ANTI-SLAVERY SONGS,

BY JOSHUA M'O SIMPSON,
A COLORED MAN.

ZANESVILLE, O.
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PREFACE.

In offering my first little production to the public, I am well aware that many superstitious, prejudiced, and perhaps many good, conscientious well-meaning christians will have serious objections to the "Ains" to which my poetry is set. My object in my selection of tunes, is to kill the degrading influence of those comic Negro Songs, which are too common among our people, and change the flow of those sweet melodies into more appropriate and useful channels; and I charitably hope that my good intentions may easily be seen, and duly appreciated; and that my little book may find its way and lodging place in every house and family in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

JOSHUA M'C SIMPSON.
FREEDOM'S CAUSE.

Aim.—"We won't give up the Bible."

Our cause is just and holy—
To it we'll ever stand;
Our right to life and liberty—
Is all that we demand.
Our sword is truth—our shield is love—
Our best plea faith and prayer—
Our armour is the fear of God,
And we the foe will dare:
Our cause is just and holy,
To it we'll ever stand.

Our cause is just and holy:
And backed by power divine;
To trust in God's own sacred word
Our hearts are well inclined,
And it shall be our pride and boast
To sink the gospel truth
Into the hearts of all our foes—
The aged and the youth,
Our cause is just and holy,
To it we'll ever stand.

Our cause is just and holy—
Our country's good at stake;
We wish to pull down Tyranny
And laws of justice make;
And this we fancy not to do
By shedding human blood;
Our veins shall never drain to make
A mighty crimson flood.
Our cause is just and holy;
To it we'll ever stand.

Our cause is just and holy—
We feel it in our veins;
For Jesus came all men to save.
From misery, sin, and chains;
His blood ran free on Calvary.
For every human soul.

Our cause is just and holy—
It saves from poll to poll.
Our cause is just and holy
To it we'll ever stand.

Our cause is just and holy,
And we are not ashamed
To sing it on the Mountain tops,
And sound it o'er the main,
That we are friends of Liberty—
That attribute of love—
As God created all men free.
We freedom's cause, will move.

Our cause is just and holy
To it we'll ever stand.

Our cause is just and holy,
For it we'll ever pray.
Although we may not see the good
We do till Judgment day.
We'll plead our cause where e'er we go;
Till all mankind shall see.
And Slavery's friends shall feel and own
That God made all men free.

Our cause is just and holy
To it we'll ever stand.

THE AFRICAN GIRL.
Tune—"Long long Ago."

This world to me at the best is but base—
Here is no rest—here is no rest!
Here I am sunk in the deepest disgrace—
Here is no rest—here is no rest!
Here I'm forsaken and left all alone;
Far from my country, my friends and my home;
Far o'er the billows from all have been borne;
Here is no rest; here's no rest.

Here I must rise at the sound of the horn!
Here is no rest! here is no rest!
Go to the field e'en before day is dawned!
Here is no rest! here's no rest!
Here I must labor, and toil as a beast
And when I murmur my task is increased;
No one to pity; no arm to release;
Here is no rest, here's no rest.

Here I must toil at the end of the lash;
Here is no rest, here is no rest!
And dare not shrink from its deep painful gash;
Here is no rest; here is no rest!
Heart broken daughter of grief and despair;
No one to help me my burdens to bear—
No one on earth for my soul who will care.
Here is no rest, here's no rest.

Here I'm a slave, and a slave must remain;
Here is no rest; here is no rest!
Winter and summer to me are the same;
Here is no rest; here is no rest!
Here I must labor though tempests may blow;

Here is no rest; here is no rest!
Toil without mantle through frost and through snow;
O tell me when shall my tears cease to flow?
Here is no rest, here's no rest!
Could I but soar to those mansions on high!
There there is rest; there there is rest!
There in the arms of my Savior to lie;
There there is rest; there there is rest!
Speed fleeting moments and bear me away!
Free my sad soul from this prison of clay,
Far from this wilderness bear me away!
There, there is rest; there is rest.

ALL THINGS SPEAK.
Tune—"All is well."
Hark! Hark! A voice! A voice is, loudly sounding—
Free the slave—Free the slave!
Sweet freedoms voice—O'er hill and dale resounding—
Free the slave—Free the slave!
All nature shrinks the lash to hear—
The crimson dye—the groans and tears
All speak in accents loud and clear
Free the slave—Free the slave!
Slack! slack your hands! ye tyrants cease your folly;
Free the slave—free the slave!
Your brother's blood cries to the Lord Most holy
Free the slave—free the slave!

