

1862

**THE
SLAVE'S
APPEAL.**

By our lives of degradation,
By our years of desolation;
List to our appeal, ye nations,
Help us, brothers—help, we pray.

WORDS
BY BARBARA BRANDE.
MUSIC
BY J. P. WEBSTER.



CHICAGO:

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THE SLAVE'S APPEAL.

Words by Barbara Brande.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

Air.



1 By our lives of de - gra - da - tion; By our years of de - so - la - tion;
2 By the lash our bod - ies flay - ing; By the blood-hounds' ruthless bay - ing;

Alto.



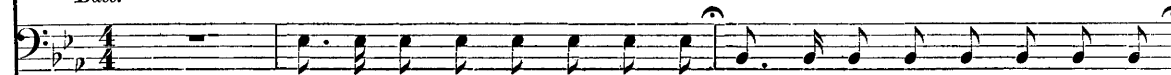
3 Save our chil - dren from this sor - row, Look - ing through the long to - mor - row.

Tenor.

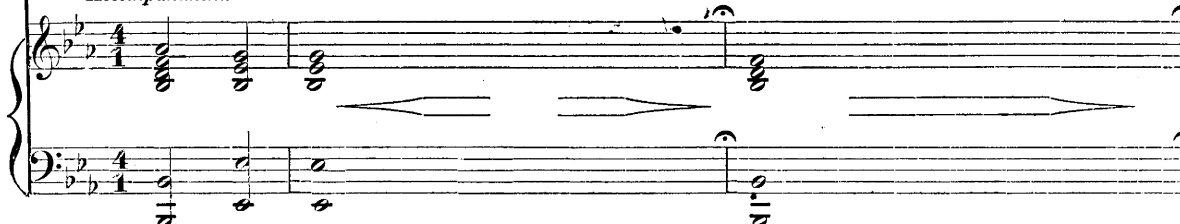


4 O'er the land war's ser - pents trail - ing, Fill your hearts with woe and wail - ing,
5 Dear to us, oh! free - born moth - ers, Are our chil - dren, sires and broth - ers;

Bass.



Accompaniment.



List to our ap - peal ye na - tions, Help us bro - thers— help, we pray.
By the chil - dren round us play - ing; O ye na - tions— help, we pray.

Nought but an - guish can we bor - row,— By our suff'r - ings— help, we pray.

Are we at the last found fail - ing? By war's ter - rors— help, we pray.
Dear to us, as their's to oth - ers, By your loved ones— help, we pray.

By your groans, and plaints and sigh - ing; By your dead, and by your dy - ing,
On our souls sin's lines are grav - en, By our ty - rant's vice en - sla - ven,

Dear to us, oh! free - born mothers, Are our chil - dren, sires and bro - thers;

Not in vain, 'mid South - ern boulders, Lie the bones of Free - dom's sol - diers;
By our years of de - gra - da - tion, By our fears and de - so - la - tion;

In their pain and tor - ture lying; Help us brothers— help, we pray.
Can our spirits hope for Heaven— Given to crime s help - less prey?

Dear to us, as their's to others, By your loved ones— help, we pray.

Not in vain their bodies moulder— 'Tis your midnight brings our day.
Save us from this con - dem-na-tion. Free - men—brothers— save, we pray!