

THE  
NEGRO'S PETITION.



“Relieve the oppressed.” —Isa. lviii. 6

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“Relieve the oppressed.”—*Isa. lviii. 6.*

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PITY the sorrows of a poor black man,  
Who groans beneath oppression's ruthless  
reign ;

Ye sons of freedom, oh ! do all you can,  
Emancipation for the slave to gain.

These bleeding wounds my misery bespeak,  
These deep-drawn sighs proclaim my weight  
of grief,

These lurid tears which trickle down my cheek  
In tacit language beg for kind relief.

Hard is the lot of the poor negro slave,  
Short is his rest and scanty is his fare ;  
A tyrant's pity he in vain doth crave,  
He still the burden and the lash must bear.

Flows not the vital current from my heart  
As pure as his who o'er me bears control ?  
Did not his Maker life to me impart—  
Give me, like him, a never-dying soul ?

Let reason, let religion, answer give,  
And bid the oppressor cease to be unjust ;  
Tell him that soon we both shall cease to live,  
And must claim kindred in primeval dust.

How oft, alas ! the sacred queen of heaven  
Has gladden'd nature with her smiling face,  
Since from my bosom happiness was driven,  
By white-skinned monsters of the human race.

One fatal eve, returning to the land,  
With bosom light, I plied the willing oar,  
My wife and children waiting on the strand,  
To hail me welcome with my finny store.

Toward our hut with pleasure soon we hied,  
Thought not in ambush evil was aloof—  
But mark ! alas ! beset on every side,  
The bloodhounds seized me, and their prey  
bore off.

Adieu, I cried, my wife and babes adieu,  
Farewell my friends, my native land farewell ;  
Ah, torn for ever, dear delights, from you,  
With fell oppression I am doomed to dwell.

Still do my ears my children's cries retain,  
Still do my eyes behold my wife's despair,  
Still doth my bosom feel the parting pain,  
Still doth fond memory each dear image bear.  
Think on my fate, nor may you think in vain,  
All ye who can for misery heave the sigh ;  
The heart of pity bleeds for others' pain,  
Then hear, O ! hear a wretched negro's cry.  
Pity the sorrows of a poor black man,  
Who groans beneath oppression's ruthless  
reign ;  
Ye sons of freedom, oh ! do all ye can,  
Emancipation for the slave to gain.

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## THE NEGRO'S PRAYER.

JESUS, who mak'st the meanest soul  
An object of thy care,  
Attend to what my heart would speak :—  
Hear a poor negro's prayer.  
For thou, when bleeding on the cross,  
My sins and griefs didst bear ;  
This makes me think thou'lt not refuse  
To hear a negro's prayer.  
Poor and despised once I was,  
Yet thou, O God, wast nigh ;  
And when thy mercy first I saw,  
Sure none so glad as I.  
In ignorance I long had lived,  
A rebel too I'd been,

But thy great goodness, O my God,  
Saved me from all my sin.

Mine was a wretched state, exposed  
'To men and angels' view ;  
A slave to man, a slave to sin,  
A slave to Satan too.

O send thy word to that far land,  
Where none but negroes live :  
Teach them the way, the truth, the life ;  
Thy grace, thy blessing give.

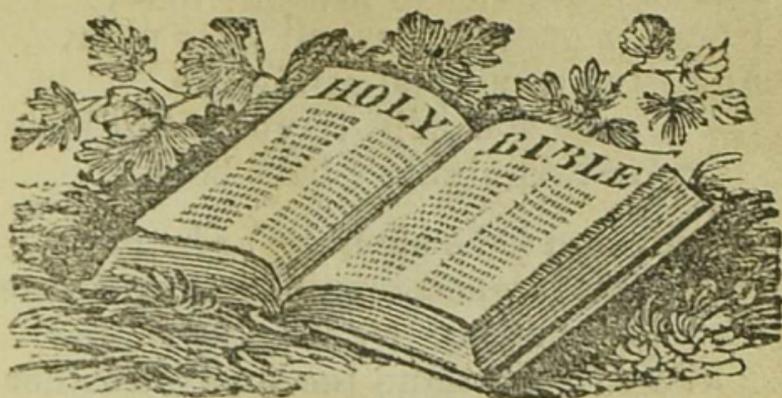
O that my father, mother dear,  
Might there thy mercy see ;  
Tell them what Christ has done for them,  
What Christ has done for me.

