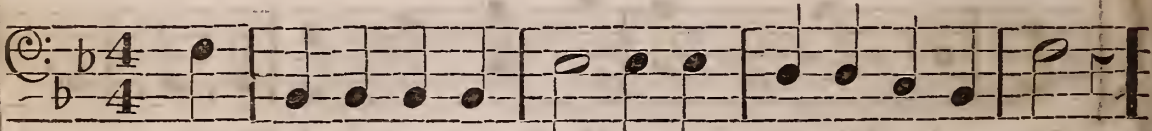
By MISS ALMIRA SEYMOUR. TUNE—"MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING."



1. Who in God's sight is holy? What lips shall dare to pray,



2. Shall lips breathe forth His praises, That, in their impious pride,

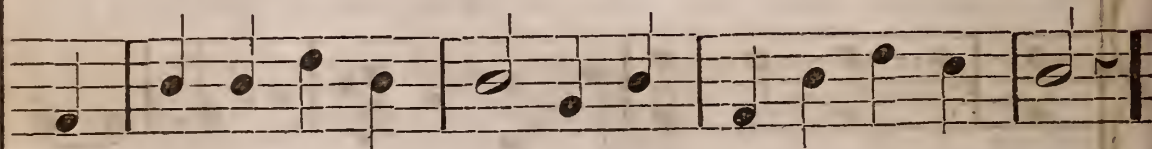


3. Forbid it, blest Religion! All holy things and true!

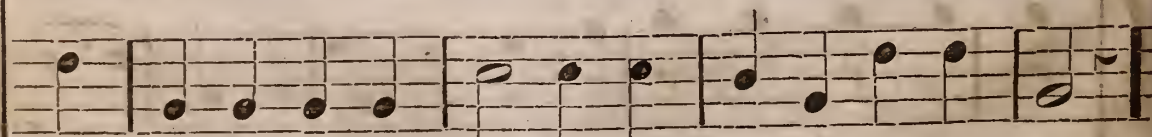
4. Chase from thy holy temple, All which ensnares, deceives,



Our Father! let thy kingdom Be hastened on its way?



Contemn His sacred image, And mercy's claims deride?



And, Father! O forgive them, They know not what they do.  
And let thy house, no longer, Be as a den of thieves;

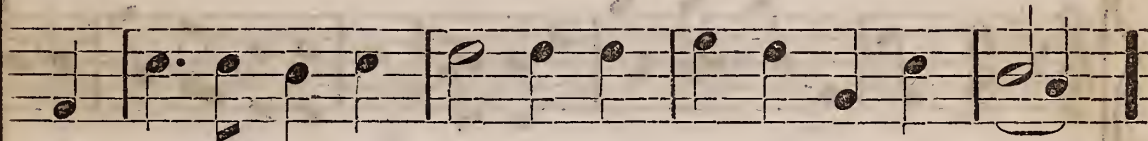


# "Who in God's sight is holy."

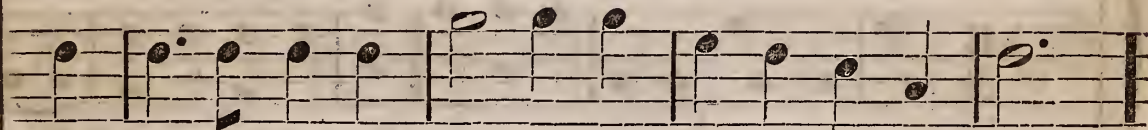
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Shall hands, that forge the fetters, Which clasp the living limb,



Shall tongues exhort to virtue The erring steps of men,



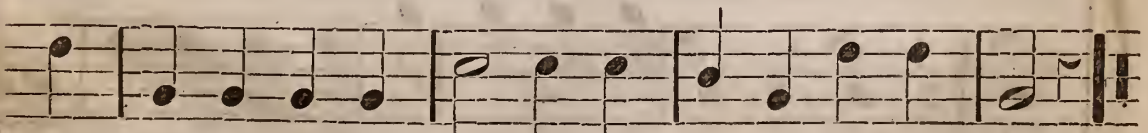
O, purify thy churches, Throughout this sinful land;  
Fill it with thy own presence, Life-giving as thou art,



Stained with a brother's life-blood, Be raised in prayer to Him?



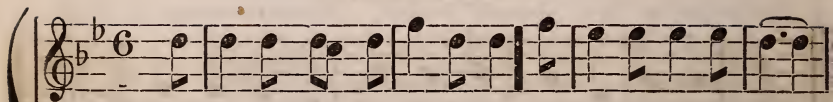
That to earth's darkest vices Millions of souls condemn?



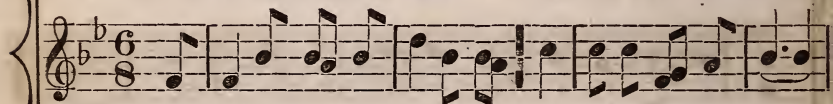
Let justice, truth and mercy Beside thy altar stand.  
Till largest love becometh, The life of every heart.

# The Anti-Slavery Call.

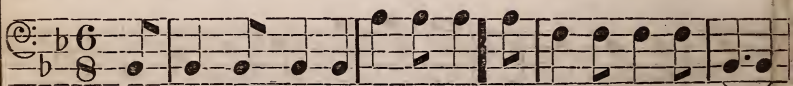
TUNE—"When I can read my title clear."



1. Come join the Abolitionists, ye young men bold and strong



2. Come join &c.— Ye men of riper years,

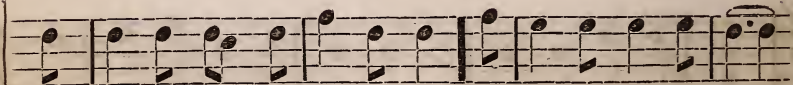


3. Come join &c.—

Ye dames and maidens fair,

4. Come join &c.—

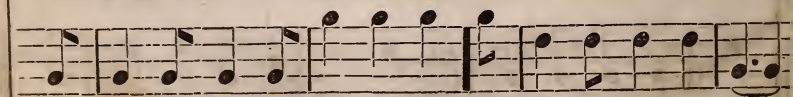
Ye sons and daughters all



And with a warm and cheerful zeal, Come help the cause along..



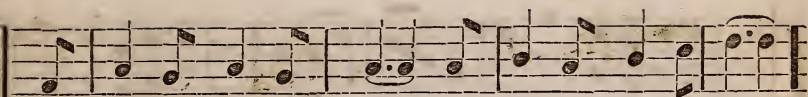
And save your wives and children dear, From grief and bitter tears.



And breathe around us in our path, Affection's nallowed air.  
Of this our own America, Come at the friendly call.

# Anti-Slavery Call,

(CONTINUED.)



