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Joshua R. Giddings

Joshua Leavitt

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D. S.



KING,

NO. ONE,

CORNHILL.

PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER.

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LIBERTY



SONG BOOK.

OUR COUNTRY IS
THE WORLD!



OUR COUNTRYMEN
ALL MANKIND!

FREEDOM



FOR ALL.

LIBERTY
AND ANTI-SLAVERY

SONG BOOK.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.



JOSHUA LEAVITT

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY D. S. KING,

No. 1 Cornhill.

PRINTED BY KIDDER AND WRIGHT.

1842.

Price \$ 8 per hundred—\$ 1.25 per doz.—12 1/2 c'ts single.

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Slavery
1842. L5

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AND
ANTI-SLAVERY
SONG BOOK.

DEDICATED TO
THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF FREEMEN.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY D. S. KING,
No. 1 CORNHILL.
PRINTED BY KIDDER & WRIGHT.

1842.

THE REASON

Why we have issued this Song Book, is, Because we know that music has a very powerful influence in *engaging the attention and enlisting the feelings* of mankind. The great work of Emancipation demands the aid of *every effort*, however mighty or however humble, that can be made instrumental in its accomplishment. Let the friends of the oppressed not only pray for them and speak for them, but *sing* for them, by proclaiming in their *every song* the truth, that "*all men are created free and equal.*" Let the Songs of Liberty be heard in the great public assembly, in the religious meeting, and around the hearth-stone of the family;—yea, more; let such be the favorite songs of our children; let their youthful voices be heard in the highway and on the play ground, sounding forth the Songs of Freedom, and the effect upon public opinion will be irresistible; the great truths embodied in these songs will be appreciated and consequently respected and embraced.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1842,

BY KIDDER & WRIGHT,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

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The Nation is Rousing.

TUNE, Zion.

1 { Hark! a voice from Heav'n pro-claim-ing,
God has heard him long com-plain-ing,

com-fort to the mourn-ing slave; } Proud Op-
and ex-tends his arm to save; }

pres-sion Soon shall find a shame-ful grave, Proud Op-

pres-sion Soon shall find a shame-ful grave.

- 2 See! the light of truth is breaking,
Full and clear on every hand;
And the voice of mercy, speaking,
Now is heard through all the land;
Firm and fearless,
See the friends of Freedom stand!
- 3 Lo! the nation is arousing
From its slumbers, long and deep;
And the church of God is waking,
Never, never more to sleep,
While a bondman,
In his chains, remains to weep.
- 4 Long, too long have we been dreaming
O'er our country's sin and shame;
Let us now, the time redeeming,
Press the helpless captive's claim,
Till, exulting,
He shall cast aside his chain.
- 5 Those in bonds we would remember;
Lord, our hands with theirs are bound!
With each helpless, suff'ring member,
Let our sympathies be found,
Till our labors
Spread the smile of Freedom round.
- 6 Even now the word is spoken!
"Lo! the tyrant's power must cease!
From the slave the chain be broken;"
Captives, hail the kind release;
Then in splendor
Christ shall reign, the Prince of Peace.

The Liberty Party.

TUNE, Morning light is breaking.

1 Will ye des - pise the a - corn Just
2 Wilt thou des - pise the cres - cent, That

thrusting out its shoot, Ye gi - ants of the for - est,
trembles, newly born, Thou bright and peerless planet

That strike the deepest root? Will ye des - pise the
Whose reign shall reach the morn? Time, now, his scythe is

streamlets Up - on the moun - tain - side, Ye
whetting Ye gi - ant oaks for you; Ye

broad and mighty riv - ers, On sweeping to the tide?
floods, the sea is thirst - ing To drink you like the dew.

3 That crescent, faint and trembling,

Her lamp shall nightly trim,

Till thou, imperious planet,

Shall in her light grow dim.

And so shall wax the Party,

Now feeble at its birth,

Till Liberty shall cover,

This tyrant trodden earth.

4 That party, as we term it,—

The PARTY of the WHOLE,—

Has for its firm foundation,

The substance of the soul.

It groweth out of REASON,—

The strongest soil below;—

The smaller is its budding,

The more its room to grow!

5 Then rally to its banners,

Supported by the true;—

The weakest are the waning,

The many are the few.

Of what is small, but living,

God makes himself the nurse;

While "Onward" cry the voices,

Of all His universe.

6 Our plant is of the Cedar

That knoweth not decay:

Its growth shall bless the mountains,

Till mountains pass away.

