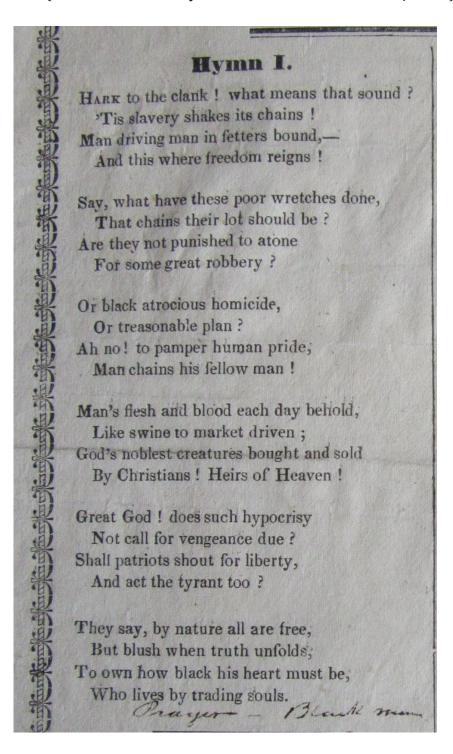
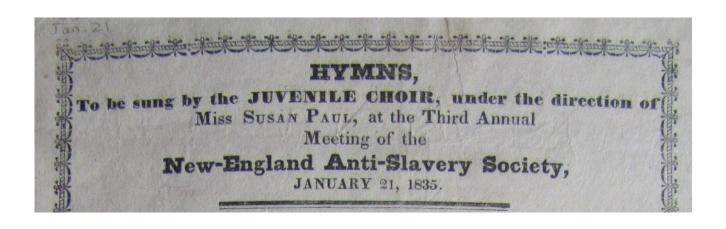
Songs of the Abolitionists

1) Hymn 1 from Hymns to be sung by the Juvenile Choir: under the direction of Miss Susan Paul... (MA Historical Society Call Number: Bdses-Sm 1835 Jan. 21)



2) Hymn 2 from Hymns to be sung by the Juvenile Choir: under the direction of Miss Susan Paul... (MA Historical Society Call Number: Bdses-Sm 1835 Jan. 21)

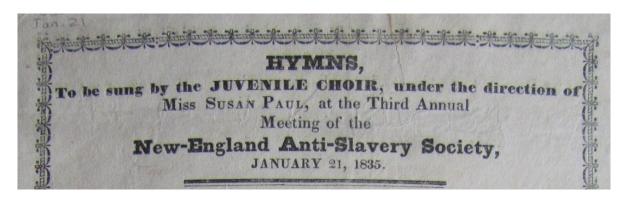


Whose limbs are worn with chains,
Whose blood our glory stains,
In gloom who grope:

Shout! for the hour draws nigh,
That gives you liberty!
And from the dust,—

So long your vile embrace, Uprising, take your place Among earth's noblest race, By right, the first ! The night-the long, long night Of infamy and slight, Shame and disgrace, And slavery, worse than e'er Rome's serfs were doomed to bear. Bloody beyond compare-Recedes apace! Speed, speed the hour, O Lord! Speak, and, at thy dread word, Fetters shall fall From every limb-the strong No more the weak shall wrong, But LIBERTY's sweet song Be sung by all !

3) Hymn 3 from Hymns to be sung by the Juvenile Choir: under the direction of Miss Susan Paul... (MA Historical Society Call Number: Bdses-Sm 1835 Jan. 21)



Hymn III.

Great God, if the humble and weak are as dear To thy love as the proud, to thy children give ear! Our brethren would drive us in deserts to roam; Forgive them, O Father, and keep us at home.

Home, sweet home!

We know of no other; this, this is our home.

Here, here our loved mothers, relax'd from their toils To watch o'er cradles and joy in our smiles; Here the bones of our fathers lie buried; and here Are friends, wives, and children, ay, all we hold dear.

Home, sweet home, &c.

Here is law, here is learning, and here we may move, Most merciful God, in the light of thy love. Boasts Afric such blessings? Oppressors, declare! Oh no, we may seek but shall not find them there.

Home, sweet home, &c.

Columbia, dear land of our birthright! may He,
Who made us a people, rain blessings on thee!
From thy bosom no pleading shall tempt us to roam;
Till force drive us from it, this, this is our home.

Home, sweet home,

Till force drive us from it, this, this is our home.

4) Untitled Hymn by Maria Weston Chapman from Hymns, for the rural anti-slavery celebration, at Dedham, July 4, 1846 (MA Historical Society Call Number: Bdses 1846 July 4)

HYMNS,

FOR THE RURAL ANTI-SLAVERY CELEBRATION, AT DEDHAM, July 4, 1846.

HYMN.

BY MARIA W. CHAPMAN.

Tune-Old Hundred.

Hark! hark!—it is the trumpet-call—
"Rise, in the name of God Most High!"
On ready hearts the accents fall,

And firm and full they make reply: —

"The hour hath come to do and dare!
Bound with the bondmen now are we;

We'll pour aloft the mighty prayer,
We'll bend in God's own house the knee."

Stream forth from all your mountains green,
Pour like a flood from ev'ry height;
With kindling hearts and voices keen,
Swell high the song of truth and right.

A mighty sound the region fills,
A voice from all our fathers' graves!

It comes from all these thousand hills—
"Woe to the land of human slaves!"