

George Saville Carey, "The Negro's Soliloquy"

Description

GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY

• "The Negro's Soliloquy" •

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, Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â 5
 Which gives to others sleep,
 My heart it bleeds within my breast,
 My eyes do nought but weep.

The toils, I could endure of day,
 Or spurn the tyrant's chain, Â 10
 But Norah's driven far away,
 Which racks my tortured brain;
 My wife is she, "ah cruel heart,
 That could her heart oppress,
 But 'tis alone the tyrant's part, Â 15
 To triumph o'er distress.

Haste, blessed tidings! haste along,
 From fair Britannia's isle,
 Ah, come and ease the anxious throng,
 And make the slave to smile; Â 20
 If then good hap, my Norah lives,
 These limbs shall never have rest,
 Until we meet, oh, then I'll cleave,
 Forever to her breast.

NOTES:

1 streamers "Ray[s] proceeding from the sun" (QED).

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