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of the ... A M B

Kingdom - Academy

It was morning: bright and beautiful, the warm rays of a sun then soon  
 nestled amid clusters of furthest flowers, and rest on the deep grass  
 beneath which glided as it passed, by a refreshing April shower  
 And on the light and soft breeze, laden with the breath of  
 those fragrant flowers, floated many a song of gusting melody

On the grassy banks of a gentle murmuring stream was seated  
 a woman whose cheek was plainly indicated her as one of the poor  
 wronged ones of benighted Africa. Her hand was pressed passionately  
 upon her forehead, and she wept; almost as agonizingly as an angel  
 weeps over a fallen one. But think not ye men of clashing of Oppression  
 that those bitter burning tears shall fall in vain or unseen, for in  
 that realm where sorrow never comes, is a healing balm for the wounded  
 spirits

But O! there is a blessing in tears, they cheer and raise  
~~the~~ the drooping heart - to hope, and still the  
 ruffled tide of feeling to calmer thoughts. And such an influence  
 it seemed to have over that weeping one, whose brightest hopes were  
 blighted, and life seemed but a blank, perhaps by dearest friends  
 torn from her, or heart compelled to <sup>follow</sup> ~~take~~ some reluctant journey  
 to far-off lands. O ye fair ones, whose proud brows, and proud eyes  
 curled with scorn, it sways like those. Although you perhaps can  
 boast of a fairer face, yet surely a sorer heart, than not from  
 suffering humanity. And this is the glorious land of Freedom  
 for which the noblest of hearts bleed; with what sadness  
 must their pure spirits look down upon this sinning nation