

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

Wide over the tremulous sea,

The moon spread her mantle of light:

The gale gently dying away,

Breathed soft o'er the bosom of night.

On the forecastle Maratan stood,

And poured forth his sorrowful tale.

His tears fell unseen in the flood,

And his sighs passed unheard in the gale.

"O wretch!" in wild anguish he cried,

"From country and liberty torn,

O Maratan, would'st thou had died,

Ere o'er the salt waves thou wast born."

"In the wilds of Angola I strayed,

Love and hope made my bosom their home;

There I talked with my favorite maid,

Nor dreamed of the sorrows to come.

"From the thicket the man-hunter sprung!

My cries echoed loud through the air:

There was fury and wrath on his tongue,

He was deaf to the voice of despair.

"Flow ye tears down my cheeks, ever flow!

Let sleep from my eyelids depart,

And still will the arrows of woe,

Sink deep in the streams of my heart!

"But hark! o'er the silence of night,

My Adilla's accents I hear,

And mournful beneath the wan light,

I see her loved image appear.

"O, Maratan, haste thee," she cries,

"Here the reign of oppression is o'er.

The tyrant is robbed of his prize,

And Adilla sorrows no more.

"Tomorrow the white man in vain,

Shall proudly account me his slave,

My shackles I'll plunge in the main,

And rush to the realms of the brave."