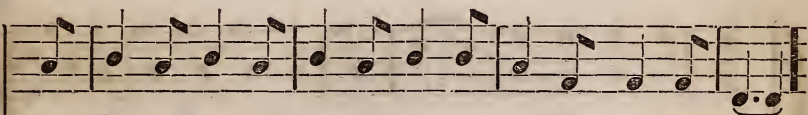
Come help the cause along, Come help the cause along,



From grief and bitter tears, From grief and bitter tears,



Affection's hallowed air, Affection's hallowed air,  
Come at the friendly call, Come at the friendly call,



And with a warm and cheerful zeal, Come help the cause along:



And save your wives and children dear, From grief and bitter tears,

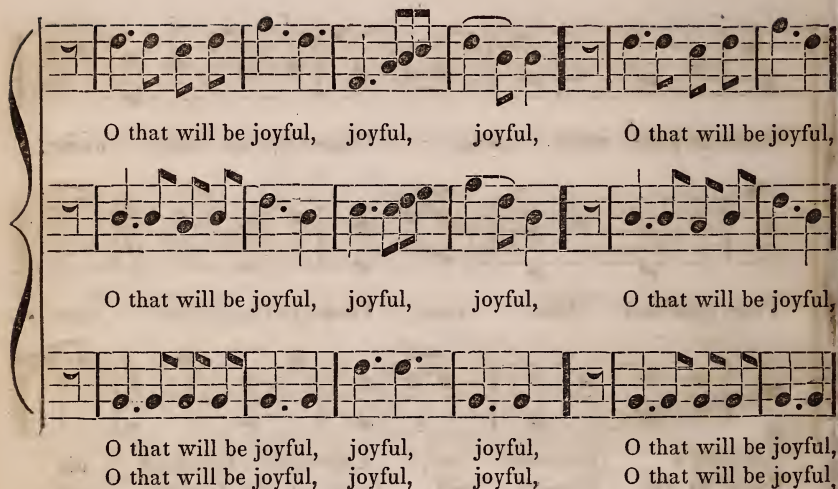


And breathe around us in our path, Affection's hallowed air.  
Of this our own America, Come at the friendly call.

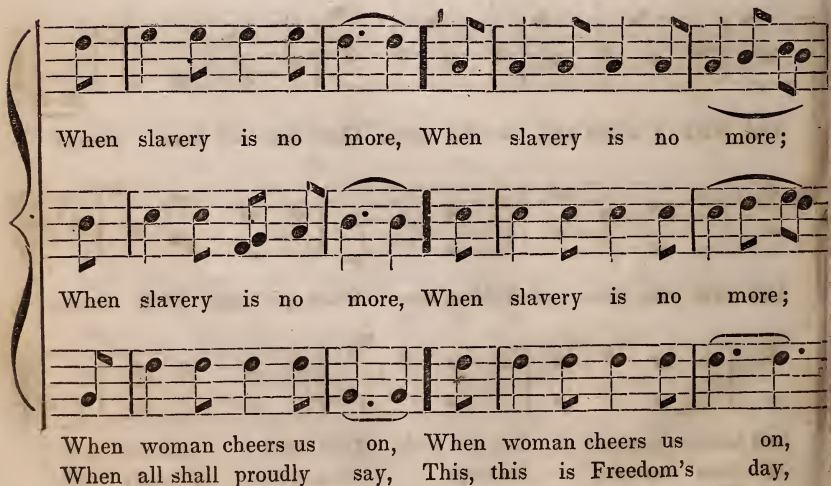


# Anti-Slavery Call.

(CONTINUED.)



O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, O that will be joyful,  
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, O that will be joyful,  
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, O that will be joyful,  
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, O that will be joyful,



When slavery is no more, When slavery is no more;  
 When slavery is no more, When slavery is no more;  
 When woman cheers us on, When woman cheers us on,  
 When all shall proudly say, This, this is Freedom's day,



## Anti-Slavery Call.

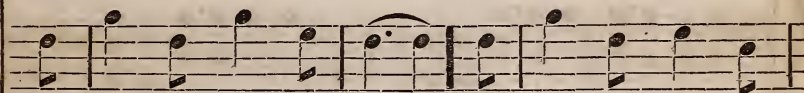
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When slavery is no more, 'Tis then we'll sing and



When slavery is no more, 'Tis then we'll sing and



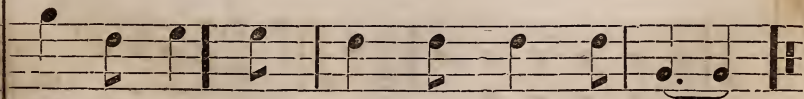
To conquests not yet won, 'Tis then we'll sing and  
Oppression flee away! 'Tis then we'll sing and



offerings bring, When slavery is no more.



offerings bring, When slavery is no more.



offerings bring, When woman cheers us on.  
offerings bring, When freedom wins the day.

# “Lo the bondage of ages has ceased.”

WRITTEN FOR THE 1ST OF AUGUST BY W. L. GARRISON.

1. Lo the bondage of ages has ceased,      The chains of the tyrant are riven

2. Lo! the gloom and the blackness of night, Have suddenly vanished away,

3. Hark! a voice from the isles of the sea; Its echoes are heard round the world;  
 4. Columbia! O shame on thee now! Repent thee in ashes and dust;

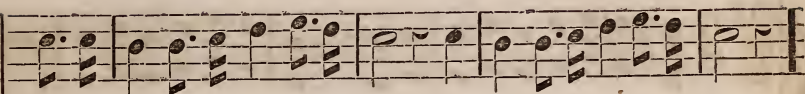
No more as a chattel or beast, Shall man to his labor be driven,

And all things rejoice in the light, Of Freedom's meridian day.

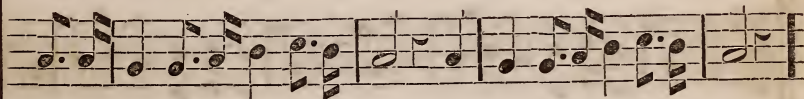
O! joyful its message—"We're free!" To the dust oppression is hurled;  
 There is blood on thy hands, on thy brow, And thou art by slavery cursed;

# “Lo the bondage of ages has ceased.”

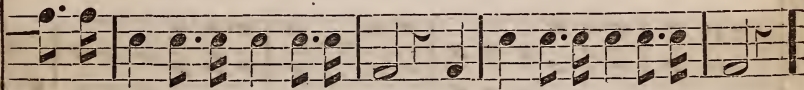
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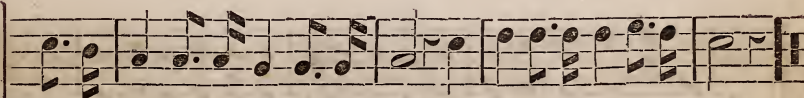
Where the groans and the shrieks of despair, From heart-broken victims were heard,



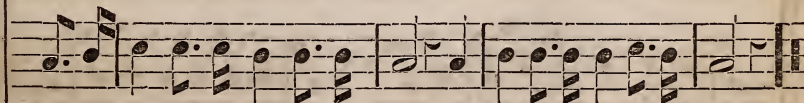
Restored to their sight are the blind, No longer they grope for the wall,



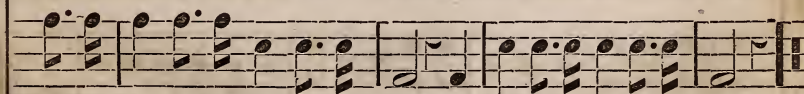
We are free as the waves of the deep, As the winds that sweep o'er the earth,  
Thy millions of vassals set free, Away with the scourge and the rod,



Songs of rapturous joy fill the air, More sweet than the notes of the bird.



