SLAVE'S WRONGS.
Words by Miss Chandler.
Arranged from "Rose of Allandale."

With aching brow and wearied limb, The slave his toil pursued; And oft I saw the cruel scourge Deep in his blood imbrued; He tilled oppression's soil where men For liberty had bled, And the eagle wing of Freedom waved In...
mock - ery, o'er his head.