THE LITTLE SLAVE GIRL.

Words by a Lady.

Air--Morgiana in Ireland.

When bright morning lights the hills,
Where free children sing most cheerily, My young breast with sorrow fills,
While here I plod my way so wearily:
Sad my face, more sad my heart, From home, from all I had to part, A loving mother, my sister, my brother, For chains and lash in hopeless misery,

Children try it, children try it; But one day to live in slavery, children try it,
try it, try it; Come, come, give me lib-er-ty.