All who seek may with certainty find, For clear is the vision of all.



And therefore we jubilee keep, And hallow the day of our birth.  
Then join with the isles of the sea, In a shout of thanksgiving to God.

# The Trumpet of Freedom.

WORDS FROM A. S. STANDARD.

1. Hark! hark! to the trumpet of freedom, Her rallying signal she blows,

2. Hurra for the old fashioned doctrine, That men are created all free;

The musical notation consists of three staves. The first two staves are for the first two verses, and the third staff is for the third verse. Each staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 6/8. The music is written in a simple, accessible style with many beamed eighth notes.

Come gather around her broad banner, And battle 'gainst liberty's foes.

We ever will boldly maintain it, Nor care who the tyrant may be.

The musical notation continues with two more staves. The third staff corresponds to the third verse, and the fourth staff to the fourth verse. The notation remains consistent with the previous staves, using a treble clef, one sharp key signature, and 6/8 time.

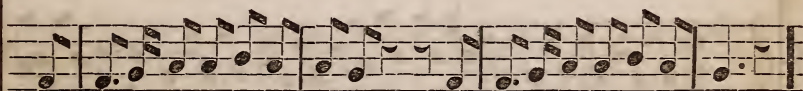


# The Trumpet of Freedom.

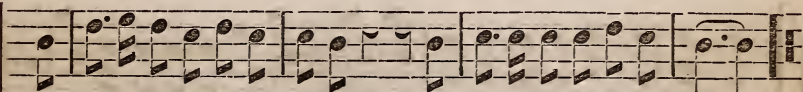
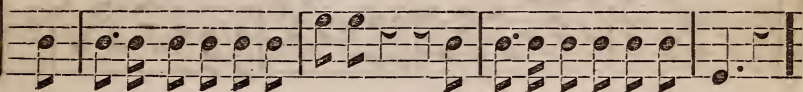
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Our forefathers plighted their honor, Their lives and their property too,



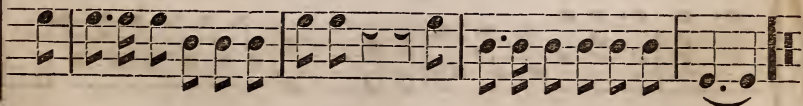
We're foes unto wrong and oppression, No matter which side of the sea;



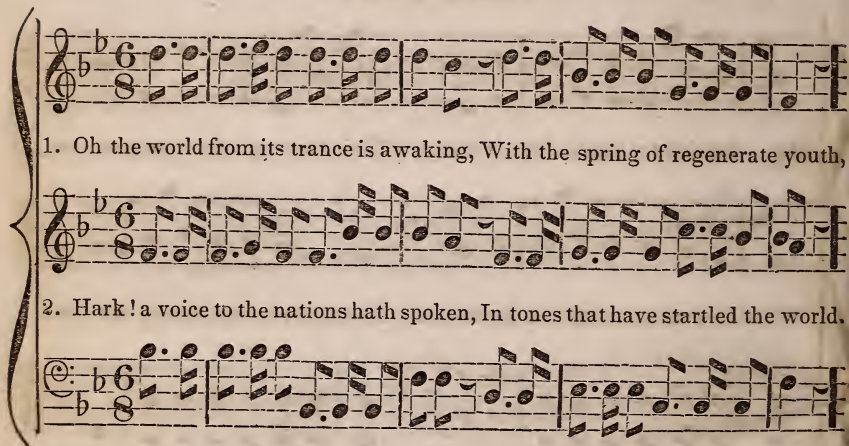
To maintain, in defiance of Britain, Their principles righteous and true.



And ever intend to oppose them, Till all of God's image are free.

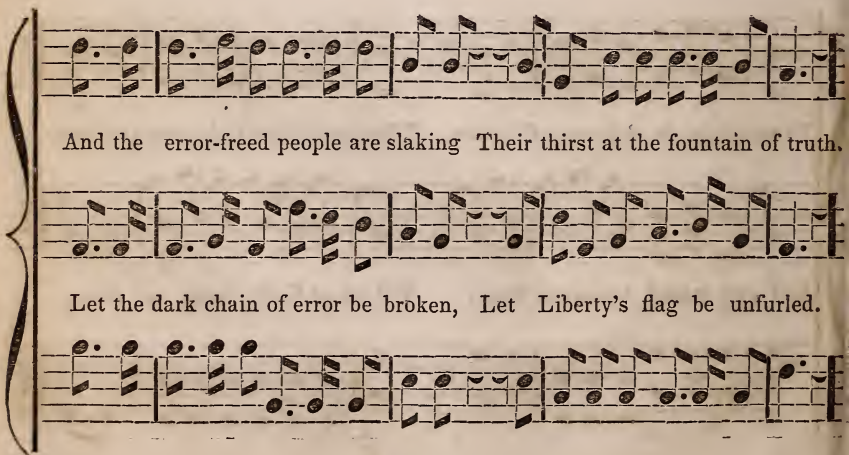


# "The world from its trance is awaking."



1. Oh the world from its trance is awaking, With the spring of regenerate youth,

2. Hark! a voice to the nations hath spoken, In tones that have startled the world.



And the error-freed people are slaking Their thirst at the fountain of truth,

Let the dark chain of error be broken, Let Liberty's flag be unfurled.

"The world from its trance is awaking."

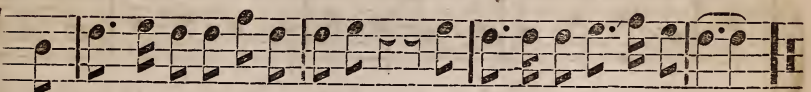
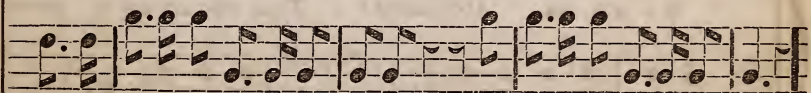
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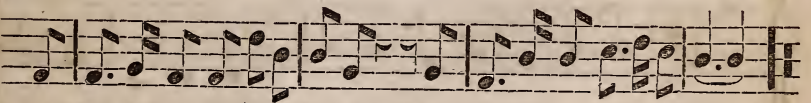
Oh ! the canker-worm, custom, was eating Its way through the vein of the age,



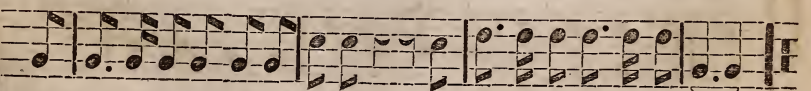
For time and progressive opinion, Shall conquer where cohorts shall fail,



Till man like the wild-bird, seemed beating His breast on the bars of the cage.



