YE SONS OF FREEMEN.

Words by Mrs. J.G. Carter.

Air, "Marseilles Hymn."

Ye sons of free - men wake to sad - ness, Hark! hark, what

my - riads bid you rise; Three mil - lions of our race in

mad - ness Break out in wails, in bit - ter cries, Break out in

wails, in bit - ter cries; Must men whose hearts now bleed with
an - guish, Yes, trembling slaves, in free - dom's land En -
dure the lash, nor raise a hand? Must

na - ture 'neath the whip - cord lan - guish? Have

Pi - ty on the slave, Take cour - age from God's
word; Pray on, pray on, all hearts re-

solved, These cap-tives shall be free, Pray

on, Pray on, all hearts re-

solved these cap-tives shall be free.