

The Gallery Slave

Boston Printed & Sold at P. A. vonHagen & COS Imported Piano Forte Ware House
N^o. 3 Cornhill also by G. Gilfert New York.

oh!

think on my fate once i free - dom en - joy'd was as hap - py as

hap - py cou'd be but plea - sure is fled even

hope is def - troy'd a captive a - - las! on the sea

I was ta'en by the foe 'twas the fi - - at of fate to

fear me from her I a--dore when tho't brings to mind my once
 hap-py es--tate I sigh I sigh as I tug at the
 oar

2

Hard hard is my fare oh how galling my chain
 My life's steer'd by misery's chart
 And thoug gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain
 Tears gush forth to ease my sad heart
 I disdain e'en to shrink tho' I feel sharp the lash
 Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore
 while around me the unfeeling billows will dash
 I sigh and still tug at the oar.

3

How fortune deceives I had pleasure in tow
 The port where she dwelt we'd in view
 But the wish'd nuptial morn was overclouded with woe
 And dear Anne I hurried from you

Our shallop was boarded and I borne away
 To behold my dear Anne no more

But despair wastes my spirits my form feels decay
 We sigh'd and expir'd at the oar.

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