

THE FAREWELL OF A VIRGINIA SLAVE
MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTERS, SOLD
INTO SOUTHERN BONDAGE.

Gone, gone — sold and gone
To the rice-swamp, dark and lone,
Where the slave whip ceaseless swings,
Where the noisome insect stings,
Where the fever demon strews
Poison with the falling dews,
Where the sickly sunbeams glare
Through the hot and misty air.

Gone, gone — sold and gone
To the rice-swamps dark and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters —
Woe is me, my stolen daughters.

Gone, gone — sold and gone
To the rice-swamp, dark and lone,
There no mother's eye is near them,
There no mother's ear can hear them,
Never when the torturing lash
Seams their backs with many a gash,
Shall a mother's kindness bless them
Or a mother's arms caress them.

Gone, gone — sold and gone
To the rice-swamp, dark and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters —
Woe is me, my stolen daughters.

Gone, gone — sold and gone
To the rice-swamp, dark and lone,
O, when weary, sad and slow