And freedom assert her dominion ; Hail Freedom, Hail Freedom, all hail.



# Song of the Abolitionist.

WORDS BY W. L. GARRISON. TUNE—"OLD LANG SYNE."



1. I am an Abolitionist! I glory in the name;



2. I am an Abolitionist! Then urge me not to pause,



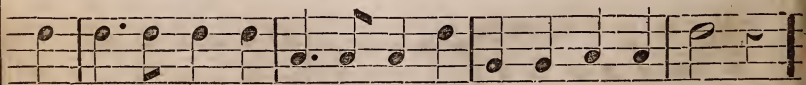
3. I am an Abolitionist! Oppression's deadly foe;  
4. I am an Abolitionist! No threats shall awe my soul;



Though now by slavery's minions hissed, And covered o'er with shame;



For joyfully do I enlist In Freedom's sacred cause;

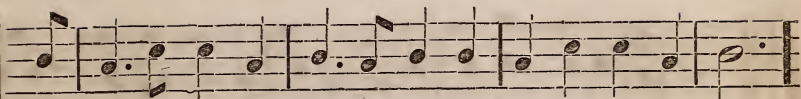


In God's great strength will I resist, And lay the monster low;  
No perils cause me to desist, No bribes my acts control;

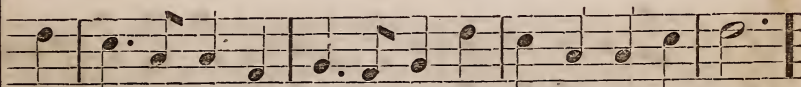


## Song of the Abolitionist.

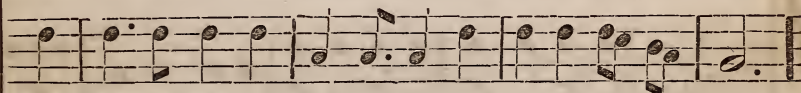
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It is a spell of light and power, The watch-word of the free ;



A nobler strife the world ne'er saw, Th'enslaved to disenthral ;



In God's great name do I demand, To all be freedom given,  
A freeman will I live and die, In sunshine and in shade,



Who spurns it in the trial-hour, A craven soul is he.



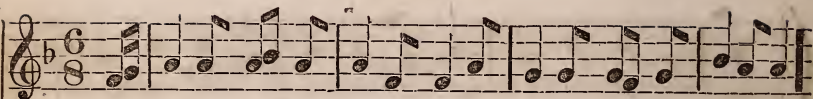
I am a soldier for the war, Whatever may befall.



That peace and joy may fill the land, And songs go up to heaven.  
And raise my voice for liberty, Of nought on earth afraid.

# Freedom's Banner.

WORDS BY R. C. WATERSTON.



1. My country, shall thy honored name Be as a by-word through the world ?



2. That flag, my country, I had thought, From noble sires was given to thee,



3. The mighty dead that flag unrolled, They bathed it in the heaven's own blue.

4. Oh, by the virtues of our sires, And by the soil on which they trod,

5 Arouse ! and let each hill and glen With prayer to the high heavens ring out



Rouse ! for (as if to blast thy fame,) This keen reproach is at thee hurled,



By the best blood of patriots bought, To wave alone above the Free !



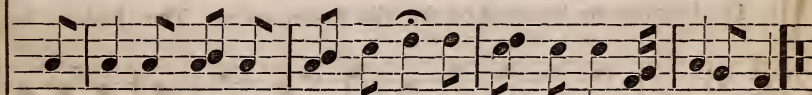
They sprinkled stars upon each fold, And gave it as a trust to you ;  
And by the trust their name inspires, And by the hope we have in God,  
Till all our land, with free-born men, May join in one triumphant shout,

# Freedom's Banner.

(CONTINUED.)



"The banner that above thee waves, Is floating o'er three million slaves."



Yet now, while to the breeze it waves, It floats above three million slaves.

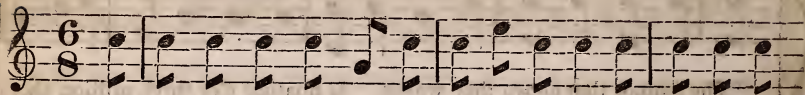


And now that glorious banner waves, In shame, above three million slaves.  
Arouse, my country, and agree To set thy captive children free.  
That freedom's banner does not wave Its fold above a single slave.

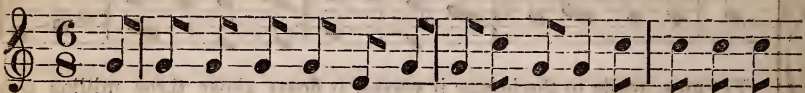
# “The Pilgrims are launched &c.”

*Written for the Anti-Slavery Melodies by Henry Ware, Jr.*

TUNE—“THE WILD HUNT OF LUTZOW.”



1. The Pilgrims are launched on the wild winter main, Their bark on the



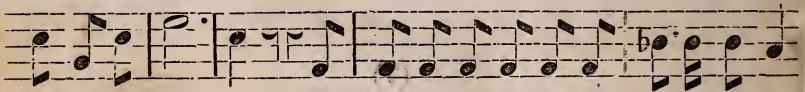
2. Borne high on the breath of the soft summer gale, The slave ship is



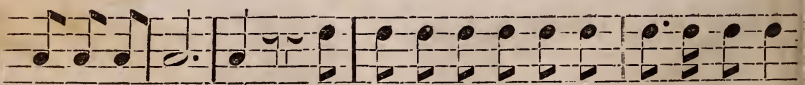
3. In the darkness and rain of the chill autumn night, The slave from the  
4. Up, up with your banners to honor the brave! O'er your forefathers'



foam madly tossing: The tempest is high; but its threats they disdain;



proudly careering. What sights of despair, and what voices of wail!




cane-fields is striding; Thro' hunger and hardship he urges his flight,  
tombs be they flying! And hail to the hero, tho' black and a slave,




# “The Pilgrims are launched &c.”

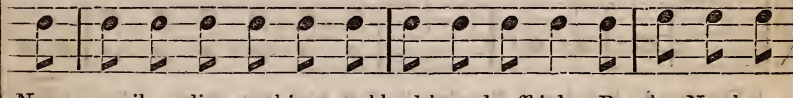
(CONTINUED.)




