



The slave wife!.

Taylor, Bianchi; Carpenter, J. E. (Joseph Edwards), 1813-1885
London, UK: Joseph Williams, 123 Cheapside, 1845

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THE SLAVE WIFE!

Ballad.

being Number One of

SONGS FROM UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Written,

and respectfully dedicated to

Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe U.S.A.

BY
JOSEPH E. CARPENTER.

Composed by

BIANCHI TAYLOR.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2/-

LONDON,

JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 123, CHEAPSIDE.

Where may be had

"THE FUGITIVE SLAVE," "EVA,"

and the other Songs in the above Series.

THE SLAVE = WIFE.

Written by J.E. Carpenter.

Composed by Bianchi Taylor.

APPASSIONATO.

VOICE.

PIANO
FORTE.

silent.

My

"Dont you know a Slave can't be married? there is no law in this Country for that; I can't hold you for my Wife, if he chooses to part us. That's why I wish I had never seen you— why I wish Id never been born; it would have been better for us both; it would have been better for this poor Child if he had never been born."

Vide UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. Chap. 3.

3

Agitato.

heart is full of bitterness, And yet I can not

Staccato. *Legato*

weep, A grief like mine can ne-----ver heal For

Gras *fx*

tears 'tis far too deep, For tears 'tis far too

Gras *p*

deep, 'tis far..... too deep: They

rall. *tempo*

colla voce. *f tempo*

f *p*

4

tell me they will break the ties that bind me, love, to
thee, And yet I place my trust in **Him** And
know such things may be; And yet I place my
trust in **Him** And know such things may be.

Gres

f Rall.

lento

pp

Con forza.

p

5

A curse is in this Chris...tian land, If Chris...tian land it be Where

p

f

men can do what God forbids And boast that land is free; The

ff

p

lentando, e con Molto Express:

tempo

vow was said, the ring was bless'd, That bound us heart to heart, And

lentando.

tempo

yet because they've made us slaves They'll rend that bond a--part, They'll rend that

Cres.

f

Cres.

f

6

bond a---part. ritard: Clasp,

ff p dolce (s)

tempo

clasp your infant to your breast, Heed they a Mother's love; Oh!

tempo

would that it might ne---ver wake But in the realms a---bove, That

ad lib: pp *hr*

it might ne---ver wake But in the realms a---bove. And

tempo Cres

Just Published, Price Two Shillings each,

SONGS FROM UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

THE POETRY WRITTEN BY JOSEPH EDWARDS CARPENTER,

Author of "Beautiful Venice,"—"What are the wild waves saying?"—"Song of the Gold Miners,"—"I'll follow thee"—"The Slave Girl's Love,"

"Why do the Flowers bloom?" &c. &c. &c. &c.

The Music Composed by BIANCHI TAYLOR, JAMES ERNEST PERRING, HENRY FARMER, & EDWD. L. HIME,

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—The extraordinary sensation caused by "The Great American Novel," not alone in the literary world, but in almost every domestic circle throughout the kingdom—the justly admired force and vigour of its pages, the high moral tone, and the noble purport of the work, who thrilling incidents are so suggestive of subjects for illustration in passionate or tender verse, induced the Publisher to anticipate the wants of the music public by the announcement of the above Songs.—OTHER PUBLISHERS having subsequently advertised similar Sets of Songs, the public are requested to peruse the words of the original series, which are appended, previously to giving their orders.

NO. I. THE SLAVE WIFE.

"Don't you know a slave can't be married? There is no law in this country for that: I can't hold you for my wife, if he chooses to part us. That's why I wish I had never seen you—why I wish I had never been born; it would have been better for us both—it would have been better for this poor child if he had never been born."

Vide Chap. III.

My heart is full of bitterness,
And yet I cannot weep,
A grief like mine can never heal,
For tears 'tis far too deep;
They tell me they will break the ties
That bind me, love, to thee,
And yet I put my trust in Him
And know such things may be.

A curse is on this Christian land,
If Christian land it be,
Where men can do what God forbids
And boast that land is—"free."
The vow was said, the ring was bless'd
That bound us heart to heart,—
And yet, because they've made us slaves,
They'll rend that bond apart.

Clasp, clasp your infant to your breast,
Heed they a mother's love?
Oh! would that it would never wake
Save in the realms above;
And better we had ne'er been born,
Or resting in the grave,
Than wear the chains that bind the soul,—
The fetters of the Slave.

NO. IV. THE LITTLE EVANGELIST.

The scene on which this song is founded is comprised in the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth chapter of the work—the length of which precludes extract, but which will be familiar to every reader of Mrs. Stowe's admirable work.

Let them bring them to my chamber,
Let them bring those flowers to me,
For the sunny spots they grew in
I never more may see;
They know how well I love them,
And what have they to give,
Save those sweet flowers that, like your child,
Have little time to live!

For my sake do not blame them,
Do not chide them, mother dear;
If my life would buy their freedom
I'd not wish to linger here.
But I pray my fleeting senses,
Yet a little time may hold,
That I may bring this stricken flock
Within the Shepherd's fold.

