

## DON'T BE ANGRY MOTHER.

Don't be angry mother, mother,  
Let thy smiles be smiles of joy,  
Don't be angry, mother, mother,  
Don't be angry with thy boy.  
Years have flown since we have travers'd  
The dark and stormy sea ;  
Whilst your boy quite broken heart'd,  
Ne'er has ceased to think of thee.

Don't be angry mother, mother,  
Let the world say what it will,  
Though I don't deserve thy favor,  
Yet I fondly love thee still ;  
We have lived and loved together,  
And our hearts ne'er knew a pain,  
But forgive me, mother, mother,  
Oh, forgive thy boy again.

Pray, remember, mother, mother  
I've been kneeling at thy feet,  
And I am dreaming of thee nightly,  
While reclining in my sleep ;  
But forgive me, mother, mother,  
It will ease thy heart of pain,  
But forgive me, mother, mother,  
Oh, forgive thy boy again.

## MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

Round de meadows am a ringing,  
De darkies mournful song,  
While de mocking bird's singing,  
Happy as de day am long ;  
While de ivy am a creeping  
O'er the grassy mound,  
Dere de old man am a sleeping,  
Sleeping in the cold, cold, ground.

Chorus.

Down in the corn fields,  
Hear that mournful sound,  
All the darkies are a weeping,  
Massa's in de cold, cold, ground.  
Whne the autumn leaves were falling,  
When the days were cold,  
It was hard to hear old massa calling,  
'Cause he was so weak and old ;  
Now the orange tree am blooming,  
On de sandy shore,  
Now the summer days are coming  
Massa never call no more.  
Massa made de darkies love him,  
'Cause he was so kind,  
Now dey sadly weep above him,  
Mourning 'cause he leave dem behind,  
I cannot work before to-morrow,  
'Cause de tear does flow,  
I'll try to drive away my sorrow,  
Playing on the old banjo.



## I AM NOT ANGRY.

I am not angry, dearest boy,  
No cloud is on my brow,  
Thou seest only smiles of joy,  
I am not angry now.

A mother's heart has yearn'd for thee,  
A mother's tears have flown,  
A mother's prayers been offer'd up  
To the eternal throne .

And though thou hast been wayward, boy,  
Misguided by thy will,  
A mother's love is thine, my boy  
Thou art my darling still.

While thou wert on the rolling deep,  
Toss'd by the rugged sea,  
My only comfort was to weep—  
To weep and pray for thee.

Over thy follies I have shed,  
Ah ! many a bitter tear,  
And I have mourn'd for thee as dead,  
Through all the passing year.

Yet I have pray'd that thou, my son,  
Might'st catch my latest breath,  
That thy dear hands, and thine alone,  
Might close my eyes in death.

I do forgive thee now, my boy,  
It frees my heart from pain,  
My bosom throbs alone with joy  
To see thy face again.

Though thou hast wander'd far from me,  
I'll yet forgive the past,  
For I am happy, boy, to see  
Thou hast return'd at last.

Yes, now this heart is fill'd with joy,  
My sorrows are all o'er,  
For thou art here again, my boy,  
And we shall part no more.

