

Document 3.11.1

**Lyrics for “I am an Abolitionist,” “Spirit of Freemen, Wake,”
and “Ye Sons of Freemen”**

I am an Abolitionist (sung to “Auld Lang Syne”)

I am an Abolitionist!
I glory in the name
Through now by Slavery’s minions hiss’d
And covered o’er with shame
It is a spell of light and power—
The watchword of the free:--
Who spurns it in the trial hour,
A craven soul is he!

I am an Abolitionist!
Then urge me not to pause
For joyfully I do enlist
In FREEDOM’S sacred cause
A nobler strife the world ne’er saw,
Th’enslaved to disenthral;
I am a soldier for the war,
Whatever may befall!

I am an Abolitionist!
Oppression’s deadly foe;
In God’s great strength I will resist,
And lay the monster low;
In God’s great name I do demand,
To all be freedom given,
That peace and joy may fill the land,
And songs go up to Heaven!

I am an Abolitionist!
No threats shall awe my soul,
No perils cause me to desist,
No bribes my nets control;
A freeman shall I live and die,
In sunshine and in shade,
And raise my voice for liberty,
Of naught on earth afraid.

Spirit of Freemen Wake (sung to "America")

Spirit of Freemen, wake;
No truce with Slavery make,
Thy deadly foe;
In fair disguises dressed,
Too long hast thou caress'd
The serpent in thy breast,
Now lay him low.

Must e'en the press be dumb?
Must truth itself succumb?
And thoughts be mute?
Shall law be set aside,
The right of prayer denied,
Nature and God decried,
And man called brute?

What lover of her fame
Feels not this country's shame,
In this dark hour?
Where are the patriots now,
Of honest heart and brow,
Who scorn the neck to bow,
To Slavery's power?

Sons of the Free! We call
On you, in field and hall,
To rise as one;
Your heaven-born rights maintain,
Nor let oppression's chain
On human limbs remain;--
Speak! And tis done.

Ye Sons of Freemen (sung to "Marseilles Hymn")

Ye sons of freeman wake to sadness
Hark! Hark, what myriads bid you rise;
Three millions of our race in madness
Break out in wails, in bitter cries
Break out in wails, in bitter cries,
Must men whose hearts now bleed with anguish,
Yes, trembling slaves in freedom's land,
Endure the lash, nor raise a hand?
Must nature 'neath the whip-cord languish?

Have pity on the slave,
Take courage from God's word;
Pray on, pray on, all hearts resolved—these captives shall be free.

The fearful storm—it threatens lowering,
Which God in mercy long delays;
Slaves yet may see their masters cowering,
While whole plantations smoke and blaze!
While whole plantations smoke and blaze;
And may we now prevent the ruin,
Ere lawless force with guilty stride,
Shall scatter vengeance far and wide—
With untold crimes their hands imbruing.

Have pity on the slave;
Take courage from God's word;
Pray on, Pray on, all hearts resolved—these captives shall be free.

With luxury and wealth surrounded,
The southern masters proudly dare,
With thirst of gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend God's light and air!
To mete and vend God's light and air;
Like beasts of burden, slaves are loaded,
Till life's poor toilsome day is o'er;
While they in vain for right implore;
And shall they longer still be goaded?

Have pity on the slave;
Take courage from God's word;
Pray on, pray on, all hearts resolved—these captives shall be free.

O liberty! Can man o'er bind thee?
Can overseers quench thy flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or threats thy Heaven-born spirit tame?
Or threats thy Heaven-borne spirit tame?
Too long the slave has groaned, bewailing
The power these heartless tyrants wield;
Yet free them not by sword or shield,
For with men's hearts they're unavailing;

Have pity on the slave;
Take courage from God's word;
Pray on, pray on, all hearts resolved—these captives shall be free.

Source: *Anti-Slavery Harp: A Collection of Songs for Anti-Slavery Meetings*, Compiled by William W. Brown, A Fugitive Slave, Boston: Bela Marsh, 1848.