

You may lay me down to sleep, my mother
dear,
Oh, rock me in the cradle all the day.

This recalls Whittier's touching poem, "The Virginia Slave Mother's Lament for her Daughters" :

"Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp, dank and lone;
There no mother's eye is near them,
There no mother's ear can hear them :

Oh, may He, to whom alone
All their cruel wrongs are known,
Still their hope and refuge prove,
With a more than mother's love."

Like the "Dies Irae" of Thomas Celano rings the description of the Judgment in the following solemn lines :

The Lord spoke to Gabriel :
Go, look behind the altar,
Take down the silver trumpet,
Blow your trumpet, Gabriel,
Loud as seven peals of thunder :
Wake the sleeping nations.
Then you'll see poor sinners
rising ;
Then you'll see the world
on fire ;
See the moon a-bleeding,
See the elements melting,
See the forked lightning,
Hear the rumbling thunder ;
Earth shall reel and totter.
Then you'll see the Christians
rising ;
Then you'll see the righteous
marching,
See them marching home to
heaven.
Then you'll see my Jesus
coming
With all His holy angels,
Take the righteous home to
heaven.
There they'll live with God
forever.

The deep and tender affections of the negro soul are expressed in the following, and many like it :

Going to see my mother,
some of these mornings,
See my mother, some of
these mornings.
See my mother, some of
these mornings,
Hope I'll join the band.

Never, when the torturing lash
Seams their back 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 dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

"Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone ;
By the holy love He beareth—
By the bruised reed He spareth—

In this the sufferings of their Lord are touchingly described :

The Jews crucified Him, and nailed Him to
the tree,
And the Lord shall bear His children home.
Joseph begged His body, and laid it in the
tomb,
And the Lord shall bear His children home.
Down came an angel, and rolled the stone
away,
And the Lord shall bear His children home.



IN THE EVERGLADES OF FLORIDA.