



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

Slave's appeal.

Chicago: H. M. Higgins (117 Randolph St.), 1863

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/KX7LMY67PFEBN8H>

<http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/NKC/1.0/>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.



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:

Published by H. M. HIGGINS, 117th Randolph St



Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1863, by H. M. HIGGINS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.

THE SLAVE'S APPEAL.

Words by Barbara Brande.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

Air.



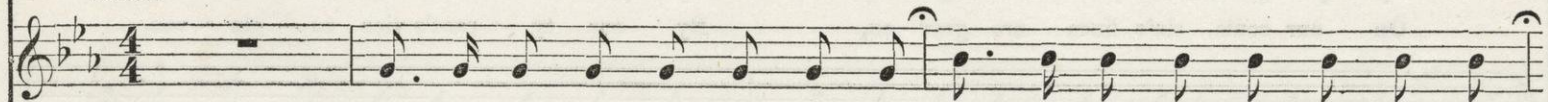
1 By our lives of de - gra - da - tion; By our years of de - so - la - tion;
2 By the lash our bod - ies flay - ing; By the blood-hounds' ruthless bay - ing;

Alto.



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

Tenor.

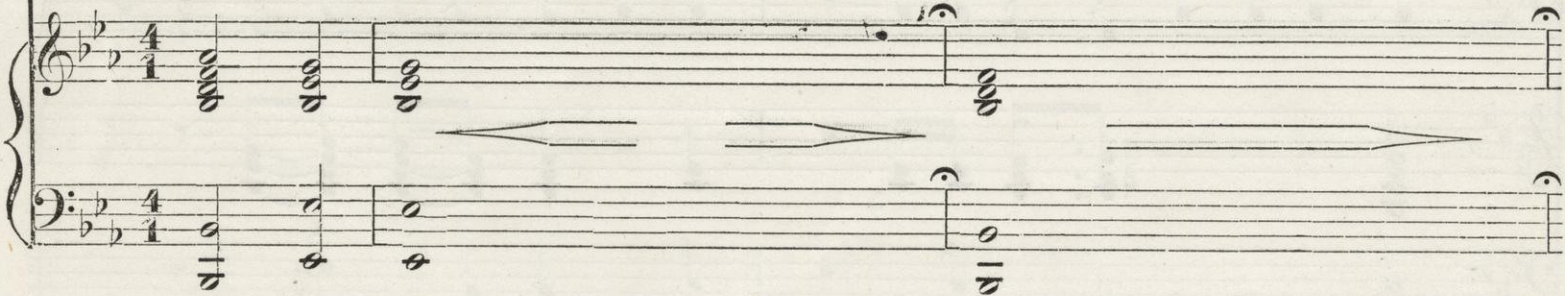


4 O'er the land war's ser - pents trail - ing, Fill your hearts with woe and wail - ing,
5 Dear to us, oh! free - born moth - ers, Are our chil - dren, sires and broth - ers;

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 a 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!