

The Slave's Lament.

Violin

Slow

It was in fweet Senegal, That my faes did me enthrall, For the land of Vir-

-ginia, ginia O, Torn from that lovely fhore, I muft never fee it more; And a -

-las! I am weary, weary O! Torn from that lovely fhore, I muft

never fee it more, And a - las I am weary, weary O!

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

IT was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral, All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
For the lands of Virginia—ginia O ; Like the lands of Virginia—ginia O ;
Torn from that lovely shore, I must never see it more, There streams forever flow, and there flow'rs for ever blow,
And alas ! I am weary, weary O ! And alas ! I am weary, weary O !

Torn from, &c.

There streams, &c.

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
In the lands of Virginia—ginia O ;
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter bitter tear,
And alas ! I am weary, weary O !

And I think, &c.