Your land is smitten with disgrace—
Your laws are rigid vile and base,
And conscience speaks from every breast
Free the slave—free the slave!
Call back those hounds! O! let their bays no longer
Grieve the slave—grieve the slave!
Let not your horns in dismal tones of thunder
Grieve the slave—grieve the slave!
Your fetters break—your bondman free;
And let the song of "Liberty"
Re-echo o'er the land and sea;
Free the slave—free the slave!
Behold your banner gently, gently floating
O'er the slave—o'er the slave!
Your Eagle spreads his golden wings exulting
O'er the slave—o'er the slave!
Three million slaves are in his grasp;
And millions more he longs to clasp
But God forbid his power shall last.
Free the slave—free the slave!
Heralds go forth. And may success attend you.
Free the slave—free the slave!
And may the God of Righteousness defend you.
Free the slave—free the slave!
Put on your Armor—make it bright,
And draw the bow with holy might
And speed the arrows in their flight.
Free the slave! free the slave!
FREEDOM'S CALL.

Come come to freedom's call—
Old and young come one and all,
Join now to celebrate
Eighteen hundred and thirty eight.

Sing freemen sing, O sing freemen sing,
Sing a Song . . .

For it won't be long,
'Till the slaves are all set free.

In old Jamaica's Isles,
See the Sun of freedom shines,
Chains are now no longer worn
Despots from their Thrones are torn.

Praise freemen praise, O praise freemen praise,
Praise the Lord
For it was his word
That set the Captive free.

Hark! what is this I hear?
A distant sound salutes my ear.

Groans from the living graves
Of thirty thousand slaves.

Pray Christians pray, pray Christians pray,
Weep and pray,
For the glorious day
When the slaves shall all go free.

Go! go! with one accord—
Preach my Gospel saith the Lord.

Cry on the Land and Sea,
"God created all men free,"
Preach ye heralds preach, preach ye heralds preach,
Preach and pray

For the glorious day.
When the slaves shall all go free.

Now in the eastern skies
See that brilliant light arise.

Slavery's die will soon be cast
Plead freemen plead, plead freemen plead.

Till the glorious day
When the slaves shall all go free.

Blow! blow! the trumpet blow,
Round the walls of Jericho—
Loud let the echo sound.

Slavery's walls are tumbling down.

Blow Christian's blow, blow the trumpet blow,
Blow and pray,
Till the glorious day
When the slaves shall all go free.

THE FUGITIVE IN MONTREAL.

Tune—"Dandy Jim."

Come all my brethren, now draw near,
I have a tale to tell to you;
I have escaped the Auctioneer,
Though hard the blood-hounds did pursue.

Far in the south I was a slave,
Where Sugar-cane, and cotton grows;
My Master was a cruel knave,
As every body may suppose,
My old master don't like me;
I begged him so to set me free—
He swore before he'd let me go,
He'd feed me to the carrion crow.
One day as I was grinding cane,
My Master passed me too, and said:
Says I what can old master mean?
It's nothing good for me I know.
I caught his eye—he dropped his head,
And stuck his cigar in his mouth.
Ha! Ha! says I. Old master Ned;
You're going to sell me farther south!
My old master don't like me.
I soon beheld a hard old case—
He was a stranger too, to me;
He come and stared me in the face,
And says "my boy I'll set you free!".
That night I lay me on my bed,
But there was no repose for me—
Ten-thousand thoughts ran through my head,
But all was about old Tennessee.
My old master don't like me.
I heard old master plainly say
"Well mother I have sold old Sam;
He leaves about the break of day—
I've got one thousand in my hand."
Thinks I, this is my only chance,
For life and death are now at stake;
I gathered up my coat, and pants,
And for the North I made a break.
My old master don't like me.

It was dark, and dreary night,
About one o'clock, when all was still;
No stars, nor moon to give me light;
And nought to be heard but the whipperwill.
I wandered not to the left nor right,
(Though hard it was to find the way)
And just six weeks from that dark night
I landed safe in Canada.

My old master don't like me.
I have a wife, I know not where;
(At least sometimes I call her mine)
When last I saw her countenance fair,
She was on her way to Caroline.
I have a son both young and brave,
Who broke the ice some time ago,
And now with me (though not a slave)
He's safe beneath the LION'S paw.

My old master don't like me.
* It is a mode of punishment in the south for certain
offences, to hang the offender on a tree or bind him up
on his back and let his carcass hang or lie, until the
flesh is devoured by the carrion crow. They commence
their dissection at the eyes, which many times are both
pulled out before the sufferer is dead.

THE FIRST OF AUGUST IN JAMAICA.

Tune—"Hail Columbia."