They are fleeing from tyranny's sceptre and chain, It is Liber-




What anguish and madness beneath that fair sail, To hopeless cap-




Nor perils dismay him, nor blood-hounds affright, By the North-star  
Who shrinks from oppression, but fears not the grave, And throws off his



ty's sea they are crossing. Hark! loud rings their cry o'er the stormy wave,



-tivity steering! Hark! hark, from the black hold the stifled cry,



his weary feet guiding. Help! help for him! answer his earnest cry!  
fettters by dying. Join, join in the shout that he flings on high,

# “The Pilgrims are launched &c.”

(CONTINUED.)

“Freedom! Death or Freedom! Freedom, or ocean our grave!”

“Freedom! Death or Freedom!” Hear how it pierces the sky!

“Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!” Tell him that rescue is nigh;

“Freedom! Death or Freedom!” Join;---’twas your Forefathers’ cry;

“Death or Freedom! Freedom! or ocean our grave!”

“Death or Freedom!” Hear how it pierces the sky.

“Freedom! Freedom!” Tell him that rescue is nigh.

“Death or Freedom!” Join;---’twas your Forefathers’ cry.

# The Slave at Midnight.

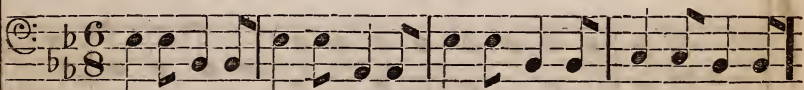
WORDS BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.



1. Loud he sang the psalm of David, He a negro and enslaved,



2. And the voice of his devotion, Filled my soul with strange emotion,

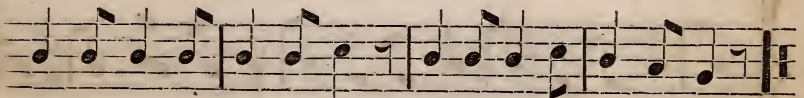


3. Paul and Silas, in their prison, Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,

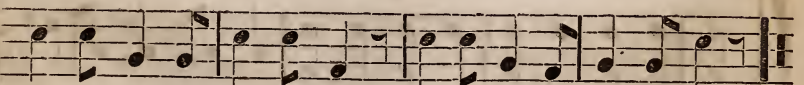
4. But, alas, what holy angel, Brings the slave this glad evangel,



Sang of Israel's victory, Sang of Zion bright and free.



For its tones by turns were glad, Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.



And the earthquake's arm of might Broke their dungeon gates at night.  
And what earthquake's arm of might Breaks his dungeon gates at night?

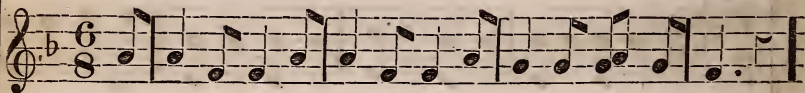


# "Arouse, New-England's Sons."

*Written for the Anti-Slavery Melodies by Miss M. L. Gardner.*



1. Arouse, New-England's sons, arouse! Wake from your coward sleep,

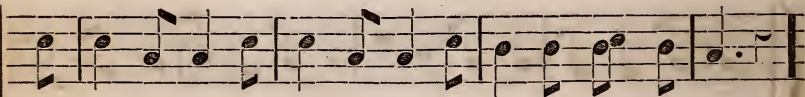


2. Arouse, New-England's sons, arouse! A clinging curse on thee!

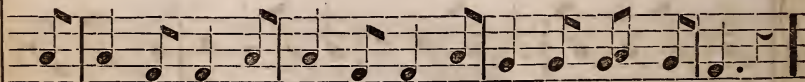


3. Free! while the halls ye rear are burned? Free! while your sons are driven

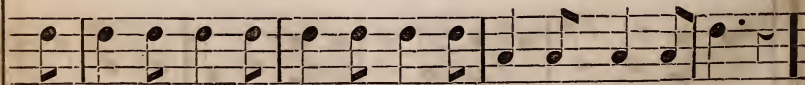
4. Arouse, New-England's sons, arouse! And lay oppression low,



The tyrant's hand is on your neck, And shall his fetters keep,



If here supinely ye will sleep, Dreaming that ye are free.

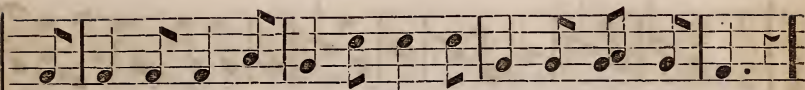


By slavery's mobs, because they dare To speak for truth and heaven?  
And strike for freedom and for God, An earnest manly blow.

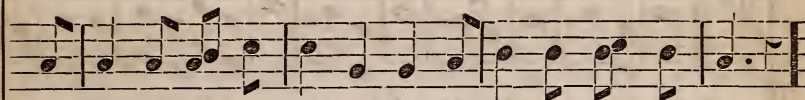


# "Arouse, New-England's Sons."

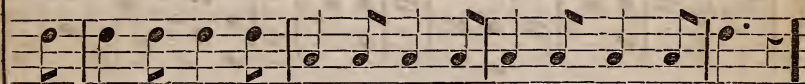
(CONTINUED.)



In bondage, men whom freedom nursed, In her own chosen home?



Arouse, and see how false the name, Which ye so fondly claim,



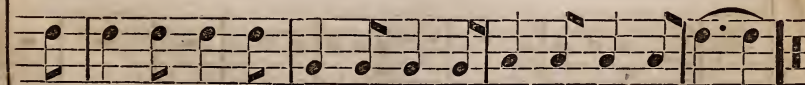
Free! while the very homes you've made Beside your fathers graves,  
Nail up your banner to the wall, In God's name let it wave,



Where patriot's blood was freely poured In holy martyrdom?



Free are ye! while ye bear about The tyrants' galling chain?



Are pillaged if ye dare to aid The panting, flying slave?  
Until beneath its ample folds Shall crouch no wretched slave.

# "Spirit of Freedom, awake."

TUNE—"O LADY, SWEET LADY."

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, melodic style with eighth and quarter notes. A large brace on the left side groups the three staves together.

O Freedom, sweet Freedom, O Freedom, sweet Freedom, return, return

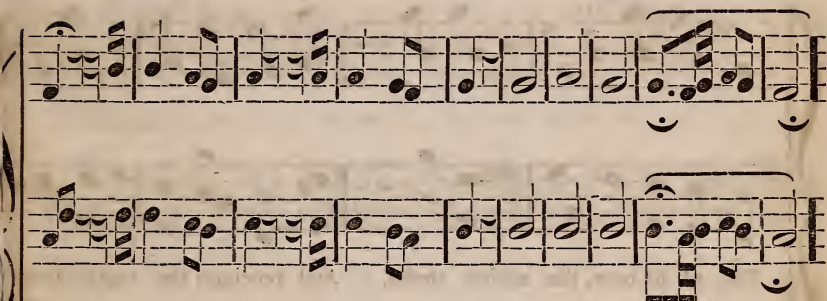
The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music continues with a similar melodic style. A large brace on the left side groups the three staves together.