'Tis vain—my time is coming,
Bid them stand before me now,
And, mother, take these shining locks,
And cut them from my brow;
And give a parted tress to each,
That when my soul shall flee,
They'll think of little Eva's words,
And still remember me.

NO. II. THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.

"So Eliza, my girl," said the husband, "bear up, I'm going."
"Going, George—going where?"
"To Canada, and when I'm there I'll buy you and the boy. God helping me, I will."
"O dreadful,—if you should be taken!"
"I won't be taken, Eliza,—I'll die first, I'll be free, or I'll die!"

Vide Chap. III.

Fare thee well, my girl, I'm going,
I must strive to reach, once more,
Where the blessed breath of freedom
Fans the bleak Canadian shore;
They will track me, they will hunt me,
Offer gold my lie to buy,
But their bonds shall never hold me,—
No! God help me! I can die!

Oh! to live in ceaseless sorrow,
Feel the lash, and bear their chains,
And to know the same red current
Circles thro' the white man's veins!
And to be a thing of barter;
(Tho' the soul they cannot buy)
What is death but endless freedom?
Then let me—be free or die!

Fare thee well, my love, my dear one,
I that distant land may view,
Win bright gold to purchase freedom,
Freedom for my boy and you;
What is hunger—toil—starvation—
All, perchance, I'm doom'd to brave,
But I'll bear the chain no longer
I'll die—but never live, a slave.

NO. V. EMMELINE.

"I want you to brush your hair all back straight tomorrow," said Susan.

"What for, mother?—I don't think I look near so well that way."

"Respectable families would be more apt to buy you if they saw you looked plain and decent, as if you wasn't trying to look handsome."

"Well then, mother, I will."
"And, Emmeline, if we shouldn't see each other again,—if I'm sold way up on a plantation somewhere, and you somewhere else—always remember how you've been brought up. Take your bible with you and your hymn book, and if you're faithful to the Lord, he'll be faithful to you."

Vide Chap. XXX.

My dark hair, dear mother, I've braided,
I've taken the curls from my brow,
With sorrow, like thine 'tis o'erclouded,
To think I may part from you now;
Perhaps when they gaze on our anguish
They still may not sell us apart,
To know in some swamp you may languish,
Would break your poor Emmeline's heart.

Your head's on my breast, dearest mother,
I never may pillow it more,
Who will be as we have been to each other,
What the loss of a mother restore?
My tears may be greeted with laughter,
My limbs may be gall'd by the chain,
But mother, there is a hereafter,
And then I may meet you again.

NO. III. EVA'S SONG.

"It was Sunday evening, and Eva's Bible lay open her knee. She read 'And I saw a sea of glass mingled with fire'—Tom," said Eva, suddenly, and pointing to the lake, 'There 'tis.'

'What, Miss Eva,'

'Don't you see there?' said the child, pointing to glassy water, which, as it rose and fell, reflected the golden glow of the sky, 'There, is a sea of glass mingled fire!'

'They come to me sometimes in my sleep, those spirits—'

'Uncle Tom, I'm going there.'

'Where, Miss Eva?'

The child rose and pointed her little hand to the lake, 'I'm going there, to the spirits bright, Tom; going before long.'

Vide Chap. X.

You tell me when I gaze upon
The bright and glowing skies,
That, far beyond those gates of pearl,
The spirit region lies,—

That there, upon the wings of morn,

Earth's weary ones may soar,

May pass away, as in a dream,

And seek that sinless shore:

And often at the eventide

I watch the sunlit stream,

And there behold the sea of glass

That mingles with the beam;

And then I feel the written truths

Sink deeper in my breast,

And would that angels bore me to

Those realms of perfect rest.

I've seen the angels in my sleep,
You doubt me not, I know,
For you, poor slave, have told me where
The wandering soul must go;
And I, a little child, have sought,
What none would teach but thee,
The meaning of that holy book
I read upon your knee,
I'm going to those lovely realms,
I'm going before long,
But there your dear Evangeline
Will listen to your song;
And when at last you kneel alone,
Think I shall hear your pray'r,—
That He whose blood has ransom'd all,
Will let you join me there.

NO. VI. POOR UNCLE TO

"Mas'r," said Tom, "I know ye can do dreadful things—but he stretched himself upward, and clasped his hands—'but after ye've killed the body, there ain't no more that can do. And Oh! there's all ETERNITY to come that,'"

Vide Chap. X.

In my cabin at Kentucky,
The dear home they bore me from,
Could they see what he has made me,
Would they know poor Uncle Tom?
But they have not crush'd the spirit
That bids me cling to One
Who will give me more than freedom,
When this frail life is done.
Oft I dream of Old Kentucky,
And the home they sold me from,
And I hear the dear, kind voices,
Sighing still "Poor Uncle Tom."

Wife and children—are they Christians?
Who would rend such links in twain?
How I loved them—but we're parted—
And may never meet again.
They may lash me—they may scourge me—
All the world could give may take,
But the heav'n is still above me,
And my trust I'll not forsake.
There's a better brighter region,
Than the world I'm going from,
And I hear the angel voices
Crying, "Come, poor Uncle Tom!"

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