Hail thou sweet and welcome day;
Let the Angels join the lay,
And help us swell the anthems high.
Tune all your golden harps once more,
Which rose before the Eternal Throne;
Our scalding tears in silence shed
Were coals of fire upon his head,
Wake the psaltery, lute and lyre
And let us set the world on fire
And may Jehovah blow the flame
Till all mankind shall see the light
Of knowledge; liberty and right
Our hands are clear of human blood;
We bought our liberty from God
Love, joy and peace are now combined
With freedom's golden chain entwined,
Firm united may we stand
A happy free and social band;
Each brother feel his brother's care,
And each his brothers' burden bear.

THE SLAVEHOLDER'S REST.

A Song, illustrative of the true feelings of the Slave, when a tyrant master dies, sung by the body-servant, and his field brethren, in a retired Negro quarter.

Tune—Uncle Ned.

Servant.

Come all my brethren, let us take a rest,
While the moon shines so brightly and clear;
Old master has died and left us all at last,
And has gone to the bar to appear.
Old master's dead, and lying in his grave;
And our blood will awhile cease to flow,
He will no more trample on the neck of the slave,
For he's gone where the slaveholders go.

_Brethren—_

Hang up the shovel and the hoe;
Take down the fiddle and the bow,
Old master has gone to the slaveholder's rest,
He has gone where they all ought to go.

_Servant—_

I heard the old doctor say the other night,
As he pass'd by the dining room door.
"Perhaps the old gentleman may live through the night,
But I think that he will die about four."
Then old mistress sent me at the peril of my life,
For the person to come down to pray;
"For," said she, "your old master is now about to die,"
And said I, "God speed him on his way!"

_Brethren—_

Hang up the shovel and the hoe,
Take down the fiddle and the bow, &c.

_Servant—_

At four o'clock this morning, the family was called
Around the old man's dying bed,
And I tell you now I laughed to myself, when I was told
That the old man's spirit had fled.
The children all grieved, and so I did pretend;
The old mistress very near went mad;
And the old Parson's groans, did the heavens fairly rend;

But I tell you now I felt mighty glad.

_Brethren—_

Hang up the shovel and the hoe,
Take down the fiddle and the bow, &c.

_All Join Together._

We will no more be roused by the blowing of his horn;
Our backs no longer he will scour;
He will no more feed us on cotton seeds and corn,
For his reign of oppression now is o'er;
He will no more hang our children on the tree,
To be eat by the carion crow;
He will no more sell our wives to Tennessee,
For he's gone where the slaveholders go.

Hang up the shovel and the hoe,
Take down the fiddle and the bow, &c.

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QUEEN VICTORIA CONVERSING WITH HER SLAVE CHILDREN.

_Air— "Come come away."

_Queen._

O come! come away, my noble sons & daughters
Why linger there
In dark despair?
O come! come away!
On Erin's northern banks I stand,
With open arms, and stretched out hands;
From tyrant Columbia's land
O come! come away!

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SLAVES.
O, mother Victoria,
Why do you thus torment us?
Do you not see
That we're not free,
And can't come away?
We're watched by day and chained by night;
Both robbed of liberty and right;
While crushed by the oppressors might.
We can't come away.

QUEEN.
O come! come away, my sable sons & daughters,
Your galling chains
Now rend in twain
And come, come away.
Here in my province still is room,
And I will give you if you come
A long, free, and happy home.
O come! come away!

SLAVES.
The bloodhounds (our guards)
Surround our whole plantation;
The patrols too
Will us pursue,
We can't come away.
Also our master and their wives
Sleep on their swords and Bowknives,
And swear they will take our lives;
We can't come away.

QUEEN.
O come! come away, my sable sons & daughters,
Dry up your tears
Dismiss your fears
And come! come away.
The Lord will take you by the hand,
And lead you through the forest land;
The beasts are at his command;
O come! come away!

SLAVES.
Our masters we fear will blight our undertakings;
Our very eyes
They'll advertize—
We can't come away.
The northern states though free by name
Have negro dogs in every range
Who linger there for pocket's change;
*We can't come away.*

**Queen.**

O come! come away, why will you longer tarry?
The Lord will stand
At your right hand
O come, come away!
You'll meet with many a northern friend
Who will his best endeavors lend
To speed you on to freedom's land;
O Come, come away!

**Slaves.**

O! mother Victoria should we be overtaken;
Our grief untold
Will be tenfold;
We can't come away.
They'll either hang us on a tree,
Or sell us down to Tennessee
Into endless slavery;
We can't come away.

