



THE
DYING SLAVE.

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FOR many long years I have been a poor slave,
But age draws on me a-pace,
Ah cold piercing winds have I felt on the waves,
No pleasure I've seen in my days.
I am feeble, and worn, and have quite lost my strength,
My days will not be many more,
For death comes apace, which shortens my breath,
While I, while I, stand tugging at the oar.

His comrades stood around him to hear his last sigh,
The tears from their eyes overflow'd,
The misery he felt while during his life,
He is happy whenever he goes.
A change there was seen--death appeared in his face
His form it did tremble all o'er,
Till at last his eyes sunk, his hands they did shake,
He sigh'd, he sigh'd--'tis the last sigh he bore,

Alas! he is gone--his miseries no more,
His anguish he felt when a slave,
His form which he bore through hardships and storms
Lies sunk beneath the swelling tide,
Kind-hearted to the last, but was forc'd to give way,
Grim death would spare him no more,
He cried all at once this is a happy day
For he--no more will I tug at the oar.

