

If tired, reclin'd me 'neath the palm-tree's shade ;  
If thirsty, drank pure water from the rill.

If hunger press'd, I reach'd my hand and pluck'd  
The luscious fruit that smiled in every grove ;  
For there the Negro's God his food prepares,  
Who loves his children with a father's love.

No killing winter sends his angry storms  
To spread destruction round the fruitful plain ;  
No pinching frost the face of earth deforms,  
Nor leaves th' umbrageous grove a leafless train.

The glowing sun forbids his withering blast  
To howl at all on Afric's happy shores ;  
But harvest gives throughout the blissful year ;  
Nor ever famine shuts his bounteous stores.

The breeze of Ocean cools his fervid ray ;  
The thunder-cloud oft veils his burning face ;  
And, while he bathes him in the briny sea,  
The midnight dews revive the flowery race.

O lovely country ! where my fathers dwelt,  
How recollection paints to me thy charms !  
Where all that happiness could give I felt—  
Where oft I claspt my Zilia in my arms !

O cruel tyrants ! as a christian loves,  
I loved my Zilia—with affection strong ;  
Like you I glow'd when nature warm'd my breast,  
Or pleas'd, I listen'd to her artless song.

I too had babes—I as a father felt,  
When, prattling round, they hung upon my knee.—  
Should I not love them with a father's love ?—  
O cruel christian ! I appeal to thee.

Strong as the day I enter'd Zilia's bower,  
For Zilia dear my faithful love remains ;  
Though now, like me, my Zilia and her babes  
May toil in bondage, or may groan in chains.

Oft as I witness those whom love hath blest,  
In sweet enjoyment by each other's side,