Whose God is like the christian's God ?  
Who can with him compare ?  
He has compassion on my soul,  
And hears a negro's prayer.

Lord Jesus, thou hast shed thy blood  
For thousands such as me ;  
Many despise poor negro slave,  
But I am loved by thee.

And this is all I want below,  
To be thy constant care ;  
Keep me from sin and danger, Lord,  
And hear a negro's prayer.

In heaven the land of glory lies :  
If I should enter there,  
I'll tell the saints and angels too,  
Thou heard'st a negro's prayer.



## THE PETITION OF A NEGRO BOY.

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There is a book, I've heard them say,  
Which says, "thou shalt not work nor play  
On God Almighty's holy day :"

On Sunday, Oh, then let me look  
In God Almighty's holy book.

This book to which you oft appeal,  
Does thus the will of God reveal,  
Thou shalt not murder, lie, nor steal :

Then let your little negro look  
In God Almighty's holy book.

Dear massa, you have been to me  
As good and kind as man can be,  
And many such with joy I see :

Then let your little slave boy look  
In God Almighty's holy book.

But oh ! before I'm grown a man,  
 I pray in one thing mend your plan,  
 And give us all you safely can ;  
     I'm sure you will, if you'll but look  
     In God Almighty's holy book.

If wife and babe should e'er be mine,  
 Round each when fond affections twine,  
 Oh ! part us not ; we'll all be thine ;  
     We will not mind the sultry weather,  
     If we may love and work together.

The stripes, 'tis said, that Jesus bore,  
 Would we but read his sufferings sore,  
 Would make ours lighter than before ;  
     Yes, every sorrow we could brook,  
     By studying God Almighty's book.

I'm told this book, so wise and good,  
 Has made it fully understood  
 God made all nations of one blood :  
     If this be true, I then may meet  
     My massa at my Saviour's feet.





## THE AFRICAN PRINCE.

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An African Prince being asked what he had given for his watch, replied, "What I will never give again: I gave a fine boy for it."

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When avarice enslaves the mind,  
And selfish views alone bear sway,  
Man turns a savage to his kind,  
And blood and rapine mark his way :  
Alas ! for this poor simple toy,  
I sold a blooming negro boy.

His father's hope, his mother's pride,  
Though black, yet comely to their view,  
I tore him helpless from their side,  
And gave him to a ruffian crew :  
To fiends that Afric's coast annoy,  
I sold the blooming negro boy.

From country, friends, and parents torn,  
His tender limbs in chains confined,  
I saw him o'er the billows borne,  
And mark'd his agony of mind :  
But still to gain this simple toy,  
I gave away the negro boy.

In isles that deck the western waves,  
I doomed the hopeless youth to dwell ;  
A poor, forlorn, insulted slave,  
A beast that Christians buy and sell :  
And in their cruel tasks employ  
The much-enduring negro boy.

His wretched parents long shall mourn,  
Shall long explore the distant main,  
In hopes to see the youth return,  
But all their hopes and sighs are vain ;  
They never shall the sight enjoy  
Of their lamented negro boy.

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command,  
He wears away his youthful prime ;  
Far distant from his native land,  
A stranger in a foreign clime ;  
No pleasing thoughts his mind employ,  
A poor dejected negro boy.

But He, who walks upon the wind,  
Whose voice in thunders heard on high,  
Who doth the raging tempest bind,  
Or wing the light'ning thro' the sky,  
In his own time will soon destroy  
The oppressors of the negro boy.

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## THE NEGRO'S HYMN.

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Our blessed Jesus reign'd above,  
The Lord of all was he,  
And yet he chose to set his love,  
Oh wondrous love ! on me.

Our blessed Jesus, crucified  
By hands of wicked men,  
Pray'd for his murderers, then he died—  
He died—but rose again.

Our blessed Jesus suffered this,  
The world from hell to save,  
And bring to heaven's amazing bliss,  
The freeman and the slave.

Our blessed Jesus takes delight  
In hearts made pure within,  
Though we are black, our souls are white,  
When he forgives our sin.

Our blessed Jesus, who didst give  
Thyself to die for me,  
Grant the poor negro grace to live  
And grace to die to thee.