

LINES WRITTEN AT THE TOMB OF ———

Here lies an honest man, a true

Yet he's removed in glory

Though slaves have been his stepping stones

O'er which he's mounted in glory

And yet the teiling millions stand

And hail'd him as a hero

Tho' by their blood his fame was rear'd,

And just a second Nero.

O that the teiling millions knew

The worth of his life

Then would the crowned and tilled few

From their thrones be hurled

There's a man in earthly king,

Who is exalted to his place

Yet o' each lot and dainty thing

He's a mortal

I'd kneel in presence of Great God

In humble supplication

But to kneel to a brother clad,

I'd rather suffer degradation

How long, O Lord, shall man oppress

His brethren in low estate?

How long shall this cry of distress

Ascend to Heaven's portal?

Did God create that man should crush

His unfeeling brother?

The charge would stain the devil's blush,

And stick up for his honour

And yet we're generally sold by some

Omen that he's forgiven

When we're oppress'd, we should sing dumbly

And for't we'll get to heaven

But he's made heaven o' this earth

And drag'd the same on earth

And vi the gun and the sword

Fu surely they've been care o't