GONE, SOLD AND GONE.

Words by Whittier.

Music by G.W. Clark.

Gone, gone——sold and gone, To the rice-swamp dank and lone, Where the slave—whip cease-less swings, Where the

Gone, gone——sold and gone, To the rice-swamp dank and lone, There no moth-er's eye is near them, There no

noisome insect stings, Where the fever demon moth-er's ear can hear them; Nev-er when the torturing

strews Poison with the fall-ing dews, Where the lash Seams their back with many a gash, Shall a

sick-ly sun-beams glare Through the hot and mis-ty mother's kind-ness bless them, Or a moth-er's arms caress
air, Gone, gone---- sold and gone, To the
them. Gone, gone---- sold and gone, To the
rice-swamp dank and lone, From Virginia's hills and
rice-swamp dank and lone, From Virginia's hills and
waters,---- Woe is me my stolen daugh ters!
waters,---- Woe is me my stolen daugh ters!