

# CANNOT MIND MY WHEEL

**PHOEBE MOREL,**

I had a dream, a happy dream,  
I thought that I was free,  
That in my own bright land again,  
A home there was for me.  
Savannah's tide dash'd bravely on,  
I saw wave roll o'er wave,  
But when in full delight I woke,  
I found myself a slave.

I never knew a mother's love,  
Yet happy were my days,  
For by my own dear father's side,  
I found myself a slave.

He died—and heartless strangers came,  
E're closed o'er him the grave,  
They bore me weeping from his side,  
And claimed me as their slave.

And this was in a christian land,  
Where men oft kneel and pray,  
The vaunted home of liberty,  
Where lash and chain hold sway.

Oh, give me back my Georgian cot,  
It is not wealth I crave;  
But let me live in freedom's light,  
Or die, if still a slave.

## I Cannot Mind My Wheel

I cannot mind my wheel, mother,  
I cannot mind my wheel,  
You know not what my heart must  
know,  
You know not what I feel.

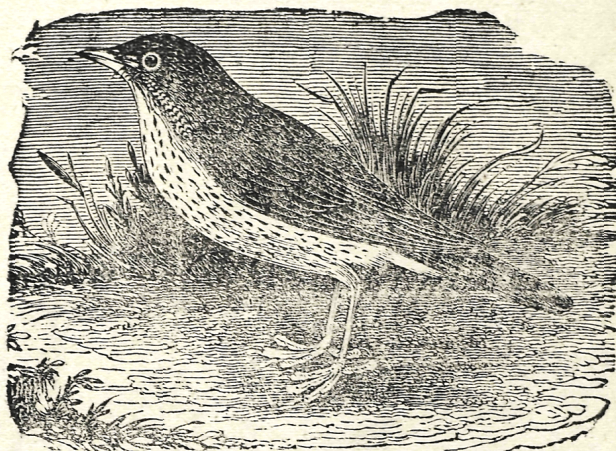
My thread is idly cast, mother,  
My thoughts are o'er the sea,  
My hopes are fading fast, mother,  
Yet feel you not for me.

I had a dreadful dream, mother,  
'Twas of a ship at sea;  
I saw a form amidst the storm,  
I heard him call on me.

I heard him call on me, mother,  
As plain as I now speak,  
I thought my brain would burst, mother,  
I thought my heart would break.

For me he perils life, mother,  
The weary ocean wide,  
And yet a word—one word from you,  
Had kept him by my side.

My wheel had gaily sped, mother,  
My thoughts of home smiled free,  
But now my smiles have fled, mother,  
My heart is o'er the sea.



## MARY OF ARGYLE.

Taylor, Printer, 92 & 93, Brick Lane, Bethnal  
Green, London.

I have heard the mavis singing  
His love song in the morn,  
I have seen the dew-drop clinging,  
To the rose just newly born.  
But a sweeter song has cheer'd me,  
At the evening's gentle close,  
I've seen an eye still brighter  
Than the dew-drop on the rose.

'Twas thy voice my gentle Mary,  
And thy artless winning smile,  
That made this world an Eden,  
Bonny Mary of Argyle,

Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness,  
And thine eye its brightness too,  
Tho' thy step may lose its swiftness,  
And thy hair its sunny hue.  
Still to me thou wilt be dearer,  
Than all the world shall own,  
I've loved thee for thy beauty,  
But not for that alone.

I've watched thy heart, dear Mary,  
And its goodness was the wile,  
That has made thee mine for ever,  
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

