George Saville Carey, â??The Negroâ??s Soliloquyâ?•

Description

GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY

â??The Negroâ??s Soliloquyâ?•

By yon bright streamers in the sky,
Which glimmer on the sea;
The chearing sun approaches nigh,
Yet brings no hope to me,
The peaceful night yields me no rest,
Which gives to others sleep,
My heart it bleeds within my breast,
My eyes do nought but weep.

The toils, I couâ??d endure of day,
Or spurn the tyrantâ??s chain,
But Norahâ??s driven far away,
Which racks my torturâ??d brain;
My wife is she,â??ah cruel heart,
That couâ??d her heart oppress,
But â??tis alone the tyrantâ??s part,
To triumph oâ??er distress.

Haste, blessed tidings! haste along,
From fair Britanniaâ??s isle,
Ah, come and ease the anxious throng,
And make the slave to smile;
If then good hap, my Norah lives,
These limbs shall neâ??er have rest,
Until we meet, oh, then Iâ??ll cleave,
Forever to her breast.

NOTES:

1 *streamers* â??Ray[s] proceeding from the sunâ?• (*OED*).

21 *hap* Luck.

Source: ***One Thousand Eight Hundred; or, I Wish You a Happy New Year. Being a choice collection of favourite songs, on serious, moral, and lively subjects*** **(Tewkesbury, 1800), pp. 31-2. [*ECCO*]**

Edited by Bill Christmas