

My tortured heart shrinks in my dying breast ;—
Remembrance calls to mind my own loved bride.

My bride, my babes !—these dearest—but not there
The ties of nature or affection end :
An aged mother, and a hoary sire,
Were mine, with brothers, sisters, and a friend.

O sad remembrance ! that so oft has stung
My bleeding heart for joys that once were mine !
Why kill me not, and snatch me from my woes ?
Why leave me still in misery to pine ?

The christians say their God, the God of all,
Regards his creatures with an equal eye ;
To them, they say, he has reveal'd his will,
And taught them mercy, justice, from on high.

If God of all, the negro too is his :
Then why permit him thus to be a slave ?
Why sleeps his vengeance on our bloody foes ?
Where sleeps his mercy that he doth not save ?

Rebellious christians ! thus to disregard
What you yourselves confess your God commands ;—
Let mercy plead—let justice judge our cause :—
No more in Afric's blood imbue your hands.

O had I plunged amidst the hungry waves,
When the tall ship me from my country bore ;
Then had I 'scaped this wretched, wretched, fate !
My soul had wing'd her back to her dear shore.

But no, the clanking chain secured me fast ;
My fated bondmates saw I long'd to die ;—
Like me they gnash'd their teeth in mad despair,
And glared around the wild, distorted, eye.

Great God of justice rise ! avenge our cause !
Remember Afric's injured, wretched, race !
Let those unholy rebels to thy laws
Redress our wrongs, and wipe off our disgrace !
ERIEUS.