**Queen.**

O come, come away! I cannot cease you longer;
You need not fear
*John Bull is here—*
O come, come away!
The Lyons paw shall guard thy head,
His *shaggy mane* shall be thy bed,
And none upon thy rights shall tread,
*O come, come away.*

**Slaves Response.**

The Lyons paw shall guard our heads!
His *shaggy mane* shall be our beds!
And none upon our rights shall tread!
We'll all come away!

*The British government.*

**Away to Canada.**

*Adapted to the Case of Mr. S., Fugitive from Tennessee.*

I'm on my way to Canada,
That cold and dreary land;
The dire effects of slavery,
I can no longer stand.
My soul is vexed within me so,
To think that I'm a slave;
I've now resolved to strike the blow
For freedom or the grave.

**O righteous Father,**
Wilt thou not pity me?
And aid me on to Canada,
Where colored men are free.

I heard old Queen Victoria say,
If we would all forsake
Our native land of slavery,
And come across the Lake,
That she was standing on the shore,
With arms extended wide,
To give us all a peaceful home,
Beyond the rolling tide.
Farewell, Old Master!

That's enough for me—
I'm going straight to Canada,
Where colored men are free.

I heard the old soul driver say,
As he was passing by,
That Darkey's bound to run away,
I see it in his eye.

My heart responded to the charge
And thought it was no crime,
And something seemed my mind to urge,
That now's the very time.

O! old Driver,
Don't you cry for me—
I'm going up to Canada,
Where colored men are free.

Grieve not, my wife—grieve not for me,
O! do not break my heart;
For nought but cruel slavery
Would cause me to depart.

If I should stay to quell your grief,
Your grief I would augment;
For no one knows the day that we
Asunder might be rent.

O! Susannah,
Don't you cry for me—
I'm going up to Canada,
Where colored men are free.

I heard old Master pray last night—
I heard him pray for me;
That God would come, and in his might

From Satan set me free;
So I from Satan would escape,
And flee the wrath to come—
If there's a fiend in human shape,
Old Master must be one.

O! Old Master!

While you pray for me,
I'm doing all I can to reach
The land of Liberty.

Ohio's not the place for me;
For I was much surprised,
So many of her sons to see,
In garments of disguise.

Her name has gone out through the world
Free Labor—Soil—and Men—
But slaves had better far be hurled
Into the Lion's Den.

Farewell Ohio!

I am not safe in thee;
I'll travel on to Canada,
Where colored men are free.

I've now embarked for yonder shore,
Where Man's a man by Law,
The vessel soon will bear me o'er,
To shake the Lion's paw.

I no more dread the Auctioneer;
Nor fear the Master's frowns—
I no more tremble when I hear
The baying Negro-hounds.

O, Old Master!

Don't think hard of me—
I'm just in sight of Canada,  
Where colored men are free.
I've landed safe upon the shore,  
Both soul and body free.
My blood and brain, and tears no more  
Will drench old Tennessee,
But I behold the scalding tear,  
Now stealing from my eye,
To think my wife—my only dear,  
A slave must live and die.
O, Susannah!  
Don't grieve after me—
For ever at a throne of grace:  
I will remember thee.

OLD LIBERIA IS NOT THE PLACE  
FOR ME.

Tune—Come to the old gum tree."
Come all ye Colonizationists,  
My muse is off to-day—
Come, listen while she's singing  
Her soft and gentle lay.
Before she's done you'll understand,  
Whoever you may be,
That Old Liberia  
Is not the place for me.
Although I'm trodden under foot  
Here in America—
And th' right to life, and liberty,  
From me you take away.

Until my brethren in the South;  
From chains are all set free.
The Old Liberia  
Is not the place for me.
Although (as Moses Walker says),  
'There children never cry;'
And he who can well act the hog,  
For food will never die;
For there the yams and cocoa-nuts,  
And oranges are free.
Yet old Liberia  
Is not the place for me;
You say it is a goodly land,  
Where milk and honey flow;  
And every Jack will be a man  
Who there may choose to go.
You say that 'God appointed there  
The black man's destiny:'  
Yet old Liberia  
Is not the place for me.
The sweet potatoes there may grow,  
And rice in great supplies;  
And purest waters ever flow,  
Which dazzle quite your eyes.
Tho' there they have the sugar-cane;  
Also the coffee tree.
Yet old Liberia  
Is not the place for me.
Three million slaves are in the South!  
And suffering there today:
You've gag'd them; yea, you've stop'd their mouth,
They dare not even pray!
We who in art and enterprise,
Are trudging on our way,
You'd have us all to colonize
In old Liberia.

"Give joy or grief—give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;"
I deem this as my native land,
And here I'm bound to stay.
I have a mind to be a man
Among white men and free;
And OLD LIBERIA!
Is not the place for me!