Thy stars are dim, thy light is gone, Thy stars are dim, thy light is

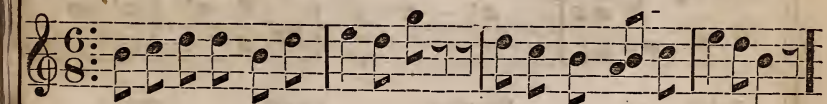
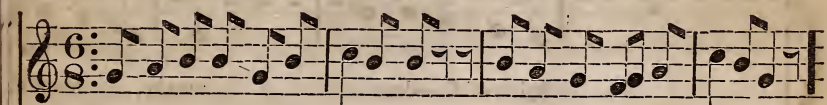
Thy stars are dim, thy light is gone.

# "Spirit of Freedom, awake."

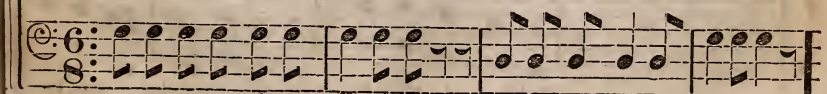
(CONTINUED.)



gone. This hour's for thee, for thee alone, O hear our prayers.



Spirit of Freedom, awake, awake, Sound the loud trump of Jubilee.



# "Spirit of Freedom, awake."

(CONTINUED.)

Musical score for the first system, consisting of three staves. The first staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The third staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Till, at its note, the nation shake, And proclaim the captive free.

Musical score for the second system, consisting of three staves. The first staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The third staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Spirit of Freedom awake, awake.

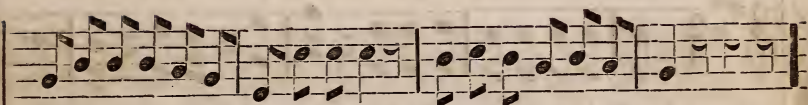
Spirit of Freedom awake, awake.

Spirit of Freedom, awake, awake.

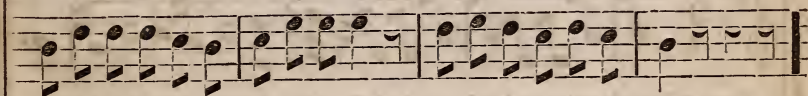


# "Spirit of Freedom, awake."

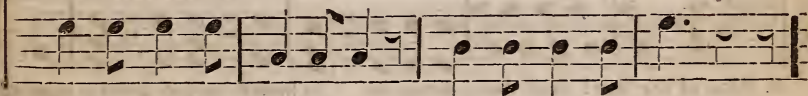
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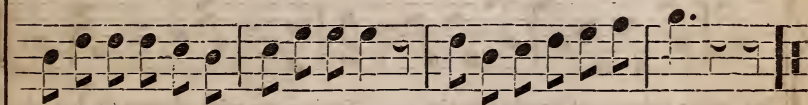
Fa la la lal la la fa la la la Fa la la lal la la la



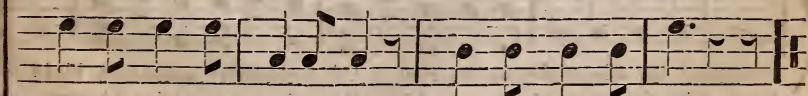
Fa la lal la fa la la fa la la la la



Fa la la lal la la fa la la la Fa la la lal la la la.

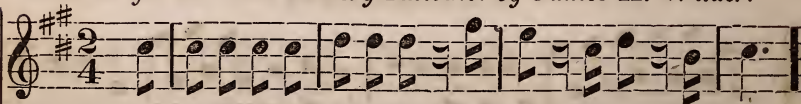


Fa la lal la fa la la Fa la la la la.

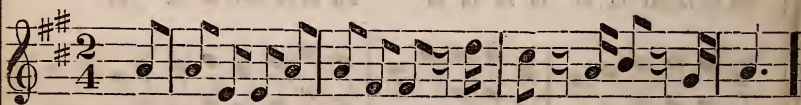


# "Come all who claim the Freeman's name."

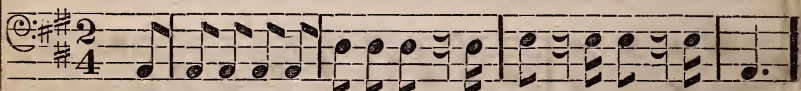
*Written for the Anti-Slavery Melodies by James H. Wilder.*



1. Come all who claim the freeman's name, Come join in earnest song :



2. From "British yoke and galling chain" Our fathers loosed the land—



3. Sons of the free! shall these things be Where th'eagle's scream is heard  
 4. While justice, honor, mercy, love, Are aught but empty sounds,  
 5. On this fair land let freedom stand, And wide her banner wave,  
 6. O God of love! look from above In mercy on the slave.



In freedom's praise your voices raise, And loud the strain prolong.



But other yokes and bonds remain, Their sons with shame to brand.



Beneath a sky where gleams the eye Of freedom's mountain bird?  
 We'll strive foul slavery's curse to drive Beyond our nations' bounds.  
 Nor ever be our blood-bought soil, Her hapless, hopeless grave.  
 Let blessed peace bring his release, Let truth be strong to save.

# "Come all who claim the Freeman's name."

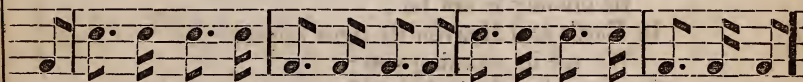
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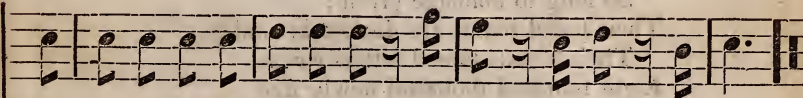
Ring out the shout, the land throughout, No room be here for craven doubt,



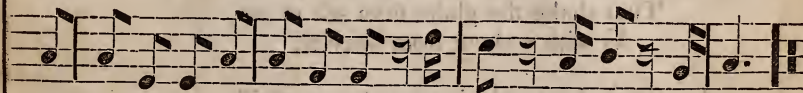
For chains and bars and whips and scars Now mingle with Columbia's stars,



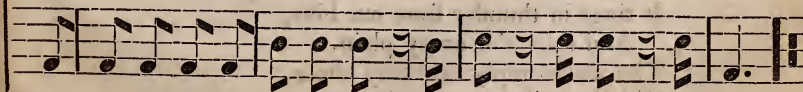
Shall former emblems only be The epitaphs of Liberty?  
 For right we'll fight, with all our might, While truth sheds down her full clear light  
 While beams the star that shews the North, While bondmen dream of freedom's worth,  
 When comes the day, as come it must, That chains shall crumble into dust,



In trust arouse, with truthful vows, Arouse, arouse, arouse.