God speed the infant party;

The party of the whole,—

And surely he will do it,

While reason is its soul.

Prayer for the Oppressed.

TUNE, *America.*

1 With thy pure dews and rains, Wash out, O

God, the stains From Af-ric's shore; And, while her

palm-trees bud, Let not her chil-dren's blood

With her broad Ni-ger's flood, Be mingled more.

2 Quench, righteous God, the thirst,
That Congo's sons hath cursed—
The thirst for gold!
Shall not thy thunders speak,
Where Mammon's altars reek,
Where maids and matrons shriek,
Bound, bleeding, sold?

2 Hear'st thou, O God, those chains,
Clanking on *Freedom's plains*,
By CHRISTIANS wrought?
Them, who those chains have worn,
Christians from home have torn,
Christians have hither borne,
Christians have bought.

4 Cast down, great God, the fanes,
That, to unhallowed gains,
Round us have risen—
Temples, whose priesthood pore,
Moses and Jesus o'er,
Then bolt the black man's door,
The poor man's prison.

5 Wilt thou not, Lord, at last,
From thine own image cast
Away all cords,
But that of love, which brings
Man, from his wanderings,
Back to the King of kings,
The Lord of lords!

The Harbinger.

TUNE, *Westborough.*

1 See yon glorious star, as-cend-ing, Brightly o'er the

Southern sea! Truth and peace to earth por-tend-ing,

Her-ald of a Ju-bi-lee! Hail it, Free-men!

Hail it, Free-men! 'T is the star of Lib-er-ty.

2 Dim at first—but widely spreading,
Soon 'twill burst supremely bright,
Life and health and comfort shedding
O'er the shades of moral night;
Hail it, Bondmen!
Slavery cannot bear its light.

3 Few its rays,—'tis but the dawning
Of the reign of truth and peace;
Joy to slaves—yet sad forewarning,
To the tyrants of our race;
Tremble, Tyrants!
Soon your cruel pow'r will cease.

4 Earth is brighten'd by the glory
Of its mild and peaceful rays;
Ransom'd slaves shall tell the story,
See its light, and sing its praise;
Hail it, Christians!
Harbinger of better days.

Oh! come let us bow down.

Gather to your solemn meeting,
Ye who weep for human woe!
God is never tir'd of greeting
Those who seek his face below;—
Sought for humbly,
Rich his mercies ever flow.

Columbia.

TUNE, *Indian Philosopher.*

1 But art thou, still, my country, free? The land which

heav'n-born Lib-er - ty Hath honored with her name? Lo!

from the South there comes a cry, Where foul Op -

pres-sion's vic-tims lie In bondage, wo and shame.

2 The land the Pilgrim Fathers trod,
The highly favored land of God,
Is sunk in infamy:
E'en on this consecrated soil
Afric's three millions hopeless toil,
For Freedom vainly sigh.

3 No pity warms the Oppressor's heart,
But deeper still he drives the dart,
And binds the chain more fast,
Till, worn with misery and with grief,
The injured captive finds relief,
In heaven, a home at last.

4 Arise! ye children of the light,
And tear away this withering blight
That mars your country's fame.
Oh! wipe away vile Slavery's stains!
Strike off the fettered negro's chains,
Your everlasting shame.

5 Kind Heaven will your efforts bless,
And crown your labors with success,
Restore lost Liberty;
And then shall Freedom's banner wave
Triumphant o'er Oppression's grave,
And every slave be free!

14 Can we forget the Slave? Monthly Concert.

TUNE, O, no, we never mention her.

1 { O, how can we for - get the slave, Since
 { Yes, 'twas his cap - tive soul to save, Our

Christ for him hath died? } O! how can we for -
 Lord was cru - ci - fied. }

get the slave, Robb'd of the Book of God? While

bru - tal tyrants o'er him wave Oppression's bloody rod.

2 O! how can we forget the slave,
 Dying in fettered toil,
 And sinking to a heathen grave,
 Beneath a christian soil!
 No, we will not forget the slave!
 We'll FREE him if we can!
 Though Power at him and us may rave,
 He yet shall be A MAN!

Break Every Yoke.

1 Break every yoke! the Gospel cries,
 And let the oppress'd go free,
 Let every captive taste the joys
 Of peace and liberty.
 Lord, when shall man thy voice obey,
 And rend each iron chain,
 O when shall love its golden sway
 O'er all the earth maintain.

2 Send thy good Spirit from above,
 And melt the oppressor's heart,
 Send sweet deliverance to the slave,
 And bid his woes depart.
 With freedom's blessings crown his day—
 O'erflow his heart with love,
 Teach him that strait and narrow way,
 Which leads to rest above.