My muse has chanted now too long,
And spent her breath in vain—
In singing of that Negro Den,
Across the raging main.
Our blood is now so far dispers'd
Among the Anglo-race,
To rid this country of the curse
Would need a larger space,

And old Liberia
Is rather far away;
I'd rather find a peaceful home
In Old America!

* This Moses Walker is a colored man who has recently returned from Liberia, where he has been on a spring tour, and has been since his return, tickling the ears of the Colonizationists in many parts of our State, with the 'joyous' report of the glorious prospect of Lib-

beria becoming a great nation. He declares that all a man need do to live in Liberia, is to lay down and roll, and eat. He also states that 'the native children never cry because their parents stuff them with food, just as some of our farmer-women stuff turkeys and geese, to fatten them for Christmas!"

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CELEBRATION ADIEU.

TUNE—"Linden Waltz."

Low in the west, see the sun now declining—
Closing the day with its seasons of glee:
Low in the west, through the hill-tops he's smiling,
And silently bids a good night to the free.

Glory, and honor; both power and salvation
Be given to God who this day has been kind.
In his own hand is the faith of all nations
And he shall accomplish his will and designs.

O! let it be to our great consolation
That God, to the poor and oppressed is kind.

Days must depart, and seasons must wither;
Time as a thought is but here and is gone;
Years doth unite, what moments must sever,
For Time is a monarch; and Earth is his throne.

Now we must part, and perhaps part forever;
The place that now knows us may know us no more.

Waters and mountains our bodies may sever;
But love, and affection will last ever more.
Though on this spot we'll meet again never,
God grant us a meeting on Canaan's blest shore.
While we have spent this day celebrating;
While we have spent it in feasting and glees;
Three million slaves in our own land are waiting
To hail as a Nation this grand Jubilee.
Oh! hear ye not those chains that are clanking,
While low to the earth the poor bondmen are bound—
Low to the earth which their own blood is drenching—
The "Land of the free" and the home of the proud.
Burdened and bruised, and tortured, and mangled—
Their chains are their mantle—their tears are their shroud.

Oh! weary bondman weep thou no longer;
God is thy refuge he'll soon give thee aid—
Blest freedom's host, grows stronger and stronger;
The hand of the Despot will ere long be stayed.
Wee're coming! Wee're coming! Wee're coming!
Our weapons of warfare we hold in our hands.
We come not to greet you with firing and drumming—
The clashing of steel is not heard in our land.
Oh! weary bondmen weep thou no longer,
For soon Ethopia shall stretch forth her hands.
So hie me away, &c.
I've served my master all my days,
Without a dime's reward;
And now I'm forced to run away,
To flee the lash, abhor'd.
The hounds are baying on my track,
The master's just behind,
Resolved that he will bring me back,
Before I cross the line.
So hie me away, &c.

There, something speaks within my breast;
The voice can not be hushed!
Though this poor body is oppressed,
The spirit can't be crushed.
It speaks and tells me, "Rise and live,
And show myself a man.
The soul which God to me has given,
The tyrant ne'er can brand.
So hie me away, &c.

Farewell to Alabama's shore,
Farewell to the galling yoke,
I ne'er expect to wear thee more;
Thou art forever broke.
Farewell to master, friends, and foes,
Your face, no more I'll see:
Put on the steam—and off she goes:
Huzza! for Liberty.
So hie me away to Canada,
That cold and dreary shore,
Oft carry me back to Alabama,
To Alabama no more—

Oft carry me back to Alabama,
To Alabama no more.

THE LITTLE MAID ON HER WAY.
Tenz—Buy a Broom.

O! say little maid, whither now are you going—
Whether now are you going this cold winter day?
I'm bound for the North where the cold winds are blowing
For I was a slave, and am running away.
O! say little maiden how far have you traveled—
How far have you traveled this cold winter day?
I have come fifteen miles, over mountains and valley.
And I must be making quick speed, on my way.
O! say little maid—fear ye not you will perish—
Fare ye not you will perish this cold winter day?
I'm cold it is true—but a hope I do cherish,
That I shall soon warm me in old Canada.
O! say little maid will you not have some biscuits,
To keep you from starving this cold winter day?
I have some old crust which I stole from my mistress,
And this will support me awhile on the way.
O! say little maid, have you no one to guard you?
And how can you travel this cold winter day?
The Lord is my pilot, he's always beside me
And this makes me happy, and blithe on the way,
O! say little maid, can you no longer tarry—
Can you no longer tarry this cold winter day,
O no! I'm afraid, that some wretch will betray me;
I'll bid you farewell, and will hasten on my way.