

SLAVE'S WRONGS.

Words by Miss Chandler.

Arranged from "Rose of Allandale."

With ach - ing brow and wea - ried limb, The

slave his toil pur - sued; And oft I saw the

cru - el scourge Deep in his blood im -

brued; He tilled op-pres - sion's soil where men For

lib - er - ty had bled, And the

ea - gle wing of Free - dom waved In

mock - - ery, o'er his head.