SLAVE GIRL MOURNING HER FATHER.
Parodied from Mrs. Sigourney by G. W. C.

They say I was but four years old
When father was sold away;
Yet I have never seen his face
Since that sad parting day.

He went where brighter flowrets grow
Beauteously, 'neath the Southern skies;
Oh who will show me on the map
Where that far country lies?

Music engraving by LilyPond 2.10.25—www.lilypond.org