To change for shame her banner's fame, For shame, for shame, for shame.



Then thunder no! let th'outcry go, Oh no! oh no! oh no!  
 "Let all be free," the cry shall be, Be free, be free, be free.  
 They'll flee away, at rest to stay, Away, away, away.  
 We'll all hurra, both near and far, Hurra, hurra, hurra.



# “Oppression shall not always reign.”

*Written for the Anti-Slavery Melodies, by Henry Ware, Jr.*

1. Oppression shall not always reign ;  
     There comes a brighter day,  
 When Freedom, burst from every chain,  
     Shall have triumphant way.  
 Then Right shall over Might prevail,  
 And Truth, like hero armed in mail,  
 The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,  
     And hold eternal sway.
  
2. E'en now that glorious day draws near,  
     Its coming is not far ;  
 In Earth and Heaven its signs appear ;  
     We see its morning star ;  
 Its dawn has flushed the Eastern sky ;  
 The Western hills reflect it high ;  
 The Southern clouds before it fly ;  
     Hurra, hurra, hurra !
  
3. It flashes on the Indian Isles,  
     So long to bondage given ;  
 Their faded plains are decked in smiles,  
     Their blood-stained fetters riven.  
 Eight hundred thousand newly free  
 Pour out their songs of Jubilee,  
 That shake the globe from sea to sea,  
     As with a shout from heaven.
  
4. That shout, which every bosom thrills,  
     Has crossed the wondering main ;  
 It rings in thunder from our hills,  
     And rolls o'er every plain.  
 The waves reply on every shore ;  
 Old Fanueil echoes to the roar,  
 And rocks as ne'er it rocked before,  
     And never rocks in vain.



# "Oppression shall not always reign."

(CONTINUED.)

5. What voice shall bid the progress stay  
     Of Truth's victorious car?  
 What arm arrest the growing day,  
     Or quench the solar star?  
 What dastard soul, though stout and strong,  
 Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,  
 Or Slavery's guilty night prolong,  
     And Freedom's morning bar?
  
  6. The hour of triumph comes apace,  
     The fated, promised, hour,  
 When earth upon a ransomed race  
     Her bounteous gifts shall shower.  
 Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell!  
 Bid high thy sacred Banner swell!  
 Let trump on trump the triumph tell  
     Of Heaven's avenging power!
  
  7. The Day has come! the Hour draws nigh!  
     We hear the coming car!  
 Send forth the glad exulting cry!  
     • Hurra, hurra, hurra!  
 From every hill, by every sea,  
 In shouts proclaim the Great Decree,  
 "All chains are broke, all men are free!"  
     Hurra, hurra, hurra!
-

# "Oft in the chilly night."

*Written for the Anti-Slavery Melodies by John Pierpont.*

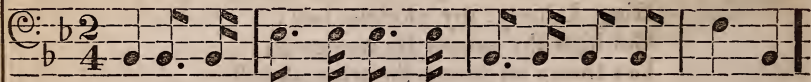
TUNE—"OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT."



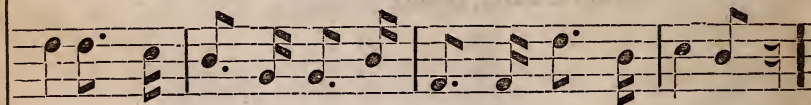
1. Oft in the chilly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me,



2. When at the driver's call, In cold or sultry weather,



When all her silvery light The moon is pouring round me,

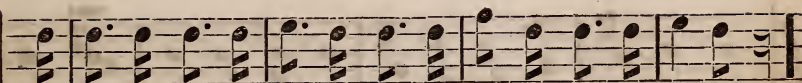


We slaves, both great and small, Turn out to toil together,



# "Oft in the chilly night."

(CONTINUED.)



Beneath the ray, I kneel and pray That God would give some token,



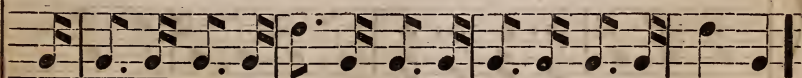
I feel like one, From whom the sun Of hope has long departed;



That slavery's chains, On Southern plains, Shall all ere long be broken.



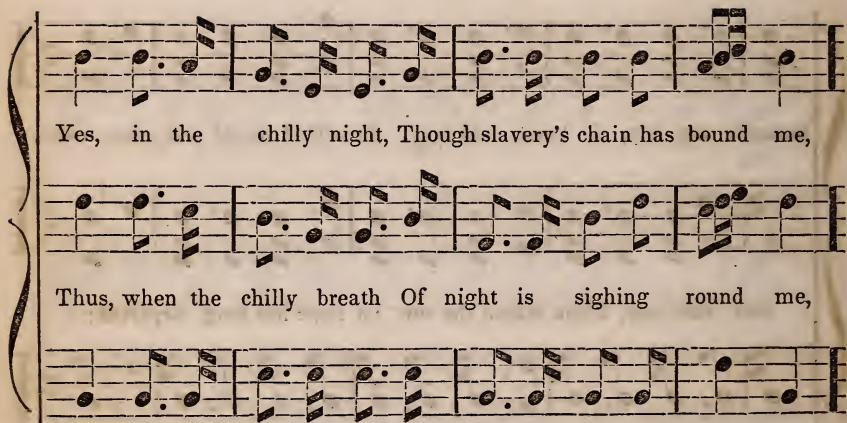
And morning's light, And weary night Still find me broken-hearted.



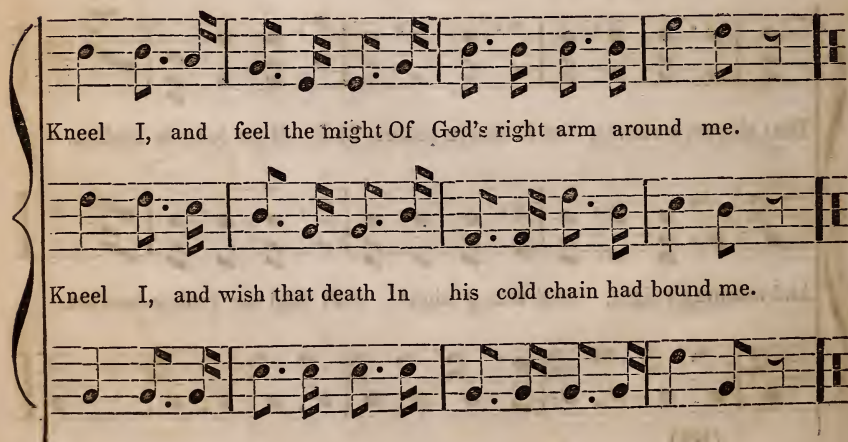
(S\*)

# "Oft in the chilly night."

(CONTINUED.)



