



SLAVERY DAYS



White, Printer, Rose-place, Liverpool.



I am thinking to day of dem years dat passed away,
When dey tied me up in bondage long ago
In old Virginy State, it was dar we separate,
And it filled my heart with misery and woe.
Dey took away my boy, he was his mother's joy
From a baby in the cradle we him raise. [heart.
Ch, dey put us far apart, and it broke de old man's
In dem agonising cruel slav'ry days.

Dey never come again, let us give our praise to Him.
Who looks down whar de little children play [gone.
So ev'ry night and morn, we will pray for dem dat's
In dem agonising, cruel slav'ry days.

Still my memory will steal o'er to dat cabin floor.
When de shadow of de sun came peep in [dog bark.
At night when all was dark, we would hear the watch
And we'd listen to de murmur of de wind.
It seem'd to say to me, ' You people must be free,
For the happy time is coming, ' Lord be prais'd
For then we would weep and moan, for our souls was
In dem agonising, cruel slavery days. [not our own.

I am growing old and feeble, and our life am nearly done
I have travell'd in the roughest of road; [at last,
Thro' sickness, toil and sorrow, I have reach'd de end
And I'm resting by de way side wid my load.
Forget now and forgive, has always been my guide,
For dat's what the Golden Scripture surely says:
But our mem'ry will turn roun' when souls dey were
In dem agonising, cruel slav'ry days. [tied down,



WAIT UNTIL THE MOONLIGHT FALLS ON THE WATER.

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Cease your repining, bright eyes are shining,
Soft hearts are melting with fervent love,
Red cheeks are paling, sweethearts bewailing,
Tarry not a moment for the girl that you love
She is sure to cheer you, if she comes near
you.

She is ever waiting for the sweet kiss,
If you're inclined for a midnight ramble,
Tell me what you think of a night like this
Wait until the moonlight falls on the water,
Then take your sweetheart out for a walk,
Mind what you say boys, that's the way to
court her,
Tell her that you'll wed her when the days
get short.

Softly the moonlet falls on the streamlet,
Silver in it its ripple with brilliant rays,
Out in the still night, making the heart light,
Waking up the Dicky Birds before the break
of day.

Tickling and teasing, cuddling and squeezing,
Telling lots of little fibs and saying they are
true.

Some say it's naughty, some say it's pleasant,
Just wait a little moment, and I'll tell you
what to do-

Homeward retreating, sad hearts are beating,
Because she must bid you a last good night,
Softly she wishes, those stolen kisses,
Would last till the mornings broad daylight,
Then out goes the gas-light, then comes the
good night.

Gently she raises the latch with the key,
See how the dear miss, rushes for the last kiss
Mind what you do, till next you meet.

