

From the fields at night they go
Faint with toil and racked with pain,
To their cheerless homes again,
There no brother's voice shall greet them,
There no father's welcome meets 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,
From the tree whose shadow lay,
On their childhood's path of play —
From the cool spring where they drank —
Rock and hill and rivulet bank —
From the solemn house of prayer
And the Holy Counsel there.

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

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE QUADROON GIRL.

The slaver in the broad lagoon
Lay moored with idle sail;
He waited for the rising moon
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied
And all her listless crew,