

OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE?

AIR—SIOB AGUS SIOB LIOM.

Splitted.

1. Oh! where's the slave so low - ly, Condemn'd to chains un - lo - ly, Who,

could he burst His bonds at first, Would plue be - neath them slow - ly? What soul, whom wrongs de

grade it, Would wait 'till time de - coy'd it, When thus its wing At once may spring to the

Slow and Melancholy. *tr*
throne of Him who made it? Farewell, E - rit. farewell all, Who live to weep our fall

2. Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, un touch'd and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with viet'ry glowing.

We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us, - Farewell.