12918A

MUSIC BY L. MASON.

1 From Georgia's southern mountains, Po-to-mac's either

strand, Where Car - o - li - na's foun-tains Roll

down their gol-den sand, From many a love-ly

riv - er, From many a sun - ny plain, They

call us to de - liv - er, Their land from er-ror's chain.

2 What though fair freedom's breezes

Blow softly o'er our land,
And each one as he pleases,
May worship with his band;—
And though with lavish kindness
The gospel's gifts are strown,
The negro, in his blindness,
Is left to grope alone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted

With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O Salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till all in every station
Shall learn Messiah's name.

4 Ye masters, tell his story,

And you, ye heralds, preach,
And to the *Slave* His glory,
Let every Christian teach;
Till from our ransomed nature,
The chains of bondage fall,
And Jesus, *only Master*,
Shall freely reign o'er all.

The last night of Slavery.

TUNE, Cherokee Death Song.

1 Let th' floods clap their hands! Let the mountains re-

joice! Let all the glad lands Breathe a ju - bi - lant

voice: The sun that now sets on the waves of the

sea Shall gild with his ris-ing the land of the Free.

- 1 Let the floods clap their hands!
 Let the mountains rejoice!
 And let all the glad lands
 Breathe a jubilant voice!

The sun, that now sets on the waves of the sea.
 Shall gild with his rising the land of the FREE.

- 2 Let the islands be glad!
 For their King in his might,
 Who his glory hath clad
 With a garment of light,

In the waters the beams of his chambers hath laid,
 And in the green waters his pathway hath made.

- 3 No more shall the deep,
 Lend its awe-stricken waves,
 In their caverns to steep
 Its wild burden of slaves;

The Lord sitteth King—sitteth King on the flood,
 He heard, and hath answer'd the voice of their blood.

- 4 Dispel the blue haze,
 Golden fountain of morn!
 With meridian blaze
 The wide ocean adorn:

The sunlight has touch'd the glad waves of the sea,
 And day now illumines THE LAND OF THE FREE.

Prayer for the Slave.

TUNE, Hamburg.

1 O let the pris-oners' mourn-ful sighs .

As in-cense in thy sight ap - pear!

Their hum-ble wail - ings pierce the skies,

If hap - ly they may feel thee near.

- 2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free;
Call home, call home thy banished ones!
Lead captive their captivity!
- 3 Out of the deep regard their cries,
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer,
O, Son of Righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear.
- 4 Stand by them in the fiery hour,
Their feebleness of mind defend;
And in their weakness show thy power,
And make them patient to the end.
- 5 Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,
For whom thy suffering members mourn:
Answer our faith's effectual prayer;
And break the yoke so meekly borne!

Remembering that God is just.

- 1 O righteous God! whose awful frown
Can crumble nations to the dust,
Trembling we stand before thy throne,
When we reflect, that, THOU ART JUST.
- 2 Dost thou not see the dreadful wrong,
Which Afric's injur'd race sustains?
And wilt thou not arise ere long,
To plead their cause, and break their chains?
- 3 Must not thine anger quickly rise
Against the men whom lust controls,
Who dare thy righteous laws despise,
And traffic in the blood of souls?

Encouragement.

WORDS, by John Pierpont. TUNE, Syria. L. MASON.

1 Ser-vants of God most High, Who on his word re-ly,
2 Whether, with ho-ly zeal, Ye in your closets kneel,

By an - - - cient seers and ho-ly proph-ets spoken—
Or plead the cause of Freedom in a throng,

That all the chains that gall The E-the-o-pian's thrall,
Or through a dauntless press, The voice of righteous-ness

And ev' - - ry yoke, shall from his neck be broken—
Ye pour ... out like a tor-rent, deep and strong—

- 3 Give not your labors o'er,
Because ye're few and poor,
Because a lion crouches in your path,
Because a lawless horde
Upon your heads have poured,—
Your heads unhelmeted,—their vial'd wrath.
- 4 The ancient seers, like you,
To God and duty true,
Were, in their day, reviled and put to shame;
Scorned, hated, hunted, they
From Earth have passed away:
Their forms have passed away, but not their fame.
- 5 Death dares not touch their *Word!*
The soul of man is stirred
By it, wherever on the darkling Earth,
God's Truth and human Right
Come down to dwell in light,
And Civil Freedom struggles into birth.
- 6 So shall *your* words be breathed,
Where'er man's brow is wreathed
With the sharp chaplet that for Him was twined,
Who lived mid taunts and sneers,
Who died mid scoffs and jeers,
From sin and slavery to redeem mankind.
- 7 Servants of God most holy,
Who stoop to man most lowly,
To lift him up and give him liberty,
What tho' to day's unpleasant,
Ye live not in the Present;
Your life is in the infinite TO BE.
- 8 Ye, and your. "name and praise,"
That, in these slavish days,
So many vainly dream are soon to perish,
As in the coming age
They shine on History's page,
The proud shall envy, and the good shall cherish.

