

Select Songs, Composed by John Percy,
THE CELEBRATED AFRICAN INDIAN BALLAD,
 Written by the Rev. W. L. Bowles M.A.

most Respectfully inscribed to the Ladies

at M^{rs} OGG and ROBINSONS Queen Square.

Price 1^s.

Andante

for: *pia.* for: *for:*

Fear not now the Tyrant's pow'r, Pass'd is his insult-ing hour, *sym.*

pia. *sym.*

Now thy long, long task is done,

f p *f p* *sym.*

Swift-ly Brother wilt thou run, fleet-er than the hurri-cane,

f p *f p* *f p* *pia.*

'Till thou meet those Scenes a-gain. where thy

John Percy

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(N^o 6)

for. *for.* *tr.* *fia.* 31

Fa--thers hut was reard where thy Mothers Voice was heard,

for. *fia.* *fia.*

2
Where thy Infant Brothers play'd
Beneath the fragrant Citron shade
Where through Green Savannahs wide
Cooling Rivers silent glide
Where the Dance and festive Song

Of many a friend divided long
Doom'd through stranger lands to roam
Shall bid thy spirit welcome home.

3
Fearless o'er the foaming tide
Again thy light Canoe shall ride
Or Starting at the call of morn

Wake the wild woods with thy horn.

Or in them bowring Orange grove
Tell to thy forsaken love

The wounds the Agony so severe
Thy patient spirit sufferd here

4
Ere the great Sun fires the Skies
To our work of woe we rise
Tell our brethren where ye meet
Thus we toil with weary feet
Say in grief and endless want
For our native hills we pant
Where soon from shame and sorrow free,

Adagio

We hope in Death to follow thee.

