

The Slave's Lament.

Violin

Slow

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

-ginia, ginia O, Torn from that lovely shore, I must never see it more; And a-

-las! I am weary, weary O! Torn from that lovely shore, I must

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

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

IT was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthrall,
For the lands of Virginia—ginia O ;
Torn from that lovely shore, I must never see it more,
And alas ! I am weary, weary O !

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
Like the lands of Virginia—ginia O ;
There streams for ever flow, and there flow's for ever blow,
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.