Self Reproof.

TUNE, Quito.

1 When in - jured Af - ric's cap - tive
claim, Loads the sad gale with start - ling
moan, The frown of deep, in - - dig - nant
blame Bends not on South - ern Climes a - lone.

- 2 Her toil, and chain, and scalding tear,
Our daily board with luxuries deck,
And to dark Slavery's yoke severe,
Our Fathers helped to bow her neck.
- 3 If slumbering in the thoughtful breast,
Or justice or compassion dwell,
Call from their couch the hallowed guest,
The deed to prompt, the prayer to swell.
- 4 But if with Pilate's stoic eye,
We calmly *wash* when blood is spilt,
Or deem a cold, unpitying sigh,
Absolves us from the stain of guilt ;
- 5 Or if, like Jacob's recreant train,
Who trafficked in a brother's wo,
We hear the suppliant plead in vain,
Or mock his tears that wildly flow ;
- 6 Will not the judgment of the skies,
Which threw a shield round Joseph sold,
Be roused by fetter'd Afric's cries,
And change to dross the oppressors' gold !

The People's Warning.

WORDS, by John Pierpont. TUNE, Mendon.

1 "The ox, that tread-eth out the corn, Thou shalt not

muzzle:—Thus saith God. And will 'ye muz-zle

the free-born,— The man,—the own-er of the

sod,— Who "gives the graz-ing ox his meat,"

And you,—his ser-vants here,—your seat?

2 There's a cloud, blackening up the sky!
East, west, and north its curtains spread;
Lift to its muttering folds your eye!
Beware! for, bursting on your heads,
It hath a force to bear you down;
'Tis an insulted people's frown.

3 A weapon that comes down as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God;
And from its force, nor doors nor locks
Can shield you;—'tis the ballot box.

4 Black as your deed shall be the balls
That from that box shall pour like hail!
And, when the storm upon you falls,
How will your craven cheeks turn pale!
For, at its coming though ye laugh,
'Twill sweep you from your hall like chaff.

5 Not women, now,—the *people* pray.
Hear us,—or *from* us ye will hear!
Beware!—a desperate game ye play!
The men that thicken in your rear,—
Kings though ye be,—may not be scorn'd.
Look to your move! your stake! YE'RE WARNED!

Fourth of July Song.

TUNE, Blue eyed Mary.

1. Heard ye the might-y rush-ing? As
 2. Land of my sleep-ing fath-ers! O'er
 3. Soon shall the trump of Free-dom Re-

a storm-wak'd sea it came; 'Twas a nation's deep re-
 thee no chain is flung! Through all thy ver-dant
 sound from shore to shore; Soon taught by heavenly

joic-ing For her proud and spot-less name. Land
 val-leys The shout of joy is rung. And
 wis-dom, Man shall op-press no more; Say

of my sleep-ing fath-ers! O'er thee no chain is
 is there then no sha-dow To dim this hallowed
 to the cap-tive, toil-ing In freedom's proud a-

flung: Through all thy ver-dant val-leys The
 mirth; And shall thy name, my coun-try, Be
 bode, "Cast off thy fet-ters, broth-er, Take

shout of joy is rung. Wide o'er thy roll-ing
 th'watchword o'er the earth? Are all the cap-tives
 back the gift of God." Let not op-pres-sion

riv-ers, Thy fair and sun-ny plains, And
 loosened? The fet-tered slave set free? Is
 lin-ger Where star-ry ban-ners wave: Swell

up thy woody mountains, The soul of freedom reigns.
 his crush'd spirit gladden'd On this gay ju-bi-lee?
 high the shout of freedom, Let it echo for the slave.

3*

Hail to thee, Liberty!

WORDS, by C. W. Denison. TUNE, Hail to the Chief.