Yes, in the chilly night, Though slavery's chain has bound me,  
Thus, when the chilly breath Of night is sighing round me,

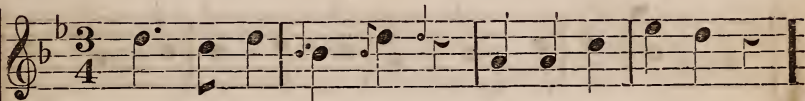


Kneel I, and feel the might Of God's right arm around me.  
Kneel I, and wish that death In his cold chain had bound me.

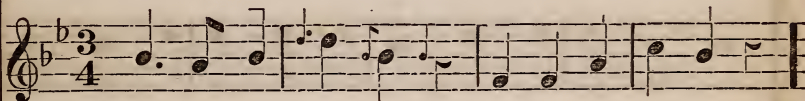


# New England, Awake!

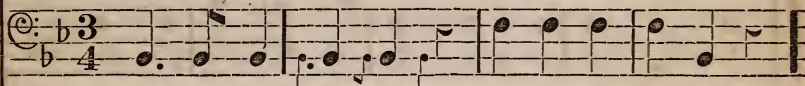
WORDS BY J. G. WHITTIER. MUSIC—BY S. S. WARDWELL.



1. Pride of New England! Soul of our fathers!

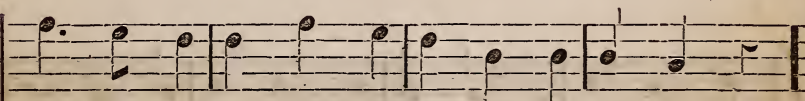


2. Back with the Southerner's Padlocks and scourges,



3. Up to our altars, then, Haste we and summon

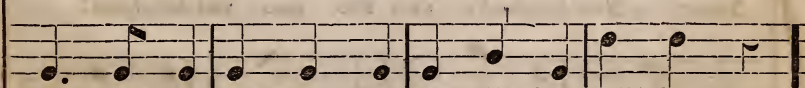
4. If we have whispered truth, Whisper no longer:



Shrink we all craven-like, When the storm gathers?



Go—let him fetter down Ocean's free surges!




Courage and loveliness, Manhood and woman!  
Speak as the tempest does, Sterner and stronger.


The small notes in the second bar to be sung with the 2d, 3d, and 4th verses.

## New England, Awake.


(CONTINUED.)




What tho' the tempest be Over us lowering,



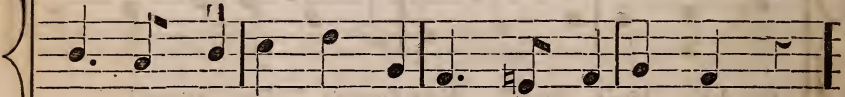
Go—let him silence Winds, clouds and waters,



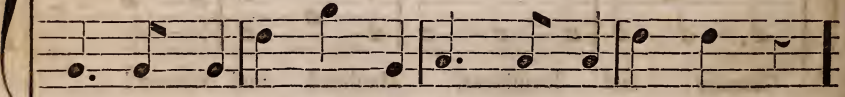
Deep let our pledges be: Freedom forever!  
Still be the tones of truth Louder and firmer,



Where's the New-Englander Shamefully cowering?



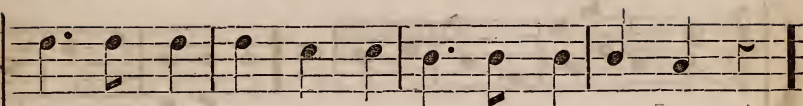
Never New-England's own Free sons and daughters!



Truce with oppression, Never, oh! never.  
Startling the haughty South With the deep murmur.

## New-England, awake!

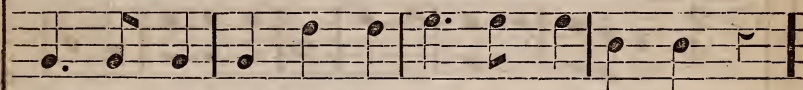
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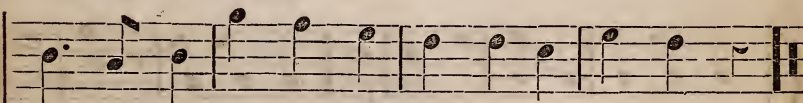
Graves green and holy Around us are lying,



Free as our rivers are Ocean-ward going,



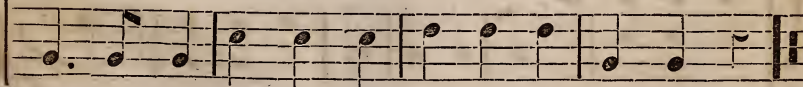
By our own birth-right gift, Granted of heaven,  
God and our charter's right, Freedom forever.



Free were the sleepers all, Living and dying.



Free as the breezes are Over us blowing.



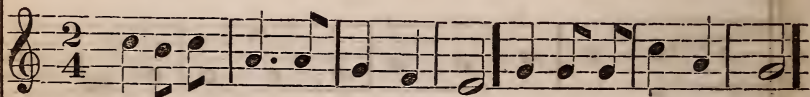
Freedom for heart and lip, Be the pledge given.  
Truce with oppression, Never, oh! never.

# Ode for the Fourth of July.

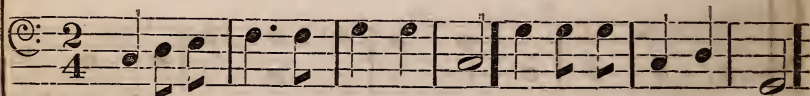
WORDS FROM THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.



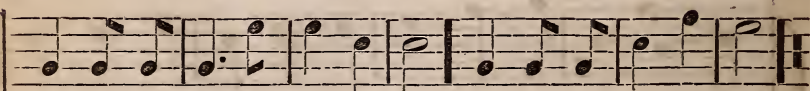
1. Hark how the loud, deep cannon's roar, Insults the peaceful dawn,



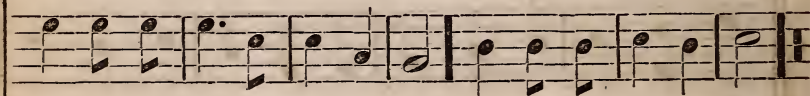
2. A country vowed to liberty, And vowed to slavery too,



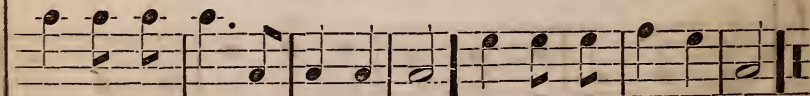
3. Let the day see the pageant show, Float banners to the breeze,  
4. Yes, rally brave America, Thy noble hearts and free,



And beat of drums and chime of bells Marshals the early morn.



And striving with a half-way soul To do and to undo.



Bid liberty all hail! throughout Columbia's lands and seas.  
Around the eagle as he soars—Sunward—in majesty.



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NOTE.—The tunes selected from the "Carmina Sacra," and the "Boston Academy," were selected by permission of the publisher.











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