Salanda Jara Man Sofia - for the the tent of the Zyone, Foziete Lee Lie onthis & Sit Opprensis The feet and the hill

The Afro-American Hymn,

4

(TUNE-"AMERICA,"

Or; Prayer from Southern Oppression.



BY REV. C. O. H. THOMAS, A. M., LL. B.

Great God of Bethel, we Thus kneel to offer Thee Our chant of praise! All mercies past we sing. And present sorrows bring, And Thy sure promises We ask—fultill.

Thus while on bruised knee, Stretching our hands to Thee, O, hear us still! O, Thou Almighty King, Who spreads o'er all Thy wing, Accept the song we sing, And love us still.

Bless the sons of Allen, Who to Thee are praying, Where'er they dwell. Then let us all unite, And in our christian might To stand in freedom's light For God and Right.

O, let our cries arise,
And watch Thoh o'er our lives,—
Come—plead our cause.
Lord God of truth and grace,
Our Southern foes to face,
In this our up-hill race,
And never fail.

We love the sunny home,
We idolize her sons —
Now and alway.
But with nobler pride
Our thoughts to Afric's glide—
It's God, our Friend and Guide,
Now and for aye.

May Thy rich grace abound Wherever Ham is found. The wide world o'er. Then let our love to Thee With Bethel's loyalty, Warm and continuous be, O'er, o'er and o'er.

Brookhaven, Miss