1 Hail to the cause that in tri-umph ad-van-ces,
2 Lo! o'er the field, mark! the foe is pre-par-ing,
3 Weapons of war we have cast from the bat-tle;

Pouring the light of its glo-ry a-far! Banner'd and plum'd, lo! the Rank upon rank for a-noth-er attack; While God and right he is Truth is our armor-our watchword is Love; Hush'd be the sword and the

sheen of its lan-ces wick-ed-ly dar-ing, musquet-ry's rat-tle; Lumine the steeds and the prow of its car! Who from the conflict turns cowardly back? All our equipments are drawn from above;

Tutti. Allegro.

Hark! hear it roll-ing on, Trumping of
March to the bat-tle field! Nev-er, no!
Praise, then, the God of Truth, Hoar age and

bat-tle's won- Won o'er the hosts that have nev-er yield, Dark tho' the cloud of the rud-dy youth! Praise Him, who flock for our

set it at bay! Shout! it is en-e-my low'rs! Strike! and be ar-my's in-crease! Long may our

march-ing now; Shout! see its foe-men bow! val-ient, then; Stand to your posts like men; ral-ly be- "LOVE, LIGHT, AND LIB-ER-TY,"

"GOD AND OUR CAUSE!" we are win-ning the day!
"GOD AND OUR CAUSE!" soon the tri-umph is ours!
Ev-er our ban-ner the ban-ner of peace!

On to Victory.

Words, by Miss S. H. S. TUNE, Scots wha hae.

1 Children of the glorious dead, Who for freedom

fought and bled! With her ban - ner o'er you spread,

On to vic - to - ry; Not for stern am -

bi - tion's prize, Let your hopes or wish-es rise;

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

2 This is proud oppression's hour,
 Storms assail you;—will you cower,
 While beneath a despot's power,
 Groans the suffering slave?
 While on every southern gale
 Comes the helpless captive's tale—
 Comes the voice of woman's wail,
 And of man's despair?

3 Never!—by your country's shame,
 Never!—by a Savior's claim
 To the men of every name,
 Whom he died to save;
 ONWARD, then, ye fearless band!
 Heart to heart, and hand to hand;
 Yours shall be the patriot's stand,
 Or the martyr's grave.

Hearts are waking.

WORDS, by Lewis. TUNE, Strike the cymbal.

Solo.

1. Wake, ye numbers! from your slum-bers,
Flags are wav-ing, all ty-rants brav-ing,

Chorus.

Hear the song of Freedom pour! By its shaking,
Proudly, free-ly, o'er our plains; Let no minions

fiercely breaking Ev'-ry chain up-on our shore.
check our pinions, While a sin-gle grief re-mains.

*Solo 1 mo.**Solo 2d.*

Proud ob-lations, thou Queen of nations! Have been pour'd up-

on thy waters; Af-ric's bleeding sons and daughters,

Chorus.

Now be-fore us, loud implore us, Looking to Je-

Lento. trio.

ho-vah's throne. Chains are wearing, hearts de-spair-ing!-

Chorus. tempo.

Will ye hear a nation's moan? Soothe their sorrow,

Solo. ad lib.

ere the morrow Change their aching hearts to stone: Then the

Tempo. Chorus.

light of nature's smile Freedom's realm shall bless the while; And the

pleasure, mercy brings, Flow from all her latent springs; De -

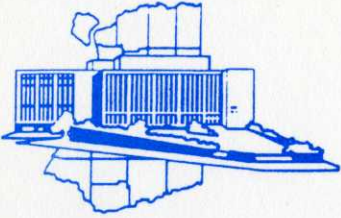
light shall spread, shall spread her shining wings, Re - joic -

ing, Re - joic - ing, Re - - joic - - ing.

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second system also ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The third system ends with a final double bar line.

2 Daily, nightly, burning brightly,
 Glory's pillar fills the air;
 Hearts are waking, chains are breaking,
 Freedom bids her sons prepare:
 O'er the ocean, in proud devotion,
 Incense rises to the skies;
 From our mountains, o'er our fountains,
 See, our Eagle proudly flies!
 What deploring impedes his soaring?
 Millions still in bondage sighing!
 Long in deep oppression lying!
 Shall their story mar our glory?
 Must their life in sorrow flow?
 Tears are falling! fetters galling!
 Listen to the cry of woe!
 Still oppressing! never blessing!
 Shall their grief no ending know?
 Yes! our nation yet shall feel;
 Time shall break the chain of steel;
 Then the slave shall nobly stand;
 Peace shall smile with lustre bland;
 Glory shall crown our happy land — Forever.

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Sept 17, 1998

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My very best wishes for the success of your Underground Railroad Project.

Sincerely,

Wm. H. Love

Curator, Rose

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